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SIMON BOLIVAR.

From an original Picture Presented by Bolivar to Judge Prevost, 1809.

Pub. by S. Catlinson.

THE CASKET.

FLOWERS

OF

LITERATURE, WIT & SENTIMENT.

1830.



PUBLISHED BY S. C. ATKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA.

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FLOWERS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The life of fame is action, understood
That action must be virtuous, great and good,
Virtue itself by fame is oft protected,
And dies despised, where the fame's neglected.—JONSON.

No. 1.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JANUARY.

[1830.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF

SIMON BOLIVAR.

Before we attempt to sketch the character of this distinguished chief, it may be proper to glance a general view over the state of religion and morals, and the habits and manners of the people within the republic of Colombia. It would be no difficult task to convey in brief terms those traits of character for which the South American Colonies are most distinguished, and which places them far behind the Colonial Provinces of the British empire in North America, at the earliest period of the revolution. Deficient in that energy and decision of character which good morals and sober habits produce, the people of South America—but more especially within the territorial limits of what is called the Main—are versatile, indolent, and luxurious, and are but indifferently qualified for the rights of self-government. The effeminacy of the higher classes, the effect of bad education and that accursed system which tolerates the tyranny of one part of mankind over the liberty and labors of another, is strongly characteristic of them all. Besides these, the fertile provinces of Venezuela, Bogota and Quito, are overrun with ecclesiastics, whose only aim is to prostrate every vestige of good morals, and the concomitant virtues, as obstacles to their own corrupt ascendancy in church and state. Hence the influence of the clergy to perpetuate indolence, ignorance and superstition, as the means which to maintain that ascendancy—and none, also, it must be apparent that there is no sufficient virtue in the people to sustain independence upon the basis of common right;—at it, in the form of a *Representative Government*; and that, in extinguishing the tyranny of Spanish power, they have only, in fact, exchanged masters,—and are, as ever, under the dominion of ambitious and designing rulers, who sustain their authority by impositions, equally impolitic and degrading. The Catholic religion is the established religion of the State, and no others are even tolerated; and such is

the ascendancy which a religious order of men maintain over the operations of government, that not an embassy can be sent, an army formed, a Congress called, or any other event of importance; without being more or less trammelled by the dignitaries of the church, who invariably thrust themselves into the most important stations, and contrive by these means to chain down the spirit of inquiry, and all freedom of thought and action. Such is the state of Colombia; and it is not now marvellous that the anti-republican features of its noted chief, the "President Liberator," Bolivar, should be so conspicuously portrayed in the sphere to which he has been elevated, more by the *vices* of the people than by his own *virtues*. We have heard, with indignation and astonishment, this Carraquin adventurer compared to George Washington; to whom, however, his character, general principles, and military talents, bear even less resemblance than his person! A comparison between them would be impious—I shall not even attempt it. We shall now enter more minutely into the consideration of the portrait, and endeavor to give an outline of Bolivar's character, from the memoirs of his life, written by Ducoudray Holstein:—

"General Bolivar, in his exterior, in his physiognomy, in his whole deportment, has nothing which would be noticed as characteristic or imposing. His manners, his conversation, his behaviour in society, have nothing extraordinary in them; nothing which would attract the attention of any one who did not know him. On the contrary, his exterior is against him. He is five feet four inches in height, his visage is long, his cheeks hollow, his complexion a livid brown.—His eyes are of middle size, and sunk deep in his head, which is covered thinly with hair, and his whole body is thin and meagre. He has the appearance of a man of sixty-five years old. In walking, his arms are in perpetual motion. He cannot walk long, but soon becomes fatigued. Wherever he goes his stay is short, seldom more than half an hour; and, as soon as he returns,

his hammock is fixed; he sits or lies, and swings upon it after the manner of his countrymen. Large mustachios and whiskers cover a part of his face, and he is very particular in ordering each of his officers to wear them, saying that they give a martial air. This gives him a dark and wild air, particularly when he is in a passion. His eyes then become animated, and he gesticulates and speaks like a madman; threatens to shoot those with whom he is angry; steps quick across his chamber, or throws himself upon his hammock; then jumps off it, and orders people out of his presence, and frequently arrests them. There is nothing about him which can inspire respect. When he wishes to persuade, or bring any one to his purpose, he employs the most seducing promises, taking a man by the arm, and walking and speaking with him, as with his most intimate friend. As soon as his purpose is attained, he becomes cool, haughty, and often sarcastic; but he never ridicules a man of high character, or a brave man, except in his absence. This practice of abusing people in their absence, is characteristic of the Caraguins generally."

According to the opinion more than insinuated throughout the memoir, and fifty times demonstrated in the most ridiculous manner, the great, the mighty Simon Bolivar, "President Liberator of Venezuela," is a most arrant coward. The ludicrous situation to which he was reduced in the sea fight, near the Island of Margaritta, is unparalleled in the history of military men; and has been adduced by his biographer more with a view to burlesque his pretensions, than for the sake of the joke! The same singular predilection for the preservation of self, in subsequent engagements on land, characterizes this chief, and illustrates the principle, that to obtain the highest military rank, it is not necessary to be either brave, virtuous or skillful! Many a doughty champion, who has contrived to operate by the agency of others, has reaped the benefit of their services, and arrogated to himself laurels which he never earned, and victories which he never won.

According to his biographer, every military operation which Bolivar conducted failed. If upon occasion he united his forces with others, though each division was ably led by the most experienced officers, the want of skill in the Commander-in-Chief frustrated all their hopes, and ensured defeat. On one occasion, he fled with 800 men in the utmost consternation, pursued by one-third that number of the enemy.—More than once he deserted his post, and secretly retired from his garrison, to avoid an expected rencounter, leaving his army sans ceremonie, without instructions, and without means of defence or safety. We could cite much from the "Memoirs" in corroboration of Bolivar's versatile character, while in the camp or in the field. It is a disgusting task, and we gladly decline it. It is, however, generally admitted, that his love of pleasure, and that sensual indulgence for which his countrymen are famous,

completely disqualifies him from producing, by his own example, a change in the national character. His extravagant fondness for dancing for parade, for routes, balls, and parties, sink all that distinguishes a genuine hero into the meanness of a little man! In short, Bolivar would be, in Italy, a lazaroni—in France, a petit maitre—in England, a perfect dandy—but in Colombia, he is any thing and every thing but a brave and good man! His predilection for titles and distinctions, power and arbitrary rule, under the specious name of republicanism, bespeaks his puerile character. His government is nothing more nor less than a spurious oligarchy, with all power concentrated in his own hands; while his minions, in his name, transact every species of enormity. Such is the man at the head of the "Colombian Republic"—a mere intriguing adventurer, without patriotism and without merit!

Simon Bolivar was born in the city of Caracas, July 24th, 1783. At the age of 14, he was sent to Spain, where the wealthy Americans generally completed their education; and while there he devoted some time to the study of jurisprudence. He was at this period lieutenant in the corps of militia of Aragua. Leaving Spain, he resided some time at Paris, indulging in all the pleasure and gaiety of the most dissipated circles; and, in 1802, returned to Madrid, where he was married when but 19 years of age.

In March, 1809, he returned to Caracas and retired with his lady to one of his country seats in the valley of Aragua. At the beginning of the year 1810, the leaders of the revolution that had already been projected were desirous of uniting Bolivar to their number. With that view, his cousin, J. Felix Ribas, offered to propose the measure to him; but it was treated by Bolivar as foolish and impracticable. When the patriotic Junta, about this period, assembled at Caracas, they were desirous that Bolivar should accept some civil or military office under the new government. He refused, under the pretext of ill health, till the mission to London, with the rank of colonel in the militia, was offered to him. This he accepted and departed for London, in June, 1810. But little was to be obtained from the British cabinet, and Bolivar, much disgusted, left London, after a very short stay. On his return to Caracas, he again retired from the public service.

In 1812, Bolivar entered the army of the republic of Carthage, with the rank of colonel. Manuel Torres was at this time governor of Carthage, and highly approved of the plan of an expedition, communicated to him, against the Spaniards in Venezuela. Bolivar was elected to the chief command, and money, arms, ammunition, provisions, and transports were provided him to forward the enterprise. All circumstances conspired to favor the undertaking, and his resources increased at every step he advanced. The cruelties of the Spaniards had become intolerable, and many thousands of the inhabitants joined the republican army. The richer classes

were so desirous to serve in the expedition that they defrayed voluntarily all their expenses. The Spanish army were taken by surprise, and hundreds of soldiers deserting to the independents, they were able to make but a feeble resistance.

The entrance of Bolivar into Caracas, August 15th, 1813, as the leader of this expedition, is said to have been truly glorious. The enthusiasm of the friends of liberty was expressed by the earnest display of joy. The streets were strewn with laurels and olive branches. The shouts of the multitude mingled with the voice of cannon, bells and music. All was festivity and happiness.

After a few days, Bolivar assumed the title of dictator and liberator of the western provinces of Venezuela; gave the name of liberating army to the troops that had accompanied him; and established an order of knighthood, called the order of the liberator. At this period Bolivar was at the height of his popularity and good fortune. He was regarded with the greatest love by the people, and was furnished readily with merchandise, money, horses, and even the jewels, and other ornaments of the fair sex, to assist him in his enterprise. He formed a government of his own, consisting of four secretaries of state, and directly instructed them in their business. He alone directed all military operations, by sea and land; issued proclamations, and made all regulations and laws. He united in himself all the powers and attributes of an absolute and despotic sovereign.

Discontent arose among the inhabitants, and their confidence in the dictatorial government was entirely destroyed. Notwithstanding their immense sacrifices, Venezuela remained defenceless, and the army miserable. In less than a year the dictator abandoned Caracas, and it was entered by the Spanish army, the 17th July, 1814. Bolivar returned to Carthagena, where he published in the official Gazette, an exposition of the motives which induced him to leave Venezuela.

After various reverses and adventures we find him again, on the third of May, 1816, received as commander-in-chief of the armies of Venezuela and Caracas. He published a proclamation, declaring that he arrived not to conquer, but to protect, the country, assuring the inhabitants that if they joined him they might rely upon a sure victory. On the day after his installation he assumed in his official transactions the titles captain-general of the liberating armies, and *supreme chief* of the republic. He indulged in his usual indolence and neglect of business, lying in his hammock, surrounded by flatterers, and conversing on the most trifling topics in preference to military matters.

Bolivar was again obliged by ill success to fly, and retired to Hayti. On the 31st December, 1816, he arrived at Barcelona from Jaquemel, a Haytian port; assumed his former titles, and proclaimed a provisional government. A body

of Spanish troops besieged Barcelona, and Bolivar felt unable with a force of only 1100 men to resist them. The patriot army retired to a large fortified and entrenched building, that had formerly served as a hospital, and awaited the attack of the enemy. On their approach, Bolivar clandestinely deserted his post, with a good guide and well mounted, directing his course to the plains of Cumana. The garrison, after a brave defence, was obliged to surrender.

While Bolivar was hidden in the plains of Cumana, it was thought a suitable time to convene a congress. An assembly was consequently held, attended by the most respectable inhabitants of Venezuela. The executive was entrusted to Simon Bolivar, Francisco del Toro, and Franc. Xavier Maiz. On learning these proceedings Bolivar was exceedingly angry annulled them, and persecuted the members that were appointed under them. He thought proper, some time after this, to convene a "*Supreme Council of the Nation*," and was himself exclusively charged with the executive, under the name of President Supreme Chief.

The campaign of 1818, is said to be nearly a repetition of that of Bolivar's dictatorship in 1813-14, when all circumstances concurred most favorably to produce a happy result, and every thing was lost by misconduct and cowardice. In November, 1820, to the great surprise of the Colombians, Bolivar consented to an armistice with the Spanish troops, though they were greatly inferior in force and resources to his own. The treaty consisted of fourteen articles, in none of which was any mention made of recognising the independence of Colombia. The suspension of the war was for six months, and the treaty was ratified on the 26th of November.

On the 10th of March, Gen. Bolivar notified the Spanish commander La Tone that hostilities should recommence in conformity to the 12th article of the treaty, at the expiration of thirty days. The war was accordingly renewed. On the 26th of June a famous battle was fought at Carabobo, in which the Spaniards lost 500 men, and Bolivar gained a decisive victory. Carthagena surrendered to the patriots in September, 1821, and Porto Cabello on the 16th July, 1824. This closed the evacuation of the main by the Spaniards.

The history of Bolivar's campaigns in Peru, is not touched upon by Gen. Holstein. He concludes his work with a recapitulation of facts, and an account of Gen. Bolivar "as he is, and not as he is generally believed to be."

SOLITUDE.—It has been said that he who retires to solitude is either a beast or an angel; the censure is too severe and the praise unmerited; the discontented being, who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man, who has begun his life without experience, and knows not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind. —Goldsmith.

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WAYNE.

(Continued.)

General Washington reached the neighbourhood of the very interesting scene of operation against the renowned, although unfortunate, Cornwallis, on the 14th of Sept., and immediately proceeded on board the *Ville de Paris*, when the plan of siege was concerted with the Count de Grasse. The Count was very desirous to move with his fleet to New York previously to his joining in the siege, for the purpose of blocking up the British fleet; a measure from which he was with difficulty dissuaded by the American Commander-in-chief. Had de Grasse persevered in his resolution, the glorious event of Cornwallis's capture might not now be matter of record, but, in lieu of it, the disastrous and bloody scenes which crushed an empire just rising into existence. Here, we have another instance of the interposition of that benign and controlling Providence which compelled the ambition, pride, and folly of man, the seas and winds to be still when acting in opposition to that great cause, which, when crowned with success, instantly burst asunder the shackles which had long held in bondage both the body and mind of the free-born American.

The last division of the allied army arrived at Head-Quarters, in the neighbourhood of Williamsburgh, on the 25th of Sept. The whole force being now assembled, on the 28th, the allied army moved from its ground in columns, and encamped within two miles of the enemy, the Americans on the right, and the French on the left.

Subjoined, is General Wayne's Diary of the Siege of York, and capture of Cornwallis.

YORK, 20th Oct. 1781.

Dear Sir,—The inclosed contains a summary diary of our operations against the enemy, until the ever memorable 17th Oct. at 10 o'clock, A. M., when Lord Cornwallis beat a parley, and sent out a flag proposing a cessation of hostilities for twenty-four hours, and that commissioners might be appointed to meet at Mr. Moore's house, to settle the terms upon which the garrisons of York and Gloucester should surrender. General Washington would only grant a cessation for two hours, previously to the expiration of which, his Lordship, by another flag, sent the following terms, viz:—The troops to be prisoners of war, the British to be sent to Great Britain, and not to act against America, France, or their Allies, until exchanged; the Hessians, to Germany, on the same conditions, and that all operations cease until the commissioners should determine the details.—To this, his Excellency returned for answer:—That hostilities should cease, and no alterations in the works, or any new movement of the troops take place, until he sent terms in writing, which he did, on the 18th, at 9 o'clock, A. M., allowing the enemy two hours to determine.—They again requested more time, and the General granted them until 1 o'clock, when they ac-

ceeded to the heads of the imposed terms, and nominated Colonel Dundas and Major Ross, on their part, to meet with colonel Laurens and Viscount D. Noailles, on ours, to reduce them to form, which was completed by 9 o'clock at night, and, on the 19th, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the capitulation was ratified, and signed by the commander of each army, when the enemy received a guard of Pennsylvania and Maryland troops in one of their principal works, and one of French troops in another. At 4 o'clock the same afternoon, the British army marched out of York with colours cased, between the American and French troops, drawn up for the purpose, and then grounded their arms agreeably to capitulation.

The defence which the noble Earl made on this occasion has not been equal to our expectations. The prisoners of war amount to upwards of seven thousand men, among whom are between six and seven thousand of the best troops that Great Britain ever sent to the field, which must produce great commotions in the British senate. That they may be productive of a general peace is the sincere wish of your most obedient humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

Honorable GEORGE CLYMER.

Diary of the Operations against York, Virginia.

On the 28th of Sept. 1781, his Excellency General Washington, put the combined army in motion at 5 o'clock in the morning, in two columns, the Americans on the right, and the French on the left, and arrived in view of the enemy's lines, at York, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

29th.—Completed the investiture; the enemy abandoned their advanced chain of works this evening, leaving two redoubts perfect within cannon-shot of their principal fortifications; this was not only unmillitary, but an indication of confused precipitation.

30th.—The allied troops possessed the ground abandoned by the British—the French occupied the two redoubts, and the Americans broke ground, and began two new ones on the right.

1st Oct.—The enemy discovered our works in the morning; commenced a cannonade, which continued through the day and night with very little effect.

2d.—Two men were killed by the enemy's fire.

3d.—Last night, a drop-shot from the British, killed 4 men belonging to the covering party.

4th.—The redoubts were perfected—enemy's fire languid.

5th.—Two men were killed by ricochet shot.

6th.—Six regiments, i. e., one from the right of each brigade, marched at 6 o'clock, P. M., under the command of Major-General Lincoln and Brigadiers Clinton and Wayne, and opened the first parallel within 550 yards of the enemy's works and their extreme left, which was continued by the French to the extreme right.

7th.—The parallel nearly complete without any opposition except a little scattered fire of musquetry and a feeble fire of artillery, by

which a few of the French troops were wounded, and one officer lost his leg.

8th.—Completed the first parallel; two of the Pennsylvanians were killed by ricochet shot.

9th.—At 3 o'clock, P. M., the French opened a 12 gun battery on the extreme right of the enemy, and at 5, the same afternoon, a battery of ten pieces was opened on their extreme left by the Americans, with apparent effect.

10th.—At day break, three more batteries were opened, one of five heavy pieces by the Americans, and two containing twenty-two by the French, opposite the centre of the British works; at 5 P. M., another American battery of two 10 inch howitzers was also opened, which produced so severe a fire that it, in a great degree, silenced that of the enemy; at 7 o'clock, P. M., the Caron, of 44 guns, was set on fire by our balls, and totally consumed.

11th.—The second parallel was opened this night by the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders, covered by two battalions, under General Wayne, on the part of the Americans.

12th.—Nothing material.

13th.—That part of the second parallel which was opened, nearly completed.

14th.—A little after dark, two detached redoubts belonging to the enemy were stormed; that on the extreme left by the light infantry, under the Marquis Lafayette, in which were taken a major, captain, and one subaltern, with seventeen privates, and eight rank and file killed; our army lost, in killed and wounded, 41. The other was carried by the French under the Baron de Viominal, who lost, in killed and wounded, about one hundred men; of the enemy, eighteen were killed, and three officers and thirty-nine privates were made prisoners. The above attacks were supported by two battalions of the Pennsylvanians, under General Wayne; whilst the second parallel was completed by the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders, under colonel W. Stewart.

15th.—Two small batteries were opened this evening.

16th.—The enemy made a sortie and spiked seven pieces of artillery, but were immediately repulsed, the spikes drawn and batteries again opened.

17th.—The enemy beat the chamade at 10 o'clock, A. M.

(Vide letter of the 20th.)

It is hoped that the few annexed letters which passed between General Wayne and his friends subsequently to Cornwallis's surrender, and previously to his joining the southern army, under major general Greene, will be acceptable.

Charlotte, S. C., Oct. 7th, 1781.

My dear General,—This will be handed you by our mutual friend, colonel Lee; he goes with despatches to the commander-in-chief; to the colonel, I beg leave to refer you for the situation of things in this quarter. I almost envy you the happiness of meeting two kindred spirits—how great the joy. I am under the greatest obligations to colonel Lee for his exertions this campaign. Before this, I hope lord Corn-

wallis and his army are your prisoners—the old fox has got into the trap. I have rode a great distance to day and am unwell and very tired, therefore, you will excuse a short letter, as it is late in the evening. Most affectionately, yours,
Gen. WAYNE.

N. GREENE.

York, 26th Oct. 1782.

ROBERT MORRIS, Esq.

Dear Sir,—The surrender of lord Cornwallis with his army and fleet, must have been announced in your city before this period.

It is an event of the utmost consequence, and, if properly improved, may be productive of a glorious and happy peace. But if we suffer that unworthy torpor and supinity to seize us, which but too much pervaded the councils of America after the surrender of general Burgoyne, we may yet experience great difficulties; for believe me, it was not to the exertions of America, that we owe the reduction of this modern Hannibal; nor shall we always have it in our power to command the aid of 37 sail of the line and 8000 auxiliary veterans. Our allies are not to learn that on this occasion our regular troops were little more than equal to five-eighths of their land force; and although our prowess was such as to establish our character as soldiers, our means and numbers were far inadequate to the idea they had formed of American resources. Yet the resources of this country are great, and if her councils will call them forth, we may produce a conviction to the world that we deserve to be free. For my own part, I am such an enthusiast for independence, and that from personal exertion, I would hesitate to enter heaven through the means of a secondary cause, unless I had made the *utmost efforts* to merit it.

The Pennsylvanians, with some other troops, have another field of glory in view—if successful, you will soon hear from us, 'till when, and ever, believe me, yours, most sincerely,

A. WAYNE.

N. B. I dare not commit myself to paper, and wish you could take a perspective view of us for a few moments, you then would better understand me.

Philadelphia, Oct. 30th, 1781.

My dear Friend and Fellow-Citizen,—After congratulating you upon the share of honor you have acquired in the glorious campaign of 1781, give me leave to introduce to your acquaintance the bearer, captain Jacob Read, an eminent lawyer, and what is more to his honor, a genuine whig of the state of South Carolina; I beg you would please to make him acquainted with the colonels Butler, Stewart, Robinson, and such other of our Pennsylvania officers as are of our mutual acquaintance.

Your friends follow you with their good wishes and prayers to the sands of Carolina. That country has been well watered with the blood of heroes. It requires only to be manured with a few more British carcasses to produce spontaneous laurels. This business we expect will be effectually done, in a soil naturally fruitful, by men who forced laurels out of the rocks of Stony Point. Beware, my friend, not of bullets,

for they do you no harm, but of a bilious fever: avoid the evening air, drink wine moderately, wear flannel next to your skin, and take a dose of bark every day. Death, by a fever or a flux, may be natural to a citizen, but a soldier can only die naturally and professionally of a ball or a bayonet.

Your native state watches you with an affectionate eye; she has services and honors in store for you, when you have sheathed your sword.—She has, too, a few censures laid up for you (provided you continue honest) from the hangerson and time-serving-office-seeking-gentry of our government.

Adieu—from, very dear sir, your sincere old friend and fellow-citizen,

BENJAMIN RUSH.

General WAYNE.

It was the good fortune of General Wayne to possess, in an eminent degree, the affection of his officers; but more especially that of those who served near his person; this affection was mutual, as has been already shown, but in no instance more ardently expressed by the General than in the following letter to one of his former aids-de-camp, of whom General Washington thus handsomely speaks in one of his official reports to Congress—"Mr. Archer, who will have the honour of delivering these despatches, is a volunteer Aid to General Wayne, and a gentleman of merit. His zeal, activity and spirit, are conspicuous upon every occasion."

Salisbury, N. Carolina, 14th Dec. 1781.

My dear Archer,—I have to acknowledge two of your favours, the last of the 4th ult., in which you inform me of your approaching happiness, which must be consummate, if proportionate to the merits of the lovely girl who has had penetration to distinguish and bestow her heart upon a worthy object.

Were I a single man, and capable of envying you any thing, it would be the possession of that fascinating woman—but, as this is impossible, permit me to wish you every happiness that Hymen has in store for his choicest favourites. May it exceed your most sanguine wishes, and be equal to the merits of your dear Beckey, to whom present my best and kindest wishes for her future happiness.

Whilst I am writing, an express announces the retreat of the enemy from all their out-posts into the fortifications of Charleston, with some marks of confused precipitation.

I shall set out to-morrow, accompanied only by my two Aids, for general Greene's camp; for which purpose I had obtained permission from his Excellency, the Commander-in-chief, previously to his leaving York. Indeed, it was a necessary precaution, as my wound is yet troublesome in consequence of exertions during the late siege—the ball remains in my thigh, approaching the surface. Had it been my fortune to spend the winter in Philadelphia, I might have probably danced it out; I must now ride it out, through a barren wilderness, an expedient by no means so agreeable as the first. However, as a soldier, I am resigned to every vicissitude

of fortune, in which you may rest assured of an affectionate friend in A. WAYNE.

Capt. H. W. ARCHER.

As General Wayne's correspondence during the campaign of 1781, has closed, nothing further will be added than two extracts; the one from Marshall's life of Washington, the other from Lee's Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the U. States.

Mr. Marshall, after finishing his details of La Fayette's military movements in Virginia, says—"Although no brilliant service was achieved by this young nobleman, the campaign in Virginia enhanced his military reputation, and raised him in the general esteem. That, with so decided an inferiority of effective force, and especially of cavalry, he had been able to keep the field in an open country, and to preserve a great proportion of his military stores, as well as his army, was believed to furnish unequivocal evidence of the prudence and vigor of his conduct.

Col. Henry Lee, after closing his details on the same subject, adds—"To La Fayette, to his able second, to General Nelson, to his cavalry, to his rifle corps, to his officers and his soldiers in mass, much praise is due; nor was it withheld by their comrades in arms, by their enemy, and by the nation."

His "able second" was Brigadier General Wayne; how far this officer, then in his 36th year of age, merited the complimentary epithet of "able," may, in some measure, be collected from his correspondence, &c., during the campaign of 1781, and the five campaigns which preceded it—of which, whilst living, he might have truly said—

• • • • • "quæque ipse miserrima vidi

Et quorum pars magna fui" • • • • •

It appears from the preceding letters of Gen. Greene, that he had been long and anxiously expecting the arrival of General Wayne and the Pennsylvania troops.

About the first of January, 1782, the General reached the camp of the southern army; speedily, after which, Major General St. Clair, having under his command two brigades, composed of Pennsylvanians and Virginians, also arrived.

This augmentation of force, together with the fall of Cornwallis, enabled that most valuable officer and benevolent man, General Greene, to gratify his wishes in affording military aid to the state of Georgia; wherein the enemy had been long rioting without the fear of opposition from either regulars or the militia. Citizen had risen against citizen, and more deadly hatred existed between whig and tory than against the common enemy, and but slender means of protection could be procured for either life or property.

Such was the distressed situation of that state when General Wayne received the following instructions from the Commander-in-chief of the southern army:—

To General Wayne.

Sir,—The particular situation of Georgia, and the great sufferings of the good people of that state, and their uncommon exertions to recover

their liberties, induce me to embrace the earliest opportunity of giving them more effectual support than has hitherto been in my power. You will, therefore, march with the 1st and 2d regiments of dragoons, commanded by Lieut. Col. White, and a detachment of artillery, commanded by Capt. Bryce, and join them to such bodies of militia as may be under the command of General —, and the state troops or legion, under the command of Lieut. Col. James Jackson; also the state horse, detached by General Sumpter, belonging to South Carolina—the whole of which force, you will employ in the most effectual manner for covering the country. Try, by every means in your power, to soften the malignity and deadly resentments subsisting between the whigs and tories, and put a stop, as much as possible, to that cruel custom of putting people to death after a surrender.

I am sensible there are many difficulties which will attend your command, but the high opinion I have of your zeal, abilities, resource, and enterprize, as well as perseverance, give me the most flattering expectations that you will find means to surmount them all, and do honor to yourself, as well as render most essential service to your country.

General Barnwell, commanding the militia of South Carolina who border upon the Savannah river, will have directions to co-operate with you, as far as the nature of his situation will admit. You will, therefore, correspond with him, and communicate to me all material circumstances which may happen in your command, which you will extend, not only to the protection of Georgia, but to the southern parts of this state.

Given at Head-quarters, round O, }
January 9th, 1782. }

NATHANIEL GREENE.

In pursuance of those instructions, General Wayne immediately proceeded to the execution of the arduous task assigned him, with a body of troops very inferior in point of numbers to those of the enemy. He had acquired but a very slight acquaintance with the officers and troops composing his command, and less with the climate and country; disadvantages which he much regretted; nevertheless, in the language of his distinguished superior, by his zeal, abilities, resource, enterprize, and perseverance, he found means to surmount them all."

So sudden was the General's departure for the scene of glory which awaited him, that he had not time to bid adieu to all the Pennsylvania officers with whom he had been so long and affectionately associated; he therefore substituted a favorite officer of that line to execute this concern.

Sister's Ferry, Savannah River, }
17th January, 1782. }

My Dear Craig,—Want of time, and not inclination, prevented me from taking leave of all my friends and brother officers, previously to my departure. I must, therefore, request you to assure them, that duty alone has separated me from them. Permit me, at the same time, to wish you and them every happiness and glo-

ry which fortune has in store for her choicest favorites; and that they will always live in the grateful memory of their affectionate friend and
Humble Servant,

Col. CRAIG.

A. WAYNE.

Immediately on the General's reaching the borders of Georgia, he thus addressed the governor of that state:—

Camp opposite Ebenezer, }
14th January, 1782. }

Sir,—The conducting of the military operations in Georgia and its vicinity, being committed to my charge by the honorable Major General Greene; duty and inclination will lead me to exert every power for the protection of the citizens and the extirpation of the enemy. To facilitate this essential business, it will be necessary to organize a respectable number of militia in addition to the continental troops now with me, as well as to procure proper provisions for the maintenance of the *whole* in the field.

As I am unacquainted with the internal police and resources of your state, I can only request, in general terms, that effectual measures may be adopted for drawing out as many of the militia as circumstances will admit, for a fixed period, not less than two months, under proper officers, with orders to join me by detachments or otherwise, the soonest possible.

I also wish you to appoint one or more Commissaries to supply the army with forage and provisions; a number of boats will be required to facilitate the passage of the troops, &c., over the Savannah river; I therefore request you to direct all such as may be in the vicinity of Augusta, to be sent to the Two Sisters immediately.

Good policy, as well as humanity, dictates the expediency of opening a wide door for the reception of those citizens who have taken protection under, or joined the British, which many have been induced to do, more from necessity or local situation than from inclination—add to this, protection and allegiance are reciprocal; ensure them the former, and you will very probably secure the latter. Some conditions, and perhaps some discriminations may be expedient; but I would wish your state to be generous in the first, and limited in the last, by which means you will acquire two of the strongest ties for their fidelity, viz. interest and gratitude.

Colonel Eustace will be able to inform you of the time we intend to pass the Rubicon, but whether we shall act offensively or defensively, will much depend upon the exertions of your state. Interim, I have the honor to be, your Excellency's most obedient humble servant.

A. WAYNE.

His Excellency JOHN MARTIN, }
Gov. of the State of Georgia, &c. &c. }

To the above communication the Governor replied:—

Augusta, 19th January, 1782.

Sir,—I am happy to acknowledge the receipt of your favour of the 14th instant, by Colonel Eustace, and am pleased that the military operations in Georgia, an infant and distressed state, are, by the Hon. Major General Greene, commit-

ted to the care of a gentleman whose military talents have already rendered him so conspicuous both in Europe and America. I mean not to flatter, sir, but only to give real merit her just due; and doubt not but inclination, as well as duty, will lead you to exert every power for the protection of the citizens and the total extirpation of the enemy from this state; and you may rest assured that I will give you every support and assistance, and co-operate with you in every measure that will tend to this essential and desirable purpose.

I imagine we shall be able with the draft of one-half the militia, to bring about 300 effective men into the field, exclusive of Colonel Jackson's cavalry and infantry belonging to this state, which I expect will be complete in two weeks, and will consist of forty horse and fifty foot; Colonel M'Coy's corps of volunteers, consisting of about 80 men well mounted, and Major Moore's regiment of Carolina state dragoons, consisting of one hundred and sixty, well mounted. The above corps have orders to reconnoitre the country, cover your crossing, and to join you immediately on this side. You will, therefore, from this estimate, be the best judge of what number of regular infantry will be sufficient to carry on your future operations. I have ordered a commissary and a quarter-master to proceed to camp, in order to provide proper provisions for the support and maintenance of the whole in the field. I have also collected and sent down such boats as could be procured, to the Two Sisters, agreeably to your request, for the immediate crossing of the troops to this side of the Savannah River.

Your observations respecting opening a wide door for the reception of such citizens as have taken protection or joined the British, are, in my opinion, extremely just and humane; and such as good policy, at this crisis, would undoubtedly dictate. I have more than once urged those very measures during the sitting of the late house of Assembly, which were entirely disregarded; however, I am not without hope that something may yet be done in this important business.

In the mean time, I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most obedient and very humble servant,

JOHN MARTIN.

The Honorable Brigadier General WAYNE, }
commanding in Georgia, &c.

At the period of General Wayne's taking the command in Georgia, private feuds existed among several of the military officers who held the highest grades in the militia; to quell which, required all the address of the General, conjoined with that of others; among whom, conspicuously stood Colonels Eustace and Jackson and Major Habersham; those gentlemen possessed an extensive popularity and considerable military experience.

The correspondence which occurred between the General, the above named persons and others, displays, as respects each individual concerned in it, a profound knowledge of human nature, which was so effectually applied that

bickering and contention ceased, and harmony was soon restored. So judiciously were the militia drafts managed, that ere long, the General was joined by a respectable and well appointed corps of troops, who soon became delighted with their Commander-in-chief, and gallantly followed him and his regulars in many "a well fought field."

General Wayne, shortly after his having commenced military operations in Georgia, was honored by the following letter from General Greene:—

Head-Quarters, }
February 9th, 1782. }

Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 1st instant is before me: I admire your enterprise, and am happy in your success. General Barnwell informs me that you have got possession of that part of the country in a wonderful manner. I exceedingly approve of your plan with respect to the Indians, not to provoke their resentment by cruelties, but to appear perfectly indifferent whether they are for war or peace. I wish Major Habersham may succeed in his enterprise; and I am glad that Colonel White's conduct pleases you. Every officer that exerts himself for the public good shall have strict justice done to his merit. Cavalry are difficult to keep in good order, and require much nursing, more than I could imagine, until I learned it by experience. I would just hint this matter as worthy your attention in the arrangement of your affairs. Since I wrote you before, I have been much alarmed by a letter received from General Washington, a copy of which I enclose you.—Our critical situation has prevented my attending to your requisition, and indeed we are still under no small apprehensions, but I begin to hope the embarkation was not for this quarter, and if it was, those already arrived, mentioned in my last, is the embarkation alluded to. A few days more will put the matter out of doubt. The moment this happens, I will comply with your wishes in detaching to you a small body of infantry. But I fear the detachment will be of little use to you as you can do *no more than you have done*.

Captain Gunn is getting his men some clothing; this has detained him, but he will march tomorrow if nothing new happens.

I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

N. GREENE.

General WAYNE.

On the 24th February, General Wayne had the pleasure of addressing his inestimable friend, General Irvine, in the free and sociable manner that those two valuable men of that day at all times corresponded.

Ebenezer, state of Georgia, }
24th February, 1782. }

Dear General,—That I am not one of your most punctual correspondents I readily grant; but in point of esteem and friendship, I will not give up the palm to any. After this preface, permit me to give you a brief account of our military manœuvres in this state:—

On the 19th ultimo, we crossed the Savannah

river and effected a landing in Georgia, with a detachment of the 1st and 4th regiments of dragoons. With this force, aided by a small state corps and a few spirited militia, we manœuvred the enemy out of several strong posts, and confined to the town of Savannah 1500 regular troops, exclusive of tory-militia, refugees, Indians, and armed negroes, amounting to nearly a thousand more, who, in their retreat, desolated the country, destroyed and broke up all the bridges and causeways to the very gates of the town—measures, by which the British General Clarke thought to have compelled us to abandon Georgia; but hearing of a quantity of forage and provisions on the great Ogechee, 15 miles from Savannah, and being determined to seize them and hold possession of Georgia, I advanced to secure them.—when we arrived near that river we received intelligence of a body of Creek Indians, on their march to Savannah. In order to deceive or decoy them, I instantly detached a strong party of horse, under Colonel M'Coy, dressed in British uniform; the deception succeeded, and the Indians were surrounded and disarmed without the least resistance, although they had previously prepared for action, with every warlike insignium upon them. During the above transaction, our videttes announced the approach of a large body of horse, which proved to be 93 pack horses, loaded with skins, &c. escorted by 30 or 40 mounted Indians and Tories, who effected their escape by abandoning their horses and dashing into a deep swamp: the horses, skins, &c. we secured.

Among the captured Indians were 26 head chiefs or warriors, with their Linguist. Humanity, as well as policy, induced me to spare their lives, and send them to their own country, with a talk calculated to keep them neutrals and to remain quiet spectators until the war should terminate between us and Britain.

Impressed with gratitude for the generous treatment they experienced, they informed us of the advance of 300 Choctaws, who, by that time, would be near the Alatomaha; upon which I made a detachment from my small corps, under the conduct of Major Habersham, who, after crossing the great Ogechee river, fell in with the van of the Choctaws, and passed upon them for British.

His orders were to get them into his power by that deception, and then undeceive them, to treat them with kindness, and send them to their nation with a talk, similar to that delivered by me to the Creeks; but, by the villainy or imprudence of some of the Georgia militia with him, a few of the Indians were killed; the others becoming alarmed and suspicious, made their escape, and communicated the alarm to the main body, who retreated across the Alatomaha.—However, the Creeks and chiefs whom I sent home, will have it in their power to explain matters to them. At all events, the British are deprived of their assistance for the present; and the poor devils are so effectually alarmed that

they will not think themselves safe until they reach their own country.

In my talk, I briefly stated the rise and progress of the present war. I informed them that I was no Englishman, but a plain, open warrior, born upon the same great island with them.—That all we asked of them was to remain quiet spectators until the war between us and our common enemy should be terminated; after which our wise men and great warriors would be happy to assist in opening the path which led to our Council fires, and brightening the chain of friendship. But that, if they were deaf to the voice of reason, and wished to shed the blood of a people who never injured them; if they preferred the hatchet to the olive branch, we possessed undaunted hearts, strong arms, and keen cutting swords, with which we were ready to meet them on their own grounds.

Thus, my dear Sir, you find me at one moment saving the hostile savage, the next, commencing the grave counsellor, tendering to their choice either the olive branch or hatchet, and the third, mounting Bucephalus, and placing myself at the head of the Cavalry, to charge a more savage foe; for we had no sooner sent off the Indians than our patrols announced the advance of the British, whom we attended back to Savannah, and thereby prevented them from forming a junction with their copper-coloured allies.

It is now upwards of five weeks since we entered this State, during which period not an officer or soldier with me has once undressed, excepting for the purpose of changing his linen; nor do the enemy lay on beds of down—they have once or twice attempted to strike our advanced parties. The day before yesterday, they made a forward move in considerable force, which induced me to advance to meet them; but the lads declined the interview, by embarking in boats and retreating by water to Savannah, the only post which they hold in Georgia.

Enclosed, is the actual force of the enemy; ours, at this juncture is not within one third of it; but we have a superiority of horse, and therefore bully them with impunity. Upon the whole, the British have suffered us to wrest this State out of their hands more by spirited manœuvres than force, in which I have been well seconded by our mutual friend, Colonel Walter White. This officer has been unaccountably obscured, but his military character will shortly shine with a lustre that will give pleasure to his friends and eclipse his foes.

Let me hear from you. God bless you, and believe me,

Yours, most affectionately,

General WM. LIVING.

A. WAYNE.

The subjoined letter to General Greene, exhibits the difficulties which General Wayne had experienced thus far in his movements, and the triumph which he had obtained over them, &c.

Ebenezer, 28th February, 1782.

“The duty we have done in Georgia was much more difficult than that of the children of Israel; they had only to make brick without

straw—but we have had provision, forage, and almost every apparatus of war to procure without money; boats, bridges, &c. to build without materials, except those which we took from the stump; and what was more difficult than all, to make *Whigs* out of Tories, in opposition to every let and hindrance thrown in our way by a most villainous banditti—all which we have effected, and wrested this country out of the hands of the enemy, excepting the town of Savannah, with a few regular troops aided by a small but gallant corps of Georgia militia; but how to keep it without some additional force is a matter worthy of consideration, and one which will require some address, as the British have lately received a reinforcement of Choctaws, which they brought by water to Savannah, from Frederica, on the west side of the Altamaha; however, I believe that they will not be able to derive much service from them, as one of their chiefs must have arrived in the nation properly impressed with the idea of the enemy being in a debilitated state, and with gratitude to us, and I have no doubt that we shall prevail upon the Creeks to remain quiet spectators.

I have been induced to permit Mr. Cornell, a captive of ours, and linguist to the Creeks, to return to that nation accompanied by Mr. Anderson, an Indian interpreter, in the interest and employ of this State. He is very sanguine on the prosperous result of his mission, the purport of which the bearer will announce to you. His introduction, independently of his being accompanied by Cornell, will be rendered safe and easy by the second head man or chief in the nation, whom I sent home with a talk some time since.

I am now to inform you of a handsome enterprise for the destruction of the enemy's forage, a part of which was collected on Governor Wright's farm, under the influence of their cannon within half a mile of the citadel of Savannah, and another part on Hutchinson's island.

Colonel Barnwell was to effect the business on the island, by crossing in boats from the Carolina side, and Colonel Jackson to destroy that at Wright's; whilst a diversion was made by a few militia and Jackson's infantry under Major Moore, by commencing a running fire of musketry on the north extreme of the works, covered by the dragoons under Colonel White; the operations to commence on the Georgia side, at forty minutes after one in the morning, and on the island, at two o'clock, or twenty minutes later.

Colonel Barnwell being betrayed and fired upon, at twenty minutes after one, prevented him from effecting his part of the business, and obliged me to anticipate the time for commencing the operations on this side, in order to draw the attention of the enemy and cover his retreat, which had the desired effect—there are only six of his party missing, and these being militia, may be scattered and yet find their way in.

Every thing succeeded on the Georgia side to our most sanguine expectations, without the

loss of a single man. The town was highly illuminated at the expense of Sir James Wright, or rather that of the British Government; but the poor British dragoon-horses and others, will be great sufferers, to the no small mortification of Colonel Commandant Campbell, who must very shortly act on *foot*, unless the forage on the island is much greater than accounts make it. Had Barnwell been successful, their cavalry-horses and others, must have starved, as they have not a particle of forage, excepting that which is now on the island.

The enemy made a sally to save their magazines at Wright's; but the musketry, on the other extreme, drew their attention to the defence of their works; hence, they were obliged to remain tacit spectators of the destruction, not only of their forage, but a considerable quantity of clean rice.

Colonel Jackson and Major Moore, with the officers and troops under them, performed their part with great spirit and decision. The soldiery disposition which Colonel White made of the dragoons, was such as to afford effectual cover to the executive corps, and to deter the enemy from pursuit.

Pray, try to give me an additional number of regular troops—I will be content with one battalion of Pennsylvanians; they can bring on their own field equipage, without breaking in upon any part of the army.

I will candidly acknowledge that I have an extraordinary attachment to, and confidence in, officers and men who have fought and bled with me during so many campaigns; therefore, if they can be spared you will much oblige

Your most obedient,

Humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

P. S. Something like a mutiny is ripening in Savannah.

I have found means of disseminating among the enemy a number of proclamations, offering lands, stock, &c. (money we have none,) to all deserters."

In consequence of the destruction of the magazines of forage, &c. as mentioned in the General's official communications, the enemy were compelled to reduce their cavalry more than one half. In addition to this pleasing event, the gallant Colonel Posey, who had so gloriously fought under General Wayne, during the campaign of 1779, on the 4th of April, joined him with 300 veteran troops from Virginia; to those the General added two corps of recently reclaimed citizens, by which means he was enabled to keep the enemy in perpetual alarm.—He also, from proclamations in German and English, which were distributed among the Hessian and British troops, excited most alarming apprehensions of a general mutiny.

On the 21st of May the General received intelligence of the enemy being out in force; a movement which he had long desired, and with avidity availed himself of the opportunity to attack them; the result of which is fully set forth in the following despatch.

Ebenezer, 24th May, 1782.

On the 21st inst. I received intelligence of the enemy being out in force from Savannah; in consequence of which, White's dragoons and Posey's infantry were put in motion, and at five o'clock in the evening arrived at Mrs. William Gibbon's farm, six miles N. W. of Savannah; at six an express from Lieutenant Colonel Jackson announced the enemy in force at Harris' bridge on the Ogechee road, seven miles from town, and that a small party were at Ogechee ferry, which he intended to attack with his corps.

Upon inquiry, I found that the only route to the enemy's position was through a tremendous swamp of nearly four miles extent, with many deep and dangerous morasses to pass; and then to intersect the Ogechee road, at an intermediate distance from Savannah and the bridge. I was properly impressed with the difficulty attending a night's march over such ground, as well as the delicacy of a manoeuvre that placed me between the whole of the enemy's force in Georgia; but when I came to reflect upon the experience and gallantry of the officers, and the steady bravery of the troops, they were ordered to advance, from the conviction that the success of a nocturnal attack depended more upon prowess than numbers. At twelve o'clock at night our van arrived at the Ogechee road, four miles S. W. of Savannah, when the enemy also appeared advancing in close and good order; notwithstanding this unexpected circumstance and the great disparity of numbers, our rear yet being at a considerable distance, and as success depended on the moment, I ordered the van guard to charge, which was obeyed with such vivacity as to terminate in the total defeat and dispersion of all the British cavalry, and a large body of infantry picked from the 7th regiment, the Hessians, Tanning's and Brown's regulars, with the Choctaw Indians, Tories, &c. the whole commanded by Colonel Brown.

The precipitate flight of the enemy prevented any part of the troops from coming into contact with them, except Lieutenant Colonel Posey's light corps, under Captain Parker, and a few dragoons under Captain Hughes and Lieutenant Boyer, conducted by Colonel White; this small van guard put to shameful route the whole of the enemy's force, without the use of powder.

The almost impenetrably thick woods, deep swamps, and morasses into which they fled or plunged, in a sparsed state, and under cover of the night, screened them from total ruin, at the expense of a great portion of their horses and arms, which they abandoned to procure personal safety; even this sacrifice to fear, would not have availed them, had the fugitives waited the attack of Colonel Posey with the remainder of his detachment, and the other troop of White's dragoons under Captain Gunn. The few who had an opportunity to engage, introduced the American bayonet and sword with such effect as to kill many and wound some. A number of prisoners also fell into our hands;

among the latter is Lieutenant Colonel Douglass, dangerously wounded.

We have collected between twenty and thirty of their best dragoon horses, exclusive of several that lay dead upon the spot; a great number are yet straggling in the swamps. Such is the dispersed state of both dragoons and infantry, that they continue dropping into Savannah by twos and threes, generally disarmed. Even Colonel Brown and Lieutenant Colonel Ingram did not find the way to town until the second night after the action, and then unattended.

After refreshing the troops at Mrs. Gibbon's, we advanced in view of Savannah yesterday morning, sending a few infantry and horse to draw the enemy out; but they declined an interview, contenting themselves with advancing a few Indians and negroes, to the skirt of a swamp, whence they commenced a scattering and ineffectual fire. Finding that General Clarke was not to be enticed from his lines, I returned to this place, where the last of the troops arrived this morning, with the loss of only five privates killed and two wounded. We had also two dragoon horses killed and three injured; but these we shall replace with part of the captured horses.

I am under the highest obligations to every officer and soldier for his good conduct, zeal, and perseverance, during a fatiguing march of near 40 miles, performed in a few hours, to effect this gallant enterprise.

Lieutenant Colonel Jackson, of the State Legion, as well as his corps, are also entitled to my best thanks for their conduct in the day near Ogechee, where the enemy likewise suffered.

I have the honor to be, with much esteem,

Your most obedient

And very humble servant,

Major General GREENE. A. WAYNE.

Head-quarters, May 28th, 1782.

Dear Sir,—I was favoured with your letter of the 24th last evening, and congratulate you upon the advantage you gained over the enemy.

Night attacks are always attended with success, when they are unexpected. The manoeuvre was no less bold than it was happily executed. The zeal and activity of the troops and the spirit and good conduct of the officers deserve the highest praise in general; but those in action are entitled to particular thanks.

You have disgraced one of the best officers the enemy have; and I am in hopes that this stroke will keep up the spirit of desertion among them.

General Leslie has made a formal proposition for a suspension of hostilities, to which I told him I could not agree without the order of Congress thereon. I expect intelligence from the northward on this subject every hour.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient

Humble servant,

General WAYNE. N. GREENE.

Extract of General Greene's orders.

The General has the pleasure to inform the army, that General Wayne, by a bold manoeuvre, fell in with a party of the enemy, both horse

and foot, about midnight, on the 21st inst. near Savannah. Colonel White, with a small corps of horse, and the light infantry of Colonel Posey's battalion, made a charge on their advance, and put the whole to route. Forty were killed and wounded, eighteen or twenty made prisoners, among which, one Lieutenant Colonel, wounded; and the whole so dispersed that they got into the garrison only by twos and threes.—Forty dragoon horses were also taken, and many arms.

Great credit is due to General Wayne for the plan of the enterprise, and to Colonel White and Captain Parker for the boldness of the charge by which they defeated ten times their number; and, indeed, no small credit is due to the whole of the troops for the spirit and alacrity they discovered in going to the attack.

Lieutenant Colonel Jackson also gained some advantages over the enemy near Ogechee.

JOSIAH HARMAR, D. A. G.

Extract from general orders, May 29th, 1782.

Colonel Lee, in his Memoirs, states that the above mentioned rencounter occurred about ten o'clock in the forenoon; and he further states, that General Wayne did not reach the scene of action until after its close. Neither of these statements is in accordance with the official documents, or other correspondence on the above occasion.

Judge Johnson, in his life of Greene, advertising to this nocturnal attack, has the following remarks:—"It is not easy to conjecture from what source Colonel Lee has drawn his narrative of this affair; but it is obviously related, without reference to the official account. He represents it as having occurred in the day; and Wayne as having been in the rear, with the main body, too far to have partaken of the honors of the decisive charge. Such an attempt by day, so near Savannah, it is obvious, would have been nothing short of madness; and the error deprives Wayne of his only vindication, independent of success, which cannot be better expressed than in his own language."

Here the Judge gives an extract of the above official letter of General Wayne to General Greene, which it is not necessary to insert.

It is an act of justice to say, that Colonel Lee, at the period of this affair, was not with the Southern army, he had sometime previously obtained leave of absence, and retired to Virginia, in consequence of ill health.

Savannah having been in possession of the enemy for some years, many British merchants had established themselves in that place; who, on an intimation of its contemplated surrender to the American troops, or its evacuation, became very uneasy on account of the consequent insecurity of their property; and, therefore, opened an interesting correspondence, by flag, with General Wayne on the subject, a circumstance which the General thus announced.

Head-quarters, Sharon, 17th June, 1782, }
five miles from Savannah. }

Inclosed, are copies of overtures from the mer-

chants, &c. of Savannah, with my answer. St. Augustine is said to be evacuated; if so, I shall detach the militia and volunteers to strike the Indians and disaffected in that vicinity, who otherwise will be troublesome neighbours. The Choctaws are actually advancing. I hope, in a few days, to have matters so arranged as to put it in my power to settle their business in a summary way. In the mean time, it is my duty to inform you that I have some ground to believe the garrison of Savannah and St. Augustine are destined for Charleston; I will, therefore, hold myself in readiness eventually to move to any quarter where you may think our arms can be the most effectually and prudently introduced.

I am, Sir, your most obedient

Humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

The Honorable

Major General GREENE.

Head-quarters, June 18th, 1782.

My Dear Sir,—I have this moment received information by an officer from Ebenezer, that the enemy evacuated Savannah on Sunday last. Should this be the case, I beg you will order all the troops except those belonging to the State of Georgia, to join this army as soon as possible. The works in the neighbourhood of Savannah you will order to be erased as soon as possible.

As this army will be in a situation for active operations the moment the troops may arrive from Savannah, I trust no time may be lost in marching them to this place.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble serv't,

General WAYNE.

N. GREENE.

Sharon, 22d June, 1782, }
five miles from Savannah. }

Dear General,—The intelligence contained in yours of the 18th was premature; the enemy are still in possession of Savannah, but they may probably effect an evacuation in the course of eight and forty hours. As yet they have not a sufficiency of transports for the purpose, and from good information, the West Indies, and not Charleston, as recently mentioned, is the place of their destination; however, I shall be able to ascertain their real object as soon as they sail, and I will govern my movements accordingly.

I regret to say that too many of our soldiers are down in fever, attended with some putrid symptoms, a circumstance which has induced me to take every means in my power to counteract the diffusion of its malignancy, by burning pitch lights, wood, &c. in and about the tents, houses, huts, &c. and causing the troops to lie upon pine-branch beds, which are not only a tolerable substitute for straw, but afford an agreeable aromatic, and thus far the measures adopted appear to have had a very happy effect; but the want of barks and other necessary medicines has occasioned the loss of some men.

Debilitated as many of our soldiers are, we nevertheless have been laying on our arms seven days and nights, waiting the signal of the evacuation, in order to prevent the town from de-

struction by fire, or grievous losses from plunder, both of which have been threatened.

I am, with sincere esteem,

Your most obedient,

General GREENE. A. WAYNE.

Head-quarters, June 21, 1782.

My dear Sir,—Your letters by Mr. Massey, of the preparation for the evacuation of Savannah, were handed me last evening. I am happy at the approaching deliverance of that unfortunate country, and what adds to my happiness is, it will reflect no small honour upon you; and I wish you to be persuaded that I shall do you ample justice in my public accounts to Congress and the Commander-in-chief. I think you have conducted your command with great prudence and with astonishing perseverance; and in so doing, you have fully answered the high expectations I ever entertained of your *military abilities* from our earliest acquaintance.

As soon as the enemy evacuate Savannah, you will march with all your regular force to join this army. Our force, as I wrote you before, is small, and I am not without my apprehensions, that as soon as the enemy combine their force, they will fall upon us. I beg you, therefore, to hasten your march as fast as possible, without injuring your troops.

It is my advice to the people of Georgia to have all the fortifications in and about Savannah levelled, except one or two batteries, just sufficient to protect the town from insult from single vessels of force or small parties, unless we had a regular force to garrison the town: fortifications can be of no use; but on the contrary, will serve to enable the enemy to repossess themselves of it with more safety, and a less force and less loss than if they were levelled. This may appear a paradox but it is true, for militia will not defend works, but would annoy the enemy greatly while they were constructing them.

I thank you kindly for the congratulations upon the estate purchased for me, which I shall estimate at a higher value from having you as a neighbour.

Nothing new from the northward.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

General WAYNE. N. GREENE.

After the action of the night of the 21st of May, the enemy became very cautious and shy, their cavalry was from this and preceding actions, almost annihilated. The enemy were now insulted within their lines by the very citizens, who, a few days previously, were in their service, and who now commenced deserting from their late friends, and joining their arms with those of their own countrymen.

This essential change of circumstances, together with an intimation of the intended evacuation of Savannah, determined General Wayne, as appears from his official letters, to advance from Ebenezer to a post at Sharon, five miles in front of the enemy. After occupying this position for a few days, on the night of the 24th, his rear guard, with which the General was in

person, received an attack from upwards of 500 picked chiefs and warriors of the Creek nation, which speedily brought on a general action that terminated in favour of the assailed, and thus prevented this formidable auxiliary force from joining the enemy.

Sharon, 24th June, 1782, }
five miles from Savannah. }

Dear Sir,—The advance of a large body of Creek Indians, headed by a number of their most celebrated chiefs and warriors, and a British officer, was announced at half after one o'clock this morning, by a most furious attack upon Lieutenant Colonel Posey's light company, which had been placed for the protection of two field pieces, a short distance in rear of his battalions. Their onset was so impetuous and their numbers so superior, that this gallant little corps was compelled to fall back a few paces, a circumstance which, for a few minutes, put the enemy in possession of that artillery; but the corps immediately rallied under Captain Gunn, with his troop of dragoons, when I instantly ordered the two companies to advance to the charge; which they did, through a most tremendous fire of small arms, accompanied by a hideous yell of the enemy, from almost every direction. Colonel Posey and Major Finley, with their command, were now ordered to advance, and charge the Indians in flank; the whole was performed with such irresistible vigour that the action terminated in the total route of the Savages, who did not discover want of prowess on this occasion; but they met our charge with that ferocity for which they are so famous at the onset; and it was especially so in this instance, being not a little elated with their temporary success in gaining possession of our cannon. Our enemy retreated into the pipe-maker's swamp, where they dispersed with precipitation. Many Indians and two white men fell dead on the field; among the former several chiefs, with the famous *Guristerigo*, our greatest enemy, and principal warrior of the Creek nation. Their proportion of wounded must be considerable, as the bravery of the Indians, fighting hand to hand, gave an opening for the free use of the sword and bayonet.

As I had every reason to suspect a combined operation by an attack from the British, we formed to receive them, and made a disposition, at the same time, to prevent a junction with their savage allies; for which purpose Colonel Posey, with part of his battalion, advanced to a position near the enemy's lines, where we forced their pickets, and produced a conviction to them that we were at once in possession of the field of action, and in a condition to profit from events.

A few minutes after sunrise we formed a junction of our whole force, when the British made an advance, who, after sustaining some loss, were driven back to their works by a detachment of infantry and cavalry; but notwithstanding every precaution to prevent it, part of the Indians found their way into Savannah, under cover of the swamp already mentioned.

Our trophies are an elegant British standard,

one hundred and seven horses, with a number of packs, arms, &c., and more horses are hourly secured and brought in.

It is not in the power of language to do justice to the military virtues of the corps that I have the honour to command; numbers may prevail against them, but I will be answerable they will never be disgraced.

I shall not attempt to particularize the officers who have distinguished themselves on this occasion; as, in that case, justice would compel me to mention every gentleman in my own family, in the cavalry, infantry and artillery.

Enclosed, is a return of our killed and wounded.

I have the honour to be,

Your most obedient, and

Very humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

The Honorable
Major General GREENE.

(PRIVATE.)

P. S.—Such was the determined bravery with which the Indians fought, that, after I had cut down one of the chiefs, with his last breath he drew his trigger, and shot my noble horse dead under me.

A. W.

Colonel Lee, in his Memoirs, in adverting to the above encounter, says:—"Wayne, participating with his light corps, in the surrounding dangers, was now dismounted, his horse being killed, he behaved with his accustomed gallantry; not doubting but General Clarke, with his whole force from Savannah, was upon him, he determined to cut his way to victory, or die in the midst of his enemy."

To this end was his order to Captain Parker, to this end was his order to Lieutenant Colonel Posey, and to this end was his own conduct and example."

To the official despatch of General Wayne, the Commander-in-chief of the southern army thus replied:

Head quarters, June 28th, 1782.

Dear Sir,—I congratulate you on your success in the dispersion of the savages; your account of which I received by Captain Nixon.

Nothing requires greater fortitude or more discipline than to stand firm in a night attack.—I am pleased with the conduct of your officers and men, and am persuaded with you, that they will never disgrace themselves, and more especially, while under your command. I am sorry to lose good men in the destruction of such wretches; but there is no avoiding it. You will please to return my thanks to the troops for their good conduct.

Before this reaches you, I imagine the enemy will have left Savannah. They have been delayed on account of a missing vessel that had the orders for the fleet. She got into Charleston some days past, and the fleet sailed immediately for Georgia. Charleston will not be evacuated; the garrison of Georgia is coming here, after which a part of them, with some corps at this place, are to be detached to the West Indies.

I have just got letters from General Washing-

ton and the minister of war; but there is nothing new from either.

The plan of operations is not yet agreed on.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

General WAYNE.

N. GREENE.

ERRATA.

In November number of the above Memoir, page 494, 1st column, in line 11 from bottom, for "It is then," read 'Is it then.'

On the same page, second column, and second line from top, for "encouraged those sarcasms," read 'encouraged by those sarcasms.'

In December number, page 532, 1st column, line 7 from bottom, after the word 'action,' strike out the semicolon. In the next preceding line, after the word "gloriously," strike out the comma and insert a period.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

MARY WOOLSTONECRAFT.

It has been said, that a lively imagination, united to a sanguine temper, if uncontrolled by a sound judgment, is a curse rather than an advantage to its possessor; and numerous are the instances in proof thereof. Nor are we without examples where judgments by no means devoid of strength have been perverted and illuded by such a fancy, nourished by an injudicious course of study; where ardent feeling has indulged the wildest hopes of moral advancement, re-created in the most extravagant anticipations of individual success, in the subversion of long established and ably supported opinion; and gloried in the thought, that the time was fast approaching when the flag of triumph should wave over the ruins of institutions hallowed by general respect; that had stood the test of ages, and whose influence on social and individual prosperity and happiness, affords the surest evidence and the best eulogium of their worth. Of this we have a living example, and a most striking one, in the eloquent and enthusiastic female, who, under the name of a lecturer on knowledge, is labouring so assiduously to diffuse a spirit of practical atheism; and who seems to feel herself a most philanthropic itinerant, whilst she is doing her utmost to wrest the shackle from the corrupt wills and fierce passions of the depraved; to break the bonds of social order; and to shut out from our dark and devious path the cheering and consoling light of another and a better world. That common source of infidelity,—the pride which is gratified in discarding the belief of the vulgar and popular mind, and in the display of an independence which scorns the thralldom of education and authority, doubtless has its operation upon her mind; and may probably be the most powerful secret spring of her conduct. But whatever may have been the primary causes that produced the adoption of the principles (if they can be called principles) which this lady has been running up and down the land so zealously to disseminate, there is reason for the conclusion, that now, at least, she is under as

great a delusion as any of her followers. We are inclined to believe the credit of sincerity due to her thus far, because we can hardly think that a woman of sanity could sacrifice, as she has done, the respect which her acknowledged talents would have procured her—the esteem of the virtuous and the intellectual, and the reputation that women often cherish more than life, for such a fame as she has acquired, and for such a prospect as her exertions have opened to her ambition. There is indeed much to persuade us that she really puts faith in what she presents to the world as her views of “just knowledge.” However, the human mind is a problem which we often find very difficult to solve; and in no respect more than in tracing actions to their motive: and, therefore, for aught we know, the pride of singularity—the love of paradox and argumentative exhibition—the triumph of proselyting—and the adulation of her male associates, who bend with submissive reverence before the ascendancy of female intellect, may be quite as effectual a stimulant to the efforts of Miss Frances Wright, as the confidence she possesses in the truth of her system. I will now direct the attention of the reader to a lady superior in genius, similar in sentiment, and equal to her in the enthusiasm which is unconvinced by experience, and undiminished by defeat;—of the spirit of whose writings she has evidently drank deep, and from whom she has derived most of her opinions relative to the parts that women should assume in the drama of life.

Mary Woolstonecraft was born in or near London, on the 27th of April, 1759. Her father was a farmer, in rather indigent circumstances, and her school education did not differ materially from that of most young girls in her rank of life. Deficiencies were made up, however, by a quick perception, a thirst of knowledge, and the instructions of a neighboring clergyman, by the name of Clare. Her father appears to have been a man of unstable character and irritable temper, and his treatment, or a desire of independence, induced her to leave her home, and become the companion of a lady at Bath. After an absence of about two years, the declining health of her mother occasioned her return. She remained until she closed the eyes of her suffering parent. As her father had now become reduced to extreme poverty, she and her sister opened a day school, which did not succeed according to her wishes. In 1785 she made a voyage to Portugal, to visit an intimate friend who had gone to a southern clime for the recovery of her health. She arrived in time to soothe her last hours. We afterwards find her in the situation of governess to the daughters of Viscount Kingsborough, an Irish peer.

The first work she published was a pamphlet of one hundred and sixty pages, entitled “Thoughts on the education of Daughters.” She next wrote “*Mary, a Fiction*,” which she makes the vehicle of her own feelings, and in which she details some of the incidents of her life. She

was the authoress of a book for children called “*Original Stories from Real Life*.” Having made herself mistress of several of the modern languages, she translated from the French, Neck-er’s work on the importance of religious opinions, and part of the “*New Robinson*.” She abridged Lavater on Physiognomy, and Saly-mann’s Elements of Morality; and she abridged and altered from the Dutch, a work entitled “*The Young Grandison*.” Indefatigably persevering, while engaged in these literary labors she was a frequent contributor to the Analytical Review, and compiled “*The Female Reader*,” which had for its model the popular school book, “*Enfield’s Speaker*.” Her industry does not appear to have been scantily compensated; and, what is commendable to her liberality, she contributed to the support of her surviving parent, and took charge of the orphan child of a deceased friend.

The French Revolution was an event well calculated to kindle the imagination and rouse the energies of so enthusiastic an individual as our heroine. Accordingly, when Burke published his very eloquent, very sophistical, and very intemperate “*Reflections*,” she took the field with an ardour equal to his own, and was the first that appeared with an answer to this zealous advocate of establishments and privileged orders. This work, which developed a powerful, but betrayed a visionary mind, obtained a considerable share of public attention, and extended, if it did not in all respects improve, her reputation. It was not long before she came out with the extraordinary book to which she is indebted for the principal share of her existing celebrity. In her “*Vindication*” of what she is pleased to term “*The Rights of Woman*,” whom she represents as proud of her fetters, and clinging with delight to the evidences of her degradation, she puts forth her whole strength, and exhausts her every resource. It was unquestionably a labor of love; and affords a fair specimen of her mental character and capabilities. Viewed merely as a literary production, we admit its grasp of thought, originality of sentiment, and power of expression. Her language is often fervid, and not unfrequently coarse in its energy; she attacks with more vehemence than discrimination; she advances her arguments in support of her hallucinations with unhesitating boldness; she shrinks not from discussions hardly reconcilable to our ideas of female delicacy; in the loftiness of her indignation at the supposed degeneracy of the sex—in the zeal with which she upholds their claim to a natural equality with man, and their right to a participation in the duties and privileges usually engrossed by him, (many of which, by the by, they should rejoice at being exempt from,) it will be admitted by all who preserve a small portion of their stock of common sense untouched by the contagion of her enthusiastic excitement, that she frequently extends her course until she loses her way, and commits a number of extravagancies. The effect of this medley of reasoning and rhapsody upon

a mind of more susceptibility than judgment, must be pernicious in the extreme. Many parts of it have a tendency to inflame the passions: in her restless opposition to the prescribed forms and artificial restraints of society, she does much to weaken the influence of all restraints whatever, and her morality rejects the aid of revelation.

If it be painful to contemplate this perversion of understanding, prostitution of ability, and waste of feeling—feeling that, properly directed and judiciously applied, would have given an irresistible charm to a better cause—it is still more so to observe the practical result of her doctrines upon a warm imagination, and passions that required all the influences of reason and religion to keep them in due subjection. Of this, poor Mary presents us with a melancholy instance. In 1792 she went to France,—“to lose,” as she said, “in public happiness, the sense of private misery.” Here she renewed an acquaintance with Thomas Paine and Miss Helen Maria Williams; and here the love of which she speaks in her “Vindication of the rights of Woman” in such language as this—“that romantic passion which is the concomitant of genius, who can clip its wing?—Not proportioned to the puny enjoyments of life, it is only true to the sentiment, and feeds on itself”—found an object, though unfortunately an unworthy one. She became acquainted with a Mr. Imlay, an American by birth. Captivated by the liberal sentiments and high and generous feelings of which he made profession, and considering him probably as realizing, in some degree, the *beau ideal* of her fancy, she lavished upon this man the full exuberance of her hoarded affections. Scorning the matrimonial bond, and relying solely upon the tie of mutual regard, which she fondly believed would be all enduring, this infatuated woman lived with him for some years in open defiance of the institutions of society; utterly reckless of the stain upon her reputation, and apparently unconscious of the frail tenure on which her happiness rested. The neglects of Imlay, who began to be satiated with his acquisition, and absented himself for long spaces of time under pretence of business, roused her from her delusive dreams of security. She strove, by every means in her power, to preserve the hold upon his heart she once thought herself fortunate enough to possess, and even went a voyage to Norway, to attend to some affair of his that required an active agent; but all in vain—other faces had caught his eye, and other ears received his whispers of admiration and his vows of fidelity. She returned to her native country only to discover, that, immersed in sensuality, directed by no rule of conduct but his own inclinations, and acknowledging in his liberal creed no restraint upon his licentiousness,—she and his child were now less to him than his latest wanton’s smile.

The state of her mind, at the development of his perfidy and her credulity, may be imagined, but baffles all description. It came with fearful

violence, scathing the heart and affecting the brain. Life was a burthen, and she resolved to commit suicide. She went to Putney, and waiting until dark, leaped from the bridge into the Thames. She appears to have been remarkably deliberate. She walked about for half an hour in a heavy rain, that the moisture of her garments might accelerate her design; she folded them around, and made efforts to sink; she rose twice as if from a fainting fit to a full sense of her situation, and the thought of her forsaken child rushed upon her mind. But her resolution was unshaken by the yearnings of maternal tenderness. She imbibed the water in large quantities, and a feeling of suffocation came over her. She was observed floating down the stream, taken up, and restored by an application of the usual means of resuscitation. Her desperate attempt made an impression upon the man whose conduct had occasioned it. He wrote her a letter, in which he urged a residence with him and his favorite female. She assented to his proposal; and he then declined—possibly out of regard for the peace of his future household; and if so, perhaps he did not act imprudently. Some of her letters to him have been published. They breathe the deep devotion of a susceptible and impassioned woman; picture some romantic scenes of anticipated happiness, and develop some amiable weaknesses. She pours out her feelings without reserve; and her partiality, intellectual as she may have thought it, is by no means destitute of a tinge of voluptuousness.—But they were never intended for the public eye; their exposure was unjustifiable; and we cannot perceive how her reputation could be much improved, or how the community could be much edified, by their publication.

When Mary had finally abandoned all hopes of a renewal of the connection which had been such a source of misery to her, she removed to lodgings at no great distance from the residence of William Godwin, the author of “Political Justice,” and several powerful novels—whose writings had already gained some share of public attention. They frequently met, their minds were not dissimilarly moulded, and their principles, at this time, did not materially differ. An intimacy succeeded, and sufficiently obliterated what remained of her attachment to Mr. Imlay, to make room for a new passion. Experience had no doubt convinced her that in the existing state of society the marriage ceremony was at least politic; and, accordingly, it was not again rejected. They were married in 1796. She died on the tenth of September, 1797, at the age of thirty-eight.

In addition to the works which have been mentioned, Mary planned and partly wrote, whilst she was in France, “A Moral and Political View of the French Revolution;” she also published a volume of “Letters from Scandinavia;” and she left behind her a number of unfinished writings, among which was a manuscript entitled “The Wrongs of Woman”—of the same stamp as her “Vindication of the Rights of Woman.”

The life of Mary Woolstonecraft reads us an important lesson. It affords us an evidence of the insufficiency—of the corrupting tendency of the opinions she endeavoured to inculcate—a demonstration of the vast accession to individual virtue and happiness, and the incalculable benefit to society, which must flow from that system of infidelity which such very active exertions are now making to spread throughout our country, and which have received a degree of countenance scarcely to have been expected, and reflecting little credit upon too many of our citizens. Curiosity has gathered numbers to atheistical lectures and disputations.—The profligate and the unprincipled were easily persuaded into a belief, to them, so palatable and convenient; and weak minds were captivated by arguments that found an ally in the unruly propensities, and were urged and enforced by a graceful elocution. But, that respectable heads of families and men not without discernment in the ordinary affairs of life—that they should appear among the listeners when the ground work of the system of knowledge, as its upholders are pleased to term it, had been revealed, and its enormity was no longer disguised in ambiguity—when infidelity, the grossest, most unsparing, and most chilling infidelity stood in all its hideousness before them—because forsooth, they were pleased with the language and manner of the speaker; or—because in virulent invective at the most sacred institutions, a hit at their abuse might gleam from amidst the darkness; or—because their merriment might be occasionally excited by an empty witticism, was, indeed, worthy of the highest indignation.—That they should not only sanction and encourage by their own presence, the declamatory effusions of individuals who are beating with impotent rage against the foundations of social order, and raising their puny arms against the best support of moral rectitude, but that they should carry their offspring with them—that their young and expanding minds might imbibe the *pabula* of disease, and their young and susceptible hearts receive an impetus to vice from the contamination of infidel pollution, is deserving of still severer reprehension. Let not the fallacious plea be urged, that they should hear every one, and then judge for themselves—this would indeed be well enough, if all were capable of judging correctly; if all could determine between sense and sophistry; if all could detect truth from its semblance; and if all were inclined so to do—if the passions never rose to prevent it; and if the eye, ear, and imagination, did not too frequently delude the judgment. But to send the intellect which has not yet received the strength of mature cultivation or the light of experience, to investigate atheistical positions, or to combat the errors of materialism, when incense is offered to rising pride, and when the inclinations are in their first warmth and impatient of restraint, is a most dangerous experiment—and to make it in the expectation of its being advantageous, is the extreme of folly. Let all who do not wish their sons to become the disci-

ples of those missionaries of *knowledge* who are already boasting of the number of their converts,—who do not wish to behold their daughters exemplifying the spirit of the system in a practical contempt for all religious principle, and by spurning the ties that, according to their newly acquired sentiments of liberality, would narrow and constrain the freedom of the affections—beware how they make it. The time has come when every man who does not think society would be the better if deism or atheism should supply the place of religion, and who has any regard for the welfare of his country, should exert his influence, however small he may think it, against those who would let loose and give free range to the passions of the vile, and who seek political power by presenting a lure to the cupidity of slothful rapacity. Does he wish to see the effect of their designs when well acted out? Let him look at France—let him think of the orgies of the revolution; let him recollect the glorious triumphs of the reign of reason; and then let him be satisfied without hazarding an experiment nearer home. These remarks are intended for those who still retain some respect for the religion of their fathers; who are not yet completely lost in the vortex of infidel fanaticism; who have not thrown off all esteem for old fashioned piety—who have some regard left for the devotions of the sanctuary—and who have some lingering admiration for scenes of domestic peace and virtuous attachment. To them the appeal is made. Stand forth against the tide that is swelling, and raving, and threatening to lay waste.—On this subject, public opinion in our country is all in all. Let it be effectually heard. If it had been properly expressed in the first instance by the decided conduct of every citizen who was opposed to the progress of infidelity—if, instead of crowding into public places to listen to a female zealot of the school of the visionary Owen, a general disapprobation had been evinced by pointed neglect, the evil which we now deprecate might ere this have ceased from the land. But it is not yet too late. Now then let the public voice be loudly heard throughout our borders. Let it be borne in mind that with this great fountain head of corruption it is most dangerous to tamper—that with the individuals who minister at it, not to discountenance, is to encourage—and let every man strive as for the safety of his own household, and the peace of his own fire-side.

J. B. S.

—♦—
Written for the Casket.

The following is almost a literal statement of events, which occurred in my native town during the last war with Britain. For reasons, which need not be mentioned, the real names of the parties are not given.

THE RECRUITING OFFICERS.

Early in the year 18—, two strangers arrived in the village of W—, whose military dress and martial air excited no small attention among the inhabitants of that retired spot. But, though

they were engaged in the same pursuits, yet there was a strongly marked difference in their manners. One of them, whose name was Jenson, and who was afterwards found to be a sergeant in the army, was noiseless and unassuming. The other, whom we shall call Captain Reytou, soon announced himself as authorized to raise recruits for the ensuing campaign; and, with all the importance which a man dressed up in "a little brief authority" could assume, exhibited the treasures, which were committed to him for bounty, to those who should enlist. He told of "battles fought and victories won"—of hair-breadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach," and especially of "trophies won by his own right hand," till credulity herself could hardly believe his assertions. Most of his time was spent in other calls than those of duty, and the card-table, the horse-race, and other scenes of expensive festivity, appeared to be objects of deeper interest to him than the cause of his country. In the expenses incident to such amusements, the wealth which he had so proudly displayed rapidly diminished.

One evening, as a number of people were collected in a tavern at the Four Corners, a village about seven miles from W——, Captain Reytou came in, and was soon seated, with three or four others, at a card-table, deeply engaged in play. The game was soon decided in his favor. "I'll not play another game on a five dollar bet," said he; "who'll join me in a game for one hundred?" "I!" and "I!" and "I!" replied three voices in succession. "Put down the sum, then," says one. And the Captain counted out one hundred dollars, carefully exhibiting his pocket-book full of bills, which the sum taken out seemed scarcely to diminish.

"You have a power of money," said a bystander, who was not engaged in the game.—"O, a mere nothing! You would say so, if you could only see Uncle Sam's treasury, at headquarters. I have only to go to that and receive ten times as much, when I want it." "And how much have you here?" "About three thousand dollars, or nearly. I paid one hundred and fifty dollars to a recruit here, just now, and a glorious good fellow he is." What's his name?"—"That's telling. I tell no tales about my business."

The game proceeded, and again the Captain was successful. "I'll try a hand with him," said a stranger, who had come in during the game—one thousand dollar stake!" The Captain readily engaged. This time fortune (to use the dialect of the card-table) forsook him, and the one thousand dollars were deposited in the stranger's pocket. With a tremendous oath, he swore that he would not go back poorer than he came, and was soon deeply engaged in another game. Night wore away, and at length he departed, bereft of his last dollar, and pouring his heaviest curses on his fate. Day broke in the east ere he reached his lodgings.

Late in the morning he left his chamber, and repaired to the room in which the family were

assembled, with a countenance that indicated no very bappy state of feeling. He paced the room several times, then suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "Curse the villain!" "Who?—what villain?" inquired Mr. Lester, the master of the house. "The villain that stole three thousand dollars from my pocket-book last night." "Are you sure that you did not lose it while you were gone?" "Lose it!—no. How could I lose it without losing the pocket-book? I tell you it is stolen. When I returned last evening it was all safe, three thousand dollars of it, lacking one hundred and fifty, that I paid to one Winship, a recruit that I got yesterday at the Four Corners." "What time did you return?" "Not far from 11 o'clock." "Indeed! I wonder we did not hear you. About daylight I heard some one go up stairs, I thought that was you." "I tell you I have not left my room since 11 o'clock last evening, till now. 'Tis that rascal Jenson. He is the thief, I've no doubt on't."

In the midst of this conversation Jenson came in. "What have you done with that money?" said Reytou, in a furious tone. "What money?" said Jenson. "The money you stole from me last night." "What do you mean?" "Mean! I mean as I say." "I shall have satisfaction for this insult." "Now you threaten my life." "By no means." "You do, and you shall suffer for it," said Reytou, and immediately left the room. With a mind agitated by surprise, anxiety, and just indignation, Jenson retired to his chamber. It was the last time. Soon a carriage was seen ascending the eastern acclivity of the Green Mountains, and conveying the unhappy victim of iniquity to head-quarters, at P——, to take his trial before a court-martial, for threatening the life of a superior. Yet, perhaps, at this moment he was less unhappy than the wretch who was triumphing over him. Such advantages does innocence enjoy over guilt.

On the evening after this event, the collection at the village tavern was larger than usual, and the presence of many who were seldom seen there, and the air of sober and fixed attention which pervaded the whole assembly, told that some circumstance of uncommon interest had called them together. But we will let them tell their thoughts in their own words.

"What will be done with the poor fellow, 'Squire Ledyard, if he is convicted?" "I do not know precisely, but I know military law is very severe. If he escapes with his life, it will be well for him." "Yes, that it will," said an old revolutionary soldier, who sat by the fire smoking his pipe.—"When I was in the army, a soldier who threatened the life of his superior would have been shot." "And I heard Jenson say himself that he wouldn't give sixpence for his life," said a bystander. "In the name of mercy, then, let us be doing, if we can do any thing," said a young man, whose countenance expressed the ardor of his feelings, "and not suffer an innocent man to be butchered without making an effort to save him." "It is an unfortunate thing for the young man, if he is inno-

cent, that he started away so early this morning. I saw him go away before day-light. I do think that looks suspicious," said one of those present. "Not in the least, Sir," said Mr. Harwood, the young man before mentioned; "he only walked out a short distance, and then returned to his lodgings, and there he was taken. Now, would he have returned, d'ye think, if he had been guilty?"

During this conversation the innkeeper at the Four Corners had entered, and was attentively listening. "At what time did Capt. R. return," said Squire Ledyard. "He told me about 11," said Mr. Lester. "Well, that's a wonder, any how," said the innkeeper.—"He never left my house till four in the morning; and, when he did go, I suspect he left most of his cash behind him." "What, how is that?" said the Squire. "Humph! lost at cards, I suppose." "Why, what sort of a house do you keep?" "Why, I mean to keep a regular house, but young people will have their sports." "Will have their sports, and gamble till four o'clock in the morning!"—The innkeeper did not attempt a defence, and the conversation turned again on the events of the morning. Many spoke in favour of Jenson, and not a few facts were mentioned which served to darken the shade already thrown over the character of Reyton. At length, after appointing a committee to collect and arrange evidence, the company separated, having resolved to meet again on the next afternoon.

Meanwhile, Harwood was on his way to the Four Corners, to see what information he could there gain on the subject. The next day he returned, having obtained a full account of the transactions that occurred at the tavern during the time that Reyton was there. On enquiring for the recruit whom Reyton mentioned, there neither was nor had been any person of that name in the place.

In forty-eight hours after Reyton and his intended victim reached P——, Esquire Ledyard was there also. The court was already organized, and the trial had commenced. A sentinel stood at the door of the room where the court was sitting. On requesting to be admitted, the answer was, "No admittance." "The Commander-in-chief is within, is he not?" "He is." "I must see him on important business." "No admittance." "I am come to save the life of Sergeant Jenson." "God bless you for that. There is not a finer fellow in the regiment than Jenson. But, unless you can save him, there is little chance of his ever seeing the sun the after to morrow." In a few minutes Ledyard stood before the court, and stated his business. He laid before them the depositions and other evidence, which had been collected in the course of two days, and the General and other officers examined them with an earnestness which showed that they were far from being indifferent to the fate of the accused.

The sequel may be told in a few words. The case was too clear to admit of doubt. Jenson was honorably acquitted, and Reyton met a pu-

nishment milder than he deserved, in having his name struck from the rolls of the army, and in being declared incapable of ever serving again as an officer.

FROM HOOD'S COMIC ANNUAL.

"It's very hard! and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this that every miss
But me has got a beau.
For love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun:
I'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One!

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to Number Four!
At Number Three I often see
A lover at the door;
And one in blue, at Number Two,
Calls daily like a dun,—
It's very hard they come so near,
And not at Number One!

Miss Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind;
But I go in the balcony,
Which she has never done,
The arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One;

'Tis hard with plenty in the street,
And plenty passing by—
There's nice young men at Number Ten,
But only rather shy;
And Mrs. Smith across the way
Has got a grown-up son,
But la! he hardly seems to know
There is a Number One

There's Mr. Wick at Number Nine,
But he's intent on pelf,
And though he's pious, will not love
His neighbour as himself.
At Number Seven there was a sale—
The goods had quite a run!
And here I've got my single lot
On hand at Number One!

My mother often sits at work
And talks of props and stays,
And what a comfort I shall be
In her declining days!
The very maids about the house
Have set me down a nun,
The sweet hearts all belong to them
That call at Number One!

Once only, when the flu took fire,
One Friday afternoon,
Young Mr. Long came kindly in,
And told me not to swoon!
Why can't he come again without
The Phoenix and the Sun?
We can not always have a flu
On fire at Number One.

I am not old! I am not plain;
Nor awkward in my gait—
I am not crooked like the bride
That went from Number Eight:
I'm sure white satin made her look
As brown as any bean—
But even beauty has no chance
I think, at Number One!

From the New York Mirror.

PHILIP OF POKANOKET.

[The following anecdotes, illustrative of Indian character, are gathered from various sources, that have every appearance of being authentic. It was thought needless to encumber the texts with references.]

It is to be regretted that those early writers, who treated of the discovery and settlement of our country, have not given us more frequent and candid accounts of the remarkable characters that flourished in savage life. The scanty anecdotes that have reached us are full of peculiarity and interest; they furnish us with nearer glimpses of human nature, and show what man is, in a comparatively primitive state, and what he owes to civilization.

In civilized life, where the happiness and almost existence of man depends so much upon public opinion, he is forever acting a part. The bold and peculiar traits of native character are refined away, or softened down by the levelling influence of what is termed good breeding, and he practises so many amiable deceptions, and assumes so many generous sentiments, for the purposes of popularity, that it is difficult to distinguish his real character from that which is acquired or affected. The Indian, on the contrary, free from the restraints and refinements of polished life, and living, in a great degree, solitary and independent, obeys the impulses of his inclination, or the dictates of his individual judgment, and thus the attributes of his nature being freely indulged, grow signally great and striking. Society is like an artificial lawn, where every roughness is smoothed, every bramble eradicated, and the eye is delighted by the smiling verdure of a velvet surface; he, however, who would study nature in its wildness and variety, must plunge into the forest, must explore the glen, must stem the torrent, and dare the precipice.

These reflections arose on casually looking through a volume of early provincial history, wherein are recorded, with great bitterness, the outrages of the Indians, and their wars with the settlers of New England. It is painful to perceive, even from those partial narratives, how the footsteps of civilization in this country may be traced in the blood of the original inhabitants; how easily the colonists were moved to hostility by the lust of conquest; how merciless and exterminating was their warfare. The imagination shrinks at the idea, how many intellectual beings were hunted from the earth; how many brave and noble hearts, of nature's sterling coinage, were broken down and trampled in the dust.

Such was the fate of Philip of Pokanoket, an Indian warrior, whose name was once a terror throughout Massachusetts and Connecticut. He was the most distinguished of a number of contemporary sachems, who reigned over the Pequods, the Narrhagansets, the Wampanoags, and the other eastern tribes, at the time of the first settlement of New England—a band of native, untaught heroes, who made the most gene-

rous struggle of which human nature is capable; fighting to the last gasp for the deliverance of their country, without a hope of victory or a thought of renown; worthy of an age of poetry, and fit subjects for local story and romantic fiction, they have left scarcely any authentic traces on the page of history, but stalk, like gigantic shadows, in the dim twilight of tradition.

When the pilgrims, as they are termed, first took refuge on the shores of the new world from the persecutions of the old, they found themselves in the most gloomy and helpless situation. Few in number, and that number rapidly perishing away by sickness and hardships; surrounded by a howling wilderness and savage tribes; exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic winter, and the vicissitudes of an ever shifting climate; their hearts were filled with the most gloomy forebodings, and nothing preserved them from sinking into utter despondency, but the strong excitement of religious enthusiasm. In this forlorn situation, they received from Massasoit, chief sagamore of the Wampanoags, the cheering rites of primitive hospitality. This powerful prince, who reigned over a great extent of country, came early in the spring, with a small retinue, to the new settlement at Plymouth; instead of taking advantage of the scanty numbers of the strangers, and expelling them from his territories, into which they had intruded, he entered into a solemn league of peace and amity, sold them a portion of the soil, and promised to secure to them the good will of his savage allies. The good old sachem died in peace, and was happily gathered to his fathers before sorrow came upon his tribe—his children remained behind to experience the gratitude of white men.

(After narrating the death of Massasoit, the succession of Alexander, his eldest son, the insults he endured, his subsequent arrest, and final broken-heartedness and death, Mr. Irving proceeds as follows:)

The successor of Alexander was Metamocot, or King Philip, as he was called by the settlers, on account of his lofty spirit and ambitious temper. The well known energy and enterprise of his character made him an object of great jealousy and apprehension, and he was accused of always cherishing a secret and implacable hostility towards the English. An uncultivated savage is never a nice enquirer into the refinements of law, by which an injury may be legally inflicted. Leading facts are all by which he judges, and it was enough for Philip to know, that, before the intrusion of the Europeans, his countrymen were lords of the soil, and that now they were becoming vagabonds in the land of their fathers.

But whatever may have been his feelings of general hostility, and his particular indignation at the treatment of his brother, he suppressed them for the present, renewed the contract with the settlers, and resided peaceably for many years at Pokanoket, or, as it was called by the English, Mount Hope,* the ancient seat of do-

*New Bristol, Rhode Island.

mimion of his tribe. Suspicions, however, which were at first but vague and indefinite, began to acquire form and substance, and he was at length charged with attempting to instigate the various tribes of the east to rise at once and make a common effort to throw off the yoke of their oppressors.

The only positive evidence on record against Philip, is the accusation of one Sausaman, a renegade Indian, whose natural cunning had been heightened by a partial education which he had received among the settlers. He had two or three times changed his faith and his allegiance, with a facility that shows great looseness of principle, and, after having acted as Philip's confidential secretary and counsellor, and enjoyed his bounty and protection, he deserted him when he found the glooms of adversity beginning to lower around him; went over to the whites, and, in order to gain favour, turned against his former benefactor, and charged him with plotting against their safety. The treacherous informer was shortly after found murdered in a pond, having fallen a victim to the vengeance of his tribe. Three Indians, one of whom was a friend and counsellor of Philip, were apprehended and tried, and, on the testimony of one questionable witness, were condemned and executed as his murderers.

This treatment of his subjects, and ignominious punishment of his friend, outraged the pride and ~~exasperated the passions of Philip.~~ The fate of his insulted and broken-hearted brother still rankled in his mind, and he recollected the tragical end of Miantonimo, a great sachem of the Narrhagansets, who, after manfully facing his accusers before a tribunal of the colonists, acquitting himself of an alleged conspiracy, and receiving assurances of their amity, had been perfidiously despatched at their instigation. Philip, therefore, gathered his fighting men around him; persuaded all strangers that he could to join his standard, sent the women and children to the Narrhagansets for safety, and wherever he appeared was continually surrounded by armed warriors.

The nature of the contest that ensued with Philip was such as generally marks the warfare between civilized men and savages. On the part of the whites it was conducted with superior skill and success, but with wastefulness of the blood, and a disregard of the natural rights of their antagonists; on the part of the Indians it was waged with the desperation of men fearless of death, and who had nothing to expect from peace, but humiliation, dependence, and decay.

The events of this war are minutely transmitted to us by a clergyman of the time; who dwells with horror and indignation on every hostile act of the Indians, however justifiable, while he mentions with applause the most sanguinary atrocities of the whites. Philip is reviled as a murderer and a traitor, without considering that he was a true-born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of

his family, to retrieve the tottering power of his line, and to deliver his native land from the oppressions of usurping strangers.

The project of a wide and simultaneous revolt, if such had really been formed, was worthy a capacious mind; and had it not been prematurely discovered, might have been overwhelming in its consequences. The war that actually broke out was but a war of detail; a mere succession of massacres. Still, it sets forth the military skill and prowess of Philip; and wherever in the prejudiced and passionate narrations that have been given of it, we can reach at simple facts, we find him displaying a vigorous genius, a fertility in expedients, and an unconquerable resolution, that command our sympathy and applause.

Driven from his paternal domains at Mount Hope, compelled to take refuge in the depths of forests, or the glooms and thickets of swamps, and frequently surrounded by the enemy, yet he repeatedly found means to evade their toils, and suddenly emerging with his forces, carried havoc and dismay into the settlements. At one time he was driven, with a band of followers, into the great swamp of Pocasset Neck, where the English forces did not dare to pursue him, fearing to venture into these dark and frightful recesses, where they might perish in fens and misery pits, or be shot down by lurking foes; they therefore invested the entrance to the neck, and began to build a fort, with the intention of starving out the foe; but Philip and his companions, leaving the women and children behind, wafted themselves on a raft over an arm of the sea, in the dead of night, and escaped away to the westward, kindling the flames of war among the tribes of Massachusetts and the Nipmuck country, and threatening the colony of Connecticut.

One of the most faithful friends that Philip had in the time of his adversity, was Canonchet, chief sachem of all the Narrhagansets. He was the son and heir of Miantonimo, the great sachem, who had been put to death by the perfidious instigations of the English; "he was the heir," says the old chronicler, "of all his father's pride and insolence, as well as of his malice towards the English;"—he certainly was the heir of his insults and injuries, and the legitimate avenger of his murder. Though he had forborne to take an active part in this hopeless war, yet he received Philip and his shattered forces with open arms; and gave him the most generous countenance and support. This at once drew on him the hostility of the English; and it was determined to strike a single blow that should involve both the sachems in a common ruin. A great force was, therefore, gathered together from Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut, and sent into the Narrhaganset country, in the depth of winter, when the swamps, being frozen and leafless, no longer afforded impenetrable fortresses to the Indians.

Apprehensive of attack, Canonchet had sheltered the greater part of his stores, together with the old, the infirm, the women and children

of his tribe, in a strong fortress, where he and Philip had likewise drawn up the flower of their forces. This fortress, deemed by the Indians impregnable, was situated upon a rising mound, or kind of island, of five or six acres, in the middle of a swamp, constructed with a judgment and skill vastly superior to the usual fortifications of the Indians; and indicative of the martial genius of these two chieftains.

Guided by a renegade Indian, the English penetrated, through December snows, to this strong hold, and came upon the garrison by surprise. The fight was fierce and tumultuous. The assailants were repulsed in their first attack; several of their bravest officers were shot down in the act of storming the fortress, sword in hand. The assault was renewed with greater success; a lodgment was effected; the Indians were driven from one hold to another; they disputed their ground inch by inch, fighting with the fury of despair; most of their veterans were cut to pieces, and, after a long and bloody battle, Philip and Canonchet, with a handful of surviving warriors, retreated from the fort and plunged into the depths of the surrounding forest. The victors set fire to the wigwams and the fort; the whole was soon in a blaze; many of the old men, the women, and the children, perished in the flames. This last inhuman outrage overcame the stoicism of the savage. The neighbouring woods resounded with the yells of rage and despair, uttered by the fugitive warriors, as they beheld, with anguish of heart, the desolation of their dwellings, and heard the agonizing cries of their wives and offspring. "The burning of the wigwams," says a contemporary writer, "the shrieks and cries of the women and children, and the yelling of the warriors, exhibited a most horrible and affecting scene, so that it greatly moved some of the soldiers." The same writer cautiously adds, "They were in much doubt then, and afterwards seriously inquired, whether burning their enemies alive could be consistent with humanity."

The defeat at the Narrhaganset fortress, and the death of Canonchet, were fatal blows to the fortunes of King Philip. He made an ineffectual attempt to raise a head of war, by stirring up the Mohawks to take up arms; but though possessed of the native talents of a statesman, his arts were counteracted by the superior arts of his enlightened enemies, and the terror of their warlike skill began to subdue the resolution of the neighbouring tribes. The unfortunate chieftain saw himself daily stripped of power, and his ranks rapidly thinning around him. Some were suborned by the whites; others fell victims to hunger and fatigue, and to the frequent attacks by which they were harassed. His treasures were captured; his chosen friends were swept away from before his eyes; his uncle was shot down by his side; his sister was carried into captivity; and, in one of his narrow escapes, he was compelled to leave his beloved wife and only son to the mercy of the enemy. "His ruin," says the historian, "being thus gradually

carried on, his misery was not prevented, but augmented thereby; being himself made acquainted with the sense and experimental feeling of the captivity of his children, loss of friends, slaughter of his subjects, bereavement of all family relations, and being stripped of all outward comforts, before his own life should be taken away."

To fill up the measure of his misfortunes, his own followers began to plot against his life, that by sacrificing him they might purchase dishonourable safety.

However Philip had borne up against the complicated miseries and misfortunes that surrounded him, the treachery of his followers seemed to wring his heart, and reduce him to despondency. It is said "he never rejoiced afterwards, nor had success in any of his designs." The spring of hope was broken—the ardour of enterprise was extinguished—he looked around, and all was danger and darkness, "there was no eye to pity, nor any arm that could bring deliverance." With a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to the vicinity of Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about, like a spectre, among the desolated scenes of former power and prosperity, now, bereft of home and friend. There needs no better picture of his destitute and pitious situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favour of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired with a few of his best friends, into a swamp, which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur seems to gather round his memory. We picture him to ourselves seated among his care-worn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking place. Defeated, but not dismayed—crushed to the earth, but not humiliated; he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to receive a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he even smote to death one of his followers, who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and, in revenge, betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately despatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to surround him. In a little while, he saw five of

his truest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt at escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave, but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, and slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character, sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate and respect for his memory. We find, amid all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" are mentioned with exultation, as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and bereaved him of all further comfort. He was a patriot, attached to his native soil—a prince, true to his subjects, and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier, daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering; and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities, and bold achievements, that would have graced a civilized warrior, and rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a foundering bark, amid darkness and tempest—without an eye to weep his fall—or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

From the Atlantic Souvenir.

RECONCILIATION.

"Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails; drive for your life!" said the impatient Morley, as the noble animals dashed along the turnpike road, while the sparks flew from their iron-shod hoofs like a flight of fire-flies.

The postillion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of their speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though it had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who pale, silent and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

"Ellen, my love," said Morley, tenderly, "I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame."

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

"God of Heaven!" exclaimed Morley, "what means this? Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?" and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered like a charm dissolved the spell that bound her. A long drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysterical sob, she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed but enraptured Morley, folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

"Morley," she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, "do you love me?"

"Dearest, best Ellen," he replied, "do you, can you doubt it?"

"Do you love me, Morley?" she repeated with increased earnestness.

"Truly—devotedly—madly," cried Morley on his knees. "By the heaven that is shining over us——"

"No more oaths; enough of protestations. Are you willing by one action, at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?"

"I am, though it carry with it my destruction!"

"I ask not your destruction; I implore you to prevent mine.—Return!"

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

"Return!"

"Return, instantly!"

"Ellen, are you serious—are you," he might have added "in your senses?" but she interrupted him.

"I am serious; I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant nor fickle," she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley's countenance. "That I love, and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you take me back to my father——"

"To your father!" exclaimed Morley, almost unconscious of what he said.

"Ay, to my father, my grey-headed, my dotting, my confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him," she cried, in wild agony, "even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying; yet even then was I with my father," she

said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: "he lay on his death bed; his eye turned upon me; his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me, as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of heaven, ere it is too late ——"

"Compose yourself, my beloved; my own dear Ellen."

"Do you still hesitate," she cried, "would you still soothe my frantic soul with words?—Your Ellen! short-sighted man, your Ellen!—What shall bind her to a husband, who would abandon a father—what power may transfer the renegade daughter, into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!"

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet, and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postillion.

"Turn your horses' heads," he said; "we shall return."

"The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course, and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return when Ellen again revived.

"Where am I,—whither am I carried?" she wildly exclaimed.

"To your father, my beloved," whispered Morley.

"To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt, you never deceived me; you cannot; God bless you, my brother," and with her pure arms around his neck she imprinted a sister's kiss upon his lips, and dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence, upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moments of passion, not even when he heard the first avowal of love from his heart's selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

"Where is he; let me see him; is he alive—is he well?" shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

"For whom do you inquire, Madam," coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen's father.

"Aunt, dear aunt; do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father; my father, is he—is he alive, is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me, I am repentant, I am innocent ——"

"In one word, Ellen, are you not married?"

"I am not."

"Heaven be praised! follow me; your father is not well ——"

"For the love of heaven—before it is too

late;" and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father's side.

"Father! do not avert your face; father I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly; the offence; the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother ——"

"Cease," said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; "forbear and answer me, is this gentleman your husband?"

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward, "I am not," said he, "blessed with that lady's hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it."

"Do you pledge your word to this, young man?"

"My sacred word as a man of honour: I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it."

"Children, you have subdued me!" exclaimed the father. "Morley, my daughter is yours!"

Morley seized the old man's hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

"My father!" said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen's favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm around his daughter's waist, and as he pressed her lover's hand, he said,

"Behold in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings which follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desire to secure my daughter's happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me; and, but the morning of this blessed day, I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for the sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow creatures, by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter's elopement scattered to the winds my better thoughts, and revived my worst, in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so, the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father's curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father."

"O my father!" interrupted Ellen, to whom



STATE HOUSE AND BOSTON COMMON.



FRIENDS' MEETING AND OLD COURT HOUSE.

the horrible images of her trance returned, "in pity, my dear father —"

"Bless you, forever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father's life."

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

The corner stone of this edifice was laid July 4th, 1795, on land formerly owned by Governor Hancock, near the top of Beacon Hill. This building is of an oblong form, 173 feet front, and 61 deep. It consists externally of a basement story, 20 feet high, and a principal story 30 feet. This, in the centre of the front, is covered with an attic 60 feet wide, 20 feet high, which is covered with a pediment. Immediately above this rises a dome, 50 feet diameter, and 20 high; the whole terminates with an elegant circular lantern supporting an elegant pine cone. The basement story is finished plain on the wings with square windows. The centre is 94 feet in length, and formed of arches which project 14 feet; they form a covered walk below, and support a colonnade of Corinthian columns of the same extent above. The outside walls are of large patent bricks, with white marble fascias, impostes and keystones. The body of the building is of a Portland stone color; the dome of a bronze. The lower story is divided into a large hall or public walk in the centre; 50 feet square and 20 high, supported by Dorick columns. In the centre and on the north side of this story is placed the highly finished **STATUE OF WASHINGTON**, by Chantry, in a neat temple erected for the purpose. Two entries open at each end, 16 feet wide, with two flights of stairs in each; on both sides of which are offices for the Treasurer, Secretary, Adjutant and Quarter Master General, and the Land Office. The rooms above are the Representatives' room, in the centre, 55 feet square, the corners formed into niches for fire places; this room is finished with Dorick columns on two sides, at 12 feet from the floor, forming galleries; the Dorick entablature surrounds the whole: from this spring four flat arches on the side, which being united by a circular cornice above form in the angles four large pendants to a bold and well proportioned dome. The pendants are ornamented with emblems of Commerce, Agriculture, Peace and War. The dome is finished in compartments of stucco, in a style of simple elegance. The centre of the dome is fifty feet from the floor. The Speaker's chair is placed on the north side, and the permanent seats, in a semi-circular form, are so arranged as to accommodate about 350 members on the floor, leaving in their rear on the south side of the room an area, which will accommodate a number of spectators without inconvenience to the members of the House. There are two galleries in this room, one for the accommodation of the members, and another for spectators.

North of the centre room is the Senate chamber, 55 feet long, 33 wide, and 30 high, highly finished in the Ionic order; two screens of columns support with their entablature a rich and

elegant arched ceiling. This room is also ornamented with Ionic pilasters, and with the arms of the State, and of the United States, placed in opposite pendants.

FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE,

LATE AT THE CORNER OF SECOND AND HIGH STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.

The site of this ancient building is now occupied by a handsome range of stores on Market and Second streets.

The Meeting House was built in 1712, and is very correctly represented in the view here given, as it stood prior to its demolition in 1810. It was a venerable looking fabric, built of brick, and surrounded by a high brick wall facing both streets. The recollection of this remnant of antiquity still lives in the memory of the young, and is cherished by the aged as a memento of good old times; the halcyon days of Philadelphia before the unhappy divisions were dreamed of, which have since rent the Society of Friends asunder. Its architecture was plain and simple: its area large and accommodating, and it was generally well attended, oftentimes crowded with worshippers. Being the primary meeting of the Society, and located in the centre of population, it was frequently visited by travelling ministers of eminence, who proclaimed from the galleries, in all the energy of gospel ministry, the beautiful simplicity and sound edifying principles of the gospel.

We already, in idea, translate ourselves back to these primeval days, when the leading members of the Society, now gathered to their fathers, were the living representatives of Fox and Penn and Barclay. We see them taking their accustomed seats with due regularity and composure, none claiming precedence, but 'each esteeming other better than himself;' yet maintaining a native dignity of feeling, which inspires veneration in beholders, and infuses a portion of the same gravity into the countenances of their junior members. There were the Pembertons, the Reynoldses, the Joneses, the Moores, the Parishes, and a host of others, who were emphatically nursing fathers in the church, supporting by their counsel, confirming by their sympathy, and cherishing in good fellowship, all who believed in the common salvation.

These were the peaceful days of that peaceable society, pre-eminently distinguished for order, good government, and moral feeling; but alas! desire of innovation is not less baneful to the peace of religious, than of civil communities.—The progress of visionary schemes, whether of aggrandizement or of mere convenience, is sometimes slow, but always sure, and by its insidious working upon the feelings or pockets of individuals, insensibly attacks itself to the operations of society, and produces the very disorders which it was intended to prevent!

It was suggested as a matter of convenience, plausible enough in the view of speculating men, whose attachment to old habits and antiquated notions are never very great, that the

Meeting House lot was better calculated as a mart for business, and not sufficiently retired as a place for worship. That it might be sold to great advantage, and the meeting located on some less valuable and unproductive property. Vainly, however, were these ideas suggested or urged in the days of those ancient worthies, who were proverbially tenacious of the place where their forefathers worshipped. Nor did the desire of innovation cease—but gathering strength from the resistance which it received, scarcely had its opposers ceased to exist, and while even yet a few remained to cherish their memories and their opinions, the design was revived, and carried into immediate execution. The lot on which this venerable fabric stood was sold in the year 18—; the building demolished, and every vestige of its existence entirely erased.

Much difference of opinion was entertained in consequence of this measure; and both parties indulged in acrimonious feelings. We state this as one of the causes which led to the unhappy schism which has since spread desolation over the society. The lot was originally conveyed to the society by a grant from the proprietary, as a place for a Meeting House, *for ever*—a diversion from the original intent and purpose of that conveyance, was held to be a forfeiture. This effect has not, however, been produced, owing, perhaps, more to the forbearance of the proprietary heirs, than to the justice and fairness of the transaction!

The same kind of measures were enacted in locating the Meeting House on the burial ground in Arch street.

It was with great propriety contended that the grant of that property was limited to the purpose of a burial ground; hence, any different appropriation and occupancy was deemed a forfeiture. This dilemma was obviated by withdrawing the original title from public view, (incognito), as granted to the society by William Preston, for that part on which the Meeting House now stands; and claiming under the proprietary grant from Penn, which vested the remainder of the square in trustees, and whose representatives were prevailed upon to make a reconveyance, with modifications embracing the whole.

We forbear further remarks on these transactions; but we know they have tended to destroy much of that harmony and good fellowship which have heretofore characterised this primitive people. The schism which now pervades throughout their borders, has been produced by a variety of causes; all, however, having their origin in the imposing pretensions of a few, over the rights and privileges of the many!

The Court House, which occupies a conspicuous place in the view, and has escaped the rage of innovation, may yet be seen in a new dress, presenting its antiquated venerable walls for the protection of the market people.

It was built in 1709, and is crowned with the cupola bell and vane, so important in the em-

bellishments of a city, and so very creditable to the liberality and patriotism of our ancestors.—The ground on which it stands was, some years previous to its erection, occupied by a mast, at the top of which was prefixed the same bell, from which Royal and Provincial proclamations were issued; but which, now recumbent in the cupola, sends forth its sonorous peals on market days, and serves to alarm the citizens upon the account of fire.

The Court House has, from necessity, undergone a kind of metamorphosis. Its appendages, the whipping post and pillory, have been removed from our view, as well as its punishments from our statute books. The second story is occupied by the city watchmen; while the enclosure below serves to accommodate the venders of gingerbread and molasses candy, small wares, and knick-knacks, and of country produce in plenty. The solidity of the materials, the massive thickness of its brick walls, and thence the probable duration of its continuance, promise to survive another century, for the edification and amusing reflections of posterity!

The view here given of the Court House, represents it with a stair way, on each side, as it formerly stood, attached to the balcony in front, and was the usual entrance to the Court room. On days of election the freeholders passed up on one side, gave their votes and returned by the opposite direction, so as to maintain good order, and prevent the inconvenience which now surrounds our polls, by the contrary currents of an anxious, and often unruly populace.

ZENO.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

The Shepherd's Calendar—Judgments.

One of these judgments that have made the deepest impression on the shepherds' minds for a century by-gone, seems to have been the fate of Mr. Adamson, who was tenant in Laverhope for the space of twenty-seven years. That incident stands in the calendar as an æra from whence to date summer floods, water spouts, hail and thunder storms, &c.; and appeals from tradition to have been attended with some awful circumstances, expressive of divine vengeance. This Adamson is represented as having been a man of an ungovernable temper—of irritability so extreme, that no person could be for a moment certain to what excesses he might be hurried. He was otherwise accounted a good and upright man, and a sincere christian; but in these outbursts of temper, he often committed acts of cruelty and injustice, for which any good man ought to have been ashamed. Among other qualities, he had an obliging turn of disposition, there being few men to whom a poor man would sooner have applied in a strait. Accordingly, he had been in the habit of assisting a poorer neighbour of his with a little credit for many years. This man's name was Irvine, though he had a number of rich relations, he was never out of difficulties. Adamson, out of some whim, or caprice, sued this poor farmer for a few hun-

dred merks, taking legal steps against him, even to the very last measures short of pointing and imprisonment. Irvine paid little attention to this, taking it for granted that his neighbor took these steps only for the purpose of inducing his debtor's friends to come forward and support him.

It happened one day, about this period, that a thoughtless boy, belonging to Irvine's farm, dogged Adamson's cattle in a way that gave great offence to their owner, on which the two farmers differed, and some hard recriminating words and terms passed between them. The next day Irvine was seized and thrown into jail, and shortly after his effects were pointed, and sold by auction for ready money. They were, consequently, thrown away, as the neighbours, not having been forewarned of such an event, were wholly unprovided with ready money, and unable to purchase at any price. Mrs. Irvine came to the enraged creditor with a child in her arms and begged and implored of him to put off the sale for a month, that she might try amongst her friends what could be done to prevent a wreck so irretrieveable. He was on the very point of yielding, but some bitter reminiscences coming over his mind at the moment, stimulated his spleen against her husband, and the sale was ordered to go on. William Carruders, of Grindiston, heard the following dialogue between them, and he said that his heart almost trembled within him, for Mrs. Irvine was a violent woman and her eloquence did more evil than good.

"Are ye really gawn to act the part of a devil the day, Mr. Adamson, an' turn me and thae bairns out on the high-road, helpless as we are? Oh, man, if your bowels be nae seared in hell fire already, take some compassion; for an he dinna, they will be seared afore haith men and angels yet, till that hard and cruel heart o' yours be nealed to an izle."

"I'm gawn to act nae part of a devil, Mrs. Irvine; I'm only gawn to take my ain in the only way I can get it. I'm no baith gawn to tine my siller, an' hae my beasts abused into the bargain."

"Ye sal neither loose plack nor bowbee o' you siller, man, if ye will gie me but a month to make a shift for it—I swear to you ye sal neither lose, nor rue the deed. But if ye winna grant me that wee, wee while, when the bread of a hale family depends on it, ye're waur than ony deil that's yammerin' an' cursin' i' the bottomless pit."

"Keep your ravings to yourself", Mrs. Irvine, for I hae made up my mind what I'm to do, an' I'll do it; sae it's needless for ye to pit yourself into a bleeze; for the surest promisers are aye the slackest payers; it isna likely that your bad language will gar me alter my purpose."

"If that be your purpose, Mr. Adamson, and if you put that purpose into execution, I wadna change conditions wi' you the day for ten thousand times a' the gear ye are worth. Ye're gawn to do the thing that ye'll repent only aince—for a' the time that ye hae to exist baith in

this world and the neist, an' that's a lang, lang look forrit an' ayond. Ye have assisted a poor honest family for the purpose of taking them at a disadvantage, and crushing them to beggars; an' when anethinks o' that, what a heart ye must hae! Ye hae first put my poor man in prison, a place where he little thought, and less deserved ever to be; an' now ye are reaving his rackless family out o' their last bit o' bread. Look at this bit bonny innocent thing in my arms, how in't smiling on ye. Look at a' the rest standin' leaning against the wa's; ilka ane wi' his een fixed on you by way o' imploring your pity. If ye reject thae looks, ye'll see them again in some trying moments, that will bring this ane back to your mind. Ye will see them i' your dreams; ye will see them on your death bed, an' ye will think ye see them gleaming on ye through the reeks o' hell, but it winna be them."

"Haud your tongue, woman, for ye make me feared to hear ye."

"Ay, but better be scared in time, than tormented forever! Better conquer your bad humour for aince, than be conquered for it through sae many lang ages. Ye pretend to be a religious man, Mr. Adamson, an' a great deal more sae than your neighbours. Do you think that religion teaches you acts o' cruelty like this?—Will ye hae the face to kneel afore your Maker the night, and pray for a blessing on you and yours, and that He will forgive you your debts as you forgive your debtors? I hae nae doubt but ye will. But ah! How sic an appeal will heap the coals o' divine vengeance on your head, an' tighten the belts o' burning yetlin round your hard heart! Come forret, ye hal-lanshaker-like tikes, an' speak for yoursels ilk ane o' ye."

"O, Mr. Adamson, ye maunna turn my father an' mother out o' their house an' their farm, or what think ye is to come o' us?" said Thomas.

"Maissa Adamson, an ye da tun my faddy an' moddy out o' dem's house, when oul John tulns a great, muckle, big, stong man, John fesh youd skin to you—let you take tat," said John, and in the meantime he nodded his head, and shook his tiny fist at the farmer, who called him an impertinent brat, and said he deserved his cuffs.

The sale went on; and still, on the calling off of every favourite animal, Mrs. Irvine renewed her anathemas.

"Gentlemen, this is the mistress's favourite cow, and gives thirteen pints of milk every day. She is valued in my roup-roll at fifteen pounds, but we shall begin her at ten. Does any body say ten pounds for this excellent cow? ten pounds, ten pounds! Nobody says ten pounds? Gentlemen, this is extraordinary! Money is surely a scarce article here to day. Well, then, does any gentleman say five pounds to begin this excellent cow, that gives twelve pints of milk daily? Five pounds? Only five pounds! Nobody bids five pounds? Well, the stock must positively be sold without reserve. Ten shillings for the cow—ten shillings—ten shillings—

Will nobody bid ten shillings to set the sale a-going?"

"I'll gie five-an'-twenty shillings for her," cried Adamson.

"Thank you, Sir. One pound five—one pound five, and just agoing—Once—twice—thrice. Mr. Adamson, one pound five."

Mrs. Irvine came forward, drowned in tears, with the babe in her arms, and patting the cow, she said, "Ah, poor lady Bell, this is my last sight o' you, and the last time I'll clap your honest side! An' hae we really been deprived of your support for the miserable sum o' five an' twenty shillings; my curse light on the head o' him that has done it! In the name of my destitute bairns I curse him; and does he think that a mother's curse will sink fizenless to the ground? Na, na! I see an ee that's lookin' down here in pity and in anger; an' I see a hand that's gathering the bolts o' Heaven thegither, for some purpose that I could divine, but darena utter. But that hand is unerring, and where it throws the bolt there it will strike. Fareweel, poor beast! ye hae supplid us wi' mony a meal, but ye will never supply us wi' anither."

This sale at Kirkcubright, was on the 11th of July. On the day following, Mr. Adamson went up to the folds, in the Hope, to shear his sheep, with no fewer than twenty-five attendants, consisting of all his own servants and cottars, and about as many neighboring shepherds whom he had collected; it being customary for the farmers to assist one another reciprocally on these occasions. Adamson continued more than usually capricious and unreasonable all that afternoon. He was discontented with himself, and when a man is ill pleased with himself, he is seldom well pleased with others. He seemed altogether left to the influences of the wicked one, running about in a fume of rage, finding fault with every thing, and every person, and at times cursing bitterly, a crime to which he was not usually addicted; so that the sheep-shearing that went to be a scene of hilarity among so many young and old shepherds, lads, lasses, wives, and callants, was that day turned into one of gloom and dissatisfaction.

After a number of provoking outrages, he at length, with the buist-iron that he held in his hand, struck a dog that belonged to one of his own shepherd boys till the poor animal fell senseless on the ground, and lay sprawling as in the last extremity. This brought matters to a point that threatened nothing but anarchy and confusion, for every shepherd's blood boiled with indignation, and each almost wished in his heart that the dog had been his own, that he might have retaliated on the tyrant. The boy was wearing one of the fold-doors, and perceiving the plight of his faithful animal, he ran to its assistance, lifted it in his arms, and holding it up to recover its breath, he wept and lamented over it most piteously. "My poor, poor little Nimble!" said he, "I am feared that mad body has killed ye, and then what I am to do wanting ye? I wad ten times rather he had stricken mysel."

He had not the words said out, ere his master had him by the hair of his head with the one hand, with which he fell a swinging him round, and with the other began a threshing him most unmercifully. When the boy left the fold door, the sheep broke out and got away to the hill among the lambs and the clippies, and the farmer being in one of his "mad tantrums," as his servants called them, the mischief had almost put him beside himself; and that boy, or man either, is in a ticklish case who is in the hands of an enraged person far above him in strength.

The sheep-shearers paused, and the girls screamed, when they saw their master lay hold of the boy. But Robert Johnson, a shepherd from an adjoining farm, flung the sheep from his knee, made the shears ring against the fold-dike, and in an instant had the farmer by both wrists, and these he held with such a grasp that he took the power out of his arms, for Johnston was as far above the farmer in might, as the latter was above the boy.

"Mr. Adamson, what are ye about?" cried he, "hae ye tins your reason awthegither, that ye are gaun on rampaung like a madman that gate? Ye hae done the thing, sir, in your ill-timed rage, that ye ought to be ashamed of baith afore God and man."

"Are ye for fighting, Rob Johnston?" said the farmer, struggling to free himself. "Do ye want to hae a fight, lad? Because if ye do, I'll maybe gie you enough o' that."

"Na, sir, I dinna want to fight, but I winna let you fight either, unless wi' ane that's your equal; see gie ower sprauhling, and stand still till I speak to ye, for an ye winna stand to hear reason, I'll gar ye lie till ye hear it. Do ye consider what ye hae been doing even now? Do ye consider that ye hae been striking a poor orphan callant, wla has neither father nor mother to protect him, or to right his wrangs? An' a' for naething, but a wee bit start o' natural affection. How wad ye like, sir, an ony body were to guide a bairn o' yours that gate? and ye as little ken what they are a' to come to afore their deaths, as that boy's parents when they were rearing and fondling ower him. Fie, for shame, Mr. Adamson! Fie, for shame! Ye first strack his poor dumb brute, which was a greater sin than the tither; for it didna ken what ye were striking it for; and then, because the callant ran to assist the only creature he has on the earth, an' I'm feared the only true an' faithfu' friend beside, ye claught him by the hair o' the head, a' fa' to the dadding him as he war your slave! Od, sir, my blood rises at ye, for sic an act o' cruelty an' injustice; and gin I thought ye worth my while, I wad tan ye like a pellet for it."

The farmer struggled and fought so viciously, that Johnston was obliged to throw him down twice over, somewhat roughly, and hold him by main force. But on laying him down a second time, Johnston said, "Now, sir, I just tell ye, since for a', that if I hae to lay ye down the third time, ye shall never rise again till the day

o' judgment. Ye deserve to hae your hide weel throoshen, but ye're nae match for me, an' I'll scorn to lay a tip on ye. I'll leave ye to him who has declared himself the stay and shield of the orphan, and gin some visible testimony o' his displeasure dinna come ower ye for the abusing of his word, I am right sair mista'en."

Adamson, finding himself fairly mastered, and that no one seemed disposed to take his part, was obliged to give in, and went sullenly away to tend the hirsel that stood beside the fold. In the mean time the sheep-shearing went on as before, with a little more of hilarity and glee. It is the business of the lasses to take the ewes, and carry them from the fold to the clippers; and now might be seen every young shepherd's sweetheart, or favorite, tending on him, helping him to clip, or holding the ewes by the hind legs to make them lie easy, a great matter for the furtherance of the operator. Others again, who thought themselves slighted, or loved a joke, would continue to act in the reverse way, and plague the youths by bringing such sheep to them as it was next to impossible to clip.

"Aih, Jock lad, I hae brought you a grand ane for this time! Ye will clank the shears ower her, an' be the first done o' them a'."

"My truly, Jessy, but ye hae gi'en me my dinner! I declare the beast is woe to his cloots an' the een holes, an' afore I get the fleece broken up, the rest will be done. Ah, Jessy, Jessy! ye're working for a mischief the day, and ye'll maybe get it."

"She's a braw sonsie sheep, Jock. I ken ye like to hae your arms weel filled. She'll amaist fill them as weel as Tibby Tod."

"There's for it now! There's for it! What care I for Tibby Tod, dame? Ye are the most jealous elf, Jessy, that ever drew coat over head. But wha was't that sat half a night at the side of a grey stane, wi' a crazy cooper? An' wha was't that gae the poor precentor the whiskings, an' reduce a' his sharps to downright flats?—An ye cast up Tibby Tod ony mair to me, I'll tell something that will gar the wild een veel i' your head, Mistress Jessy."

"Wow, Jock, but I'm unco wae for ye now. Poor fellow! It's really very hard usage! If ye canna clip the ewe, man, gie me her, and I'll tak her to anither; for I canna bide to see ye sae sair put about. I winna bring ye anither Tibby Tod the day, take my word on it. The neist shall be a real May Henderson, a Firthhope-clough ane, ye ken, wi' lang legs, a short tail, an' a good lamb at her fit."

"Gude sake, lassie, hand your tongue, an' dinna affront baith yoursel and me. Ye are fit to gar ane's cheek burn to the bone. I'm fairly quashed, an' darena sae anither word. Let us, therefore, hae let-a-be for let-a-be, which is good bairns' greement, till after the close o' the day sky, and then I'll tell ye my mind."

"Ay, but whilk o' your minds will ye tell me, Jock? For ye will be in five or six different anes afore that time. Ane, to ken your mind, wad need to be tauld it every hour o' the day, and

then cast up the account at the year's end. But how wad ye settle it then, Jock? I fancy she wad hae to multiply ilk year's minds by dozens, and divide by four, and then we a' ken what wad be the quotient."

"Aih, wow, sirs! heard ever ony o' ye the like o' that? For three things the sheep-fauld is disquieted, and there are four which it cannot bear."

"An' what are they, Jock?"

"A witty wench, a woughing dog, a waukit-wood' wedder, an' a pair o' shambling shears."

After this manner did the gleesome chat go on, now that the surly Goodman had withdrawn from the scene. But this was but one couple; every pair being engaged according to their biasses, and after their kind—some settling the knotty points of divinity; others telling auld world stories about persecutions, forays, and fairy raids; and some whispering, in half sentences, the soft breathings of pastoral love.

But the farmer's bad humor, in the mean while, was only smothered, not extinguished; and, like a flame that is kept down by an overpowering weight of fuel, and wanted but a breath to rekindle it; or like a barrel of gunpowder, that the smallest spark will set up in a blaze. That spark unfortunately fell upon the ignitable heap too soon. It came in the form of an old beggar cyleped Patie Maxwell, a well known, and generally a welcome guest over all that district. He came up to the folds for his annual bequest of a fleece of wool, which had never before been denied him; and the farmer being the first person he came to, he made up to him, as in respect bound, accosting him in his wonted obsequious way.

"Weel, Goodman, how's a' wi' ye the day?—(No answer).—This will be a thrang day wi' ye. How are ye getting on wi' the clipping?"

"Nae the better o' you, or the like o' you.—Gang away back the gate ye came. What are ye coming doiting up through the sheep that gate for, putting them a' tersyversy?"

"Tut, Goodman, what does the sheep mind an auld creeping body like me? I hae done nae ill to your pickle sheep, man. An' as for ganging back the road I cam, I'll do that when I like, an' no till then."

"But I'll make you blithe to turn back, auld vagabond. Do ye imagine I'm gaun to hae a' my clippers, an' grippers, buisters, an' binders, laid half idl', giffing an' giggling wi' you?"

"Why, than, speak like a reasonable man, an' a courteous Christian, as ye used to do, an' I'll crack wi' yoursel, and no gang near them."

"I'll keep my Christian cracks for others than auld Papist dogs, I trow."

"Wha do ye ca' auld Papist dogs, Mr. Adamson? Whais it that you mean to denominate by that fine sounding title?"

"Just you and the like o' ye, Pate. It is weel ken'd that ye are asrank a Papist as ever kissed a crosier, an' that ye were out in the very fore end o' the unnatural rebellion, in order to subvert our religion and place a Popish tyrant

on the throne. It is a shame for a Protestant parish like this to support ye, an' gie you as liberal awmoses as ye were a Christian saint.— For me, I can tell you, ye'll get nae mae at my hand, nor nae rebel Papist loun among ye."

"Dear sir, ye're surely no yoursel the day!— Ye hae ken'd I professed the Catholic religion these thretty years. It was the faith I was brought up in, and that in which I shall dee; an' ye ken'd a' that time that I was out in the forty-five wi' Charles, and yet ye never made mention o' the facts, nor refused me my awmos till the day. But as I hae been obliged t've, I'll haud my tongue; only I wad advise ye as a friend, that whenever ye hae occasion to speak of any community of brother Christians, that ye will in future hardly make use o' siccan harsh epithets. Or, if ye will do't, tak care wha ye use sic terms afore, an' let it no be to the nose o' an auld veteran."

"What, ye auld beggar worm that ye are!— ye profane wafer-eater, and worshipper of graven images, dare ye heave your pikit kent at me?"

"I hae heaved baith sword and spear against mony a better man; and, in the cause o' my religion, I'll do it again!"

He was proceeding, but Adamson's choler rising to an ungovernable height, he drew a race, and coming against the gaberlunzie with his whole force, he made him fly heels over head down the hill. The old man's bonnet flew off, his meal-pocks were scattered abroad, and his old mantle, with two or three small fleeces of wool in it, rolled down into the burn.

The servants perceived the attack made on the old man, and one elderly shepherd said, "In troth, sirs, our master is not himself the day.— It appears to me, that sin' he roupit out yon poor but honest family yesterday, the Lord has ta'en guiding arm frae about him. Bob Robinson, ye'll be obliged to rin to the assistance of the auld man."

"I'll trust the old Jacobite for another shake wi' him yet," said Rob, "afore I steer my fit; for it strikes me, if he hadna been ta'en unawares, he wad hardly hae been sae easily coupit."

The beggar was considerably astounded and stupified when he first got up his head; but finding all his bones whole, and his old frame disencumbered of every superfluous load, he sprung to his feet, shook his grey burly locks, and cursed his aggressor in the name of the Holy Trinity, the Mother of our Lord, and all the blessed saints above. Then approaching with his cudgel heaved, he warned him to be on his guard, or make out of his reach, else he would send him to eternity in the twinkling o' an ee. The farmer held up his staff across, to defend his head against the descent of old Patie's piked kent, and, at the same time, made a break in, with intent to close with him; but, in so doing, he held down his head for a moment, on which the gaberlunzie made a jerk to one side, and lent Adamson such a lounder over the neck, or back part of the head, that he fell violently on his

face, after running two or three steps precipitately forward. The beggar, whose eye gleamed with wild fury, while his grey locks floated over them like a winter cloud over two meteors of the night, was going to follow up his blow with another more efficient one on his prostrate foe; but the farmer, perceiving these unequivocal symptoms of danger, wisely judged that there was no time to lose in providing for his own safety, and, rolling himself rapidly two or three times over, he got to his feet, and made his escape, though not before Patie had hit him what he called "a stiff lounder across the rumple."

The farmer fled along the brae, and the gaberlunzie pursued, while the people at the fold were absolutely like to burst with laughter.— The scene was highly picturesque, for the beggar could run none, and still the faster that he essayed to run, he made the less speed. But ever and anon he stood still, and cursed Adamson in the name of one or other of the Saints or Apostles, brandishing his cudgel, and tramping with his foot. The other, keeping still at a small distance, pretended to laugh at him, and at the same time uttered such bitter and unhallowed epithets on the Papists, and on old Patie in particular, that, after the latter had cursed himself into a proper pitch of indignation, he always broke at him again, making vain efforts to reach him one more blow. At length, after chasing him by these starts about half a mile, the beggar returned, gathered up the scattered implements and fruits of his occupation, and came to the fold to the busy group.

Patie's general character was that of a patient, jocular, sarcastic old man, whom people liked, but it dare not contradict; but that day his manner and mein had become so much altered in consequence of the altercation and conflict that had just taken place, that the people were almost frightened to look at him; and as for social converse, there was none to be had with him. His countenance was grim, haughty, and had something Satanic in its lines and deep wrinkles; and ever as he stood leaning against the fold, he uttered a kind of hollow growl, with a broken interrupted sound, like a war-horse neighing in his sleep, and then muttered curses on the farmer.

The old shepherd before-mentioned, ventured, at length, to caution him against such profanity, "Dear Patie, man, dinna sin away your soul, venting siccan curses as these. They will a' turn back on your o'wn head; for what harm can the curses of a poor sinfu' worm do to our nastes?"

"My curse, sir, has blasted the hopes of better men than either you or him," said the gaberlunzie, in an earthquake voice, and shivering with vehemence as he spoke. "Ye may think the like o' me can hae nae power wi' heaven, but an I hae power wi' hell, it is sufficient to cow any that's here. I sanna brag what effect my curse will have, but I shall say this, that either your master, or any o' his men, had as good

have auld Patie Maxwell's blessing as his curse any time, Jacobite and Roman Catholic though he be."

It now became necessary to bring the sheep into the fold that the farmer was wearing, and they were the last hirsel that was to shear that day. The farmer's face was red with ill-nature, but yet he now appeared to be somewhat humbled by reflecting on the figure he had made.—Patie sat on the top of the fold dike, and from the bold and hardy asseverations that he made, he seemed dispose to provoke a dispute with any one present who chose to take up the cudgels; but just as the shepherds were sharpening the shears, a thick black cloud began to rear over the height to the southward, the front of which seemed to be boiling—both its outsides rolling rapidly forward, and again wheeling in toward the centre. I have heard old Robin Johnston, the stout young man mentioned above, but who was a very old man when I knew him, describe the appearance of the cloud as greatly resembling a whirlpool made by the eddy of a rapid tide, or flooded river; and he declared, to his dying days that he never saw aught in nature have a more ominous appearance. The gaberlunzie was the first to notice it, and drew the attention of the rest towards that point of the heavens by the following singular and profane remark—"Alas, lads! see what's coming yonder. Yonder's Patie Maxwell's curse coming rowing an' reeling on ye already; and what will ye say an the curse of God be coming backing it?"

"Gudesake, haud your tongue, ye profane body, ye mak me feared to hear ye," said one. "O, it's a strange delusion to think that a Papist can hae any influence wi' the Almighty, either to bring down his blessing or his curse."

"Ye speak ye ken nae what, man," answered Patie; "ye hae learned some rhames frae your poor cauld-rife Protestant whigs about Papists, and Anti-christ, and children of perdition; yet it is plain to the meanest capacity, that ye hae nae ane spark o' the life or powar o' religion in your whole frames, an' diinna ken either what's truth or what's falsehood. Ah! yonder it is coming, grim an' early! Now, I hae called for it, an' it is coming; let me see if a' the Protestants that are of ye can order it back, or pray it away again. Down on your knees, ye dogs, an' set your mou's up against it, like as many spiritual whig cannon, an' let me see if ye have influence wi' Heaven to turn aside ane o' the hailstones that the deils are playing at chucks wi' in yon dark chamber."

"I wadna wonder if our clipping were cuttit short," said one.

"Na, but I wadna wonder if something else were cuttit short," said Patie; "what will ye say an some o' your weazons be cuttit short? Hurraw! yonder it comes! Now, there will be sic a hurly-burly in Laverhope as never was sin' the creation of man."

The folds of Laverhope were situated on a gently sloping plain, in what is called the forkings of a burn. Laver burn runs to the eastward,

and Widehope burn runs north, meeting the other at a right angle, a little below the folds.—It was around the head of this Widehope that the cloud first made its appearance, and there its vortex seemed to be impending. It descended lower and lower, and that too with uncommon celerity, for the elements were in a turmoil.—The cloud laid first hold of one height, then of another, till at length it closed over and around the pastoral ground, and the dark hope had the appearance of a huge chamber hung with sack-cloth. Then the big clear drops of rain began to descend, on which the shepherds gave over clipping, and covered up the wool with blankets, and then huddled together below their plaids at the side of the fold, to eschew the speat, which they saw was going to be a terrible one. Patie still kept undauntedly to the top of the dike, and Mr. Adamson stood cowering at the side of it, with his plaid over his head, at a little distance from the rest. The hail and rain mingled, now began to descend in a way that had been seldom witnessed; but it was apparent to them all that it was ten times worse up in Widehope-head to the southward. Anon a whole volume of lightning burst from the bosom of the darkness, and quivered through the gloom, dazzling the eyes of every beholder; even old Maxwell clapped both his hands on his eyes for a space; a crash of thunder followed the flash, that made all the mountains chatter, and shook the firmament so that the density of the cloud was broken up; for on the instant the thunder ceased, a rushing sound began up in Widehope, that soon increased to a loudness equal with the thunder itself, but it resembled the noise made by the sea in a storm. "Mother of God!" exclaimed Patie Maxwell, "what is this? what is this? I declare we're a' ower lang here, for the dams of Heaven are broken up;" and with that he flung himself from the dike, and fled toward the top of a rising hillock. He knew that the sound proceeded from the descent of a tremendous water-spout; but the rest, not conceiving what it was, remained where they were. The storm increased every minute, and less than a quarter of an hour after this retreat of the gaberlunzie, they heard him calling out with the most desperate bitterness, and when they eyed him, he was jumping like a madman on the top of the knowe waving his bonnet, and screaming out, "Run, ye deil's buckies! Run for your bare lives." One of the shepherds, jumping up on the dike, to see what was astir, beheld the burn of Widehope coming down in a manner that could be compared to nothing but an ocean, whose boundaries had given way, descending into the abyss. It came with a cataract front more than twenty feet deep, as was afterwards ascertained by measurement, for it left sufficient marks wheresoever it reached, to enable men to do this with precision. The shepherd called for assistance, and flew into the fold to drive out the sheep; and just as he got the foremost one to take the door, the flood came upon the head of the fold, on which he threw himself over the side wall, and escaped in safety as did all the rest of the people.

Not so Mr. Adamson's ewes; the greater part of the hirsel being involved in this mighty current. The big fold next the burn was levelled with the earth in one second. Stones, ewes, and sheep-house, all were carried before it, and all seemed to bear the same weight. It must have been a dismal sight, to see so many fine animals tumbling and rolling in one irresistible mass. They were strong, however, and many of them plunged out, and made their escape to the eastward—a greater number were carried headlong down, and thrown out on the other side of Laver burn, upon the side of a dry hill, to which they all escaped, some of them considerably maimed; but the greatest number of all were lost, being overwhelmed among the rubbish of the fold, and entangled so among the falling dikes, and the torrent wheeling and boiling amongst them, that escape was impossible. The wood was totally swept away, and all either lost, or so much wasted, that, when afterwards recovered, it was unsaleable.

When the flood broke first in among the sheep, and the women began to run screaming to the hills, and the despairing shepherds a-flying about, unable to do any thing, Patie began a-laughing with a loud and hellish gaffaw, and in that he continued to indulge till quite exhausted. "Ha, ha, ha, ha! what think ye o' the auld beggar's curse now? Ha, ha, ha, ha! I think it has been backit wi' God's an' the deil's baith. Ha, ha, ha, ha!" And then he mimicked the thunder with the most outrageous and ludicrous jabberings, turning occasionally up to the cloud streaming with lightning and hail, and calling out—"Louder yet, deils! louder yet! Kindle up your crackers, and yerk away! Rap, rap, rap, rap—Ro-ro, ro, ro—Roo Whugh!"

"I daresay that body's the vera devil himsel in the shape o' the auld Papist beggar!" said one, not thinking that Patie could hear him at such a distance.

"Na, na, lad, I'm no the deil," cried he in answer; "but an I war, I wad let you see a stramash—It is a sublime thing to be a Roman Catholic amang sae mony weak apostates; but it is a sublimer thing still to be a deil—a master-spirit in a forge like yon. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Take care o' your heads, ye cock-chickens o' Calvin. Take care o' the auld coppersmith o' the black cludd."

From the moment that the first thunder-bolt shot from the cloud, the countenance of the farmer was changed. He was manifestly alarmed in no ordinary degree, and when the flood came rushing from the dry mountains, and took away his sheep and his wool before his eyes, he became as a dead man, making no effort to save his store, or to give directions how it might be done. He ran away in a cowering posture, as he had been standing, and took shelter in a little green hollow, out of his servants' view.

The thunder came nigher and nigher to the place where the astonished hinds were, till at length they perceived the bolts of flame striking the earth around them, in every direction; at one time tearing up its bosom, and at another

splintering the rocks. Robin Johnston said, that "the thunner bolts (so the country people denominated the electrical flame) came shimmering out o' the cludd sae thick, that they appeared to be linkit thegither, an' fleeing in a' directions. There war some o' them blue, some o' them red, an' some o' them like the color o' the lowe of a candle. Some o' them diving into the earth, an' some o' them springing up out o' the earth and darting into the heaven." I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but I am sure my informer thought so, or he would not have said it; and he said further, that when old Maxwell saw it, he cried—"Fie, tak care, cubs o' hell! fie, tak care! cower laigh, an' sit sicker, for your auld dam is aboon ye, an' aneath ye, an' a' around ye. O for a good wat nurse to spean ye, like John Adamson's lambs! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" The lambs, it must be observed, had been turned out of the fold at first, and none of them perished with their dams.

But just when the storm was at the height, and apparently passing the bounds ever witnessed in these northern climes; when the embroiled elements were in the hottest convulsion, and when our little pastoral group were every moment expecting the next to be their last, behold all at once a lovely "blue bore," fringed with downy gold, opened in the cloud behind, and in five minutes after that, the sun again appeared, and all was beauty and serenity. What a contrast to the scene lately witnessed!—they were like scenes of two different worlds, or places of abode which it would be unmeet to contrast together.

The greatest curiosity of the whole to a stranger, would have been the contrast between the two burns. The burn of Laverhope never changed its colour, but continued pure, limpid, and so shallow, that a boy might have stepped over it dry shod, all the while that the other burn was coming in upon it like an ocean broken loose, and carrying all before it. In mountainous districts, however, instances of the same kind are quite frequent in times of summer speats.

There were some other circumstances connected with this storm, at the description of which I could not help laughing immoderately, forty years after they had taken place; and, dismal as the catastrophe turned out to be, whenever they present themselves to my imagination, I cannot answer for myself doing the same to this day.—The storm coming from the south, over a low-lying, wooded, and populous district, the whole of the crows inhabiting it, posted away up the glen of Laverhope to avoid the fire and fury of the storm. "There were thousands an' thousands came up by us," said Robin, "a' laying theirsels out as they had been mad. An' then whanever the bright bolt played flash through the darkness, ilk ane a' them made a dive an' a wheel to avoid the shot. Aih vow! I never saw as mony feared beasts, an' never will again. Od, sir, I was persuaded that they thought a' the artillery an' a' the musketry o' the hale country were loosed on them, an' that it was time for

them to tak the gait. There were likewise several colly dogs came by us in great extremity, hingin' out their tongues, an' lookin' aye ower their shoulders, rinning straight on they kendna where; an' among other things, there was a black Highland cow came roaring up the glen wi' her stake hanging at her neck."

The gush of waters soon subsiding, all the group, men and women, were soon employed in pulling out the dead sheep from rubbish of stones, banks of gravel, and pools of the burn; and many a row of carcasses was laid out, which at that season were of no use whatever, and of course utterly lost. But all the while that they were so engaged, Mr. Adamson came not near them, at which they wondered, and some of them remarked, that "they thought their master was fey the day, mae ways than ane."

"Ay, never mind him," said the old shepherd, "he'll come when he thinks it his ain time; he's a right sair humbled man the day, an' I hope by this time he has been brought to see his errors in a right light. But the gaberlunzie is lost too. I think he be standit in the yird, for I hae never seen him sin' the last great crash o' thunder."

"He'll be gane into the howe to wring his duds," said Robert Johnston, "or may be to make up matters wi' your master. Gude sauf us, what a profane wretch the auld creature is!—I didna think the muckle horned deil himsel could hae set up his mou to the heaven, an' braggit an' blasphemed in sic a way. He gart my heart a' grue within me, and dirle as it had been bored wi' red-het elsin."

"Oh, what can ye expect else of a papist?"—said the auld herd, with a deep sigh. "They're a' the deil's bairns, ilk ane, an' a' employed in carrying on their father's wark. It is needless to expect gude branches frae sic a stock, or gude fruit frae siccan branches."

"There's ae wee bit text that focks should never loose sight o'," said Robin, an' it's this—"Judge not that ye be not judged." "I think," said Robin, when he told the story, "I think that steekit their gabs!"

The evening at length drew on; the women had gone away home, and the neighboring shepherds had scattered here and there to look after their own flocks. Mr. Adamson's men alone remained lingering about the brook and the folds, waiting on their master. They had seen him go into the little green hollow, and they knew he was gone to his prayers, and were unwilling to disturb him. But they at length began to think it extraordinary that he should continue at his prayers that whole afternoon. As for the beggar, though acknowledged to be a man of strong sense and sound judgment, he had never been known to say prayers all his life, except in the way of cursing and swearing a little sometimes, and none of them could conjecture what was become of him. Some of the rest, as it grew late, applied to the old shepherd, before oft mentioned, whose name I have forgot, but he had herded with Adamson twenty years—some

of the rest, I say, applied to him to go and bring their master away home, for that perhaps he was taken ill.

"O, I'm unco laith to disturb him," said the old man; "he sees that the hand o' the Lord has fa'n heavy on him the day, an' he's humbling himsel afore him in great bitterness of spirit, I daresay. I count it as a sin to brik in on sic devotions as thae."

"Na, I carena if he should lie and pray yonder till the morn," said a young lad, "only I wadna like to gang hame, an' leave him lying on the hill, if he should hae chanced to turn no weel. Sae, if nane o' ye will gang and bring him, or see what ails him, I'll e'en gang mysel;" and away he went, the rest standing still to await the issue.

When the lad went first to the brink of the little slack where Mr. Adamson lay, he stood a few moments, as if gazing or listening, and then turned his back and fled. The rest, who were standing and watching his motions, wondered at this; and they said, one to another, that the master was angry at him for disturbing him, and that he had been threatening the lad so rudely, that it had caused him to take to his heels for it. But what they thought most curious, was, that the lad did not fly towards them, but straight to the hill; nor did he ever so much as cast his eyes towards them, so deeply did he seem to be impressed with what had passed between him and his master. Indeed, it rather appeared that he did not know what he was doing, for, after running a space with great violence, he stood and looked back, and then broke to the hill again—always looking first over one shoulder, and then over the other. Then he stopped a second time, and returned cautiously toward the spot where his master reclined, and all the while he never so much as once turned his eyes toward his neighbours, or seemed to remember that they were there. His motions were strikingly erratic; for all the way, as he returned to the spot where his master was, he continued to advance by a zigzag direction, like a vessel beating up by short tacks; and several times he stood still, as on the very point of retreating. At length he vanished from their sight in the little hollow;—and they said, one to another, that he was gone in to sit beside the master, or to pray with him after all.

It was not long, however, till the lad again made his appearance, shouting and waving his cap for them to come likewise, on which they all went away to him, as fast as they could, in great amazement, what could be the matter.—But when they came to the green hollow, a shocking spectacle presented itself. There lay the body of their master, who had been struck dead by the lightning; and, his right side having been torn open, his bowels had gushed out, and were lying beside the body. The earth was rutted and ploughed close to his side, and at his feet, there was a hole scooped out, a full yard in depth, and very much resembling a grave. He had been cut off in the act of prayer, and the body

was still lying in the position of a man praying in the field. He had been on his knees, with his elbows leaning on the brae, and his brow laid on his folded hands; his plaid was drawn over his head, and his hat below his arm; and this affecting circumstance proved a great source of comfort to Mrs. Adamson afterward, when the extremity of her suffering had somewhat abated.

There was no such awful visitation of Providence had ever been witnessed or handed down to our minds on the ample records of tradition, and the impression that it made, and the interest that it excited, were also without a parallel.—Thousands visited the spot to view the devastations made by the flood, and the furrows formed by the electrical matter; and the smallest circumstances were inquired into with the most minute curiosity; above all, the still and drowsy embers of superstition were rekindled by it into a flame, than which none had ever burnt brighter, not even in the darkest days of gospel ignorance; and by the help of it a theory was made out, and believed, that, for horror, is absolutely unequalled, but as it was credited in its fullest latitude by my informant, and always added by him as the summary of the tale, I am bound to mention the circumstances, though far from giving them as authentic.

It was asserted, and pretended to have been proven, that old Peter Maxwell was *not* in the *glen of Laverhope that day*, but at a great distance in a different county, and that it was the devil himself who had attended the folds that day in his likeness. It was farther believed by all the people at the folds, that it was the last explosion of the whole that had slain Mr. Adamson, for they had then observed the side of the brae, where the little green slack was situated, at that time covered with a sheet of flame for a moment. And it so happened, that from that moment the profane gaberlunzie had been no more seen; and therefore they said, and there was the horror of the thing, that there was no doubt of his being the devil waiting for his prey, and that he fled away in that sheet of flame, carrying the soul of John Adamson along with him.

I never saw old Maxwell, for I believe he died before I was born, but Robin Johnston said, that he denied to his dying day, having been within forty miles of the folds of Laverhope on the day of the thunder storm, and was exceedingly angry when any one pretended to doubt the assertion. It was likewise reported, that at six o'clock afternoon, a stranger called on Mrs. Irvine, and told her that John Adamson, and a great part of his stock, had been destroyed by the lightning and the hail. Mrs. Irvine's house was five miles distant from the folds—and more than all that, his death was not so much as known of by mortal man until two hours after Mrs. Irvine received this information. It was a great convulsion of the elements, exceeding any thing remembered, either for its violence or consequences, and these mysterious circumstances having been bruited abroad as connected with

it, gave it a hold on the minds of the populace never to be erased but by the erasure of existence. It fell out on the 12th of July, 1753.

The death of Mr. Copland of Minnigress, forms another era of the same sort in Annandale. It happened, if I mistake not, on the 18th of July, 1804. It was one of those days by which all succeeding thunder storms have been estimated and compared, and from which they are dated, both as having taking place so many years before as well as after.

Adam Copland, Esq. of Minnigress, was a gentleman esteemed by all who knew him. Handsome and comely in his person, and elegant in his manners, he was the ornament of rural society, and the delight of his family and friends; therefore his loss was felt as no common misfortune. As he occupied a pastoral farm of considerable extent, his own property, he chanced likewise to be out at his folds on the day above mentioned, with his own servants, and some neighbors, speaning a part of his lambs, and shearing a few sheep. About mid-day, the thunder, lightning, and hail, came on, and deranged their operations entirely; and, among other things, there was a set of the lambs broke away from the folds, and being in great fright, continued to run on. Mr. Copland, and a shepherd of his own, named Thomas Scott, pursued them, and at a distance of half a mile from the folds, they turned them, mastered them, after some running, and were bringing them back together toward the fold, when the dreadful catastrophe happened. Thomas Scott was the only person present, of course; and though he was within a few steps of him at the time, he could give no account of anything. I am well acquainted with Scott, and have questioned him about the particulars fifty times, but he could not so much as tell how he got back to the fold, whether he brought the lambs or not, how long the storm continued, nor anything after the time that his master and he turned the lambs. That he remembered perfectly, but thenceforward his mind seemed to have become a blank. I should likewise have mentioned, as an instance of the same kind, that, on the young lad, who went first to the body of Adamson, being questioned why he fled from the body at first, he denied that he ever fled.—He was not conscious of having fled a foot, and never would have believed it had he not been seen by four eye-witnesses. The only things of which Thomas Scott had any impressions were these—that when the lightning struck his master, he sprang a great height into the air, much higher, he thought, than it was possible for any man to leap by his own exertion. He also thinks, that the place where he fell dead was at a considerable distance from that on which he was first struck and leaped from the ground; but when I inquired if he judged that it would be twenty yards or ten yards, he could give no answer—he could not tell. He only had an impression that he saw his master spring into the air, all on fire, and, on running up to him, he found him quite dead. If Scott was correct in

this, and he being a man of plain, good sense, truth, and integrity, there can scarce be a reason for doubting him, the circumstances would argue that the electric matter that slew Mr. Copland, had issued out of the earth. He was speaking to Scott with his very last breath; but all that the survivor could do, he could never remember what he was saying. There were some melted drops of silver standing on the case of his watch, as well as on some of his coat buttons; and the body never stiffened like other corpses, but remained as supple as if every bone had been softened to jelly. He was a married man, scarcely at the prime of life, and left a young widow and only son to lament his loss. On the spot where he fell there is now an obelisk erected to his memory, with a warning text on it, relating to the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

THE DELUSION OF THREE DAYS.

A SKETCH.

BY R. BERNAL. M. P.

We are all, more or less, the slaves of prejudice, or the creatures of early habits and impressions; and, however wisely our resolutions may be framed in the hour of sober reflection, yet too often the impulse of a moment will entirely upset the influence of good sense and reason. How decidedly has the truth of this position been exemplified in the case of my friend Herbert, who, really amiable and pleasing, with every wish to escape from the pitiable condition of a bachelor, and with many advantages to assist him in his laudable and unremitting pursuit of a wife, still appears, at the age of thirty-five, as far distant from success as ever. For Herbert, from his first entrance into society, has been a devoted partisan of the fair sex, but an equally enthusiastic admirer of the arts of music and painting, and of all the other minor elegant accomplishments of the day; and he has always fettered himself by the singular notion that no female (whatever her mental or personal recommendations might be) could render him happy or contented, unless she were mistress of all or most of these desirable accomplishments.

Hence this caprice of my friend has been extended to so ridiculous a degree, that after every first introduction to any new and lovely votary of fashion, I have always found him ready to perplex himself and his associates with the same uniform set of interrogatories, of a *small part* of which the following may be an example.

"Does she sing, and play well on the piano or harp?—Were her masters Crivelli, Moscheles, or Bochsa?—Can she paint in oil or water colours?—Did she study under Fielding or Protu?—Can she converse fluently in French, Italian, an' German," &c. &c.—In fact, so organized was this system in the mind of Herbert, and so notorious had he become by his unmitigated development of it, that in despite of his well-known and much-lauded eagerness to secure a wife, he became, at last, to be but coldly received by his female acquaintances.

The close of the spring, in the year 1827, found Herbert in a state of chagrin and disappointment: the slender encouragement held out to him by the offended spinsters of London, and one or two awkward repulses which he had experienced, had considerably abated his hopes and damped his ardour.

Under the pressure of ennui and low spirits, he took himself off to the baths of Ems in Germany. There, the bustle and liveliness of the well frequented table d'hôte at the hotel de Russie, joined to its variety of faces, forms, and manners, contributed to restore his good humour to *le beau sexe*, and to revive his keenness for his old pursuit. But my friend's taste was vastly too fastidious for the atmosphere of a continental table d'hôte: one very fair and pretty Badoise horrified him by her *penchant* (however strictly patriotic) for eating stewed prunes with roast meat; while another black-eyed and interesting Alsacienne provoked him by her preference (however healthful) of the oysters of the dinner-table to all his small talk and attentions; in short, as far as the ladies were concerned, he had very little prospect of adding to his reputation at Ems.

By good fortune, Herbert met with an old acquaintance, the Baron de T——, whom he had formerly known, both in England and on the Continent, and who was upon terms of intimacy with many of the respectable families in the duchy of Nassau. In the course of conversation, the baron mentioned the name of Madame de Steinbron, a lady residing in the neighbourhood of Ems, and he described her as being a very young, lovely, and interesting widow. She had been contracted by her parents, at an early age, to a gentleman advanced in years, who died, leaving her in opulent circumstances, shortly after their marriage. The manner in which the baron spoke of the widow so wrought upon Herbert's feelings, that he would not quit the subject until he had obtained from the baron the promise of an introduction, on the next day, to the lady.

In consequence of this arrangement, the baron and Herbert, on the following morning, drove out to the Chateau de Steinbron; they found its fair mistress at home; when the baron, having been cordially welcomed, presented his friend, in flattering terms, to Madame de Steinbron.

Accustomed as Herbert had been to presentations to beautiful women, and critic *au fond* as he was upon every point, important or minute, connected with their personal appearance, he never before at least had been so immediately impressed with admiration, or so little disposed to criticise, as on the present occasion.—The whole contour of Madame de Steinbron's countenance denoted youth and softness; dark brown hair, simply arranged, clustered round an oval face of the most transparent complexion, and a pair of eyes of the deepest hazel turned upon the beholder with a penetrating expression of real feeling and intelligence; while the lines

and proportions of her form appeared as round and correct as the poet or sculptor could desire. In addition, there was something striking and unusual in the style of her reception of the visitors, which, perhaps, from its very singularity, tended the more to produce a decided impression upon Herbert. Madame de Steinbron was reclined upon a handsome couch, beneath a canopy, the curtains of which were drawn back, and surrounded by all those elegant accessories of household decoration which the refinement and wealth of modern times have produced. She had only half raised herself upon the entrance of the two gentlemen, but resuming her recumbent position, she retained the same during the remainder of their stay. An animated conversation ensued, and was maintained for a considerable time, between Madame de Steinbron and her visitors. The history, literature, and topography of Germany were in turns talked over; and on all matters, the lovely widow displayed so much unpretending knowledge and judgment, that Hebert was perfectly astonished at the fact of so youthful a female having been able to acquire an extent of information the more remarkable, as it was not alloyed by the slightest mixture of pedantry or affectation. Madame de Steinbron had been partly educated in France, and had travelled through the greater portion of Italy; the languages of these countries were quite familiar to her, and at her perfect command. Herbert was enchanted, and the current of his thoughts hardly found sufficient time to include in its flow all his notions and prejudices, as to the necessity of the acquisition of every species of accomplishment. An incidental remark on the beauty of the surrounding scenery of Nassau led to the subject of painting and drawing, when Madame de Steinbron confessed her utter want of the knowledge of the art: but Herbert's excitement was too powerful to be much abated by this confession of a defect in his standard of excellence.

Unreasonably long as this first visit proved, Herbert did not suffer it to come to a conclusion without having obtained the lady's permission to repeat it; and at length he most unwillingly departed with the baron, being at least three parts, if not the whole, of a lover at first sight. During the rest of the day, Herbert persecuted the poor baron with the expression of his warm and passionate admiration of the charming Josephine de Steinbron, and with unceasing and innumerable questions concerning her, which the baron either could or would not satisfy.

Time dragged but heavily on with my enthusiastic friend until the next day arrived, when, at as early an hour as propriety could well sanction, Herbert, without soliciting the further escort of the baron, hurried off again to the Chateau, to pay his permitted visit to its interesting owner. To his great delight he was admitted, and he found Madame de Steinbron alone, occupying her couch in the same saloon, and nearly in the same manner as upon his first introduction. She received him, without any

form or reserve, half sitting and lying on her sofa: the ease and elegance of her manner were so winning, and the charms of her conversation so seducing, that Herbert, in an hour, felt as if he had been acquainted with her for years.—Every topic that could interest a cultivated and refined mind was again brought forward and discussed; and if Herbert was fascinated on the former occasion, the seal of enchantment was certainly fixed on the present. One trifling incident, and one only, occurred, to disturb the serene and delicious harmony of his feelings: the conversation having branched off to the state of arts in Europe, Herbert's inveterate prejudices prompted him to introduce the subject of music, he not for a moment doubting but that his magician could exercise her influence over this delightful science. Herbert possessed a curious tact of applying generals to particulars when any one of his old and favourite fancies came into action, and he thus addressed his fair companion.

Herb. What wonderful composers has Germany produced! Haydn, Mozart and Winter.

M. de Stein. Yes, indeed, their reputation is deservedly great.

Herb. I feel delighted to think you rightly appreciate their merit. What heavenly compositions are the operas of *La Clemenza di Tito* and *Il Ratto di Proserpina*! You sing, I am certain, that charming duet of *Deh prendi un dolce amplesso*?

M. de Stein. I believe I have heard it, but really I do not remember it.

Herb. Not remember it! I could not have believed this. But you cannot forget the duet of *Ah perdona*: forgive me, but I am satisfied you must sing that piece of music to perfection!

M. de Stein. (*laughing.*) Pray moderate your expectations and enthusiasm, and, in mercy, grant me your *full pardon* when I assure you that I know not a single note of music, and that I am perfectly unable to sing or play on any instrument whatever.

Here it must be owned Herbert was silenced for a time, and his transports experienced no slight check; for it required all his fortitude, and a succession of the most enchanting smiles from the lovely widow, to restore him to his former composure and happy condition of mind. However, when the hour of taking leave arrived, Herbert was completely a lover, and a confirmed one too; and though I cannot positively declare what was the exact state of the lady's heart, yet it is certain that Herbert, emboldened by the nature of his reception, ventured, after a very extended visit, to press her fair hand gently, and to request permission to return on the following day, and that such request was conceded, and the concession further established both by a blush and a sigh.

It would be a hopeless attempt to describe the feelings under which Herbert retired that night to rest, or rather to seek for rest; he was almost in an excess of dilirium: he had at last found the woman he had been for nearly fifteen years

seeking; the being, on whom all his hopes of happiness were to rest. The morning of the third day (every previous hour having been regularly counted) at last arrived: away flew Herbert, on the wings of love and sentiment, to the castle of his enchantress, as privately as he could, and keeping his intentions secret from the baron: for Herbert was determined, without further ceremony or delay, to make a proposition in form to Madame de Steinbron.

The weather was sultry and overpowering when he reached the chateau. Upon his admittance into the well known saloon, he found the charming widow as usual upon her couch, her head resting on both her hands, with her arms extended on one of its pillows. Traces of thought and languor were apparent in her beautiful countenance, but her eyes were fraught with intense feeling. Herbert could hardly refrain from gazing on the lovely arms and hands exposed to his view, which were so white and perfect that Canova might have modelled from them. It was evident that Madame de Steinbron had been occupied in deep and serious meditation; her manner, though kind, partook of something between sorrow and embarrassment. A little time elapsed before the accustomed flow of conversation could be supported; for Herbert, on his part, bent on carrying his resolution into effect, expressed himself with a degree of confusion and hesitation. Madame de Steinbron having remarked how anxious she felt to travel in England, Herbert inwardly blessed his good fortune that so favorable an opportunity had been afforded for his project, and he, (after much conversation on the subject of society and amusements in Britain,) in the act of replying to some inquiry of the lady, when the sound of a clarionet out of doors, playing the air of a favorite national dance, attracted his attention. The day of the week was Friday, and perhaps Herbert's evil genius, or some other demon of mischief, was then stalking abroad, or perhaps it was owing to the contemplation of a very pretty foot of Madame de Steinbron which peeped out from under her robe, that Herbert all at once exclaimed, "What an enlivening air! and what an attractive sight it is, to behold an elegant woman waltz gracefully. I am sure you must be devoted to dancing?"

Madame de Steinbron cast down her lovely eyes, turned pale as marble, and dropping a tear, replied, with emotion, "I once was, but, alas! I am indeed unfortunate!"

Herbert became all romance and tenderness: he drew near to the couch, fully prepared to receive some interesting confession, or tale of past sorrows. How transporting, to be selected for such a mark of confidence! His beautiful widow appeared more fascinating than ever; and his senses were all concentrated in his eyes and ears. "Listen! my dear friend," continued Madame de Steinbron: "I have encountered most severe suffering: three years back my carriage was overturned; my right limb miserably

fractured; it was amputated; and, alas! in its place I have only a *cork leg*!"

If a sudden thunderbolt from heaven had darted by Herbert without immediately destroying him, he could not have felt more overwhelmed and dismayed. Complete silence ensued for a few minutes, till, hardly conscious of his actions, he at last started from his seat, and absolutely screaming aloud, "*A cork leg!*" he darted out of the apartment, and in the shortest possible time found himself at his hotel at Emu. In another half hour his bill was discharged, his trunks were packed, and Herbert was in his travelling caleche, mentally ejaculating curses on the Baron de T. and his own wayward destiny, and audibly bestowing the same on the swaggar and the post-horses, while he hurried over the road to Cologne to return to England, as fast as German travelling and English impetuosity would permit.

From the London Morning Herald, Nov. 25.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER AND THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

We were yesterday admitted to a private inspection, at the Egyptian Hall, of the two Siamese youths, whose bodies are, in a manner so unexampled, inseparably attached to each other.

The exhibition of monstrous formations in general is liable to great objection. In this country such sights, for good reasons, are also obvious to suspicion. We say this in order at once, and most unequivocally, to separate the phenomenon of which we now speak from almost every other exhibition of human malformation, real or pretended, that has ever engaged the attention of the public. Indeed, to our apprehension, the curiosity on this occasion is not so much of a physical as it is of a moral character; and in the latter point of view these boys become, in our judgment, a deeply impressive and even affecting sight. It is proper, therefore, to dismiss at once the objection that this spectacle is either disgusting or even displeasing; on the contrary, we speak only the opinions of the most eminent professional men of the day when we assert, that there is nothing in the whole course of the exhibition which can be deemed repugnant to the bashfulness of the most fastidious of the gentler sex. Mr. Brodie, the eminent surgeon, was requested to sign a certificate to this effect. He asked, with some surprise, how such a guarantee could be thought necessary. We may further add, that as to imposition in this case it is wholly out of the question; a single glance at the youths will dispel the doubts of the most sceptical. In addition, we had the satisfaction of witnessing the examination of the boys singly by some of the most eminent professional men in this country—we mean Sir A. Cooper, Sir H. Hallford, Mr. Brodie, Dr. Babington, Dr. Burrows, Dr. Haslam, Sir A. Carlisle, Mr. Brookes, the veteran teacher of anatomy, and a host of scientific men, all of whom acknowledged that they had never seen a more curious and interesting phenomenon. In the course of the day Earl Spencer, Sir F. Burdett,

Sir R. Wilson, Sir G. Cockburn, Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, and a number of public men came in, and expressed their satisfaction at seeing the boys.

When we entered, the boys were ranging the apartments with perfect indifference. Their attire was made to resemble, as nearly as possible, the costume of their native country. The front part of their heads was closely cropped, and over the back part of the crown, the hair, which is there suffered to grow at great length, was wound into a graceful platted wreath. The persons of these boys exactly resemble the figures of the Chinese, which may be frequently seen in the shops in London; and whoever can imagine two of these figures engaged in the evolutions of a waltze, will have a very accurate notion of the Siamese youths. The medium of attachment between the two bodies consists apparently of a piece of flesh, running from the pit of the stomach of the one to exactly a corresponding place in the other. This ligament seems to be a part of the body of each. The natural position of the youths, or that which seems to place the connecting ligament in its natural form, is that of face to face. This position, as must be obvious, is extremely inconvenient, and the boys have consequently accustomed themselves to stand or move side by side. Their persons are thus drawn mutually closer, which makes it necessary for one to place his arm about the neck or waist of the other. The position may be varied—that is, the ligament may be made an axis upon which the youths can turn and bring in contact the two opposite sides, instead of those which were first in collision. The ligament itself has been a subject of curious speculation to the learned. The superior edge is formed of cartilage, but the apprehension of ossification is quite idle. There can be no doubt of a communication of some sort between the two boys through the internal part of this ligament; but neither Sir A. Cooper nor Mr. Brodie, nor any other of the medical men, could discover the least pulsation in it—a fact which negatives the possibility of arterial communication. Both these gentlemen admitted it to be a very singular fact that one navel only was discoverable, situated in the middle of the ligament, and, with curious precision, it was an equal distance between the two bodies. Mr. Brodie, seemingly desirous of carrying his inquiries to some satisfactory point, requested through the medium of an interpreter, that one of the boys would cough. One of them instantly complied, and coughed as often as he was desired. The result was important, for Mr. Brodie declared that he had now no doubt that hernia existed, or, in popular language, that a portion of intestine on one side had penetrated half way at least through a channel within the contesting ligament. Sir A. Cooper was asked if he thought the two bodies might be separated. "I should not like to try," said Sir Astley; "but why separate them? the boys seem perfectly happy as they are." Then, turning to Captain Coffin—"Depend on it," continued Sir

Astley, in his playful manner, "those boys will fetch a vast deal more money while they are together than when they are separate." Mr. Brodie perfectly concurred with Sir Astley that, an attempt at separation would be highly dangerous. Not that any vital organs would be affected by the operation; but he was sure, from the mutual attachment of the two youths, that such a shock would be given to the nervous system of both as to endanger their lives. "This," said Sir A. Cooper, "is certainly a most curious phenomenon; but I have seen one still more curious; I was in Paris in 1793, and a monster child was shown me there. It was eleven weeks old. It had two distinct heads, four arms and hands, and four feet and legs. It was sucking the mother by the mouth of one of the heads. I had the curiosity to squeeze gently between my fingers the cheek of the other head; the features were writhed a little, but those of the other head remained unmoved, exhibiting all the pleasing consciousness of enjoying its nourishment."

So far from recommending an attempt to separate the bodies, Sir A. Cooper and Mr. Brodie, confirmed by the rest of the faculty present, recommended even that, in case one should die, the ligament should be cut as closely as possible to the surface of the body of the deceased, for fear of injuring the survivor. There can now, we believe, be no doubt that the two youths are perfectly distinct beings, having each his organization totally independent of the other. From the circumstances of their eating, drinking, and sleeping simultaneously, some persons have inferred that their wants, appetites, and sensations, are common; but those who know the power of habit, will immediately discover a reason for these facts, without yielding to so violent an inference. Perhaps the total independence of the volition of the one brother upon that of the other could not be more strikingly exemplified than by a circumstance which took place during the day. The youths, after rambling about the room, turned into the passage which leads from the entrance door of the apartment; as they approached the door, which is partly of glass, Captain Coffin called Chang, the name to which one of them answers. The youth instantly turned in obedience to the call, whilst his brother eagerly went forward to gratify his curiosity by peeping through the door. "Now," said Mr. Croker to some friends that surrounded him, "I am satisfied that these boys cannot be governed by one will, for you perceive that the inclination of one boy was to return in obedience to the summons which he had heard, but he is drawn away in an opposite direction by the other, in the eagerness of his curiosity. These boys cannot, therefore, be governed by one impulse."

However scientific men may speculate as to the causes or consequences of the physical junction of these youths, no one, we think, who sees them, can fail to be touched with the perfect harmony that subsists between them. They are docile in the extreme, and possess the most engaging

dispositions. In their wishes, their desires, their movements, they seem to be controlled by a single impulse. Attempts have been made to create jealousies between them; but without the slightest effect. Any gift which they receive capable of division is shared between them; and any other description of present passes from one to the other as a joint possession. It would perhaps be more just to say that they appear to recognize no difference between themselves. A very attentive observer, however, we think, will not fail to discover between these two boys, who certainly bear the strongest possible resemblance to each other, a marked distinction. One youth seems to us to be a little more robust than the other, and even to possess an intellectual superiority over his brother. Perhaps this notion acquires plausibility from the circumstance that the former generally acts as the organ of communication on the joint part with the interpreters. We certainly observed with great interest this superior brother yield on all occasions to the impulses of the weaker, giving up his own choice, and preferring the course intimated by the other. The inferior brother then playfully leans against his mate for support, or the one pats the cheek or presses the forehead, or adjusts the shirt collar of the other, in such a way as betrays the kindest feelings in each, and the tenderest affection for each other.

Enough has been said, we hope, to convey to the public a faithful description of these singular youths. We repeat, that there is nothing in the exhibition which the most timid maiden may not endure—whilst the most hardened cannot fail to be struck with the manifestations which they give of generous, kindly, and affectionate natures.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

An Irishman passing through a field of cattle the other day, said to a friend, "Whenever you see a herd of cows *all* laying down, and *one* of them only standing up, the *one* is sure to be a bull!"

EQUALIZATION.

A ragged Irish emigrant, a few years since, was arguing in favour of an equal division of property in this blessed land of his adoption.

"Well, suppose such a division should take place," said his opponent, "how much do you think would fall to your share?"

"Why, I don't know, jistly," replied Teague; "but I should suppose something like two thousand dollars, more or less."

"Well, what would you do with your portion, when you had got it?" asked the other.

"Why, I'm the man that would live well on it, would I not?" rejoined the Irishman.

"And when that was gone, what would you do next?" demanded the other.

"What would I do next?" returned the equalizing philosopher: "why, what should I do, my jewel, but be after having *another division!*"

PROFANE LANGUAGE.—A part from the fearful impiety of this practice, it is most assuredly ungentle, and I never will—I never can enter on my list of gentlemen, the man who swears profanely; whatever may be his accomplishments—descending to this vulgarity utterly mars his character as a gentleman. "Tis worse than the dead fly in the apothecaries' ointment."

"*Must I not treat my friends when they call to see me?*"

"Treat" them! yes, to be sure; and treat them well. "Treat them with respect and hospitality; and take care not to insult them, especially by offering them strong drink. To do this, is as much as to say, that you suspect they love it; that they drink it at home; that they cannot do well without it; that they called upon you with the expectation of getting some, and would be angry if they went away disappointed. Where are the ladies and gentlemen that would *treat* their friends in this manner?"

A MILITARY DANDY OF THE BON TON.

'Will you sup, Sir Harry,' said a noble hostess to a lieutenant of the 10th, who was rolling and quizzing, and attitudinizing through her splendid apartments. 'Noe, my leddy, I cut all suppers decidedly.' 'You play?' 'Noe, I cut cards too.' 'Then you must dance.' 'Noe, me dear leddy Mary, I abo-m-inate dancing.'—'But you must, Sir Henry, I have a partner for you.' 'Well trot her out.'—*Lon. Gaz.*

MISTAKES IN HEAVEN PREVENTED.—The Minister of a village not a hundred miles from Edinburgh, a few Sundays ago, concluded the service of the day with the following pious prayer:—"O Lord, shower thy blessings on the illustrious family at present resident in this neighborhood; and, for fear there should be any mistake, it is the Earl of Hoptown I mean."

A new made justice of the peace, into whose office some dozen of his neighbors had followed a constable, with a vagrant in charge, to see how the magistrate would make out, determined to strike them dumb with awe. He sentenced the poor animal to twenty days imprisonment, and concluded with all possible solemnity:—"And the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

Our Militia Officers are *Spirited* fellows, if not so very *literary*. A Captain was asked how he would act in this case: "One man owed another, and tendered him Bank Notes in payment, which were refused, as not being a legal tender, and sued and levied an execution on the property of the debtor?" After hitching up his waistband, and taking his best *malicious* attitude, with sword in hand, he said: "if I owes a man a debt, and making him a lawless tenant of a blank bill—and he infuses to incept it—but sues out an impeachment and levels it on my property, if I didnt make a sacrament of him, damn it!"—*Augusta Courier.*

There is a good deal of saucy wit in Lord Byron's anecdote of the fair astronomers:—He says, some literary ladies being asked how they could be sufficiently interested to spend so much time in watching the heavens, replied, that they had a great curiosity to see whether there was really **A MAN** in the moon!

The custom of using hard compounds furnished Ben Johnson with an opportunity of showing his satire and his learning together. These are the words on which he speaks sometimes as "un-in-one-breath-utterable." Redi mentions an epigram against the Sophists, which is preserved in Athenæus, and is made up of compounds "a mile long." He presents us with a Latin translation by Joseph Scaliger, which may be thus rendered in English:

"Loftybrowflourishes,
Noseinbeardwallowers,
Bagandbeardnourishes;
Dishandallwallowers,
Oldcloakinvestiters,
Barefootlookfashioners,
Nightprivatelestesters;
Craftlucubrators.

Youthcheaters, wordcatchers, vainglorysophers,
Such are you seekers of virtue Philosophers."

DR. JOHNSON AND MRS. THRALE.

The first time Dr. Johnson was in company with Mrs. Thrale, neither the elegance of his conversation, nor the depth of his knowledge, could prevent that lady's being shocked at his manners. Among other pieces of indecorum, his tea not being sweet enough, he clapped his fingers into the sugar-dish, and supplied himself with as little ceremony and concern as if there had not been a lady at the table. Every well-bred cheek was tinged with confusion; but Mrs. Thrale was so exasperated, that she ordered the sugar-dish immediately from the table, as if its contents had been contaminated by the fingers of Pomposo. The Doctor prudently took no notice, but peaceably swallowed, as usual, several cups of tea. When he had done, instead of placing his cup and saucer upon the table, he threw them both very calmly under the grate. The whole tea-table was thrown into confusion. Mrs. Thrale screamed out, "Why, doctor, what have you done? You have spoiled the handsomest set of china I have in the world!" "I am sorry for it, madam," answered Dr. Johnson, "but I assure you I did it out of pure good-breeding; for, from your treatment of the sugar-dish, I supposed you would never touch any thing again that I once soiled with my fingers."

The following are a brace of epigrams:

"DISPOSABLE EPITHET."

"Here lies my dear wife, a sad slattern and shrew;
If I said I regretted her, I should lie too."

"ON AN IDLER."

"Here lies one, who was born and cried,
Told three score years, and then he died:
His greatest actions that we find
V. c. c. that he washed his hands and dined."

THE COMMON WEALTHS.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Broadshoulders to a little five-foot deputy Sheriff, "that I treated you exactly as I did the other day. The fact was, I was talking and laughing with these fellows as you came up, and it was a pleasant day, and I didn't want to go to jail for that tavern debt; but I was kind o' provoked at the way you came up, and I suppose it was'n't quite right in me to take hold of you as I did; I am willing to settle it amicably with you some way, and do what's right." "Mr. Broadshoulders," replied Sheriff Lilliput, "it is'n't that I care so much for what happened the other day, but, Mr. Broadshoulders, I wish you to bear in mind, sir—yes, sir, I wish you to bear in mind hereafter, Mr. Broadshoulders, that *he that shakes me, shakes the Commonwealt.*"

VIRTUE OF YOUNG WOMEN'S KISSES!

"The notion of prolonging life by inhaling the breath of young women, was (as observes Mr. Wadd) an agreeable delusion easily credited, and one physician, who had himself written on health was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings in a boarding school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the proper atmosphere. Philip Thicknesse, who wrote the *Valetudinarian's Guide*, in 1799, seems to have taken a dose whenever he could. I am myself, (says he) turned sixty, and in general, though I have lived in various climates, and suffered severely, both in body and mind, yet having partaken of the breath of young women, whenever they lay in my way, I feel none of the infirmities which so often strike the eyes and ears in this great city (Bath) of sickness, by men, many years younger than myself.—*Wadd's Memoirs.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between high and low rank and subordination, riches, and poverty.—The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour: whoever is honourable to himself, and in judgment to others; and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth.—But high birth and distinction for the most part, insure the high sentiment which is denied to poverty and the lower professions. It is hence only, that the great claim their superiority; and hence, what has been so beautifully said of honor, the law of kings is no more than true:—

It aids and strengthens virtue where it meets her,
And intimates her actions where she is not.

A lad, on delivering his milk, a few mornings ago, was asked why the milk was so warm. "I don't know," he replied, with much simplicity, "unless they put *warm* water into it instead of *cold*."

THE BISHOP TRICKED.

When a certain Bishop, who held many livings, was one day travelling on a visitation, he met a poor curate of his diocese, and desired to know which way he was going? "To Farnham," said the curate. "Then, Sir," said the bishop, with great pomposity and haughtiness of tone, "I must desire that you will call at such an inn, and order me a good dinner." "For your grace alone?" said the curate. "Certainly, Sir." The poor parson was a man of some humour, and feeling himself a little hurt by the meanness of his commission, told the landlord of the inn that he must provide a dinner of three removes, for a dozen of the clergy, with the bishop at the head, and an handsome desert into the bargain. His grace, on his arrival, was a good deal surprised at the preparations, but on calling for the bill of fare, his astonishment was great beyond description; then ringing violently for the landlord, he exclaimed, "how in the name of wonder could you think of such a profusion for a single person." "Sir," said the landlord, "the gentleman told me there was at least a dozen clergymen—there was the Bishop of ——" "That is me!" "and the Dean of Salisbury!" "that am I," said the bishop—"the Prebend of Winchester!"—"so am I!"—"Vicar of ——" "so am I!"—"the Master of ——" College," "so am I." Here the Bishop smoking the jest, told the landlord *he knew the rest of the gentlemen*, so desired him to send up the dinner directly, but not a little chagrined at what he should have to pay.

MEASURING FOR A SUPPER.—A tall, raw-boned, broad-backed fellow, of no very prepossessing appearance, stopped awhile ago at one of the hotels in Boston, and asked for supper. Schaeffer, the famous dancing master, who, we are told, is one of the greatest wags in the country, being present, Boniface tipped him the wink to assume *pro tem.*, the duties of landlord. Schaeffer, putting on such an air of importance as became the master of the house, told the stranger he could have supper, and desired to know what he would choose. "Sausages," replied the other. "Very well, sir," replied the temporary landlord, stepping up to him. "I'll take your measure, if you please." "My measure!" ejaculated the stranger, and began to draw back. "Yes, sir," continued the wag, "we always take the measure of people before we get them a meal of victuals." "What! measure a man for a meal of victuals, the same as you would for a coat or pair of trowsers? By jings! that beats me, I tell ye." Then surveying his stout frame with a rueful expression of countenance, he concluded not to take supper, but content himself with a couple of crackers and a glass of cider. "O, very well, sir," said the lover of fun; and the man having despatched the crackers, and sent the cider after them, asked if he could have a bed. "I'll see, presently," said the counterfeit landlord, and casting his eye hucly over a slate that hung in

the bar, he resumed, "Yes, sir, we can accommodate you—we have one bed that has but eleven in it." "Eleven in it!" said the fellow, his eyes glaring with renewed astonishment. "Yes, sir," replied the merciless wag. "What! eleven in one bed, and more to be stowed in yet? By hoky! I should like to know how they sleep in Boston." "Well, you shall soon have an opportunity of trying it. Here, Thomas, light this gentleman to bed, in No. 1,340."—"Stop, stop, Mister! I say, landlord, I should like to know first how we are to lie, so many in a bed?" "O, there's no difficulty at all sir; we pile them up in layers, four lengthwise, and then four crosswise, and then the same number lengthwise again, and so on till we get the bed full." "Is that the way you fix 'em?—then, by the holy spoon!" (making towards the door,) "you don't catch me to stay in Boston this night—I know!"

I AM ENGAGED.

The following is an extract from "The Journal of the Tour of Lafayette in America," written by Mr. Levasseur, his Secretary.

The American ladies are not more remarkable for their severe conjugal fidelity, than the girls are for their constancy to their engagements. At parties I have often had young ladies pointed out to me of eighteen or nineteen, who had been engaged and of whose future husbands, one was in Europe, pursuing his studies, another in China, attending to commercial business, and a third dangerously employed in the whale fishery, in the most distant seas. Young girls thus engaged, hold the middle place in society between their still disengaged companions and the married ladies. They have already lost some of the thoughtless gaiety of the former, and assumed a slight tinge of the other. The numerous aspirants, designated here by the name of beaux which at first surrounded them, and were received until a choice was made, still bestow upon them delicate attentions, but by no means so particular as formerly, and should one of them, either from ignorance or obstinate hopes, persist in offering his heart and hand, the answer "I am engaged," given with a sweet frankness and an indulgent smile, soon destroys all his illusions, without wounding his pride. Engagements of this sort, preceding marriage, are very common, not only in New York, but throughout the United States; and it is exceedingly rare that they are not fulfilled with religious fidelity. Public opinion is very severe on this point, and does not spare either of the two parties which may dispose of themselves without the consent of the other.

EXTREMELY POLITE.

A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by the minister of the parish, who inquired, as usual, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a peculiar smile, 'he is dead, I thank you.'

From Gundison's Aphorisms Proverbs, &c.

"Whenever you see a man spending his time in lounging about the streets talking politics, you need not expect that he has any money to lend.

"Whenever you see young men spending their leisure hours at some resort of gaming or some other amusement, it is a sure sign that they will never become great men.

"Whenever you see a young lady tightly laced, it is a sure sign she wishes to impose upon herself and the public by showing what she has not got by nature, a small waist.

"When you hear men talking loudly in a grog shop or tavern, it is a sure sign that they have been smelling the barkeeper's bottle.

"When you hear a youngster engross the whole of a conversation, it is a sure sign that he has not got sense enough to listen.

When you see a lady walking the streets with a servant following, carrying her comb, it is a sign that it is too large to be worn out.

The veriest blockhead can pull down a house, but it requires a good mechanic to build one.

An intelligent old lady is always a welcome friend, none shun her company, but all are pleased with her sensible conversation.

Young Ladies who spend their leisure hours in looking at themselves in a glass and dressing, seldom become intelligent.

My young friend, be careful in your choice of a wife; do not marry a fool unless you wish to beget for yourself trouble and shame.

When you see a man spending his money for rum instead of books, be sure that he is likely to become more noisy, but not as wise as if his choice had been books.

I have travelled much, and have noticed that where a farmers house is stocked with books, his children are sure to be intelligent.

If you see Merchants clerks, when from under the eye of their employers engaged in drinking and gambling, it is a sure sign that there is a time when they would not like to have the whole world witness their actions.

If a man feels disposed to ridicule the Scripture, or quote passages for the purpose of exciting laughter I would advise him to retire into some secret place until he has sufficiently amused himself. He will thereby avoid running the risk of injuring the feelings of those who have a respect for the Scriptures.

If you ever see a person get offended at the publication of an article that was not intended for him, it is a sure sign that he has been guilty of a like crime.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

Cursory—A dog grieved.

Hurricane—Telling your walking stick to go faster.

Surely—A certain falsehood.

Salad—Asking a boy a question.

Gladden—A delighted cavern.

American—A laughing mug.

THINGS I HAVE NEVER SEEN.

I have never seen an editor that received payment from half his subscribers.

I have never seen such hard times as the present in all my life.

I have never seen a young parson but he was admired by the young ladies.

I have never seen a young parson married, and afterwards preserve his popularity among the fair sex.

I have never seen old maids *decidedly* opposed to matrimony.

I have never seen a pretty girl that did not know it.

I have never seen a lawyer refuse a fee on account of his client's poverty.

I have never seen a woman that was tongue-tied.

I have never seen a girl that would sing without being asked at least forty times.

I have never seen the necessity of ladies wearing hip splints.

I have never seen rich men prefer marrying poor girls.

I have never seen but one lady use a bed-wrench and pin to tighten her corsets.

I have never seen more candidates than at present for all vacant offices.

I have never seen a woman die with the lock-jaw.

I have never seen the necessity of young ladies (who are not bald) wearing false hair.

I have never seen a man that could explain the Apocalispe.

I have never seen the Great Sea Serpent, or Tom Thumb, or Cleves Symmes, or the man in the moon; I would have travelled to see all these things, but my guardians poked straws in my eyes.

PURBLIND.

SENTIMENTS.

Wear your learning like your watch, in a private pocket, and don't pull it out to show that you have one; but if you are asked what o'clock it is, tell it.

I have found pecuniary embarrassments an excellent remedy for a settled melancholy. When a man knows not how to support life, he has little leisure for feeding sorrow!

The tongue is like a race-horse, it runs the faster the less weight it carries.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act man is capable of—it is in some measure doing the work of his Maker.

A hypocrite is worse than an atheist: an atheist is but a ridiculous derider of piety—but a hypocrite makes a standing jest of religion.

Whenever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

Shenstone says "Poetry and consumptions are the most flattering of diseases."

Nothing can constitute good-breeding that has not good nature for its foundation.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or to supply the want of it.

'I'm Off!'—as the fly said when he hopp'd out of the mustard pot.

The story is thus—a fly in pursuit of sweets, honey, or sugar, descended upon an open pot of mustard, mistaking it probably for St. Croix. What a disappointment! The one so delicious—the other odious—suffocating. Two Indian Chiefs were at table—one of them seeing other guests take mustard with their roast beef, helped himself to a spoonful and swallowed the whole at a dose. Too stoical to complain, he preserved imperturbable serenity of muscle, involuntary tears only marking his internal agony. 'Why do you weep?' inquired the brother chief. 'Thinking of my father's death,' was the reply. Presently the other who had seen his fellow taste the mustard, helped himself and swallowed the fiery portion.—Tears streamed again. 'And why those signs of sorrow?' inquired the first.—'I was sorrowing,' replied the other, 'that you had not been buried with your father.' The fact is—that to the fly as to the Indians, the mustard was a complete take in.

A young man went to pay his addresses to a very pretty girl whom he had seen abroad, neat as a pink, and mild as a summer evening—all smiles and dimples. Going in unexpectedly one day he heard the voice of his charmer an octave above, and at least a demi-semi quaver too rapid for good nature. Standing a moment he saw her pass, these silken tresses in wild disorder,

'Streaming like a meteor to the troubled air,' slip shod—the heel of one stocking half torn off. It was not the dishabille of industry, but the garb of the slattern. Amazed, the lover gazed a moment—then crying,

'I'm off!'—as the fly said—took his departure for ever.

Such a girl, so neat in public, so sweet before company, I look upon as a piece of veneered work, a thin covering of beautiful stuff, put on for show, concealing the rough and unsightly material of which the article is mainly formed.

How many hundred instances in life is mustard taken for sugar: in politics—in trade—especially in pleasure.

But as I write to be read, and of all things should be mortified to see one gaping over my youthful lucubrations, 'I'm off!'—*Bob Brief.*

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—Ayesha, the favorite wife of Mahomet, left the following maxims to her children. We should think Ayesha, at least, must have had a soul.

"My sons, never despise any person;
Consider your superior as your father;
Your equal as your brother;
And your inferior as your son."

READING PAPERS.

An honest farmer was asked why he did not take a paper. "Because," said he, "my father when he died—heaven rest his soul—left me a good many papers; and I have not read them all through yet." *Quite excusable.*

NEW ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—Being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat, a young lady who perceived him, kindly made way for him in her pew. The text was upon the terrors of the Gospel, as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of Scripture, to all of which the lady seemed very attentive, but somewhat agitated. Burns, on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil on the blank leaf of her Bible the following lines:

"Fair maid, you need not take the hint,
Nor idle texts pursue;
'Twas only sinners that he meant—
Not angels such as you."

ANECDOTES OF CURRAN.

On one occasion, Mr. Curran was associated with a barrister, who was remarkable tall and slender, and who had originally intended to take holy orders. The Judge, who presided, observed, that the case under consideration involved a question of ecclesiastical law. "Then," said Curran, "I can refer your Lordship to a *high* authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though" (in a whisper to a friend beside him) "in my opinion, he was fitter for the steeple."

Lord Clare had a favorite dog, which usually followed his master to the Bench. During one of Curran's arguments, the Chancellor, instead of attending to the argument, turned his head and began to fondle his dog. Curran stopped suddenly in the midst of a sentence—the Judge started. "I beg pardon," said Curran, "I thought your Lordships had been in consultation; but as you have been pleased to resume your attention, allow me to impress upon your excellent *understandings*, that," &c.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL'S TRAVELS IN NORTH AMERICA.

Captain Hall sojourned in America with his eyes right, his head wrong, and his hands faithfully recording the sights presented to the one, and the blunders committed by the other. He is one of the most shallow of logicians and of the most trusty of reporters. His reasoning and his facts make a fair fight of it, and they must be very inattentive readers with whom the facts are not completely victorious. The Captain is most firmly persuaded that hereditary monarchy, personal loyalty to a sovereign, a wealthy and powerful aristocracy, a richly endowed church in alliance with the state, and judges' wigs, (the absence of which was the first circumstance that convinced him how totally the Americans wanted wisdom,) are absolutely essential to the well being, if not to the permanent existence of a community; which he has recorded quite enough, and that most curiously intermingled with disquisitions on these favorite topics, to show that the Americans are a well educated, a well governed, a rapidly improving, a moral and religious, and altogether a very comfortable people. The combination is very amusing.

COME LISTEN TO MY SONG MY LOVE.

A Serenade.

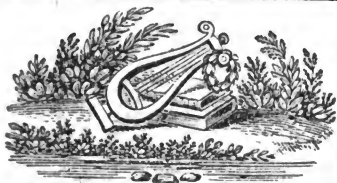
Andante.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' The melody is simple and romantic, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff continues the melody. The third staff has a double bar line. The fourth staff continues the melody. The fifth staff ends with a double bar line.

Oh! lis - ten to my song my love, 'Twill not offend thine
ear; The moon is beam - ing bright a - bove, Thou hast no cause of
fear; I'll sing of lo - - - - - vers brave and true, If
thou wilt list to me; I'll sing the charms of
La - dies fair, But none so fair as thee!

2.

I'll sing of battles, love, and fame,
Of love in distant clime;
I'll sing of eyes so blue and bright,
But none so bright as thine!
Then listen to my song my love,
For thou art dear to me,
And while there beams a light above,
I'll sing of love and thee!



These are flowers, that were cull'd by fairy hands,
In poetry's parterre; native plants that need
The fostering care of patronage alone,
To make their bloom as lasting as 'tis lovely.

GIVE ME A GAY, DASHING COQUETTE.

Let simple folks prattle and silly bards sing
Of constancy, faith and true love;
Of damsels as fair as the blossoms of spring,
And as fond and as true as the dove;
That some girls are pretty, when young, I agree,
I love them all, blonde and brunette;
But constancy! candy, faith, fiddle-de-dee,
Give me a gay, dashing coquette.

A pound of loaf-sugar I never could eat,
Nor cranberries munch by the quart,
The one is too sour, and the other too sweet,
But I'm mightily fond of a tart;
And an angel will never disquiet my rest,
(Tho' I can't say I've e'er seen one yet;)
But a spice of the devil to give her a zest,
Would make a most piquant coquette.

I said that an angel I never have seen,
Yet one pleasant night last July,
Aurelia displayed so celestial a mien,
I thought she'd just come from the sky;
And still, as we talked of soft music and love,
Her eyes and mine tenderly met,
And her sighs were so trembling that Cynthia above
Would have sworn that she was no coquette.

A porcelain heart to the fair I bestowed,
Which she placed in her bosom, love's throne;
And said, while her cheek like a morning sky glow'd
That my heart should repose near her own;
And vows were exchanged by the smooth flowing
stream,
And promises not to forget;
I swore I could ne'er of inconstancy dream,
And she said she despised a coquette!

O swiftly, too swiftly, the moments flew by,
And forced us, reluctant, to part;
And next day, Tommy Trip, with a leer in his eye,
Pulled out of his pocket my heart!
Ye Gods, but philosophy bade me cool,
And whispered 'twas folly to fret;
So I calmly called Tom an impertinent fool,
And Aurelia a charming coquette.

Now a health to the dear ones, so fickle and kind,
Who scorn to have slaves in their train;
And smile upon others, our chains to unbind,
And give us to freedom again.
I care not if short be her person, or tall,
If her eyes be gray, azure or jet,
Either statue or colour will suit me—or all,
But give me a smiling coquette. LYCIDAS.

THE NEW YEAR.

Thrice happy period! that renews our joy,
And opens the treasures of the passing year;
That pleasure gives without a base alloy,
To prove its votaries grateful and sincere;

For this we feel, and hope shall ever feel,
A love of country, and our country's cause;
And to each patriot bosom dare appeal,
Alike protected by our country's laws.

Look round—survey the nations of the earth—
What fierce contentions and continual jar!
Their jealous feuds maintain perpetual birth,
And scenes of cruelty, and seats of war!

O Europe! thy long catalogue of crime,
Vindictive vengeance hath for thee in store;
Thy fate recorded on the page of time,
Await the awful fiat—be no more."

And Britain, thou, late mistress of the world!
Who storms in thunders, or overwhelms in flood;
That o'er unnumbered lands thy flag unfurled,
Intent on conquest, over seas of blood!

Thyself in vassal chains ignobly bound—
Ambitious buskins fire thy zeal to sway
The iron sceptre of thy bauble crown.
And all the nations that thy realm obey.

Yet think not in the height or depth, to hide
Thy due chastisement now already sown;
As Sodom fell, so falls old England's pride,
Nor deem chastisement dealt to thee alone.

Lo! where the Turk in sullen mood submits,
Chastised with conquering Russia for his foe;
Overpower'd by numbers, conscience he acquits,
And waits the moment when to strike the blow!

There too, the Greek improves the advantage gain'd,
And builds presumptuous on a prostrate power—
Dreams of his greatness, and the Sultan chain'd—
Precarious greatness, doom'd to live an hour!

Such once when France, o'errun by haughty foes,
Its Empeureur tenant on a distant isle!
But rous'd from torpor, when the nation rose
To meet her conquering hero with a smile.

Wide spread his pinions for a distant flight,
New rous'd ambition to extend his power;
But soon his glory set in endless night,
And gloom'd the triumphs of the conquering hour.

When humbled Spain the first of nations stood,
And aimed to sway the empire of the world;
Lo! pride and avarice, like a torrent flood,
Her falling greatness into ruin hurl'd.

Where now Braganza's spurious heirs combine
To sink the fortunes of the Portuguese;
Once fam'd a nation of resplendent prime,
Whose commerce floated on unnumber'd seas.

These all on History's page the truth convey,
A moral lesson to avoid like fate;
That nations led from virtue's path astray,
May see their error when it is too late.

O land of freemen! shun the rock of pride,
Let not ambition bid thy justice cease;
And may our country long triumphant ride,
Where virtue guides, a pleasant land of peace! !

PHILEL.

MY NATIVE VILLAGE.

Tir'd of the Sun's effulgent beams,
I sought the sombre shade,
And down by Haddon's silver streams,
My weary limbs I laid;

The clear smooth lake before my eyes
In limpid currents play'd,
Reflecting the reeding skies,
In ever varying shade.

The trees, upon the distant shore
Below, inverted hung,
While their aerial songsters pour
Assimilated song.

Far to the right, the Sun's bright beams
Now half disclosed to view,
The little pride of Haddon's streams,
And loveliest villa too!

Down by yon clatt'ring noisy mill,
Whose steep ascent I see,
There oft my boyhood roved at will,
Scenes dear to love and me.

Ye bowers that skirt the streamlet's edge,
Be witness to my song,
Oft have ye echoed love's just pledge,
In your deep shades among.

Now list while I, with ardour fir'd,
In pensive rural lays,
Sketch wide the landscape, never tir'd
To pencil Haddon's praise!

There every blade of grass that grows,
And every shrub and tree,
Reminds me of departed joys,
Forever fled from me!

Yet still, in memory's happiest lore,
Securely lives, to trace
The brightest tints of landscape o'er,
And claim the foremost place.

There stands, amid the wreck of time,
The hallow'd walls of school,
Its recollections still be mine,
Its lessons form my rule.

Once in thy lofty state, I trow,
O Daniel! could'st thou see,
Thy smile would recompense thy woe,
And force a tear for me!

Thou didst not feign thy troubled cares,
Nor deal unfeeling law;
Thine was the duty—ours the tears,
Thou carefully didst draw.

Forgive, O sympathetic power!
These tears contrite and warm,
They fell in late, but honest hour
To him who could not harm.

Now give my my airy vision room,
And let its fancies join,
Where stood old Robert's happy home,
Enwreath'd with eglantine.

Oft have I loiter'd by his door,
To be invited in,
While round I glanc'd his orchard o'er,
In search of Ginitin.

No apples were so sweet to me,
No calabash, I ween,
As those which hung on Robert's tree,
Or this from Robert's spring.

But what avails my memory,
When fancy cannot bring
An apple from his Ginitin tree,
Or water from his spring!

Lo! yonder stood old William's cot,
I've often heard him moan;
Poor Nanny was a sorry sot,
To drive her mate from home!
But now together, side by side,
They lie in yonder tomb,
And reconciled in death, abide
Their everlasting doom.

Alas! what ravage time has made;
And death, that conquers all;
His smiting hand has never staid
To tell who next must fall!
See o'er the landscape's bright'ning glow,
How gleams the village spire,
There point, whatever winds may blow,
Ere I and hope expire!

If blessed with competence and ease,
My lot I could have cast,
Here, 'neath these humble shady trees,
I would have breath'd my last.
But fortune, Heaven's mysterious law,
Has doom'd me long to stray;
While from my native villa far,
I sigh my days away. PHILEL.

TO W. M. G.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS AMIABLE SISTER.

O weep not for her who from suffering and sorrow,
Hath fled to the clime of content and accord;
Whose spirit in Heaven new brilliance shall borrow,
For blessed are they who have died in the Lord.

I have stood on the sea-shore and murmured in pity,
As my friend the tall ship from my bosom bereft;
Though a forest he gave for a flourishing city,
And happiness gained for the sorrows he left.

Then why should we mourn o'er the dead or the dying,
Who meekly have bow'd to the chastening rod,
Who from gloom to the gardens of glory are flying,
From sorrow to bliss, in the city of God.

On earth, when our dearly lov'd friends are aspiring
To pleasures and comforts that life may bestow,
We rejoice, and as cheerfully aid in acquiring,
We are pleas'd at their pleasures, and weep for their woe.

O then weep not that she for the raptures of Heaven,
Hath fled to the climes of content and accord;
Mourn not that to her the white garment is given,
For blessed are they who have died in the Lord.

But rejoice that the sorrows of life are now ended,
That she never shall feel of affliction the rod;
That with angels her spirit to bliss hath ascended,
To dwell with the Lamb in the garden of God.

Rejoice that with angels affliction can never
Confine her again to a slumberless bed;
And that she shall dwell with the Saviour forever,
When the last peal of thunder shall waken the dead.

O thou friend of my heart, fain, fain would I sorrow,
And mingle my tears with thine own in accord;
If death could no light from eternity borrow,
But blessed are they who have died in the Lord.

Well, well do I know that the heart of a brother
Can never restrain the outpourings of love,
The regret for the loss of a sister or mother,
But still should rejoice that they are angels above.
MILFORD BARI.

TO GRIEF.

INSCRIBED TO MISS LYDIA L—S.

Nymph of the weeping eye—the flowing tear—
Companion of the sad and stricken heart,—
Thou, who to mortals art forever near,
Still lingering round some lov'd and chosen part:
Friend of the friendless! whom none own beside—
Soul-humbling One! to thee I willing bow!
For O, thy silent vanquishings of pride
Have taught my spirit's high control to know,
And every soaring thought to feel thy pow'r below!

There *was* a time—ere Hope had truant prov'd,
Or Pleasure—giddy phantom—hid her face;
When every little thing my heart had mov'd,
And all I gazed on spoke of loveliness—
There was a time, vain one, I knew thee not!
For every thought, and every feeling, lent
The charm of Beauty to the humblest lot!
And I was happy!—Heav'n had not yet sent,
Nor thee, a pang, to mar my bosom's glad content!

Yes, I was happy!—Memory dared not chide;
For Hope, and Joy, and Truth, were written on
The beauteous precincts of a brow, unhid
By care—undimmed by sadness! I was one
To whom Life seemed a gay and happy dream
Of cloudless sunshine: And the fairy forms
Imagination gifted with her gleam,
Were like the burning thoughts—the madd'ning
 charms—
The deep—wild—blaze, that Love so tinctures with
 alarms!

O, I was then *all* feeling—all desire!
Tho' Disappointment scowled across my path,
Hope shew'd her talisman—the quenchless fire,
The boundless thirst for knowledge—all that hath
Dominion in the wild, unshackled soul,
Burst forth in newer energies!—the touch
Of vandal death, could hardly dare control
The fiery mountings of my spirit—such
Was the fierce flame within me—raging, O, how
 much!

Alas! proud one, that thou shouldst love to scathe
The faithful and the feeling heart alone!
That thou shouldst visit with wrath supreme,
That bosom whose deep throbs are all thine own!
The tenderest plant is soonest doomed to fade!
The changing heart, and the inconstant eye,
Wither not soon as those by nature made
Changeless and deep!—Whose pure intensity
Trembles with every cloud that flitteth lowering by!

Heard ye the voice of music in the hall?
The lute's soft breathings—and the pomp—the state,
Of the loud-swelling organ—heard ye all?
There feasteth those whom men have styled great!
Hark!—'tis the voice of laughter; and the sound
Of jocund footsteps in the merry dance:
Think ye that they shall ever thus be found?
Brief is the hour of gladness! and the glance
Of pleasure, doth, O Grief! but hasten thine advance!

Mark'd ye the lowly mansion? Is there nought
To mar its harmony and peace? Hath Wo
Forbore to visit them? Hath careful thought
Not grav'd its image on the humble brow?
Wealth cannot bribe thee! Hunger cannot starve
Thee from the door of Penury!—The high,
The mighty, and the humble, all must serve
Th' appointed end, and then they *all* must die!
What boots it if on down—or in some hovel nigh?

Vain thought! to think that man can hide from thee!
Thou who art ever present, tho' unseen;
The brightest link in life's short chain may be
The *weakest* too!—Alas, who hath not seen—
Whose eye hath not yet told him that the wave
Of fortune, tho' it break upon his head,
Receding, for its fellow digs a grave
Deep, wide, and ample!—Aye, Fate's brittle thread
Full well may glisten while 'tis thus so consumed!

DEDICATION.

Poets have said—(what will not Poets say?)
That the bright stars which spangle yonder heav'n,
So bright!—so beautifully bright!—that they
Have listen'd to the voice of music riven
From earthly choirs:—shall I, tho' God has given
Not unto me the master's spell-wrought line,
But the rude pen of nature—shall even
I dare to hope, sweet Miss, thou'lt own as thine
This offspring of a heart so weak—so frail, as mine?
SENEC.

“The Kingdom of Heaven is within you.”

Oh! where is Heaven? the sinner cries,
And where the passage to the skies,
Nor rugged nor uneven!
How distant seems the portal gate,
Built high upon the future state.
That opes the way to heaven!

Here, on this earth, in endless sin,
We sinners cannot hope to win
A state of high behest;
But when death comes with awful stride,
We lay our latent sins aside,
And wing our way to rest.

Thou fool! and think'st thou heaven to win,
Pleas'd and torment'd with thy sin,
To rank with saints in light!
Know, that through trials, long and deep,
Thy soul must painful vigils keep,
O'er all the realm of night.

Seek then thy passions well to curb,
And let no evil thoughts disturb,
Nor aught induce to sin;
Then patiently possess thy soul,
And heaven at hand will soon control
Her kingdom found within.

THE LILY.

O mark the flow'r that decks yon lonely spot!
Washing her sweetest fragrance o'er the wild,
Remote from human eye
Her beauteous form she rears.

It is the spotless lily of the vale—
The murmuring stream that smoothly gurgles
 by
A liquid freshness breathes
Upon her snow-white breast.

Fann'd by the gentle pinions of the gale,
And nourish'd by the soft'ning dews of Heav'n,
She flourishes awhile
In peerless loveliness.

But ah! sweet flow'r! how transient is thy reign!
Soon, soon, the spoiler comes—the desert blast
Soon withers up thy leaves,
And lays thy honors low. CARLOS.

STANZAS ON PARTING.

Adieu to thee, whose winning charms
Have robb'd this bosom's rest;
Adieu! and trust to other arms
That form which mine hath press'd.
Go seek the honied voice of those
Whom Fortune makes more dear;
But know, this heart tho' griev'd, still flows
With fondness as sincere!

I met thee in life's summer hour,
And strove to make thee blest;
I leave thee now, a tender flower,
By other hands caress'd.
I found thee soft and kind at first,
In feeling's purest glow—
I leave thee, tho' my bosom burst,
And transport yields to woe.

Go! and unite in other bonds
That heart untrue to me;
But while a chord of life responds
Mine beats unchang'd to thee!
Take, take the emblems that you gave,
When vows appear'd too true;
Oh! bear them to your quiet grave,
Till love has triumph'd through!

Go! weave around some other heart
Affection's aching ties;
And then, should Fortune lower, depart,
Like birds to summer skies.
Leave not a cheek unwet with tears,
A breast unmov'd with pains;
But bear thy conquests with thy years,
Till not a charm remains!

Thy love, tho' brief as summer flowers,
Is yet as angels' pure—
It lives in pleasure's raptur'd hours,
But dies when storms come o'er.
Yet I the sad reverse can bear,
Since thou hast prov'd unkind;
And in unbreathing silence wear
The grief-worn thoughts of mind.

Adieu! but bear within thy breast
The memory of the past;
Nor scorn the thought so often press'd,
"My love is mine at last!"
Adieu! and round thy fond one's name;
Kind memory's spell be thrown,
And think of him whose changeless flame
In brightness shines alone!

WALDEGRAVE.

HOME.

Farewell, farewell, when far away
O'er Ocean's wave I roam,
My heart shall never from thee stray,
My humble, happy home.

When erst in childhood's merry hour,
With lightsome heart and free,
I've sung within the hawthorn bow'r,
Or tripp'd it on the lea.

How oft beneath pale Cynthia's beam,
I've wandered near the shore
Of Schuylkill's bright and purling stream,
In careless days of yore.

Farewell, my Home, to all I love,
That shone with holy light,
Though far away my barge shall rove,
No distance e'er can blight.

E.

TO ELIZA.

To fair Eliza's verdant seat,
Each early rose, and opening sweet,
Fair maids and rural swains shall bring,
And in a jovial choir shall sing.

No withered flowers shall then be seen,
No poisonous reptiles haunt the green;
Nor wicked spirit lead their crew,
But there shall be celestial dew.

The nightingale, at evening hours,
In glittering leaves and fragrant flowers,
Shall, to thy lute, melodious sing,
An anthem to returning Spring.

When tempest dire shall shake thy bower,
And murky clouds on earth shall lower;
I'll haste me to thy sylvan cell,
For every thought on thee shall dwell.

NASHVILLE BARD.

THE PUZZLER.

ENIGMAS.

I am a word of eight letters. My 1st and 8th is an article; my 1st, 8th and 5th is a small insect; my 8th, 7th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th is a whim; my 5th and 6th is a pronoun; my 1st, 3d and 2d is the name of a fairy queen; my 7th, 9th, 6th, 7th and 8th is a strong vegetable; my 5th, 7th, 2d, 5th and 4th is the name of a small bird; my 2d, 1st and 8th form a part of the human family; my 5th, 7th and 8th is the height of fashion; my whole is what often makes a great man.

I am a word of seven letters. My 1st, 2d, 6th and 1st is lifeless; my 1st, 2d, 6th and 5th is costly; my 5th, 6th, 5th and 2d is uncommon; my 7th, 6th, 5th and 2d is a small animal; my 3d, 4th, 6th and 5th is an article used in building; my whole is the name of a prophesess of old.

D. S.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of five letters, and a principal support of life; my 5th, 3d, 4th, and 5th, signifies a thing which does not exist; my 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, is to gain knowledge; my 1st, 3d, 4th, and 5th, is an ornament for the ladies; my 2d, 3d, and 5th, is a bright color; my 5th, 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th, signifies fear; my 1st, 2d, 4th, and 5th, is a small iron article necessary in building.—
My whole is very palatable.

N.

ENIGMA.

I am not seen, though often heard
With trembling and with fear;
Sometimes I'm gentle as the bird
That blithely skims thro' air.

At other times I'm fierce and wild,
And mischief's in my way;
Again, I would not hurt a child,
But help it in its play.

My aid to merchants oft has been
The means of greatest gain;
And yet, as oft as may be seen,
Loss follows in my train.

Now, ladies fair, my name explore
Or you shall hear from me no more.



THE TIGER AND HIS CUBS.

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THE GASKET

FLOWERS OF

LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

The life of fame is action, understood
That action must be virtuous, great and good,
Virtue itself by fame is oft protected,
And dies despised, where the fame's neglected.—JONSON.

No. 2.]

PHILADELPHIA.—FEBRUARY.

[1830.

THE GLOUCESTER FOX HUNTING CLUB.

Before we enter upon our proposed historic sketch of this very respectable association, we shall, for the information of such of our readers as perhaps have not had an opportunity of acquiring any accurate knowledge of the Fox, give the following brief outline of his natural history:—

The fox is ranked by physiologists with the canine species—but, unlike the dog, under whose character he is thus classed, he is not described as the *friend*, but the *enemy* of man—hence, we are bound to enquire into his history, to understand his habits, his manners, and his instincts—to learn to circumvent his manoeuvres, to detect his wiles, and, in short, to destroy his life, in order to diminish and keep under a troublesome enemy.

The fox in all his varieties of colour and size, and as the inhabitant of different regions, maintains the same characteristic features. He has a broad head, a sharp snout, a flat forehead, eyes obliquely seated, ears sharp and erect, a body well covered with hair, and a straight, bushy, and somewhat pointed tail. Its predominant colour is yellowish red, or yellowish brown, a little mixed with white or ash colour, on the forehead, hind part of the back, and outside of the hind legs. The breast and belly are cinereous gray—the tips of the ears and feet are black. The head is larger in proportion to the body than that of a dog; the ears are shorter, the tail much larger, the hair longer, and the eyes more oblique. The intestines, particularly the cæcum, are more capacious. The cutting teeth of the upper jaw have no lines or furrows like those of the dog or wolf. Another distinctive property is its smell, which is very strong and offensive. It utters a yelping kind of bark, consisting of a succession of singular sounds, concluding with an elevation of voice. In disposition, it differs greatly from the dog; it is tamed with difficulty; is never completely reclaimed; and is always more or less a stranger to the exercise of generosity and kindness. It

is, however, a well established fact, that the two species will breed together. The female of this species produces but once a year, and has from 3 to 6 young at a time; they are brought forth blind, and continue growing for about 18 months. In its first year, the fox is called a *cub*; in the second, a *fox*; and afterwards, an *old fox*. Should the dam be molested, and her retreat discovered, she carries off her cubs one by one to a more secure habitation.

The fox sleeps much during the day, lying generally in a round form like the dog. He may be considered a nocturnal animal; his eye contracts in a strong light like the eyes of a cat. In clear warm weather he basks in the sun, or plays with his bushy tail. The fox lives upon an average 13 or 14 years. This animal, it is scarcely necessary to mention, is much celebrated for cunning. He chooses his habitation under hard ground, amid thick underwood, or about the roots of trees, where he contrives proper outlets in case of surprise or danger. His lodge is seldom far from the habitation of man, upon whose labour and property he makes great depredations. He is a nightly frequenter of the barn yard and hen roost; he listens to the crowing of the cocks, and the cackling of the poultry; scents them at a distance; selects his time with judgment, concealing his route as well as his purposes; he creeps forward with caution, sometimes trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. He leaps over walls or creeps under fences; ravages the barn yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he conceals under leaves, and conveys at leisure to his kennel. He is not only a robber of the farm yard, but the determined destroyer of small wild game; he digs out rabbits from their warren, detects the nests of quails or partridges, and destroys great quantities of them. He has a strong predilection for grapes, and has been, time out of mind, characterized as the destroyer of the vine yard. Solomon vouches for this character in the foxes of his time, and we

believe they have not degenerated. He is always cautious and suspicious of danger; he is not easily caught by the best laid stratagems; he seems to smell the very iron of the trap, and avoids it.

From this character of the fox, it is not extraordinary that the prudent, careful farmer should consider him as the common enemy, and leave no means untried to diminish the number. Hence, fox hunting is considered as privileged, rare sport, befitting the gentlemen, and claiming the honor of general participation in the pleasures of the chase. At the present day foxes are not very numerous, particularly in the populous and improved parts of the country. They have no confidence in the friendship of man, whose *pleasure* their *pains* only can heighten, and this they have been taught to feel by woful experience.

In the middle of the last century the increase of foxes threatened to prostrate the labours of the enterprising settlers, upon whose possessions they committed the greatest depredations with impunity. This was the situation of the country at the time the first fox hunting club was formed, from a laudable design to extirminate these pestilent animals, and to unite, as a beneficial expedient, common duty with the certainty of amusement.

We are indebted to an interesting manuscript copy of the "Fox Hunting Club," (prepared by a gentleman of this city, for the Turf Register, and which he proposes to publish shortly in conjunction with the famous "*Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill*," now nearly an hundred years old,) from which we have been politely permitted to make extracts, in order to exhibit to our readers the general character and merits of an institution which survived more than half a century.

In the year 1766, a number of gentlemen, residents of Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, conceived the idea of uniting the pleasures of the chase to more permanent advantages. They were mostly men of leisure and wealth, distinguished also for their love of sport and convivial hilarity. They met and organized a Club, at the Ferry Inn, Gloucester, N. J., then kept by Wm. Hugg. They adopted rules for their future government, elected proper officers, and prescribed directions for the chase. At their private expense, and by equitable contributions, a kennel was built on the banks of the Delaware, at Gloucester, and a pack of the best fox hounds provided. This was before the war of the Revolution. As this memorable epoch approached, the Club began to decline, the members were necessarily dispersed, and most of them actively engaged in the contest for liberty, with the heroic spirit of fox hunters.

After the peace of 1783, the Club was again rallied by its worthy member, Samuel Morris, Esquire. The surviving members gladly renewed their intercourse, and many new members were added. The gentlemanly character and important Revolutionary services of Capt. Mor-

ris, joined to his characteristic love of the chase, and excellent horsemanship, procured him the honorable distinction of President of the Club, which he held for near 50 years.

The re-organization of the Club, by uniting the efforts of many distinguished individuals, formed a new era in its history. The Club continued its regular meetings under the conduct of its worthy President until his death, in 1812.—It consisted at this time of about 40 members, all of whom could enjoy good hunting dinners, and quaff the nectar of the flowing bowl, in which a "brush" (fox's tail,) the usual ceremony of the sportsman's banquet, had been ceremoniously immersed! There are many members whose names grace the Secretary's minutes, some of them old huntsmen, amongst whom General Davenport, John Lawrence, Colonel Hester, James B. Cooper, Colonel Howell, of New Jersey, and a respectable list of Philadelphians, appear in pretty regular attendance.

In the latter days of the worthy President, he became too feeble to participate in the fatigues of the chase, but every indulgence was tendered him, which his years and infirmities required.—He frequently rode with the Company in his chaise, escorted on horseback by his more active, assiduous attendants, and was never better pleased than when he discovered by the music of the hounds that reynard was unkenelled.

He usually met them at the appointed time and place, and presided o'er the banquet with all the fire of youthful ardor. "The glory of the Club," says the original manuscript, "was about the commencement of the present century." Then the hills resounded to the echoing of the horn, as the huntsmen bounded swiftly o'er the plain, while the music of the dogs responded to its notes, and gave earnest of a successful termination to the festivities of the day.

The hunting ground was generally selected where the best roads intersected each other, to afford the Company a fair opportunity of following with the least possible inconvenience. The *hunts* mostly took place at Cooper's Creek, about 4 miles from the Delaware; at the Horse-heads, about 7 miles; at Chew's Landing, 9 miles; at Blackwoodtown, 12 miles; and at Heston's Glass Works, at 20 miles distant.

The officiating Huntsman of the Club was an old venerable grey-headed negro, by the name of *Natt*, a short, chunky black, with a keen restless eye, that like the perspicacious eagle, was "sagacious of his quarry from afar!" Naturally bandy-legged, Natt was necessitated to make his peregrination on the back of a horse, to whose body he clung by a sort of instinct, (that beshrews the use of stirrups,) riding most gracefully, and springing at a bound, o'er hedge and ditch, following the foremost of his hounds with the impetuosity of a member of the pack. He was usually dressed in a round grey jacket, with a huge pair of boots, in which his legs were immersed nearly up to the middle. His head was graced by a jockey cap, over which a strip of bear skin was extended, while a fine fox's tail

served for a badge of distinction, and as an apology for a feather. Natt was a first rate rider, and looked profoundly great on horse-back, but when dismounted, he resembled nothing but himself, and ludicrously waddled along somewhat like a goose, dragging his superannuated legs in a semicircle! He was brought from New York, and engaged as Huntsman to the Club in the year 1793, furnished with a comfortable house, and £50 per annum. Natt soon, however, felt the infirmities of age, and the Club employed Jack Still, a young black, as his assistant, with a salary of £3 per month. About 20 couple of hounds, of a most excellent breed, fleet footed, with fine noses, the property of the Club, were placed under their direction. The names of some of the dogs were Boler, Bellman, Diamond, Daisy, Dash, Dromus, Flora, Hajake, Lucy, Music, Dancer, Mad-cap, Ringwood, Rockwood, Trueman, Trumpeter, Thetis, &c. We have given the names of the most distinguished, and according to the order of their respective merit. This much, at least, is due to their memory.

The minutes of the Club are not very descriptive. There is, in fact, a sterility in the pages of their records, for which, however, we may readily account, by supposing the duties of the Secretary led to a very different mode of expressing the quaintness of his ideas. They did not meet to make laws, or fine speeches, but to enjoy a good social dinner, and its usual accompaniments, the "*gouverneur bowl*," a delicious beverage, in which the tail of wily reynard is humorously stirred by the President, one of the members accompanying the ceremony by a song, in which, by way of chorus, he is occasionally joined by the rest. Thus:—

Hark, the Huntsman winds his horn;
See the glow of blushing morn!
Now music sounds,
From horn and hounds,
While our hearts with ardor warm:
Tally ho!

Anon with speed our coursers spring,
And o'er the upland shadows fling;
While thro' the glen,
And back agen,
Our cheerful pack their music sing:
Tally ho!

Lo! Reynard slyly winds his way,
Nor parleys now his course to stay;
And Thetis wails,
O'er geled gales,
In promise of rare sport to day;
Tally ho!

Now o'er the open plain they go,
And Boler gains upon his foe;
So brave a hound,
Will soon be crown'd
With Reynard's coat of arms you know:
Tally ho!

Quick, sound the soul enlivening horn,
And lull the echo's of the morn;
The festive board,
Its joys afford,
And harmony our sports adorn:
Tally ho!

No more will Reynard scent the gale,
Or tread the soft embow'ring vale;
We claim the "brush,"
Our bowl to flush,
And mix the banquet with his tail:
Tally ho!

The records of the Club detail a few instances of the great length of the course, oftentimes continued through an entire day. In the year 1798, a red fox extended the chase from Cooper's creek to Salem, near 40 miles in a direct line.

On another occasion, a fine old red fox was unkenelled near Blackwoodtown, about the close of the day; he was pursued till midnight, and taken 20 miles from the start. The whipper-in, and two dogs, were all that remained in the pursuit, and had the honour of being present in reynard's last moments.

We have given this general outline of the "Fox Hunters' Club," in memory of by-gone days—alas! the days have gone by, and they, too, have followed. The majority of the members repose beneath the sod, never more to be unkenelled. Even Natt, who blew full many a blast to call the Hunters to the sport, and who made the welkin ring with the death war-rant detonations of the murderous crew—even Natt is now no more. Yet busy, meddling memory, recalls to the imagination in the liveliest colours, the fondest recollection of my youthful days, when the piercing echo of the horn resounded from my native hills, and thrilled in every nerve—when, emulous of the pleasures of the chase, I followed o'er the fields with buoyant spirits, to catch the last glimpse of the retiring Huntsman, and to listen to the soft echoes of the hounds and horn.

The Club continued to flourish till the year 1818, the period of the decease of Charles Ross, Esquire, one of its most convivial members—most of its oldest members were now dead, and the few who remained, were indifferent to the merits of a Club, where none of the original motives for its formation formed any longer an excuse for its further continuance.

LANG SYNE.

INFLUENCE OF LIGHT ON COLOUR.—It frequently happens in America, that clouds and rain obscure the atmosphere for several days together, and that during this time, buds of entire forests expand themselves into leaves. These leaves assume a pallid hue till the sun appears, when, within the short period of six hours of clear sky and bright sunshine, their colour is changed to a beautiful green. A writer in Silliman's *Journal* mentions a forest on which the sun had not shone during twenty days. The leaves, during this period, had expanded to their full size, but were almost white. One forenoon the sun began to shine in full brightness. "The colour of the forest absolutely changed so fast that we could perceive its progress. By the middle of the afternoon the whole of these extensive forests, many miles in length, presented their usual summer dress." (*Silliman's Jour.* xiii. p. 124.)

Mr. ATKINSON, The Tales of Ann Dillon and Caroline Marlow, are, the first in particular, founded on facts. I have had some scruples in giving the former to the public; but on more reflection, I thought the conduct of the Indian hunter far too noble to be forgotten. I can assure the reader that the original of Ann Dillon and Ellen Marlow did live, and in regard to their sufferings on the Mississippi, I regret that my pen is too feeble to depict the reality. For the honor of human nature, I would rejoice to say that the character of Marlow, and his acts were fictions, but Ann Dillon is made to say no more in her story than I often heard her repeat. The reader will go with me when we redeem the odium on MAN, by turning from Marlow, to La Cerf—and the agency of the latter, I have, in solemn truth, related as it was related to me, unvaryingly many a time.

Again, Manuel Gayoso de Lemos, the Spanish governor at Natchez, did receive and protect Mrs. ——— and her children, and reward the Indian hunter as far as that son of the forest would accept reward. Even where the acts and words of Gayoso are fictions, they ascribe nothing to him, but what in the given circumstances he would have said and done.

This generous Spaniard died from an attack of yellow fever in New Orleans, in 1799, when in the performance of his duty as Captain General of Louisiana, and it is no presumption to say, he went to the fruition of his own reward.

The story of Caroline Marlow, after her arrival at Natchez, is in part fictitious, except what relates to the return to Pennsylvania of Mrs. ———, and her restoration to her relations.

It must add to the interest of the tales, when the reader is told that what is stated respecting the reception and future conduct of Malcolm Kerr, to his sister, contains nothing of fiction but the names.

ANN DILLON.

A TALE.

Written for the Casket.

Not many months after I had fixed my residence on the banks of the Muskingum, in company with my friend William Swansey, we were walking in a most inviting spring evening along the margin of that beautiful stream, and inhaling the softened air from the bosom of the water.—Our promenade led us up a high and ragged cliff, whose frowning rocks hung over the narrowed and rippling river beneath. As we attained the highest point of the eminence, about a mile above the Overton farm, the beauty of our scenery arrested our steps. We had neither of us ever been before so high on our little river, and were pleased with the novelty of the landscape. Amid the multiplied objects which claimed our attention, we, for a few moments, overlooked an humble cottage directly opposite. But once seen, this mansion apparently retiring amongst the forest trees, and in part shaded by shrubbery, evinced so much of rude elegance of design that both our eyes were fixed upon the quiet picture it presented.

‘I would be glad to know who are the residents of that little farm,’ said Mr. Swansey.

‘We can inform you,’ replied two voices at once. Looking involuntarily behind us, we found the voices were those of William Swansey and his sister Jane, who had also enjoyed an evening stroll up the river, and had now overtaken their father and myself.

‘The owner of that cottage,’ continued young Swansey, is a Mrs. Ann Dillon, a woman not more remarkable for her fine and cultivated understanding, and her dignity, yet mildness of manners, than for the novel vicissitudes of her life. Mrs. Dillon, though retired with her daughter, is not a recluse, though, with her acquaintance, a not frequent visitor. Herself and child were fixed in this vicinity about the same time with ourselves. We are acquainted, and see each other occasionally, but cannot be considered as very intimate.’

We continued lingering to examine the modest retreat until the advance of evening admonished us that we had two miles to retrace; we resumed our walk, as young Swansey was relating some incidents in the latter life of the widow.

Months and years rolled on; Mr. Swansey, Captain Walters, and myself, all became acquainted, and most deeply interested in the story and fate of Mrs. Dillon. When I thought myself sufficiently intimate, I ventured to suggest that the incidents of her life deserved publication; but a shade of deep melancholy, and a decisive expression of ‘*not while I live,*’ followed the first, and every future and similar hint, until in delicacy I dropped the subject.

This woman seldom smiled, and yet there never, perhaps, existed a face more expressive of calm composure of heart, nor one whose beams of joy were more bright when the prosperity and happiness of her friends were secured.

Miss Dillon became a wife about the same period in which were united young Overton and Jane Swansey. The son-in-law, a poor but truly deserving young man, became a resident at the cottage, and most richly worthy he was to be the son of Ann Dillon. Industrious, kind-hearted, sober, and to his wife’s mother most filial; Thomas Harefield soon secured the esteem of us all, and smoothed the evening path of the grandmother and tender nurse of his little ones. Her son James Dillon, became a master pilot on the river.

If the morning and noon of her days were stormy, the evening was calm and sweet repose. That repose was secured by that brother so tenderly mentioned in the tales of her own life and that of Caroline Marlow. Mr. Malcolm Kerr resided on his farm, a few miles westward of his sister’s retreat. There we often met him, a staid, rather distant and reserved, but most affectionate man. We often met him at Dillon Cottage, and often heard him express his thanks to heaven that he could wipe the tear from eyes he long considered closed for ever.

Their parents were at rest long previous to my acquaintance.

How often have myself and the generous Walters strolled to the White Cottage, and read or talked the hours away. Those walks, those readings, and those hours of kindly converse are closed now to Mrs. Dillon.

When the Casket, containing the story of the Swansey family, came to our hands, I read it to my now aged friend, as I again did the adventures of Captain Walters. On a delightful evening of last August, sitting at the cottage door, the wanderings of Walters was read. As the story closed, Mrs. Dillon rose, and after being absent in the cottage a few moments, returned, and reseatng herself in her arm chair, addressed me thus:

'Mr. Bancroft, the papers I hold in my hand,' at the same moment unfolding from a wrapper of green silk, a roll of manuscript, 'contain what you have so often kindly wished given to the world, and which I have so often declared should never be published while I lived. The seal will soon be broken,' continued she, firmly, as her friends and children, with one impulse, started from their seats, and crowded anxiously around her. 'Be seated, and be composed, my truly beloved friends!'—and we were seated, and almost breathless, composed we were not, as Mrs. Dillon resumed,

'Is there ought to shock you in beholding this body, stricken by the hand of 78 years, and in the flower of life by many sorrows, being now called to rest, and a spirit once broken by suffering restored to the bosom of its Almighty Author? I hope not. Take these sheets, Mr. Bancroft, and look them over in your own room; I need not enjoin you to reserve them until I am no more. Then, if you find ought in them worthy of the public eye, dispose of them as you may deem proper.'

I received the papers amid a suffusion of tears from every eye around the aged matron. Her eye was tearless, but her heart leaned strongly towards her earthly friends, whilst her soul had mentally departed. That departure was not long delayed; and, on November 17th, the remains of the once lovely, and beloved Ann Dillon, was placed on the couch of everlasting peace. On the second day before her death, I received a summons to the cottage, where, when I entered, I found Mrs. Dillon pillowed on her bed, and her hand grasped by that of a most venerable man, who sat by her, and to whom she faintly pointed, saying, 'this is my brother, indeed.' It was her only brother, of whom I have spoken, and who had reached her cottage to receive her last breath, and to accompany her to the earth. Mr. Kerr survived his sister but two hours: they repose together.

The sheets confided to my care shall be mine as long as life remains; but I have made a fair and literal copy for the Casket, and also of the story of Caroline Marlow, so deeply interwoven with that of Ann Dillon.

LIFE OF ANN DILLON, BY HERSELF.

My parents, James and Mary Kerr, were united in their native country, the county of Down, Ireland, and my brother Malcolm, and a sister were born there; but I met the light on Swatara

Creek, then Lancaster county, Pennsylvania.—In the enjoyment of wealth rather above competence, our education was superior to that of farmers' children generally, at the early period between 1760, and 1775. I was one of the few young females then sent from the interior of Pennsylvania to Bethlehem; and I was sent there, because no other seminary could be found that my parents regarded equally eligible. My whole family were Calvinists, and rigid Presbyterians, and in that faith was I bred and have lived; but my education at Bethlehem, though conducted with no direct view to religious opinion, tended to soften in my mind the harsh features of every creed; but contributed, perhaps, from that very circumstance, to give a most painful direction to my whole life.

After my education at Bethlehem was completed, I solicited, by letter, permission from my parents to spend a few months in Philadelphia with my cousin, Ellen Milligan, who had been educated, and was leaving Bethlehem at the same time with myself. My beloved brother was then in Philadelphia, attending to his studies, and my time passed joyously indeed. One evening, at a lively party, I met with a young man, Bernard Dillon, who, to my heart and eye, had all the best, and most attractive qualities of his countrymen. Only a few days arrived from Ireland, young Dillon, with openness of heart, seemed to have come to his native land rather than to the country of strangers. His companion, with much less of polished manners or of pleasing exterior, had a something to me repulsive.—Not so appeared Hector Marlow in the eyes of my poor cousin Ellen, and an evening of hilarity entailed years of grief and wretchedness on me, and an early grave, in a desert, to the sweetly unoffending Ellen Milligan.

The deceitful dawn of attachment quickly opens into oppressive day; our young hearts were soon beyond our own control. Our new acquaintance were our constant companions. My brother mildly and tenderly remonstrated, perhaps his admonitions had too much of the brother and too little of the parent. They were not rejected, but slighted, and myself and cousin sung the airs of mirth and gladness on the very brink of ruin.

There was nothing of indelicate allusion or a dishonourable hint ever fell from either lover.—Dillon never harbored such thoughts, and Marlow was too deeply selfish, in his plans, to endanger success by attempting ought that could put his victim on her guard.

Reflections on my true situation were roused at length, however, by a letter from my father, informing me that the ensuing week he would be in Philadelphia to convey me home to Paxton.—This letter, which ought to have given the highest pleasure, struck a damp to my very soul, and opened a fearful view of the gulf before me.—Holding the open sheet in my hand, and scarce daring to think of my own imprudence, I was interrupted by the playful entrance of Dillon. The cause of my depression of spirits, too strong to be a moment concealed, was no sooner com-

municated to, than it was fully shared by my too beloved Dillon. Alas! his melancholy was even more persuasive than his gaiety.

'You leave me then, Anna, and why? because I have been taught to worship God in another form.'

'No! no! far otherwise,' I sobbed, 'but I dread my parents will not, cannot consent.'

'They will, they must relent,' if said Dillon, 'we put it beyond their power to prevent.'—His energy of expression, his sincerity of heart, which I could not doubt, and my own feelings were triumphant, and that evening, unknown to my brother, Ellen and myself placed our fates beyond the guardian cares of parents or common friends—we became the wives of Dillon and Marlow.

Keeping my marriage a secret from my brother, perhaps saved him and myself from utter ruin. The next morning, and before I had time to see Alexander, my father arrived, and together came to seek me at my lodging. Without any warning, I heard my father's voice in the passage, and as he entered the room, in an attempt to clasp him in my arms, I fell in a flood of tears at his feet. Father and brother were equally distressed and astonished, but the truth soon appeared. My father rejected Dillon as he advanced, and turned in unutterable anger to his son, and exclaimed, 'Malcolm, did you know this?'

'I did not, as I have an immortal soul,' most imploringly replied my brother. 'No, my father,' I desperately added, 'my brother is innocent.' My father a moment surveyed the terrified group before him with a stern visage, but his features relaxed as he sunk into a chair folding me to his bosom.

'It is my own fault,' sobbed the parent, 'God forgive us all for our follies.' The severity of his countenance was restored, but it was still too visible that his heart was severely wounded.—With his accustomed order and promptness, our affairs in Philadelphia were arranged in the course of a few days, and my father and his children were on their way to a home of tears. My husband had some property, which, with his natural openness of heart, he had placed in the hands of a merchant of Philadelphia, from whom he could never obtain restitution, except of a very small part.

The fate of my cousin Ellen was still more severe; though imprudently united to a stranger to my family, my husband was a gentleman in the true meaning of the word; he was more, he was all that a husband, under adverse circumstances, could be; but Marlow finding his hopes of fortune not entirely gratified, threw off the mask, and became the tyrant of one of the most gentle, patient, and faithful of women. Without support from parent, or brother, or sister, for Ellen was a lone orphan, and her little property in the hands of a profligate, who acted as a robber, with the authority of a husband.—Gaming and its attendant, intoxication, were rapidly followed by ruin, and Ellen, a few weeks after, becoming a mother, was driven from her

paternal home, with her babe on her bosom.—My father's house was the only refuge; and long after the sun had set, on a cold and stormy winter's day, a rap at our door was followed by the entrance of Marlow and my ever beloved Ellen. We flew round her, and my mother unfolded the little sleeping and happy unconscious Henry. Nature could sustain itself no longer, Ellen, broken by abuse and fatigue, she had walked from Philadelphia, sunk in my arms, and was for many days lingering on the brink of the grave. Care, tenderness, and the innate feelings of the mother, brought her through the struggle, but to what was she restored? To the prospect of poverty, and misery, and violence, from the very hands which ought to have shielded her, as far as human power could do so, from every pain.

In our now discordant society there was one sweet being I have not hitherto named. Before our marriage, Mr. Dillon had taken me to see a most lovely niece, whom he had brought with him from Ireland, and who was then attending school. There was a mystery in the conduct of her uncle towards this child, and all I ever heard from his mouth respecting her was, that Caroline Morton was the only child of a dearly beloved sister, and that through life she should be as his own child. This promise was fulfilled. Caroline had become one of our society, and soon endeared herself so much to my father, mother, sister and brother, as to have induced a stranger to suppose her a younger and cherished member of our family.

Thus stood our domestic affairs, when my father concluded to put into execution a plan long formed, a plan I fear, at last, precipitated in part from the derangement produced by my marriage. His property being disposed of, and preparations made, my father became the patriarch of a large party, who removed to the west, and seated themselves in Washington county, Pennsylvania.

Good will, if not affection, had hitherto marked the conduct of my parents and brother towards my husband, which was, on his part, fully returned, but Marlow came amongst us a demon of discord. It is sometimes excused from the amiability of its source, but the blind partiality of national preference very often ranges the honorable and just on the side of the unworthy; and such was now the case. My father had been more than liberal to my husband, but to our family two babes were added, and my parents and brother could ill-look, seeing my substance wasted on idleness, insolence, and improvidence, in the person of Marlow. Affection and pity for Ellen and her little Henry restrained my relations; but what little of happiness remained to me was now gone. Distress, murmur and anguish, were followed by utter despair. Of the conduct of my own husband, I had no complaint to make, except in regard to his obstinate confidence in Marlow, and the imploring face of Ellen plead for the wretch even in my own heart.

We were, one evening, sitting melancholy in our room, when Dillon, affectionately seizing my

hand, paused a few moments, observed, 'My Anna, we cannot remain here; would you be willing to go with me to Natchez?' I turned my eyes upon his with unfeigned astonishment, and we both continued silent for several minutes, when, at length, I replied, 'My husband, if our nappiness could be secured by my going with you to the ends of the earth, I am ready; but, can I leave my parents? are you willing to risk these three innocents to the fearful dangers of such a voyage?' I then mustered strength to step to the pallet, where our own little ones and Catharine Marlow were sleeping, and seating myself beside the tranquil couch, burst into a flood of tears. Dillon was affected to the soul, and without either expressing another word, we shortly after retired to bed, not to rest, for I believe neither of us slept a single moment through that dreadful night.

I soon found, however, that the intention to remove to Natchez, or New Orleans, was not a passing thought, as the subject was renewed, and finally decided by Ellen. That suffering woman came into my room in the absence of both our husbands, and with more of cheerfulness and composure than I had seen her assume since her arrival at my father's house—she addressed me thus, 'Anna, do you know that Marlow is going to remove to Natchez?' I suspected as much, I replied, 'and my husband and myself and children are going also.'

'Oh!' ejaculated the confiding wife, as she kissed and clasped her son to her breast, 'we may yet be happy, your father may yet love us;' and then turning to me observed, in a most affecting tone, 'I could go into a desert, and live on the fruits of the forest, rather than bear the distress of the last two years; but, oh! we may still be happy.' Not being longer able to command her rising feelings, my cousin retired. I endeavoured to hope, for her and myself, but with every effort, a distress of futurity left a damp on my spirits.

The project of removal was at length communicated to my parents and brother, and, as may be supposed, disapproved by all. The dangers, the distance, and the separation, were set before us—but, before us, also, were other evils not less appalling, and, if possible, less within our control. It is a vain attempt to give even a faint idea of the scene of parting. My heart recoils from its recollection—and pass it over. I broke the hearts of my beloved parents, and deserved to suffer more bitterness than was in my cup. From the comforts of a farm-house, where plenty and affection reigned, and where my infants were rocked on the knees of their grandparents or their doating uncle, I was in a few hours borne along in a floating ark. At the present day, when those then desolate regions have changed by cultivation, and when the voyager sees towns and farms at every bend of the stream, it can hardly be believed that two delicately educated females, with their little children, could be induced, by any motive, to encounter such a charge; but the reader may believe, for I am tracing the record of fact.

In the summer of 1783, after passing Wheeling, a lengthened waste of wood and water lay before us, but the wilds around us were not inhabited by our worst enemy, we had that enemy, that Demon with us, and dearly did he inflict upon us the punishment due to our imprudence. From the outset, I suspected that Marlow had laid himself under a momentary restraint; his conduct about the time of removal, and for a few days in the early part of our voyage, was regular and not unkind to his wife, but the sickness of my husband unchained the monster. Mr. Dillon was a much more athletic, and when necessary, a far more determined man than Marlow, but a rapid and wasting fever soon reduced to utter weakness our only protector, and left us exposed to a brutality which baffles every description. The inebriety of Marlow was a madness without sleep, and a fury which seemed directed to every living object within its reach. The unrelenting storm, however, beat most violently on the wretched Ellen.

Thus were a man stretched on the bed of death, two defenceless women, and four still more defenceless children, carried every day farther into those silent regions, where civilized man had scarce dared to enter unarmed; separated from all human assistance, and left to bear the fangs of a tiger in human form. How we were enabled to advance and escape destruction, must be known alone to him whose hand and eye was on us when all visible help was gone. The waters were unusually high, and we were well supplied with provision; we must have passed the Rapids of Ohio in the night, as we never perceived the dangerous rocks, since so much dreaded.

Our entrance into the turbid Mississippi was hailed as a surety that a large portion of the expected time to reach Natchez, was passed, and glad would Ellen and myself have then reached a village of savages, but even the Indians seemed to have vanished. The third or fourth evening after our entrance into the Mississippi, in an attempt to bring the boat to shore, her bottom slipped on a sunken log, and swinging round, remained motionless. The horror of being left aground as the river was falling, struck to the heart of even Caroline, and one scream of 'Oh! for God's sake, let us get her off,' burst from us all. My exhausted husband made an effort to rise, when the harsh voice of Marlow carried with it despair. 'Get her off, and be d—n'd,' vociferated the madman, as he let fall the oar and deliberately proceeded to his whiskey barrel, took a heavy draft, and sat down, the picture of untamable rage. Ellen and myself, with the feeble Caroline, exhausted our entire strength in vain, and were compelled to submit to our fate.

It was about the latter end of July, or beginning of August, the heat was oppressive, and the insects in countless myriads swarmed around us, and without previous experience of its necessity, we had made no preparatory defence against their stings, and the terrible night on which our boat was stranded, was only one of

many, when Ellen and myself were sleeplessly employed to procure defence and rest to our suffering children.

Next morning's dawn opened to us all the horrors of our situation. The boat was lying in a bed of ooze, about twenty yards from shore.—The retiring water had left us at least twice that distance. When I communicated our fearful state to my husband, he turned his dying eye upon the now terrified and stupified Marlow, and observed, 'Miserable man, behold your work.' Marlow sat without reply or movement on the side-way of the boat, a something like remorse crossed his haggard brow, when Ellen, folding her sweet boy most convulsively to her heart, uttered in a broken voice, 'My little love, my babe, must we thus perish!' The horrors before him, and his conscious feeling of imprudence, his children, his niece, and his beloved wife, for I know I was beloved, was too much for the erring, but generous Dillon. 'Great God, forgive me, and, oh! protect these innocents,' were the last words I ever heard from his lips, though he survived in utter weakness many days after our wreck, for such it was.

After the sun rose, I felt that, whatever of safety from earthly means could now be procured, depended on myself, and, with all the resolution I could command, I surveyed the waste in which we were placed. The high bank stood as a wall of cane and woods, deeply green almost to blackness. The shore was one expanse of blue mud. The river presented a view still more dreary; it appeared to flow from us like worldly kindness in the day of calamity. With all these prospects of distress, our worst terrors arose from dread of the ferocious Marlow; but we were something relieved by finding his coward mind reached by his own danger, and this day, for the first of the voyage, he remained sober, and gave us all the assistance in his power.

With great exertions we succeeded in constructing a causeway of planks and our now useless oars, so as to reach the shore and procure fuel, as without smoke our very existence would have been intolerable from the mosquitoes and gnats. It is only those who have been on the Mississippi, and who have scanned the features of its shores, bars and islands, who can form an adequate idea of our forlorn residence. Our boat was our house and ark. Those boats are mere boxes of sawn timber, with roofs very seldom sufficiently close to turn rain. That was one advantage we possessed, the roof of our ark was a complete defence against the falling torrents, which pour with indescribable abundance in those latitudes. As the river became daily lower, the bar on which we lay expanded, and, in about a month, was spread below us a sweep of dry, naked, and burning sand, of upwards of three miles along the river, and from one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile wide. Above us, at one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards, the sand-bar commenced, and the current swept along the shore. It may excite some surprise, though true, that it was not with-

out great toil, difficulty, and even danger, that we could procure water.

The violent heat reflected from the surrounding sands, the perpetual annoyance of insects, anxiety of mind, and very soon want of food and rest brought on sickness, with which every individual of the party was more or less attacked. My husband slowly wasted, and about the twentieth morning after our misfortune, I found him at peace, and such was the exhausted state of the survivors, that it required our utmost exertions to lift the corpse over the side of the boat. I was left to dig his grave with a fire shovel, as Marlow had relapsed into inebriety and stupidity, and Ellen was reduced to infantine weakness. Thus, in the solitude of death, wrapped my truly beloved husband in some of our bed clothes, and had to drag drift logs from a considerable distance to protect his remains from the wild beasts, or ravenous birds that hovered over us.

In the dead silence of night, I knelt by the grave of Dillon, it became my temple, and often did I there feel rays of hope too warm and cheering to have been the effect of imagination; these rays beamed, no doubt, from the source of light and mercy. Poor Ellen and her little Henry recalled me, however, from reflecting on my own sorrows. A few evenings after the death of my husband, I had sunk into a feverish sleep, from which I was roused by a fervent, though tremulous voice, it was that of Ellen, kneeling on the grave of Dillon, and engaged in earnest prayer. The moon had risen above the trees, and shone with uncommon brightness. Not a breath of air stirred a leaf. All creation seemed silent except the voice of heart-broken innocence ascending to heaven. The grave was but a few feet from the boat, and the moon beams fell upon the otherwise pale faces of the mother and child. The babe was lying reclined upon the grave with its face turned towards that of its mother; hers was raised to the fountain of eternal joy. It was a picture which gave feelings, I have never experienced either before or since, and feelings which carried me, almost unknown to myself, to the side of my beloved friend; but alas! a moment's glance of the yet smiling face of the infant, spoke the truth, its pains were ended.—Ellen saw me not, and the awe, inspired by death, rendered me almost as motionless. I knelt and heard the aspirations of true piety rise for myself and my children, and for the insensible wretch who lay near us, forgetful of heaven and of earth.

It was the expiring struggle of the mother and the wife, her voice sunk, as I caught her in my arms. 'My Ellen, it is your Anna that sits by you.' Her breast heaved a few convulsive sighs, when she opened her dying eyes and fixed them on mine, 'yes, you have indeed been my Anna; oh! my little one I follow thee. Anna, tell Marlow.—The soul of the saint knew suffering no more.

With more strength of body and mind than I thought possible, an hour before, I laid the two bodies beside each other and sat by them until

the dawn began to break. I had sunk into rather stupor than slumber, from which I was roused by the tread of Marlow in the boat.—With my utmost haste I rose, and entered as his hand was ready to draw the moral poison.—A horrid dread of this man had hitherto prevented me from interfering with his draughts; but now all fear was gone, and I struck down the cup and seized his arm. The dim light of the morning, perhaps, contributed to give something of terror to my countenance, and he unresistingly followed me to the couch of his wife and child. I spoke not, but pointed to the grave. Groans of remorse, too dreadful to hear, was his only expression, as he stood with teeth gnashing and hands clasped. And thus he stood until myself and the trembling, weeping Caroline, paid the last duties to the departed.

The preternatural strength which had borne me through this night and morning could be sustained no longer; and I was only able to reach, and sink on my pallet amid my forlorn children. How long I was in this state of insensibility I know not, but from it I was roused by the cries of my little ones. Our provisions were exhausted. The advance of the season brought health, with coolness, but with health came famine. We were now compelled to seek such herbs as young cane and poke, and boil them for food.—We obtained a scanty supply of fish, but our means of fishing was ill provided. The expanded earth and heaven were around us, and from day to day, from morning to eve, our straining eyes were turned to see coming relief; but no relief, and all August, September, and October past, and no human form appeared. There was one horror left to fill our cup, and that horror reached us. The man who ought to have been our stay, at length only ceased to be our greatest terror in his very short intervals of sleep. Under the influence of hunger, his face assumed an expression of ferocity, I am convinced, is only possible in the human. Vague and broken hints began to be given, that it was not worth while for all to starve. I had not spoken directly to him from the burial of Ellen and her child, but now, impelled by extreme danger, I at length observed, ‘Marlow, what do you mean?’ ‘I mean,’ replied he, ‘that we must all starve, and why should we?’ and as his question closed his glance fell on Caroline. The terrified girl felt it and sprung into my arms, with a scream I yet hear, cried, as she seemed to press into my bosom, ‘oh, aunt, aunt, save me.’

Marlow rose, as I did with my clinging, imploring child, which I screened from him, as I observed, ‘Marlow, in the name of God, are we not all sufferers together. We may yet be relieved. Can you purchase a day more of life by eternal pain?’

Without being much moved by my appeal, he sat down and scowled, ‘*I will wait until to-morrow.*’ What a day and night! Three months had we passed in anguish, which I scarce could think admitted of increase; but it was indeed increased, almost beyond endurance. Sleep was driven from our eye-lids, and my silent breath-

ings to heaven interrupted by the plaintive whispers of the shrinking victim. “Oh, my dear, sweet aunt, do you think he will kill me?” was repeated, and I need not say wrung my very soul, while I whispered hope—hope which I myself scarce dared indulge. I found that the tyger watched us; my intention once was to escape, with the children, into the woods, but his wakefulness prevented the attempt. The long vigils and clear nights had enabled me to mark the progress of time by the stars; and this night, even the lamps of heaven seemed to pass more than usually swift along the dark vault. As the gray streaks of morning began to lengthen along the sky, my mind was made up to resist as far as in my power, and depend on God for assistance in the trial; but the saving hand was extended to us, and our deliverer was near. As the light of day strengthened my eager view, as had so often been done before, swept along the river and sand; and, “can it be possible,” I almost screamed, as I saw, at the extremity of the bar, what appeared a man. ‘A man coming,’ replied the enraptured Caroline. Our eyes were fixed, immovable as stone, upon the object. That object advanced, became distinct; it was a man! an armed Indian. ‘Thank thee, my God, my Saviour,’ ejaculated the kneeling child, ‘my life shall be thine.’ And never was vow pronounced by lips more pure, or vow more sincerely fulfilled.

The Indian walked swiftly to the boat, and stopping, with his left hand resting on his rifle, surveyed the scene before him. He comprehended our situation in a moment, when raising his right hand, pointed to the rising sun, and then to mid-heaven, told me by signs, I could then but little understand, that the sun was now rising, and by mid forenoon he would return with food. Then laying his hand on his breast, quickly disappeared in the woods.

During this interview, Marlow sat on a log by the boatside, the image of all that was hateful in the human form, and sat unmoved while I repeated the last words he was doomed ever to hear addressed to him. ‘If, Marlow, thou canst turn thine eye to an offended Deity, thank him that murder lieth not on your head.’ The eyes of myself and Caroline were turned on our tormentor, but our attention was at once withdrawn by the sharp sound of a rifle, and in a few moments more the Indian emerged from the cane, bearing the carcass of a deer which he threw across the side of the boat. Then signing me to come out, he pointed obliquely over the bar and river to a rising smoke at the far distance. He told me by signs, I only afterwards understood, that he would now go and remove his family and friends over to a point immediately above us, and there encamp. He then departed down the bar leaving the welcome gift with us.

It now became my duty to use our food sparingly, so as to avoid the effect of a too sudden repletion. My poor little ones obeyed me without a murmur, and I was several hours employed in dealing out the delicious morsels. I was at length recalled from my delightful task by the

groans of Marlow. The miserable man, between the ardent spirits and an ungarded quantity of animal food, after abstinence, was now rolling on the sand, and writhing in exquisite pain. His earthly sufferings were, however, but brief, as before mid-day he ceased to breathe, and lay a loathsome bloated corpse on the beach. Much as he had offended, a forgiveness was breathed over his remains, and by the assistance of the Indians he was laid beside his injured wife and child.

Those Indians, our now cherished friends, arrived about an hour after the death of Marlow, and were employed the residue of the day in clearing the ground and fixing their camp. Next morning the remains of my husband and the Marlow family were removed to the high bank and interred.

Let the reader, whatever be his or her lot, turn their mental eye to the little village on the Mississippi. There were three lodges of Indians and our boat to compose the group. In one day we were as one family. Beside the chief who reached us first, there were three more very active young men, four women, and seven or eight fine healthy children. Will I be believed when I assert that there never was any number of human beings cast together amongst which more of kindness prevailed? In a very few days I saw my lambs skipping and playing along the river sand with the children of the forest, and in a time too short to be named, without risk of disbelief, we were all able to converse without difficulty, and in a few weeks, with facility, in the Indian language. I felt it my duty, and soon found it a pleasure to enter into their modes of life. I became, and so did Caroline, adroit in cutting and making up moccasins, leggins, and hunting shirts of dressed skins. As winter came on the Indians stopped the chinks of our boat, and made it a really warm and comfortable shelter.

Our health, strength, and spirits were restored, and with what heartfelt gratitude did I kneel with my little charge to thank our restorer.—Hope again beamed on us, and when able to converse, our evenings passed with no little cheerfulness; but with renewed security, the remembrance of home, of parents, and brother, returned with force. A world seemed between me and those beloved relatives. ‘My children are safe,’ came also to recollection, when a pang of impatience rose in my heart.

About the middle of January had come round, and near three months had passed since the arrival of our protector La Cerf; this was his French name, and one evening sitting in my boat, and drawing his pipe deliberately from his mouth, addressed me thus, “Anna tell me how you came here.” As distinctly as I could, I explained to him the cause, and object of our voyage, and the cause of our boat being stranded. To my story he listened with profound attention, and after a pause of some minutes, again demanded, ‘Anna, is there more than one Great Spirit?’ I replied, ‘Only one, I believe.’

‘Why then did your husband leave his home

to go to Natchez to hunt the Great Spirit?’—This I attempted to explain, but he shook his head and observed, ‘You white people no speak plain;’ and then pausing a few minutes longer, resumed, ‘Anna, I speak plain, and tell you I hunt the deer, the beaver, and the buffalo, but not the Great Spirit. I have found you here, dying for want of deer and buffalo. I must hunt and give you meat to eat and skins to wear. Next summer, when the big water rises, when the leaf is green, and when the blood fly returns, myself and men will fix your boat. I will go in my canoe with you to Natchez, where you will find a good and great man, who makes a cross, as you say Dillon did. This man has found the Great Spirit, for he is good. He is chief at Natchez, his name, Gayoso. Anna, you can then go home to your father and mother; I come back to the woods. We can see each other no more, but the great spirit will always see us.

There was so little variation in our daily employment, that time passed almost imperceptibly; our affection for each other increased as our means of communication became more facile, and when the perceptible rise of the river and the rapid progress of spring promised our approaching removal, my mind was agitated by mingled hope and regret. The prospect of again meeting civilized human beings was damped by the pains of separation from the kind benefactors now really endeared to my heart by the constant exercise of the best affections of our nature. I indeed use the term civilization, in its common acceptance, for every one of its moral realities existed in the lodge and village of La Cerf.

This man had passed fifty, was very sedate, never smiled or frowned, at least I never saw him frown but once, and that was when I related to him the murderous intention of Marlow in regard to Caroline. On that occasion his brow contracted as he placed his right hand on the handle of his tomahawk; but quickly recollecting himself, observed, ‘Anna, this Marlow was Christian, all Christian not good.’ Walked away.

I have never seen more order in any family than was observed in the little village of La Cerf, and though it was the food procured by the chase, did I ever see more plenty. But time, the season, and the rise of the waters, finally brought the day of departure. My boat was put in excellent order by the care of La Cerf and his sons. The old man and his wife and an unmarried son, about eighteen, were placed in the boat, with their canoe along side. Two other canoes were navigated by the residue of the Indians, and on the 25th of April, 1784, we were once more floating down the Mississippi.—After some days of navigation we came to in the evening, in the mouth of a large creek, and after the evening’s arrangements were made, La Cerf observed to me, ‘Anna, to-morrow you will be at Natchez. To-morrow you will see good man.’ And taking the hand of Caroline, who loved him as a father, continued, ‘sweet flower, you not be eaten by mad buffalo.’

The next morning, by early dawn, one of the canoes was on its way, as I learned afterwards, to inform the governor who we were, and that the chief, La Cerf, was coming. That chief himself delayed setting out, to give time to his messenger, and it was not until in the afternoon that, on turning a bend of the river, the flag of Spain was seen fluttering on the hill where stood fort Rosalie. We were soon after at the landing, and brought to, and our boat secured by a guard of soldiers. The circumstance had already taken wind, and the inhabitants crowded to the river; but kept at a respectable distance, as two men of very different garb approached, one was a most prepossessing brown visaged but elegant man, with the eye beaming with the radiance of every manly feeling. He was introduced to me by La Cerf, as Manuel Gayoso de Lemos, the governor; the other was a man not less pleasing in his manners, past sixty years, and dressed in the garb of a Quaker; he was a merchant, Richard Carpenter.

Both advanced, and the governor, with great respect, observed, 'Madam, I have heard of your misfortunes, and will ever esteem it one of the most fortunate events of my life to receive, and as far as in my power to afford you service.' I had scarce time to return my acknowledgements when good old Richard, as he insisted on being called, came forward, and gently taking my hand as he expressed the benevolence of his heart. 'Thou art thrice welcome, my daughter, and thy little ones. Our friend Manuel commandeth here, and hath more power, but he must let us share the pleasure of succouring the distressed.' 'My old friend,' replied Gayoso, patting Richard on the shoulder; 'Thou shalt have thy share, and all our shares will be small to the lot of La Cerf;' turning round to the noble Indian, who stood looking with unfeigned joy on his work. 'Thou wast my friend before, La Cerf,' said Richard, 'but now thou art my brother; thou art the brother of the white man.'—'He is the friend of MAN,' emphatically exclaimed Gayoso; but let us not waste time on words.' Here a carriage advanced, and the governor observed, 'Mrs. Dillon and her children are my guests, for this night at least. Refreshment and rest will do them more good than will compliments. *Allons.*'

If myself and children had been allied to the Spanish King we could not have received more of humane attention, and as we rose the hill from the river to the village, my heart felt as lifted into another sphere. In a few minutes we were ushered into an elegant room, in which were ready to receive us about twenty gentlemen and ladies, and amongst the rest the young and interesting wife of the governor, who advancing to receive and welcome me to her house, our eyes met—we both started back with unutterable surprise and satisfaction. In a moment we were in each other's arms; 'my friend, my playmate, my sister,' were exchanged. In Mrs. Gayoso I recognized the amiable daughter of Stephen Watts, and the friend and companion of my infancy.

All was now an uproar of joy, which was no little heightened by a sally from an Irish gentleman present, who seizing my hand with great good nature and characteristic familiarity, saying, 'My dear madam, do not suppose, I beg of you, that La Cerf and his family are all the Indians on the Mississippi; for, let me tell you, and I say it to their teeth, that this same governor, his lady there, that old Quaker, and several more in this room I could name, are arrant savages, if doing good, if making the broken-heart whole, or if, to be brief with you, making the stranger forget that he is a stranger, forms the savage. So, my dear madam, you see where you are come to, as well as you, my darlings,' as he shared with all round in caressing the children.

The eye of Mr. Vousden, the Irish gentleman I have introduced, no sooner obtained a full view of Caroline than his gaiety was checked. He placed her with great tenderness on his lap; spoke to her with the accents of a father; but his voice was no more heard in the gay company that evening. The company soon retired, as Gayoso, with great delicacy, observed that 'Mrs. Dillon and her children must need rest.' Rest we did enjoy. When retired to bed with my three innocents, in a decent house, in civilized society, our dangers past, the mistress of the mansion almost a sister, the extent of happiness cannot be easily conceived by any but those who have experienced similar change.

The residue of my story is so interwoven with that of Caroline Marlow, I may here drop my own future adventures into the narrative of the tale of that well deserving and well rewarded child.

PATERNAL FORGIVENESS.

Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handsome fortune was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only consolation he felt after the loss of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and grace of his little Maria, who soon promised to become all that he had so much admired in her deceased mother. He attended to her education with the utmost care and assiduity; procuring her instructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleasing office upon himself, for which his good sense and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With these advantages, she grew up lovely and accomplished in an uncommon degree; and seemed in every respect formed to complete the warmest wishes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremest fondness, and formed no other desire or purpose in life than that of seeing her happily and honourably established.

In pursuit of this design he did not, like most parents, cast his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced, from impartial observation, that happiness, in the conjugal state, is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed relish for sober and rational felicity, the first and greatest felicity he looked for in a son-in-law, was a mind formed to

steady and habitual virtue. The character usually distinguished by the title of a man of pleasure was therefore the object of his most rooted aversion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift, a heart of exquisite tenderness and sensibility. This, while it made her return her father's fondness with the warmest filial affection, rendered her also liable to attachments of a stronger and more dangerous kind. Unpractised in the world, she did not look at mankind with the discerning eyes of her father; and where she saw an amiable appearance, she was easily led to imagine that every thing else was correspondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where she lived, who, to a most pleasing figure and address, added a manner and conversation the most specious and insinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all softness and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the loosest principles, and most confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria before her father was aware of the danger to which she was exposed. The impression he made was too strong to be eradicated; and, although her father, as soon as he had discovered the connexion, used every art of persuasion, and every exertion of parental authority to dissolve it, he was unable to succeed.

As Mr. Spencer refused his consent to an union, the unhappy consequences of which he clearly foresaw, the lovers had no other resource to gratify their passion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had so carefully been implanted in Maria, could resolve upon so rash and guilty a step; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange she had made, of the caresses of the most indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithless husband.

Justly incensed, as her father was, she durst not attempt to soften his resentment, which, founded upon an act of disobedience that overthrew all his dearest hope, was likely to be steadfast and durable. After suffering a variety of misery, both in body and mind, in following a husband who treated her with brutal neglect, she buried him in a garrison abroad, and returned to the neighbourhood of her early home in the utmost indigence, the third year after her marriage, with a son about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable asylum, soon after her arrival, at the house of a lady who had been her mother's most intimate friend. By her, she was treated with all the kindness of a parent; and her benefactor, desirous of doing her still more essential service, resolved to attempt the arduous task of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good sense was equal to her benevolence, she was sensible that, in order to succeed in such an attempt, it was not advisable to make a direct application, which would give resent-

ment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but first to awaken his paternal feelings; and then urge the suit while the impression was still warm. She had soon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourse of strict friendship with her, came to pay her a visit. It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliest children ever beheld, should carelessly enter the room, and play about among the company. It soon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was very fond of children, and he asked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. 'To a friend of mine,' she slightly answered, and turned the discourse to some other subject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, set it on his knee, and by several acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleased with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the house, who had been an attentive, though silent observer of this progress of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kissing it, cried, 'Heaven help thee, sweet boy! thou hast a troublesome world to struggle through! This little child,' continued she, addressing herself to Mr. Spencer, 'has already lost his father—and his mother, a most amiable creature, is left almost destitute of support. Mr. Spencer was touched to the soul.—He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes, 'Heaven help thee, indeed!' says he, 'but if, thou art destitute of all other friends, I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it not be impertinent to inquire more particularly into the circumstances of the lady's situation?' 'She is now in my house, sir,' says she, 'and will inform you herself.' On this she rung a bell, when Maria, dressed in deep mourning, entered, and, rushing across the room, threw herself at her father's feet. With a voice choked in tears she could only say, 'Forgive me, Sir! forgive me.' He remained a while in suspense, looking first at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; catching Maria in his arms, 'I do forgive thee, my poor child!' says he, 'from my soul I do; all that is past shall be forgotten, this little angel makes amends for all.'

This sudden stroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A scene of tender confusion ensued, which, however, soon terminated in transports of affection and gratitude—and the lady whose benevolent ingenuity had brought about this happy event, received the most heart-felt satisfaction from her success.

Tasso being told that he had a fair opportunity of taking advantage of a very bitter enemy; 'I wish not to plunder him,' said he, 'but there are things I wish to take away from him; not his honor,—his wealth,—or his life,—but his ill will.'

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WAYNE.

(Continued.)

The body of Indians that made the above mentioned attack, was to have formed a junction with the British, under Colonel Brown, near the Ogechee, about this period; but, in consequence of some mistake in the Interpreters, Brown had anticipated the time, and experienced a total defeat on the night of the 21st of May.

Says Mr. Gordon, in his History of the American Revolution, "the British administration having resolved upon abandoning all offensive operations in America, the scheme of evacuating the weaker posts in the United States, was adopted, and that at Savannah was to be the first. When the measure was determined upon, the merchants and others, inhabitants of the place, obtained permission to apply to Wayne for the security and preservation of their persons and property. He replied to their deputies, that should the British garrison eventually effect an evacuation, the persons and properties of such inhabitants, or others, who chose to remain in Savannah, will be protected by the military, and resigned, inviolate into the hands of the civil authority, which must ultimately decide. The merchants and inhabitants of Savannah having sent out a second flag, Wayne, at the desire of the civil authority of the State, sent them for answer—That the merchants not owing allegiance to the United States, will be permitted to remain a reasonable time, to dispose of their goods and settle their affairs. Major Habersham, who was charged with this message, pledged himself that they might rely with the utmost confidence on the terms proposed to them. The Congress, on the 30th of December, ratified Wayne's agreement. On the 11th of July, Savannah was evacuated, and the Americans immediately took possession of it. The works and town were left perfect, for which the inhabitants were indebted to that worthy and humane officer, Brigadier General Clarke."

The correspondence which the evacuation of Savannah occasioned between General Wayne, the British General Clarke, merchants, and others, is both interesting and instructive; but it is too extensive for insertion in this memoir, the few following letters relative to this subject may be acceptable to the reader:—

Head-Quarters, }
Savannah, 12th July, 1782. }

Dear General,—The British garrison evacuated this place yesterday, at 12 o'clock, leaving the works and town perfect; for which the inhabitants are much obliged to that worthy and humane officer, Brigadier General Clarke. It is the prevalent opinion that the enemy will continue at Tybee for ten or twelve days.

Enclosed is a copy of my orders of the 11th. The Governor and Legislature will convene here this evening or to-morrow, into whose hands I shall resign the civil police.

As soon as I am furnished with the invoices

and returns of stores, I will transmit you copies. In the mean time, I expect that the state will fall upon ways and means to supply the troops under my command, with some clothing and other articles, essential to the recovery of their health and spirits

Your most obedient,

A. WAYNE.

Head-Quarters, }

Sharon, 13th July, 1782. }

Sir,—On the 17th ultimo, I received the flag No. 1, and a letter No. 2, from sundry merchants and traders, in behalf of themselves and others, to which I gave for answer—that, should the British garrison eventually effect an evacuation, the persons and property of such inhabitants as may wish to remain in Savannah, will be protected by the military, and rendered inviolate into the hands of the civil authority of this state, which must ultimately decide.

Some overtures were also made at the same time, in behalf of the militia, &c., in the British lines, to which I empowered Major Habersham to offer the following terms, "Those who may choose to enlist in the Georgia regiment of Infantry for two years, or during the war, might rest assured of my exerting every influence in my power with the civil authority, that all past offences, except murder, should be buried in oblivion."

On the 19th, Messrs. ——— and ———, two merchants of Savannah, bearers of a flag, received this assurance, viz:—

The merchants and traders, not citizens of the United States, nor owing allegiance to this state, shall be allowed six months to dispose of their effects and adjust their concerns, to commence on the day of the departure of the British garrison from Savannah; at the expiration of which term, those gentlemen will have a flag granted to convey themselves and such property as they may have received in exchange or payment for the said goods, from thence to one of the nearest British ports, should they request it.

In these conditions, which were rather uncommon to make, without the power to compel, had in view not only the interest of the United States, but also that of Georgia; by retaining as many inhabitants and merchants as circumstances would admit, and with them a considerable quantity of goods, much wanted for public and private use; but what was yet of greater consequence, to complete your quota of troops without any expense to the public, and reclaim a number of men, who, at another day, will become valuable members of society. This, also, appears to me an act of justice, tempered with mercy; justice to oblige those who have joined, or remained with the enemy, to expiate their crime by military service; and mercy to admit the repenting sinner to citizenship after a reasonable quarantine—by which means those worthy citizens, who have so long endured every vicissitude of fortune with more than Roman virtue, will be relieved from duty.

As my word and honor are plighted for a faithful adherence to these conditions, and the in-

terest of the state immediately benefited by them, I cannot doubt the ready concurrence of the Legislature on the occasion.

Many incendiaries, and some of them high in rank, had premeditated the destruction of Savannah, which occasioned the passage of letters between the British commandant and myself.—Any damage that has been committed, I have the best ground to believe, was done more with a view of wounding the feelings of that worthy and humane officer, than upon any other principle; as advantage was taken of his temporary absence to perpetrate it, and then to lay the infamy upon the savages, who were incapable of distinguishing Whig from Tory property, unless they were pointed to it. However, at the evacuation, no damage has been sustained, so far as I can discover.

It is a duty which I owe Lieutenant Colonel James Jackson, to acknowledge the important services derived from him and his state corps,—particularly the infantry, who, for their fidelity and bravery, are entitled to a gratuity equal to that of the cavalry.

Some provision for the brave wounded soldiery, who have fought and bled under my orders, in the defence of this state, is a matter in which I feel deeply interested. Those who are actually maimed or disabled, I must beg leave to recommend, in a special manner, to Legislative bounty.

Your Excellency's most obedient,
and very humble servant,
A. WAYNE.

His Excellency JOHN MARTIN, }
Gov. of the State of Georgia, &c. &c. }
Head-Quarters, }
Ashly River, July 14th, 1782. }

Dear Sir,—I am very happy to hear the enemy have left Savannah, and congratulate you most heartily on the event.

I have forwarded an account thereof to Congress and the commander-in-chief, expressive of your singular merit and exertions *during* your command, and doubt not but it will meet their *entire* approbation as it does mine.

You will give orders for the march of the troops immediately, leaving such behind as are unfit for duty, or in the hospital, to follow. If you should think your stay at Savannah necessary for some time, and the cavalry also, you may detain them—but unless the occasion is pressing, as our army is getting exceedingly sickly, and the enemy will receive great additional force, I wish you to move forward as fast as you can without injury to the health of the troops.

If you think there is a probability of the enemy evacuating St. Augustine, and the inhabitants are disposed to take protection under the authority of the United States, you will delegate a person to treat with them on this head. Should the enemy evacuate that country, it will be a great object to get possession of it before the Spaniards—if it is only to limit the claims of that nation to Georgia. You will take every step, therefore, in your power, to discover the

intention of the enemy, and to get possession of that country by treaty.

I am happy to hear from Dr. Flogg, that your sick are likely to be amply provided for, and am to acknowledge the receipt of your returns, and other reports, enclosed in your letters.

I am, dear Sir, with esteem, your most obedient,
humble servant,
General WAYNE.

Head-Quarters, }
Savannah, 17th July, 1782. }

Dear General,—I was favoured with yours of the 14th instant—I shall obey your orders of march as soon as circumstances will admit. I presume it was not your intention that we should leave Georgia before the enemy evacuate it; they are yet in full force at Tybee, 12 miles from this place, where the Governor, Council, and Legislature, are now sitting; so that, were the troops to be withdrawn, half a tide would be sufficient to put the enemy, not only in possession of Savannah, but the members of both Houses of the Legislature, &c. There cannot be any apprehensions of their co-operation with the garrison of Charleston, until they shall have actually sailed from Tybee, in which case we will, like Brutus's evil genius, be ready to meet them at Philippi.

Enclosed, are the overtures from East Florida, but it is almost reduced to a certainty, that Colonel Brown's corps with all the Refugees and Indians, are destined for St. Augustine, as an asylum for the prescribed citizens, who are determined to become subjects of Spain if the events of war give Florida to that nation; however, a few days will determine their destination. Should that place, in the mean time, be evacuated by the present garrison, it will be possessed for, and in the name of the United States of America. I therefore keep my eye that way, and I shall immediately send articles ready signed for the purpose.

Yours, very sincerely,
A. WAYNE.

The Honourable }
Major General GREENE. }

During the period of waiting the movements of the British, General Wayne availed himself of interviews with some distinguished Indian chiefs, then in the neighbourhood of Savannah, to whom he delivered several lengthy talks, which had such an effect on their minds, and those of the southern Indians in general, that they resolved to become friendly, and so soon as practicable, to deliver up the negroes, cattle, &c., which they had taken from the inhabitants of Georgia.

The evacuation of Georgia, and the preceding successes of General Wayne, occasioned some of the leading characters in East Florida to present overtures for the purpose of being taken under the protection of the United States; this circumstance, together with certain intelligence of the defection of the British troops in that quarter, which was confirmed by the desertion of a whole company of grenadiers, induced General Wayne to issue a proclamation

to the inhabitants of Florida; but, before he had an opportunity of maturing his plans for the annexation of that country to the United States, he was recalled from Georgia, to aid General Greene in South Carolina.

The following correspondence partially, brings into view some of the transactions above referred to:—

Head-Quarters, }
Savannah, 28th July, 1782. }

Dear General,—The grand fleet sailed from Tybee the 24th. The troops were ordered to march at 4 o'clock next morning, in pursuance of your repeated orders—but, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I received an express announcing the landing of Colonel Brown and his motley crew of regulars, Indians and Tories, to the amount of 500 men, on Skidway, within nine miles of this place, which induced me to advance to meet them with the light infantry, artillery and dragoons; but on our approach, they re-embarked and proceeded to the island of Assabaw, distant 20 miles from Savannah, where they yet remain. But as your orders seem to urge the necessity of a speedy junction, and there being nearly one thousand effectives on board the fleet, under General Clarke, who may possibly touch at Charleston, I put the whole of the infantry and artillery in motion yesterday; they will reach Puryburgh this evening. I shall remain here three or four days with the cavalry, in order to cover the country and Legislature from insult. At present, the whole militia force do not exceed one hundred men; as soon as the arms and ammunition arrive from Augusta, an additional corps will be organized. To leave this country in this debilitated state, might be productive of fatal consequences; especially as the lately reclaimed citizens might be intimidated into a revolt, should Mr. Brown make his appearance in force. I, however, have ground to believe that his object is only to escort the Indians and refugees to Florida, as his regular force does not exceed two full companies. Apropos, I have sent a Proclamation into that country, which may be productive of happy consequences, should the regular garrison be withdrawn previously to the arrival of Brown. I have also sent the Factor, brother to the Tallery King, with a talk to the Creek nation, accompanied by three other Indians and a Linguist. The Factor has been with us ever since the morning after the defeat of the savages. He expressed great joy at seeing the famous Guristersigo and other chiefs laying dead, an event which, he says, will ensure a lasting and happy peace with that nation.

Enclosed, is the talk delivered him, which I accompanied with some pleasing presents, at my own expense. Unless you think proper to countermand the advance of the infantry, &c., I shall have the honor of taking you by the hand in the course of a few days.

Your obedient servant,

General GREENE. A. WAYNE.

Head-Quarters, }
Savannah, 31st July, 1782. }

Dear General,—Since my last, of the 28th

instant, Colonel Brown has seriously alarmed the Governor and Legislature by taking post at Assabaw, and sending a flag to this place yesterday on rather a trifling business, which occasioned the enclosed resolve, and a letter to you, in consequence of which I have directed the infantry and artillery to halt till further orders, and countermanded the march of the cavalry, with whom I should have moved at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning had it not been for the circumstances already mentioned. However, I am of an opinion that a few days must remove the cause of the present alarm, when we will advance to form that junction with you which has been so long and anxiously wished by your affectionate friend and humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

N. B. Enclosed is the Proclamation mentioned in my last, copies of which I have sent by different routes to the leading men of East Florida.

Head-Quarters, }
Savannah, 1st August, 1782. }

Sir,—In compliance with the resolution of the honorable house of the 31st ult., I have halted the infantry and artillery. I shall continue with the dragoons at this place until I receive General Greene's further orders on the occasion.—Hitherto he has urged the absolute expediency of an immediate junction with him the moment that the enemy should move from Tybee.

I have reason to believe that Lieutenant Colonel Brown is too far advanced towards St. Augustine, to apprehend any thing from his command, nor has he more than two companies of regulars with him, which, probably, were only designed as an escort to the Indians and Tories. His numbers are inadequate to either offensive or defensive operations, unless the 16th regiment continue in garrison—however that may be, I have taken every proper precaution to establish a peace with the Creeks, and to divide, or draw over the garrison and inhabitants of East Florida to our interest, which you will see by the enclosed talk and Proclamation. The former was delivered to the Factor, brother of the Tallery King, the most powerful man in that nation. Several copies of the Proclamation have been sent by different routes, directed to all the leading characters in Florida; I doubt not of a happy issue, as overtures were first made to me from that quarter. Should the troops be eventually drawn to South Carolina, I fondly flatter myself that matters are in such a train as to give security to the state of Georgia—but to render it certain, I must again suggest the propriety of immediately completing your quota of troops, and erecting and manning one or two galleys, with a few gun-boats. I beg pardon of the Honorable House for urging this matter so often, and request that it may be attributed to the true cause, i. e., an anxiety for the peace and happiness of this state, and a wish to render her independent of any other, by furnishing her own defence against Indians and Tories, and also to see her in a condition to ope-

rate offensively, should circumstances call for it.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
your obedient servant,
A. WAYNE.

Honorable JAMES HARRISMAN, }
Speaker of Assembly, &c. }

Head-Quarters, }
August 4th, 1782. }

Dear Sir,—Your letters of the 28th and 31st of July, with the Indian talk and Proclamation, have both been received. I like the talk, and approve the plan of the Proclamation.

I entirely approve of your halting the troops until Colonel Brown's intentions are better known. But, at the same time, I cannot help apprehending for the fate of this army. My motive for withdrawing the troops from Georgia, was to have our force collected, and avoid, if possible, being defeated in detachments.

Should this army meet with a stroke, the continuation of your troops in Georgia will be of little consequence, as it could protract the ruin of the state but a short time. Destroy the trunk and the branches will soon perish. People are generally so solicitous for their own safety, that they will not look to the quarter where the greatest evil and most certain ruin is to be apprehended. The enemy's force in this quarter was greatly superior to our's before the evacuation of Georgia, and the addition of the garrison from Savannah leaves us much to apprehend. But I am in some hopes that a part of the troops from Georgia are gone to New York; however, this is not certain.

Our line is daily diminishing by deaths and discharges, and is far less than you can imagine. As soon as Brown moves off you will put the troops in motion again to join us.

The stores in Georgetown are immense, there are near one thousand hogsheads of rum, a large quantity of sugar and coffee, and a very considerable quantity of salt, and many other articles of merchandize; we draw all our supplies from that quarter, and the loss of the stores would greatly add to our distress, already too great for the trial of human nature. Being obliged to detach Marion exposes us the more, as the enemy may suddenly return and march out and give us battle in a few hours; and what will add to our distress is, that we are so loaded with sick that we could not effect a retreat without great loss. But it is a rule with me never to despair, and to make the most of the means in my power.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient

humble servant,

General WAYNE.

N. GREENE.

The situation of General Greene became so very critical that within 24 hours after the receipt of the above letter, General Wayne received positive orders to form an immediate junction with the troops in South Carolina.

Head-Quarters, }

Savannah, August, 1782. }

Dear Sir,—I have received peremptory orders from General Greene to form an immediate junction with him; you will, therefore, please to

move on towards Parker's Ferry at the rate mentioned in my orders to Major Finley. The cavalry will march from this place on Wednesday morning, and I will follow on Thursday.

My best compliments to the gentlemen of the detachment, and believe me yours, affectionately,
A. WAYNE.

Lieutenant Colonel POSEY.

The General and the regular troops, who had so gallantly conducted themselves in Georgia, were, on their arrival at the Head-Quarters of General Greene, addressed by that illustrious officer in terms the most honourable and flattering. However highly pleasing to the General and his troops, this compliment must have been, yet not more gratifying to the General himself, than that of the approbatory address by the worthy corps that had experienced every extreme of difficulty and danger in common with him.

Sir,—It is with real pleasure that the officers of the detachments of infantry, horse and artillery, avail themselves of this opportunity to address their General and friend; and to testify to him the high esteem they entertain for his military abilities as well as his polite deportment towards them during the late arduous and glorious campaign in Georgia.

We sincerely rejoice in having composed so large a part of a command under a General, whose orders, on any future occasion, we shall be happy to obey and execute to the utmost of our power.

We beg you to accept our best wishes for your health and prosperity—while we remain, with the highest esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servants,

THOMAS POSEY, Lieut. Col.

in behalf of the officers of infantry.

WALTER WHITE, Lieut. Col.

in behalf of the officers of the cavalry.

J. BRYCE, Capt. of Artillery,

in behalf of the officers of artillery.

Hon. General WAYNE, }
30th August, 1782. }

Drayton Hall, 30th Aug. 1782.

Gentlemen,—The good opinion and confidence of the officers and troops whom I have had the honor to command, are what I would always wish to merit; but the approbation of my conduct, so politely expressed this day by gentlemen of such distinguished abilities and experience as the officers of the detachments which served with me in Georgia, is an honor that I most sensibly feel, and forcibly impresses me with a duty which I owe to gratitude and justice to acknowledge that, by their unparalleled fortitude and example, added to the steady bravery of the troops which composed that small but gallant army, I was enabled to circumscribe, and more than once to defeat, a much more numerous foe.

Permit me, therefore, through you, to return my most grateful thanks to the officers and soldiery of your detachments, and to assure them that nothing would afford me more sincere plea-

sure than to have them annexed to my command, especially on every trying occasion.

Interim, I am, with every sentiment of esteem,
Gentlemen, Your most obedient
humble servant,
A. WAYNE.

Lieut. Col's. POSEY and WHITE, }
and Capt. J. BRYCE and Officers. }

Colonel Henry Lee, in his memoirs of the war in the southern department of the United States, wielding, as he generally does, a two edged sword, when introducing the name of Wayne, thus speaks of the General's conduct in Georgia:—

"During these transactions in South Carolina, Brigadier Wayne pursued with vigor his operations in Georgia. At the head of a force equal only to half of that opposed to him, he, nevertheless, exhibited that daringness of character which marked his military life. The signal chastisement inflicted by Major General Grey at the Paoli, in the campaign of 1777, with some minor admonitions, had, it is true, subjected his natural propensity in some degree to the control of circumspection. While in command before Savannah, his orders, his plans, his motions, all bespoke foresight and vigilance; and although he played a hazardous game, he not only avoided detriment or affront, but added to the honor of our arms."

The valiant Colonel should have recollected, when penning the above paragraph, that he himself, with all his precautionary measures, perhaps equal to, but not greater than those of General Wayne on the occasion to which he refers, experienced a complete surprise within a very short period, and within four miles of the one which he records.

On those respective occasions, each commanding officer of his detachment gallantly fought and cut his way through the midnight assailants, adding to and not tarnishing the lustre of the American arms.

After General Wayne had rejoined the army under the immediate command of Greene he executed, with the aid of the Pennsylvania troops, most important services in circumscribing and chastising the British foraging parties in the neighbourhood of Charleston.

About the latter end of November, the light infantry of the army and the legionary corps, part of whom had so gallantly followed his standard in Georgia, were added to the General's command. With this united force he passed the Ashley River and pushed the advanced corps of the enemy into Charleston. The General continued to hold a convenient position for the purpose of attacking their rear when the hour of the contemplated evacuation should arrive.

The British General Leslie, dreading this, made a proposition, that if his army were permitted to embark without molestation, every care should be taken for the preservation of the town, &c., to which the American General acceded, as appears from the following correspondence:—

Head Quarters, Dec. 13th, 1782.

Sir,—In consequence of the doubts expressed by you and some other of the inhabitants, that plunderings and other devastation may take place in the interval of time of our evacuating and the enemy taking possession of the town—I am directed by General Leslie to signify to you his wish of preventing all irregularities on that occasion, to effect which, he will not object to your making any agreement with the officer commanding the enemy's troops.

I am therefore to propose that a captain's guard should march to-morrow morning at gun firing to our advanced redoubt, which, if found evacuated, to advance until our rear is seen; their movements to be then regulated by our taking care to keep about two hundred yards distance, and upon our rear guard turning off towards Gadsden wharf, the enemy's guard may immediately proceed into town and put into execution their directions towards the preservation of peace and good order. *During the whole of this, it is to be understood, that no hostility is to take place until our troops have got on board their transports.*

If you think proper to communicate this letter to General Wayne, I shall expect to see his answer in writing.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
J. WEMYSS, Adj. Gen.

MORRIS SIMONS, Esquire.

Sir,—I have no difficulty in agreeing to General Leslie's propositions through his Adjutant General, as they are nearly the same with those made yesterday.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,
A. WAYNE.

Camp, before Charleston, }
13th Dec. 1782. }

MORRIS SIMONS, Esquire.

Camp, near the Quarter-House, }
13th Dec. 1781. }

Dear Sir,—The preservation of Charleston, and the lives and property of its inhabitants, being of much greater consequence than striking or capturing a rear guard of a retreating enemy; I agreed to the inclosed propositions from General Leslie, through his Adjutant General and Mr. Simons, which I hope will meet your approbation.

We breakfast in town to-morrow morning, from whence I will again write you.

Interim, I am, with much esteem, your most obedient and very humble servant,

A. WAYNE.

The Hon. Maj. Gen. GREENE.

My dear Sir,—I have just received your letter with the one enclosed from the Adjutant General of the British army. I perfectly approve of the convention you have made. It argues fear in the enemy, and gives a superiority to us; besides which, it gives additional security to the town, which, at this period of the war, is a capital object. The Governor and myself expect to be in town to-morrow by dinner-time. We propose to dine with Mr. Simons, and in order to put it in his power to provide

for us, I propose to send off early in the morning three or four quarters of beef and some poultry. Should you have any on hand, as ours are at a distance, it may not be amiss to send some forward early in the day. I am afraid his *Levee* will be large.

I congratulate you on the prospects before us, and am, with every wish for your better health,

Your affectionate friend,

General WAYNE.

N. GREENE.

On the morning of the 14th of December, 1782, General Wayne had the honour and satisfaction to take peaceable possession of Charleston, with the infantry and legionary corps; thus closing his last active and military scene in the revolutionary war, after having performed many exploits no less brilliant than important.

Hoc igitur in bello L. Murænam legatum fortissimi animi, summi consilii, maximi laboris cognitum esse defendimus.—*Cicero*.

This memoir, which has already extended beyond the limits originally contemplated, will soon close. This far it has principally consisted of General Wayne's correspondence; the remainder of the memoir, after the appearance of the following letters, will assume an historical form.

The introduction of the General's correspondence has heretofore been preferred, inasmuch as, it enabled the compiler to exhibit not only the immediate subject of the memoir, but many other officers of the revolutionary war, in dresses of their own manufacturing, under great privations and inconveniences; circumstances which will enhance those *relics* in the estimation of the American reader.

General Wayne, although naturally blessed with a vigorous constitution, yet towards the close of the campaign of 1782, in consequence of great fatigue and exposure, contracted severe indisposition, and himself, as well as his friends, became apprehensive of his falling a victim to the effects of a fever which had so long and obstinately adhered to him. Many are the affectionate letters which he received on the subject from his friends, a few of which relating to this and other topics are subjoined:—

Head-Quarters, Ebenezer, }
State of Georgia, 10th May, 1782. }

My dear Friend,—Your very polite favor was handed me by Capt. Read a few weeks since, in the dreary deserts of Georgia.

I only regret that it was not in my power to receive him in a manner more agreeable to my wishes, and better suited to his merits. However, like a generous soldier, he accepted of a cold piece of beef and rice, and drank of Alligator water with the same cheerfulness as he would have partaken of old Madeira, and every delicacy which abounds on your most luxuriant Philadelphia tables, because he knew that it was accompanied by a sincere welcome, a welcome which every friend to Dr. Rush will always experience from me.

If, in the course of the arduous struggle for liberty, any part of my conduct should be such as to merit the approbation of my country, and

the esteem of my friends, I shall consider it a rich reward for every difficulty and danger that I have experienced.

I am extremely obliged by your kind advice, but, my dear sir, I have it not in my choice to follow it. The only covering to screen me from the burning rays of the sun, the rude thunder storms, and baneful night air, are the concave heavens and a horseman's cloak, which, probably, will be the case for the chief part of the campaign. Our subsistence is rice, poor beef, and Alligator water, which, in addition to the British bullet and bayonet, the tomahawk and scalping knife of their less savage allies, the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Appalaches, Coosachees, Ocmulgies, &c. &c., afford no very flattering prospects in seeing Pennsylvania in health and safety. Apropos, will you be so obliging as to cause the enclosed extract of a letter to be inserted in one or more of the Philadelphia papers, as it will probably be the surest channel through which the fate of that gallant partizan officer* can reach the knowledge of his friends, some of whom reside in Pennsylvania, and others of them in Virginia. Notwithstanding the above statement of discouraging circumstances, I do not despair of surmounting every difficulty, and soon restoring liberty and happiness to the inhabitants of Georgia, whose situation was scarcely to be envied by the d——d. When this shall be effected I will retire to my paternal seat, and *rise again* to the private citizen.

Until when, and ever, believe me, your affectionate friend,

A. WAYNE.

Dr. B. RUSH.

Fishkill, May 25th, 1782.

Dear Sir,—The polite and delicate manner in which you have considered my attention to the reputation of those truly brave men, whom I had the honor to command in the trenches, at York, on the day alluded to, is so very flattering that I feel myself at a loss for words to express my feelings on the occasion. I had too often been a witness to the gallantry and exertions of the Pennsylvania troops under your command, to conceive any additional number of soldiers necessary to secure success; and so long as the armies of America continue to be commanded by officers of such distinguished merit, her military glory will remain untarnished.

I am very sorry, my dear General, to be under the necessity of giving disagreeable answers to your pertinent and important queries. From every appearance, the enemy are disposed to carry on the war in the old channel, except that their force is too inconsiderable to make any impression, and the situation of our public affairs is such as not to promise any decided exertions on our part. Yesterday the news of our independence being declared by the states of Holland, was announced at Head-Quarters as contained in a British paper. This event, which happened on the 29th of March, has afforded us general satisfaction, which, together with the

*Major Francis Moore.

birth of a Dauphin of France, will be the subject of an elegant entertainment and general feu de joy.

The arrival of General Carleton, at New York, with a withered olive branch, has given rise to a report of a speedy peace. He proposed sending his secretary to Congress, on business of importance, which was rejected with a disdain suited to the absurdity of the occasion.

I enclose you a paper containing an address to the people, in consequence thereof, which I wish may be attended with the desired effect.

I am, dear General, with esteem,
your most obedient humble servant,
STEUBEN, Maj. Gen., &c.

General WAYNE.

The following is a letter from the distinguished, and in his day, the much beloved Col. John Laurens, who appears to have been one of the General's favourite correspondents.

Dear General,—It is with pleasure that I introduce to your acquaintance Roger Saunders, Esquire, a gentleman distinguished in this country for his liberality of sentiments and particular friendship to the officers and soldiers of the continental army. You probably saw him at Sandy Hill, or at his own house; but lest in the crowd that your station necessarily subjects you to pass in review, you should not recollect him, I take the liberty of presenting him to you anew; persuaded that he will gain you esteem. I am happy at the same time in an opportunity of congratulating you upon the additional laurels which you gained by your Cæsarean march and victory over the distinguished Col. Brown. Be assured, my dear General, that no one more sincerely partakes your sentiments on this occasion, and more heartily rejoices at this recent trophy on your escutcheon, than your affectionately humble servant,
JOHN LAURENS.

General WAYNE, }
10th June, 1782. }

Head-quarters, Ebenezer, }
15th June, 1782. }

My dear Laurens,—Your worthy friend, Mr. Saunders, presented your favour of the 10th instant.

I have only to lament that it was not more in my power to receive him in a manner better suited to his merits and my wishes. A little taffee and alligator water, with poor beef and swamp seed, were all we could offer, except the relish, a sincere welcome.

I thank you for your polite congratulation on our nocturnal rencounter; may you, my dear friend, speedily have an opportunity, and I will be answerable for your wearing additional laurels wrested from British brows, until when, and ever believe me, with sincere esteem,

Your affectionate friend and servant,
Colonel LAURENS. A. WAYNE.

The opportunity which the General wished his friend for the acquirement of additional laurels soon occurred; but they were gathered to decorate his grave.

On the 17th of August, 1782, the gallant Laurens fell in a rencounter with a British foraging

party. A brief and brilliant sketch of his life may be found in Rogers' Remembrancer of Deceased Heroes, &c.

My dear Sir,—The evacuation of Savannah, by the enemy, was attended with circumstances that have given you great credit among your friends. Pennsylvania loves you; you are one of her legitimate children; let nothing tempt you to abandon her. There are honors in store for you here. Chester county claims you. Come, my friend, and sit down with the companions of your youth, under the shades of trees planted by your own hands. Come, and let the name of Wayne descend to posterity in your native state, while the sun shines and while the rivers flow.

The exertions of the enemy for some months past, have been greatly upon the ocean. This city has lost, at a moderate computation, eight hundred thousand pounds, by captures, since the first day of January last.

The spirit of the ministry, it is true, has changed; but the profits of the war are so immense in New York to Digby and his officers, that we can expect no mitigation of our losses at sea until the sound of peace reaches the last British cruiser upon our coast.

Peace appears to be inevitable; but I doubt much if we shall have it in less than a year from the present time. John Adams has negotiated a loan for five millions of florins, and the Congress have authorized Mr. Morris to procure four millions of dollars, in Europe or America, at any interest, or upon any security he chooses to give. This will probably extricate us from our present difficulties. Taxes alone will *not* do.—It will be sufficient during the war if we can raise an amount by taxes to pay the interest of funded debts.

John Dickinson is talked of for President, and General Mifflin as Vice President of our State, for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Rush joins in best wishes for your happiness, with,

Dear Sir, your sincere friend,
And fellow-citizen,
BENJAMIN RUSH.

Philadelphia, September 16th, 1782.

Charleston, Dec. 24th, 1782.

Dear Sir,—Want of health, and not inclination, prevented me acknowledging your very obliging and friendly favour of the 16th September. On the second of that month I was seized by a violent fever, nor have I from that period to this hour enjoyed one day's health. Frequent emetics, and constant application of the Peruvian barks, taken at the rate of an ounce per diem, were not proof against the reiterated attacks of that fatal disorder, which has more than decimated this army in the course of three months.

My physicians, after trying the powers of almost the whole materia medica, without effect, have directed the substitution of regimen and moderate exercise, in hopes of removing a complaint from my breast, which possesses many diagnostics of a pulmonary consumption although our medical gentlemen say that they are feelings

or the natural effects of a continued and severe fever, and are happy presages of the manner in which those fevers generally terminate. Be that as it may, I have this consolation, that neither idleness nor dissipation has so injuriously affected my constitution; but that it has been broken down, and nearly exhausted, by encountering almost every excess of fatigue, difficulty, and danger in the defence of the rights and liberty of America, from the frozen lakes of Canada to the burning sands of Florida.

I feel the force of the lively friendship with which you so anxiously solicit my return to my native State; which, with the help of God, I eventually shall do, not influenced by the fascinating idea of the honours which you are pleased to say await me; they have lost their powers to charm; but from a fixed determination to revisit my Sabine field, where I hope yet to pass many happy days in domestic felicity, with my family and a few chosen friends, unfettered by any public employ, and consequently unenvied; until when, and ever believe me, with true affection and esteem,

Your obedient servant,

Dr. B. RESS.

A. WAYNE.

Philadelphia, January 1st, 1783.

Dear Sir,—A public duty added to private inclination have induced me much sooner to take the pleasure of writing to you, if I had not been prevented by indisposition and a press of business.

I now beg leave to assure you that I shall be happy in testifying the esteem I entertain for you as a fellow-citizen and an officer, and shall consider it as an evidence of your friendly disposition towards me, if you will be so kind as to favour me, on all occasions, with your advice on points relating to the public weal, and especially at present, on any thing respecting the troops of this State under your command.

I am perfectly sensible of my defects, and am desirous, as much as I can, to remedy them, so that neither Pennsylvania nor any worthy man, or body of men, may suffer by them. The best way, I apprehend, for remedying them, is to consult those on whose judgment and integrity I am most inclined to rely.

I should be very glad if I could send you any good news that might be depended on; but that is too difficult. The best informed here think that we shall have peace next spring. I cannot believe it. There is no trusting to outsiders. It would not be surprising if the apparent zeal of Great Britain, in negotiating, should prove an artifice to draw from the belligerent powers demands afterwards to be laid before Parliament, "as incompatible with the dignity of the crown, and the essential interests of the kingdom," for the purpose of inflaming the nation to a continuance of the war.

I wish you, Sir, and the officers and soldiers, my fellow-citizens, all happiness, and am,

Your affectionate and humble servant,
General WAYNE. JOHN DICKINSON.

Charleston, 17th January, 1783.

Dear General,—The total liberation of the

Southern States from an enemy, affords the citizens a flattering prospect of a continuation of peace and tranquillity; so that, probably, the troops of the middle states will be ordered to return northerly in the course of the spring. Be that as it may, my constitution has received so many shocks by reiterated attacks of fever, in this inhospitable climate, that my physicians deem it expedient for me to proceed northerly as soon as my health shall be sufficiently re-established to undertake the journey. General Greene, to-whom I am under many obligations for his very polite attention, on all occasions, backs the opinion of the medical gentlemen, with the anxiety of a sincere friend. Thus advised, I shall leave this place some time in March, unless your Excellency should order the Pennsylvania troops to join your army, in which case I will proceed with them, and should there be a prospect of an active campaign, in that quarter, permit me to take the liberty of soliciting the command of the light infantry; but if your Excellency has already disposed of that command, I am silent, and doubt not that it will be conducted with more ability, but not with more zeal than under the direction of your Excellency's very affectionate and sincere humble servant.

His Excellency

A. WAYNE.

General WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, 4th February, 1783.

Dear Sir,—I have received your kind and agreeable favour of the 2d and 29th of last September, for which I pray you to accept my thanks. It was not until very late after the date that I received it. I have addressed you several letters and have been honoured by only a few replies. I think it very probable that they have taken the course you mention, although they contained little either entertaining or serviceable to friend or foe.

Great Britain will, I believe, make peace, because I believe that the people are heartily tired of the war, and because, with all the glories of last campaign about them, they have only not been ruined, but have acquired nothing. The King and his ministry will not make peace if they can help it. So much for politics.

I heard, with very great pain, of the sickness and mortality which prevailed among our troops, and particularly so as the disease paid no respect to persons or characters. My pleasure was proportionally great when Major Burnett's arrival announced your personal state of convalescence. I flatter myself that before the sickly season returns, you will be enabled to breathe the air of a more salubrious climate. The laurels that you have gained in the southern swamps will bear our frosts, and I hope flourish forever green on the heads of those who have earned them so well.

You judge very rightly when you suppose that nothing but a severe and painful attention to public cares could lead me to omit the faithful remembrance of my friends. Your opinion would have been perfect, had you believed that even those attentions could not obliterate you from my memory.

Accept, I pray you, my sincere congratulations on every public and private account for the present situation of affairs in the southern world; and believe me, with sincere esteem,

Dear General, your friend and servant,
General WAYNE. ROBERT MORRIS.

Charleston, S. C. 20th April, 1783.

Dear Sir,—I am extremely obliged by your very polite favour of the 1st January, presented me a few weeks since, and to which I would have instantly replied had I not been at the period severely oppressed by the effects of a lingering and painful fever.

Permit me, Sir, doubly to congratulate you, on your appointment to the chair of state and the dawn of returning peace, the happy issue of a long and bloody war, which secures to America that independence which she has so greatly earned.

You are prepared to ask my advice on any thing respecting the troops under my command and belonging to your State. Waiving until a more favorable opportunity, any particular statements, I shall only apprise your Excellency, that they have been somewhat uneasy, and expressed apprehensions of being continued in a climate which has proved fatal but to too many of our worthy veterans. However, the arrival of Captain Jackson, with the official proclamation by Congress, has rendered them easy on that head.

We now anxiously wait the return of the express boat that carries this, to know whether transports can be found to carry the troops to Philadelphia, in which case they will be saved a long and very fatiguing march.

The proceedings of the northern army, together with the resolutions of Congress, have reached this place, and I fondly flatter myself that the wisdom and justice of the Executive and Legislative bodies of Pennsylvania will remove every bar, and open wide the door of welcome and receive her returning soldiery with open arms and grateful hearts; and I cannot entertain a doubt, but they, on their part, will cheerfully, and contentedly resume the garb and habits of the citizen.

I shall, to-morrow, begin my march, with a detachment of troops, to meet the Creeks, Cherokees, and other Indians in treaty at Augusta, where commissioners from Georgia, North and South Carolina will also attend; that business once finished, I will use all possible expedition to reach my native state.

Meantime, believe me, with every sentiment of respect,

Your most obedient servant,
His Excellency A. WAYNE.
Governor DICKINSON.

Philadelphia, May 17th, 1783.

Dear Sir,—Some few days since, I received your favour of the 20th April, and was sincerely glad to be informed that you were so far recovered of your dangerous indisposition, the accounts of which had been very alarming in this State, that you were able to set out for Augusta on business of importance. When that is finished,

may you return as you wish to your native country, with your health perfectly established. May that blessing be also universally restored to the companions of your toils.

Immediately on receipt of your letter I solicited the expediting transports for bringing home the troops of the Pennsylvania line, as a measure absolutely just in respect to their convenience, and absolutely necessary to preserving the lives of many of them; and this day the Secretary of the Marine Department waited upon me, by order, to inform me that the contract was made, the despatches getting ready, and the vessels would sail in a week.

As I know that you interest yourself in every thing that can afford pleasure to our brave fellow-citizens, I felt myself bound to give you this intelligence, hoping this will go in a ship at the beginning of the next week. I trust that Pennsylvania will embrace with fondness her affectionate, dutiful sons, cherish them in her bosom, regard their poverty and infirmities, incurred in serving and saving her as additional merits; and do herself the honour to prove that she was worthy of being thus served and saved. My mind is made up on the point, and the obstructions hitherto opposed, or that may be hereafter opposed, shall never divert or deter me from making every exertion in my power to have the fair debts of justice and gratitude discharged.

I am, dear Sir, your friend,

And most obedient servant,

General WAYNE. JOHN DICKINSON.

In the month of July General Wayne, after having seen the last of the Pennsylvania troops embarked on board the transports, took passage for Philadelphia, where he arrived in a state of strong convalescence—but late in the autumn he experienced a severe relapse of fever.

Not among the least of the grievances to which his indisposition subjected him was that of not being present at, and participating in the very interesting scenes which occurred in New York immediately subsequent to its evacuation by the British army.

On the 25th November, 1783, General Washington, accompanied by an extensive cavalcade of military and civil officers, and thousands of his fellow-citizens, entered the city of New York amid every demonstration of joy which gratitude and affection were capable of displaying.

On the 4th of December, at noon, occurred the affecting scene of the beloved Washington bidding an adieu to his comrades in arms; a scene which no pen can worthily describe, no pencil delineate; each would require an animation which nothing but the actual scene itself could inspire.

Waynesborough, Chester county, }
13th December, 1783. }

My dear General,—Long want of health, occasioned by the extreme of fatigue and exposure in an inhospitable climate, deprived me of the honour and pleasure of attending your Excellency into New York, and the same cause now adds to my unhappiness by preventing me from

paying you my personal respects in the city of Philadelphia. However, I have one consolation, i. e. that my countrymen will have an opportunity of expressing not only by words, but actions, the gratitude of their hearts to their chief and protector.

Permit me, Sir, to assure you, from my own knowledge, that your address has had more influence on the councils of my native state than volumes from any other quarter, and I fondly flatter myself that the same influence will shortly pervade the councils of every state in the confederation, and which alone can insure respect, power, and consequence to America.

My physicians flatter me with a prospect of returning health by a favourable change which they pronounce to have discovered both in my disease and constitution; hence I will not bid you a final adieu, but anticipate the pleasure of once more taking you by the hand.

In the meantime, suffer me to assure your Excellency that I feel, with gratitude, the many favours which you have conferred upon me, and that I am, with much esteem and affection,

Your most obedient, humble servant,
His Excellency A. WAYNE.
General WASHINGTON.

Philadelphia, 14th Dec., 1783.

Dear Sir,—I have only time, before my departure from this city, to acknowledge the receipt of your two favours of the 1st of Nov. and 13th of December, with the several enclosures, which I will take an opportunity of laying before Congress at as early a period as possible.

I should have been very happy to have seen you here, and am sorry your health did not permit it. I hope, however, I shall soon have that pleasure at Mount Vernon, being, with great regard,

Dear Sir, your very humble
And obedient servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

Major General WAYNE.

In pursuance of a resolution of Congress, brigadier General Wayne was brevetted a Major General on the 10th of October, 1783.

The General's physicians were correct, a favourable change both in his constitution and disease did take place, and his restoration to health was as rapid as his disease had been lingering, a circumstance which he thus facetiously announced to his friend, Colonel Jackson.

Philadelphia, January, 1784.

Dear Sir,—Since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, a very troublesome fellow, commonly known by the name of DEATH, took the liberty of calling frequently at my quarters to know if I was ready for payment. My friends were of an opinion that the bond would not be due until some thirty or forty years hence; notwithstanding this opinion, the fellow continued an importunate dun, until a certain Doctor Jones issued a stay of execution; in addition to which, I obtained a Habeas Corpus, and a consequent release from my chamber, to which I had been

confined for six weeks, i. e. forty-two days, or 1008 hours.

I know of no statute or common law which would justify me in instituting an action of damage, otherwise I would not suffer that same caitiff, death, to pass with impunity. However, I shall be in Georgia in the course of a few months, and we will consult brother Howley and a few other legal characters on this subject.—Apropos are my title papers, &c. fully and legally made matters of record?

Your friend, and very humble servant,
A. WAYNE.

Colonel JAMES JACKSON.

The principal object of this memoir, as has been said, being to portray the military and not the civil life of General Wayne, the interval between the termination of the revolutionary war, in 1783, and his appointment to the command of the United States army in the month of April, 1792, will be noticed very cursorily, and only so far as the General was interested in it.

In the old Constitution of Pennsylvania which was ratified on the 28th day of Sept. 1776, is the following section:—

"In order that the freemen of this Commonwealth may be preserved inviolable for ever, there shall be chosen by ballot by the freemen in each city and county respectively, on the second Tuesday in October, in the year *one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three*, and on the second Tuesday of October, in every seventh year thereafter, two persons in each city and county of this State, to be called the Council of Censors, whose duty it shall be to inquire whether the Constitution has been preserved inviolate in every part, and whether the Legislative and Executive branches of government have performed their duty as guardians of the people, or assumed to themselves greater power than they are entitled to by the Constitution.—They are also to inquire whether the public taxes have been justly laid and collected and the laws duly executed; they shall have power to order impeachments, pass public censures, recommend to the Legislature the repealing such laws as appear to them to have been enacted contrary to the Constitution," &c.

It was a remarkable coincidence that the year in which the Council of Censors was to have its existence, was also the first year of peace. As no more honourable civil post at that juncture presented itself, his fellow-citizens cheerfully embraced the opportunity of electing General Wayne a member of the Council of Censors.

The General, by his notes and correspondence, appears to have taken a very active part in this assembly.

Much good was contemplated to arise from the controlling and other powers vested in this body; it had, however, a brief existence, and both the good and evil, whatever they may have been, have long since passed into oblivion.

The term of a Censor was limited to one year. Immediately after the expiration of that period, the General was returned by his native county to a seat in the General Assembly. In

that body he served during the sessions of 1784 and 1785.

By reference to the journals of those years, as well as to his correspondence, he appears to have taken deep interest in every measure of importance which was agitated in the Legislature. To the exertions of General Wayne, more than to those of any other individual, has been attributed the early abrogation of the Pennsylvania test laws; the continuance of which, after the peace of 1783, had become not only impolitic in relation to the public weal, but both grievous and tyrannic, with respect to a large portion of the people of that State.

Although the resolutions which were presented by the General, on the above-mentioned subject, were defeated in the first instance, by an overwhelming majority, he nevertheless returned to the charge, and a decisive victory was ultimately obtained.

It is regretted that the limits assigned this memoir will not admit of the insertion of the aforesaid resolutions as well as the dissent from the negative vote.

The dissent is lengthy. It appears at large on the journals, and is a very correct copy of the General's autographic draft remaining among his papers. This dissent, as long as it shall remain on record, will redound to the honour of the General and the few who were associated with him on the occasion.

The General, among other interesting subjects during his brief continuance in the assembly, presented a resolution relative to inland navigation, which was the first movement of Pennsylvania since the revolutionary war on that interesting concern; and more comprehensive than any one which had heretofore been submitted to legislative consideration.

The resolution and consequent proceedings are thus exhibited on the journals.

November 7th, 1785.—It was moved by Mr. Wayne, and seconded by Mr. Watts, as follows:

Resolved, "That a Committee be appointed to revise the law declaring the river Susquehanna and other streams therein named, public highways, and for improving the navigation of said river and streams passed the 9th of March, 1774, and the supplement thereto, passed the 31st of March, 1785, and to report a bill which shall have for its object the more perfect improvement of the navigation of said river and streams, and also in concurrence with the states of Maryland and Delaware, the improvement of the navigation between the waters of the Chesapeake and Delaware, by a canal on principles of reciprocity." And said motion was referred to a committee consisting of a member from each county, viz:

November 18th, 1785.

The committee made a report approving the plan and recommending the opening of a navigable communication between the bays of Chesapeake and Delaware, concluding with a resolution authorizing "the Executive Council to enter into a negotiation with the states of Maryland and Delaware to effect that object."

The canal, which the General contemplated in his resolution, is now completed and in successful operation. The innumerable advantages which the Union, and of course the State of Pennsylvania, must derive from this branch of inland navigation, will recall to memory the name of Anthony Wayne as being one among the number of its earliest advocates and promoters.

Many are the letters which the General received, about this period, from distinguished characters, asking permission to offer his name for the Presidential chair of Pennsylvania at the expiration of the then incumbent's term of office. The pressure of his domestic concerns not only compelled him to decline this honour, but to resign his seat in the Legislature.

The State of Georgia, in 1782, complimented General Wayne with a very valuable landed estate in consideration of his public services as well as with the view of inducing him to become a citizen of that state after the war should terminate.

The General also possessed a valuable paternal property in his native state, and being under obligations of gratitude to both, he resolved to spend a portion of time in each state.

The estate in Georgia, he could not dispose of without giving offence, and that in Pennsylvania, he could not, from prejudices of local attachment, reconcile his mind to sell.

His Waynesborough estate in the county of Chester, which had been inoperative for a length of time, first claimed his attention, which, for the space of two years, was most assiduously devoted to the placing of that property in a state of cultivation; in the meantime his arrangements were making for rendering his Georgia estate productive. The latter object could not be effected without a very considerable sum of money, a sum which, at that period, could not be procured in this country. The General was, therefore, necessitated to attempt a loan in Holland. Although every precaution was taken to render this negotiation secure and successful, yet, most unhappily, his bills were all returned protested, a circumstance which involved him in extreme difficulties and embarrassments; and, ultimately, to save his patrimonial estate he was compelled, in the year 1791, to sacrifice his Georgia present.

The General's time was so fully engrossed by his domestic concerns, from the close of the revolutionary war until the autumn of 1791, and his personal attendance being so much divided between the state of Pennsylvania and that of Georgia, the wishes of neither could be fully gratified in affording him an evidence of its desire to place him in the Councils of State; indeed it was a subject for judicial decision in a particular case, whether the General's domicile was in Pennsylvania or Georgia. However, in 1787, his fellow-citizens of Pennsylvania availed themselves of an opportunity to elect him one of the members of the Convention which adopted the constitution of the United States, and his fellow citizens of Georgia, in the year 1791, elected him a member of the United States Congress.—

This election was canvassed and set aside, after a very lengthy and animated discussion; immediately after which, President Washington nominated Anthony Wayne to the Senate, as Major General, and, of course, Commander-in-Chief of the United States army—which nomination being confirmed, the high and important trust was accepted.

Philadelphia, 13th April, 1792.

Sir,—I am honoured with yours of the 12th instant, notifying that “the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, has appointed me Major General, and, of course, commanding officer of the troops in the service of the United States,” and calling upon me to signify my acceptance or non-acceptance of this appointment.

I clearly foresee that this is a command which must inevitably be attended with the most anxious care, as well as great fatigue and difficulty, and one from which more may be expected than will bein my power to perform; yet I should be wanting, both in point of duty and gratitude to the President, were I to decline an appointment, however arduous, to which he thought proper to nominate me. I therefore accept of the trust that he has been pleased to repose in me, in full confidence of the most effectual support from the President and yourself; and I shall attend at such time and place as you may direct, in order to file the oath of office as prescribed by law.

I have the honour to be, with sincere esteem,
Your most obedient,

And very humble servant,
A. WAYNE.

The Hon. Maj. Gen. H. Knox, Secretary of war.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE PLEASURES OF SICKNESS.

Smile not, reader, for even a sick bed has its pleasures.—True, anguish often hovers over the couch and despair seizes upon the heart of the sick man, yet often is the gloom lighted up and gladness poured upon his soul. I speak not of that hope which makes the darkness of disease seem the prelude to eternal sunshine, and the gates of death, but the portals of unfading glory. There are other things which can relieve the tediousness of confinement, and cause the heart of the afflicted to rejoice, even when his body is burdened, his strength broken.

I was once laid low by sickness—disease came suddenly upon me. The vigour of youth could not resist its influence, and months went by ere my head was raised from its pillow. At first it was terrible. I expected, and yet I feared to die. It seemed a hard thing that my race should so soon be run. Life was just opening before me, pleasure had not yet passed, disappointment had never shed over me its blighting and withering influence. It was the spring-time of youth and hope, and I clung with the eagerness of attachment to earth and its objects. To lie down

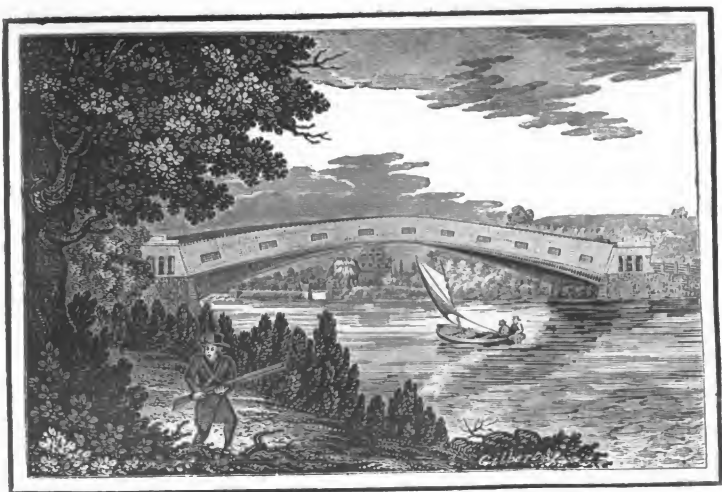
in oblivion, to leave no memorial behind me save the grass on my grave and the stone at its head, to be forgotten every where except in the narrow circle of immediate relatives, to exchange the bright and beautiful things of this world for the darkness and dreariness of the grave—the thought was maddening.

But these images of horror soon vanished.—When the fever's flush was on my cheek and its heat was drying my blood and firing my brain, strange and pleasant visions floated before my sight, dim and indistinct at first as the impressions of a dream, yet clothed in all the glowing hues of a wandering imagination. Fairy forms hovered over my couch, unearthly music sounded in my ears. Sometimes the friends of other days, they upon whose coffins I had heard the clods rattling and over whose graves the herbage had long been green, stood before me and I again held converse with the “mourned, the loved, the lost.” Scenes, fair as were ever formed in the visions of sleep, floated before my eyes and I lived amid the glowing creations of an excited fancy.

And even when these disappeared and reason was restored, there was much left to soothe and gratify in the sympathy and attention of friendship. It is in such situations that we most feel their value. As I saw the anxiety of those around me, their unwearied attention, the care and watchfulness which they manifested, I appreciated the worth of their affection and almost rejoiced in the affliction which had elicited its display. And there was one, a loved and gentle being, whose voice had always been melody and her presence gladness to me. As I saw tears clouding the brightness of her blue eyes, how did I prize them as pledges of sympathy and attachment! And as her light step stole into my chamber and she sat by my bed-side and rested her soft cheek upon my burning temples and bathed my wasted brow when the fever's heat was upon me, or in moments of despondency whispered peace and hope to my soul, how did I bless her for her love, and rejoice in the assurance of possessing it.

At length I began to recover. I experienced a childish delight when I first regained the use of my limbs, and how thrilling were my sensations when I again felt upon my cheek the fresh breeze, and gazed upon the blue heavens and green earth. As I looked upon the firmament stretching above me, bright and boundless, and with its sapphire wall and glowing vault resplending an arch of azure glory circling all below, and beheld the sun careering through it in undimmed majesty, bathing in a flood of splendour the distant mountain, darting his golden beam on the glittering river and shedding his radiance on tree and plant and flower; while the rich fragrance of the summer blossoms came soft upon the senses and the glad music of birds was heard from every bush and copse—I wondered how I could ever have been so little affected by the many pleasant and beautiful things of earth.

Years have since gone by. My pulses beat



UPPER FERRY BRIDGE, NEAR PHILADELPHIA.



WASHINGTON INN, HOLMESBURGH.

joyously and health again dances in my veins. Yet when I think of the bright visions which fancy formed when disease was upon me, of the tenderness of friendship and fervor of attachment which were then manifested and of the exquisiteness of returning health, I would be almost willing again to be laid low by sickness.

MOYREN.

UPPER FERRY BRIDGE, Near Fairmount Water Works.

The environs of the city naturally afford many beautiful and picturesque scenes, which have been improved by the hand of genius, and disposed into a greater variety; but of all the neat and elegant dispositions, which labour and system have bestowed upon the abrupt, the natural ruggedness which diversify the surrounding landscape, none can vie with the majestically grand appearances which nature and art have combined their efforts to produce, in the vicinity of the Upper Ferry Bridge. The beautiful river Schuylkill winds its course at the foot of those high grounds which confine its channel on the east, while the opening landscape, stretching to the west, enlivens, with all the varieties of light and shade, innumerable objects of curiosity or delight, receding in endless perspective till it terminates in the clouds.

The woody skirt of the western bank embrows with its deep foliage the fringed edge of the silver stream, while the alternations of shade and sun are reflected in every variety, and presents a pleasing contrast to the expansive sheet of water, which glides in unrimpled currents till it falls over the precipice at the dam, awakening, with its ceaseless roar, the most sublime sensations, and producing involuntary exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

A short distance below the dam, the bridge, as if by magic, seems to leap across the bed of the stream, and affords, from its lofty height, another variety in the diversified landscape.—The span of the arch is 340 feet, and forms a segment of a circle, whose regular bearing and proportions add strength and safety by the pressure of its weight. It was built by Lewis Wernwag and Joseph Johnston, by contract with the Lancaster Schuylkill Bridge Company, in the year 1813, and, together with the road, cost about \$140,000. The stock of this bridge Company is divided into 1627 shares, each share valued at \$50. The bridge is built on strong buttments of stone, whose foundations are laid upon solid rock, at a great depth below the surface. It is covered in with a roof, and enclosed at the sides, with windows for the admission of air and light; and affords a safe, pleasant, and convenient passage for travellers, with a partition in the middle through its whole length, which allows carriages the right hand, without risk of interruption or embarrassment. The Ferry House, on the west side, is a neat, comfortable building, capable of accommodating large parties, who, in their excursions thither from the city, never fail to meet with good entertainment,

and all that innocent amusement which the charming varieties of the place afford.

The present bridge is built near the scite of the old floating wooden causeway, which served passengers in their transit over this part of the Schuylkill. Time, that improver of genius, instigator of enterprise, and inventor of arts, has superseded the floating, splashing, dangerous causeway, by a noble structure, in which safety, strength, duration, and elegance, are so happily blended, as to bid defiance to the rigor of the elements; to unite permanency with beauty, and to give a splendid specimen of the rapid progress of the arts amongst our enterprising mechanics.

Fifty years ago, when Fairmount presented a rugged, uneven, precipitous declivity, crowned with lofty forest trees, interspersed with gloomy pines and thick underwood: when the Schuylkill glided uninterruptedly along in gloomy silence, and the majestic goose, and other aquatic wild fowl, were the only clamorous visitants to break the stillness which reigned over the landscape: when the low, floating bridge echoed the footsteps of the solitary traveller; and the gloomy recesses of the dark forests which overshadowed the road, received him as he reached the shore; and winding over the rugged rocks which impeded his toilsome progress, presented its sunless mossy seats to recline his wearied limbs: when the deep ravine, a furlong from the Ferry House, terminated in a long ledge of rocks, whose broad and even surface, once stained with human blood, and visited at dead of night by gliding spectres, furnished to the living legends of the neighbourhood, a tale of horror, which never failed to chill the excited feelings of the youthful passengers. But, fifty years have gone by, and with them their predilections, their prejudices, and the evanescent recollections of its old-fashioned, sedate inhabitants. The Ferry House has been renewed by modern improvements, uniting the usefulness of the past age to the conveniences of the present. The gardens laid out in regular and serpentine walks, terminating in shrubbery and clumps of ornamental trees—amidst which are reared for the comfort of the guests, elegant temples, dedicated to festive enjoyment, the sparkling of wine and the sallies of wit—not excluding broad merriment and loud pealing laughter. The adjacent wood cleared of its undergrowth, and the green sword, nipt short by the sheep, which fatten on its herbage, present an inviting promenade to the belles and beaux of the goodly city of brotherly love, whose fraternal affection is here warmed by sympathetic participation, into the glow of amorous wooing; while the soft murmurs of the distant water fall, and the gentle echoes of "dank and dell," contribute their magical incantations to convert geese into swans, damsels into woodnymphs, and the dull plodding prentice shop-boy into the sentimental lover!

The heights of Fairmount, which present, on the west, a deep and long ledge of rocks gilded

by the declining sun, cast a lustre around the vicinity which can rarely be equalled. The contrast of the Water Works, seated as if in unassuming simplicity at the foot; and the long and noisy water-fall which presents its white and frothy bosom to the stream, are among the varieties afforded by a bridge view of the landscape.

The reservoir on the mount is accessible from the road by a tedious flight of steps, which winds among the rocks till it reaches the summit, where the visitor may repose in an elegant Temple, and enjoy another view, a bird's-eye gaze upon the prospect beneath him! The bridge with its noble arch is seen on the left, spreading over the surface of the stream—while a variety of small craft and pleasure boats, diminished by their distance to a mere speck, glide upon the water. The astonished traveller casts a lingering look upon the prospect before him, fixes his hat more firmly on his head, seizes his cane, and with renewed vigor resumes his journey homeward.

THE WASHINGTON INN, AT HOLMESBURG, PA.

We present our readers with a view of the Inn at Holmesburg, which was celebrated during the eventful period of the revolution, as a hospital for the sick and wounded American soldiers. It was at that time occupied as a private family mansion by its patriotic owner, who was himself devoted to the cause of liberty, and joined the army with the rank of Major. There were frequent skirmishes in the neighbourhood, which terminated, as the chances of war usually do, in adding to the wounded and helpless.—These were now removed to the Holmesburg quarters, and every attention paid to the wants of the soldier which the humanity and patriotism of the worthy inmates could bestow. The head quarters of General Washington were, by desire of its worthy proprietor, established in this mansion, and continued at intervals during the operations within its immediate neighborhood. At the close of the war, the proprietor of this establishment converted it into a public house, under the name of the WASHINGTON INN, by which it has ever since been designated.

It is situated in the pleasant village of Holmesburg, ten miles from Philadelphia, on the road leading to New York; and has furnished many a legend of the revolution, but which we have in vain endeavoured to elicit from its oldest traditionalists.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE CAPTIVE'S ESCAPE.

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains."

In my youth, I unfortunately began to contract a habit of drinking, which, however, innocent in the beginning, grew upon me in a way that had nothing peculiar in it; or different from other cases of the kind, till it had reached an alarming height. The manner in which it affected me, my sensations and situation at that

time, as well as the efforts by which I fortunately regained the path of nature, I mean to describe as nearly as possible. To those who may be so unfortunate as to be in my situation; and, perhaps, from my experience, I may be so happy as to aid them in emancipating themselves from the most powerful and destructive habit.

My situation in life is neither rich nor poor, requiring active exertions, a free intercourse with mankind, and at times calling for all the natural and acquired talents that in the coolest moments are possessed: thus, at the age of thirty-five, I found myself a drunkard—when I arose in the morning, I arose with the thoughts of the bottle, and could hardly clothe myself till I had taken a heavy dram, and if any one was observing me, I trembled to that degree, that I must shelter myself from view, till I had got about a gill of the strongest spirits into operation, before I could expose my palsied hands to observation! three or four more drams generally prepared me for a small breakfast—although naturally a hearty man at my meals.—My appetite had lessened by degrees, till I ate very sparingly, and cared but little about eating at all. About two hours after breakfast, the system required more stimulation; but if invited to drink in ever so short a time, I was sure not to refuse; or if about to ride into the country, I must drink as much as I could bear before starting, fearing the spirit would die in me before my return: further, to prevent which, if I thought I should be detained long, I took a bottle along with me; for the burthen of all my reflections, the beginning and end of every idea, my sleeping and waking thoughts were the bottle, and as soon as one dram was swallowed, I was longing for the next. Sometimes I would be pretty full by dinner, but commonly I went past the middle of the day tolerably well; by the middle of the afternoon, sometimes sooner, sometimes a little later, I was in the full tide of drinking. Dram after dram, of rum, brandy, or whiskey, indifferently, was poured down in company, if I could get it, if not, alone, till I retired to bed drunk, or nearly so: for I can safely say, that for *months*, I never went to bed sober! For a long time plenty of cold water would serve me through the night, placed at my bed side for the purpose; and often, in the course of a night, have I broken the ice on the surface of the water, to come at the cooling draught, to quench my raging thirst! Bad as this case was, a worse followed in process of time. After the first sleep, on awakening, and taking the usual drink of water, and adjusting myself again for repose, I found myself prevented by a restlessness and anxiety, which, by degrees, grew into a fearfulness and horror, quite indescribable; but, which you, to whom this article is principally addressed, will understand. Why need I describe to you the horror of those midnight reflections, when the spirits being exhausted within us, the image of our true situation in gloomy colours, presents itself to our view; when a trembling pervades the debilitated

nervous system, and the cold clammy sweats break forth—the prelude to our approaching dissolution, and the thoughts of grieved and mortified friends, a ruined family, and an ignominious death, rush at once upon our weak and timid minds. Thus, from water, I was obliged to beg spirits, to support me through the night. During the day, if I had any business to attend, I must be sure to steady my nerves sufficiently with spirits before I began; and some records will ever show to my shame, my inattention, or inability, to steady my hand, before I began to write. My temper became irritable in the extreme; with my friends captious; in my family peevish; to my enemies outrageously insulting! My business became much neglected; trifles appeared very burthensome, and now put off and dreaded to the last—an almost childish timidity pervaded my mind; bodily exertion was as much as possible avoided, for when performed, a trembling succeeded; a morbid sensibility on trifling occasions would draw tears from my eyes; to real love and friendship, succeeded irritated sensuality and careless selfishness! I entered with reluctance into good company; either fearing I should commit myself, or wishing to avoid the labour and exertion necessary to maintain with decency my part of the conversation. I thus found myself, by degrees, preferring company far below me, where with little exertion and no danger I could show to advantage, and where my ruinous habit could be the better gratified. It was evident that this state of things could not last long—I saw it; I felt it; and was convinced of the necessity of applying a remedy; to effect which, I fell on the most dangerous and ineffectual course that could be devised. I substituted wine for the more ardent liquid; but, after a little time, I found that I carried the wine to the same inebriating excess that I carried the spirits. I then tried cider, strong beer, porter, &c., but they still cherished and increased my hankering and love for my envenomed foe, without weakening in the least a link of the tyrant's chain; and at length, I came back weakened and dispirited to my approaching ruin, with habit's chain rivited faster than ever, if possible, upon me: for, as in a state, suppressed rebellion is said to strengthen the government, so every ineffectual effort to break an inveterate habit, weakens the subject's confidence in himself; shows him the strength of his enemy, and aggravates the vice. Like the unfortunate traveller, who, after unconsciously gliding down the smooth surface of a river, is suddenly aroused from his security by the roar of a tremendous water-fall, and finding himself within its powerful attraction, springs upon the oars, if possible, to avoid the imminent danger, by landing his bark; but, in spite of his prayers, and almost superhuman exertions, he shortly finds himself on the brink of the fatal precipice; and with heart-rending exclamations, descends, and the scene is closed in the horrid gulf below—thus, I have at different times visited favourite fountain and shade, hill and dale, each of which can witness my griefs and sor-

rows, my tears and broken vows; yes, in the deepest darkness, I have visited the tombs of my departed friends and relatives; and, in grief indescribable, called on their spirits to assist me in avoiding my miserable fate, but all in vain. I soon found myself tamely submitting to my enemy, who was busily adjusting upon me the cloak of infamy; the eternal gulf open before me; my friends weeping about me; and my enemies at a distance laughing and flurring, and sending their cursed sidelong jeers at the helpless victim.

My God! is there no help for the widow's son! In several of my efforts to regain the path of rectitude, I was convinced that tobacco, which I had freely used for years, was the principal agent in defeating me; I was, therefore, determined that, in any future attempts I might make, this jackall of ardent spirits should share the fate of his master, and both, if either, be discarded. There was one small consolation in the mountain of my afflictions: the tyrant, in his decree that a drunkard shall be his own executioner, has inserted a clause, that, if he has spirit enough, he may choose the manner of his death. I had three cases, similar to my own, lately presented to my view, where opium, the knife, and pistol, had been chosen instead of the disgraceful poison. I applauded their resolution, admired their choice, and took my measures accordingly. Taking my only child, a boy of about one and a half years old, in my arms, I loudly exclaimed, "your poor unfortunate father"—the tears trickling down my cheeks; my wife coming into the room was alarmed at my appearance; I dissembled the cause of my emotion; took to my room and bed; denied all business, and nearly all company; gave out that I was sick, and truly was I; but I feigned to my friends, and even to my wife, the cause—there I formed my last resolution to LIVE or DIE! * * * * I took two or three doses of neutral salts to cool my blood; drank plentifully of milk and water, gruel and the like, as the most mild and soothing support to the irritable system; read entertaining books, to calm as much as possible my timid and anxious mind; and, in about a week, I ventured a little abroad, a trembling convalescent—the affection of my nerves gradually abated; my appetite slowly returned; from very light diet, by degrees I came to relish the strong or common food of the table. Long and severe was my penance; but great was the prize for which I was contending—life and reputation.—When I have had to perform any manual operation, writing, &c., how many shifts have I resorted to, to get an opportunity of performing it alone or unobserved, for timidity excited trembling long after it had ceased in my calmer moments. When invited to drink, I excused myself on account of late sickness, head-ache, a recent meal, or the like; if pressed past excuses, I would touch the glass or bottle to my lips, rather than provoke the vulgar taunts of having sworn off, joined the church, &c. A great change gradually took place in the economy of

the system; the scarf skin from the tenderer parts of the body peeled off; the stomach and bowels, deprived of their accustomed stimulants, had to be excited to action by gentle aperients; the pulse, from being preternaturally quick, sunk to fifty-five and fifty beats in a minute, and for two years hardly regained its natural tone; many other changes difficult, and not necessary to describe, were observed. My mind by degrees became calm, then cheerful at times, and at length happy. Long after the commencement of my abstinence, (in my dreams I have sometimes tasted the proscribed poisons,) horror would seize my mind; anguish prey upon my feelings, till the bitterness thereof would awake me to behold, with unspeakable joy, that it was a dream.

I am now upwards of forty years old, and long since, it has been my custom to rise in the morning with the light or the sun, perhaps humming a tune; my mind intent on business, instead of the bottle, and pursue the labour of the day with cheerfulness; slake my thirst at the 'bubbling fountain,' or the 'moss-covered bucket,' with the utmost satisfaction; and at night, lie down cool and calm in the bosom of my family; and peace, prosperity and happiness, have returned to the mansion of the once wretched —. Methinks you are almost ready to envy me my happiness: do not, my unfortunate friends, but come and partake, come back to the cooling fountains from which you have strayed; come back to nature's balm—simplicity; forsake the stream that you are conscious must end in disgraceful ruin! In vain will you call your boisterous merriment over your cups, *happiness*—in vain will you call your garrulity and laughter *pleasure*. True, for a few moments, by drowning your reflections and anticipations, you may force a transient joy; but a draught of pure water from the cool spring, gives to the weary husbandman, sitting on its mossy bank, more satisfaction than a half gallon of the fiery stimulant will give you. How much preferable to your situation is that of the savage, who roams "the desert in quest of prey:

Course are his meals, the fortune of the chase,
Amidst the running streams he slakes his thirst;
Toils all the day, and, at the approach of night,
On the first friendly bank he throws him down,
Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;
Then, rises fresh, pursues the wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted spring,
Blesses his stars and thinks it luxury.

My fellow-sufferers, you have been told, and perhaps have read, that it is an easy task to refrain from drinking; that a few days or weeks will be amply sufficient to break your bonds and wean the mind from its longings; believe it not; no experienced person will tell you so, unless it be upon the principle that a surgeon tells his patient when about to undergo a painful operation, that it will not hurt him; but even then I think it better to fortify the subject's mind to sustain the reality. If you think it a light and easy matter to refrain, you will surely be defeat-

ed in any effort to break a habit so powerfully established. Was it formed in a few days or weeks? No! If you wish then, and intend to break it, prepare yourself for a year of penance and self mortification, though probably natural cheerfulness will revisit you at times, before the expiration of that period; but your hankering for the ruinous stimulants, for weeks and months, will be equal to that of the Pilgrim's for water, who,

"On the scorching sands beneath a burning sky;
Long for a cooling stream at hand, when they must
drink or die."

If you form a resolution, tell it to no one, for shame told to a friend, it is half broken; exposed to the public, it has no other obligation than the fear of their witnessing your falsehood. Be sober for soberness sake, be temperate for the reward thereof; the world can soon see, and seeing is far better evidence than hearsay testimony. If the habit of using tobacco is joined with that of hard drinking, you may refrain from both together as easy as from the latter habit alone, provided you are addicted to that only; and easier if you are addicted to both, for the friend behind will ever be pleading for the recall of his fellow. While you are longing for the one your mind will be diverted from the other, and the object, of your anxiety from time to time changed.

Perhaps some will endeavour to say that this is a fiction, the production of some tract society, or water drinking priest. You, to whom this article is principally addressed, have felt too much of what I have described to doubt my having been long a way-worn weary traveller on the drunkard's high road. Few of you, I hope, have, like me, travelled till the dreadful terminating gulf burst upon the view. So far from being a fiction, I, at this distance, shudder at a retrospect of the horrid reality. As to its being a religious production, I have none to predicate it upon, or, in other words, I profess none. I love the precepts of the meek and lowly Jesus—I admire the temperance inculcated by the Shaster and Koran—I commend the sobriety of the Chinese, the Turk, and the Spaniard; and I am alarmed and grieved at the drunkenness of so many of my countrymen.

If neither the consciousness of your disgraceful course and approaching ruin, nor the remonstrances of your friends, and tears of your relatives, nor the scoffs of your enemies, who are pleasing themselves with the prospect of your downfall, will reclaim you, spare, oh! spare the beggary of your family, and the pretracted shame of your friends. Will I then be taxed with advising suicide? Far be it from me—but if a man is bent on self-destruction, I advise him to do it in the least disgraceful manner, and in a way least calculated to injure others, particularly his own family. Surely you will not plead religion in bar—you do not really expect the blessed Jesus to lead you staggering through the valley and shadow of death, and introduce you

to Paradise a miserable victim of the bottle.

Take your course, my friends! the present state of things cannot last long—save yourselves, if possible, for usefulness in the world—spare yourselves to bring up your families, and to be a comfort to your friends and relatives. You, who may be the fortunate few to escape from captivity, tell how you unriveted your chains; tell in what manner you were enticed away from the paths of rectitude, relate your experience in the road to ruin, tell to the inexperienced all its pains and pleasures; give to those still in the bonds of iniquity a clue which may perhaps assist them to come out. It is a duty you owe society, and your companions left behind, and you who cannot escape the devouring vortex, cry out in the bitterness of your grief, cry out in the depth of your affliction, and, with your last breath, warn the young and inexperienced to avoid your fate. Exercise, while you can, a little of that power which the man in torment begged so hard for the liberty of using, to warn his brethren of his miserable end. A few words from you will make a greater impression than pages of cold water declamations! If my domestic affairs and pecuniary circumstances would permit, with what pleasure would I travel a missionary in the cause of temperance. The East Indies, Turkey, and the South Sea Islands, the lands of idolatry and paganism would not be the scenes of my labours; I would go to the splendid cities, towns, and villages of our own boasted land of science, liberty, and happiness. I would enter private families and plead with the affectionate parents to have more care over the forming habits of their tender offspring.

Parents, you can, with a little pains, do more to effect the morals of the next generation than all the divines, tract and temperance societies, with their united efforts, can do to reform this—why is there so little care taken to instill into the minds of children and youth an abhorrence for tobacco and spirits, those dreadful pests of society. Tobacco has not, generally, its share of blame for the mischief it occasions; besides some serious diseases and injuries it tends to produce, which may be seen, it secretly gives a taste and relish for ardent spirits; it weakens the nervous system, and, in a greater or less degree, debilitates the mind and body. The health of many is seriously impaired by it, while they know not their enemy!

My friends, I must bid you farewell. If aught of irony or harshness has appeared in these lines, lay it to the head and not the heart; I did not mean to upbraid you—you do not deserve upbraidings from me: I have told you my simple tale, and may you profit by it; but if you must be a victim of intemperance, instead of upbraidings, how could I watch your death-bed and soothe your dying moments; with the hand of friendship close your eyes, while the tear of pity bedewed my cheek; lay you in your narrow house, raise the lonely stone over your tomb, which should mark, to the passing stranger, the grave of the poor unfortunate *****

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BREAST PIN.

It was at the close of one of those melancholy looking days about the latter end of autumn, known by the name of Indian Summer, after having become very much fatigued by a ride of more than 40 miles, through a wild and romantic country in the upper part of Virginia, along that ledge of rocks known as the Blue Ridge, and my spirits partaking deeply of the gloomy aspect of the day, that I began to sigh for the appearance of a human habitation, where I might promise myself a comfortable entertainment for the evening. On my left, and parallel with the road, extended for several miles a very high ridge or mountain, covered with stately forest trees, rising with almost perpendicular gradation from the base to the summit, among whose branches the western breeze occasionally whistled, and ever and anon shook vast numbers of their summer honours to the ground; behind which the sun had, for several hours previous, retired from my view, and twilight was now fast driving out the lingering beams of day, and preparing to spread her dusky mantle over the surrounding scenery. I continued to press forward, musing upon the awful grandeur of those lofty elevations of nature, which I had seen the day before in grand perspective, far in the western horizon, and among which I believed I was now winding my course. My imagination being upon the wing, I was insensibly drawn from contemplating those magnificent and sublime works of nature, to dwell upon the character and attributes of their eternal author—the grand architect of the universe.

I had sunk into a profound reverie of thought, and was not awakened from my abstraction until I had penetrated far in a dark and narrow recess, between two high mountains; when my horse, stopping short and wheeling round his head, looked back and neighed. The charm of fancy being broken, I recollected myself, and giving my attention, heard the hoofs of a horse in my rear, bounding over the gravel; and very soon a gentleman, dressed in dark costume, and in travelling equipage, rode up to my side.

In exchanging the common civilities of saluting each other, I recognized the voice of my old school fellow and intimate friend, Henry Morton, in whose society I had spent so many agreeable hours, whilst in the character of fellow students at Williamsburgh College, and whom I had not seen for near three years. We felicitated ourselves on our good fortune in meeting so unexpectedly in that wild and solitary region, so far from our respective places of abode; and our minds simultaneously turning “up the stream of time,” we were led to indulge in the recapitulation of a variety of interesting incidents, which had transpired during our juvenile intimacy, with all the enthusiasm of fond recollection.

We had not proceeded far when our recollections were interrupted by a light glimmering through the trees, some little distance before us; where we shortly arrived, and found, much to

our satisfaction, that it issued from the window of a neat little hewed log dwelling, situated to our right, on the side of a gentle ascent, and surrounded by a few acres of cleared land.

Here we resolved to tarry for the night, provided the genius of hospitality had not forsaken the solitary wilds, and accordingly hailed the dwelling; when immediately a good looking man, dressed in huntsman's garb, came to the door, to whom we made our request known.—He gave us to understand that the entertainment of travellers was not his occupation, neither was his house known upon that road as an inn; yet, notwithstanding, his door was always open to the benighted traveller, and, as far as his limited means were adequate, nothing should be omitted to render their situations as comfortable as possible.

We were requested to alight, and our portmanteaus being taken, were shown into a snug little apartment in one end of the house, furnished with plain but neat furniture, and all arranged in that style of taste and order of convenience which distinguished the accomplished housewife; and which will be sufficient to demonstrate the character of the female inmate of these premises. After taking our seats, my friend in adjusting his ruffles displayed to my view a neat and curious breast pin, sticking in his bosom, which attracted my notice; and requesting the privilege to examine it, found it to contain an exceeding small and beautiful miniature, representing a female in all the charms of youth and loveliness. My curiosity being excited, I desired to be informed with regard to the original; and remarked that I could not help but envy him the possession of such an ingenious piece of workmanship, as it seemed to show to me that he must be a particular favourite of the person whom it might represent, and who, no doubt, had bestowed it as a memento of her esteem and regard towards him. He replied, with a deep drawn sigh, which might have been anticipated from the melancholy cast of countenance exhibited during the address of my last sentence, that it was in itself a trinket of comparatively small value, though to him its worth was beyond the powers of numerical calculation; that he had had it in his possession nearly a year; that it had cost him many an anxious hour as well as many sleepless nights; and, to add to the mystery, he was ignorant of the person whose features it portrayed, perhaps, as I was myself.

From this brief and inexplicable introduction to its history, I became extremely interested in the sequel; and accordingly pressed him for a general detail of particulars. After some hesitation, he consented to oblige me, provided I would accompany him in a short walk, during the interval of preparing supper.

The moon had just begun to display her chaste countenance over the top of a neighbouring mountain, and was fast stealing her silver beams along the dusky shades of the valley, where the high road continued to meander its course.

We left the room and directed our way along the contrary end of the road from that which we had come. I recollected to remind Morton of his promise previous to our setting out on our walk. He began by referring me back to the melancholy event of the destruction of the theatre at Richmond, by fire, in which there were so many victims immolated upon the altar of vanity and folly. As this part of the story is one of much interest, I must beg the reader to indulge me in the privilege of giving it in Morton's own words; which, no doubt, will present a picture much more exquisitely touched than my feeble talents at drawing would be adequate. He proceeded as follows:—

“When the first alarm was given that the scenery was on fire, I was situated in one of the front boxes, opposite the players; and as the cry of ‘fire’ was not repeated, but, on the contrary, vehemently contradicted from the stage, it had no other effect than to produce a partial buzz and stir among the audience, which very soon subsided. The calm that followed was of short duration.

The grand alarm of “fire! fire! fire!” being given, it was immediately re-echoed from every quarter of the house, and the confusion and tumult which followed, was a scene beyond the power of words to express. Suffice it to say, that every individual seemed only to be regarding the safety of himself. In providing for my own preservation, soon after leaving my seat, I discovered a female, evidently a stranger, leaning back in one of the boxes, who appeared to have fainted on the first alarm of danger. Seeing that she was disregarded, and believing that if she had any friends in the crowd, they were not aware of her danger, or, were unable to come to her relief, I determined on lending my assistance in her behalf; and seizing her by the waist and raising her up, the functions of life soon returned to their wonted exercise; but only to render her more sensible to the rapid increase of those terrors that had caused their suspension. I took her by the hand, and was making considerable progress towards the door, where we had nearly arrived, when, by a cross pressure of the crowd, driving directly between us, we were separated; and very soon I found myself driven through the door, and far in the street. My solicitude for the unknown female, had now increased so much, that I determined, as far as human agency was competent, still to effect her release. Pressing, therefore, through the crowd, with difficulty I regained the door, where, after repeated efforts, I succeeded in entering; and it was not until I had searched almost through the whole crowd within, that I discovered the object of my pursuit, whom I recognized by a peculiar fashioned head dress, which I had noticed on raising her from the box. I sprang towards her, and caught her in my arms, and then “drew largely” upon every energy I possessed, in striving once more to re-gain the door. The house had become by this time completely filled with smoke; my fellow beings were

suffocating and falling all around me; the flames had penetrated the roof, and was fast consuming every part of the building that was susceptible of combustion. Hope had almost given way to despair, and I was on the point of declining any further exertions, when I determined on making one more effort. Still having my charge in my arms, and almost stifled with smoke, I made a bold and desperate movement, in which I succeeded in pressing forward a few paces; encouraged by my success, I continued to exert myself; and, after repeated efforts, found we had arrived at the threshold of the door. I leaped with my prize into the street, and taking her by the hand, was making my way through the crowd, when a strange gentleman, with almost despair in his countenance, rushed up to me, and seizing my charge by the arm, exclaimed, 'Merciful God, have you escaped!' Releasing my hold, they immediately disappeared, and I saw them no more. Turning round to leave the crowd, in order to obtain the benefit of fresh air, I heard a dreadful crash; and, looking up, saw that the roof and a part of the walls of the building had tumbled in; which closed the scene of that awful and melancholy tragedy.

Having collected myself sufficiently to regard surrounding objects with some degree of composure, I soon found that the tears and lamentations which were prevailing in every direction, were too affecting for my sensibility to contemplate with indifference; and therefore immediately withdrew to my place of residence. I spent the balance of the night under all the restlessness of a perturbed imagination—the horrors of the late scene continually playing before me. There were, however, a few lucid intervals of rational supremacy, which I employed in conjecturing who the unknown female could be, whom I had been so fortunate in rescuing from the flames. But my speculations were all in vain. Neither could I learn any thing satisfactory from any of my acquaintances, of whom I enquired afterwards, by giving a description of her person, dress, &c.

About ten days after the destruction of the Theatre, whilst walking up one of the back streets in Manchester about sunset, a servant girl came up as having overtaken me, and put into my hand a small billet sealed up, without any address, and leaving me, glided round a corner, and down a little dark alley, was immediately out of my sight. I thought the circumstances somewhat singular. However, I proceeded to break the seal, and to my astonishment, this miniature made its appearance, together with a few lines, written in beautiful Italic characters; which read as follows:—'Sir, —The inclosed is a correct likeness of her whose life you saved during the burning of the Theatre, at the imminent risk of your own, which you will please accept, as a trifling testimony of her gratitude for services which she will always remember with the fondest recollection; and for which she fears it will never be in

her power to render an equivalent. I have been ill ever since.

The cold and rigid rules of "cautious prudence," command me to withhold my name.'

I was certainly gratified by this little communication, and flattered myself that I should soon be able to discover the author; who, (I must now tell you,) ever since that memorable evening, had continued to haunt my imagination. I returned home, and calling my friends about me, recounted to them my adventures of the evening; which I concluded by exhibiting my 'little treasure,' as I have ever since called it. But none of them could recollect of ever having seen features, *animated*, that seemed to correspond; therefore, could give me no satisfaction. I was naturally led to believe, that the 'interesting unknown' must reside on the Manchester side; and, accordingly, often repaired thither, under the hope of getting hold of some clue by which I might learn her name and place of residence. But my researches have all proved abortive; and I have now despaired of ever finding her out, as I am on my way to join an expedition to the Rocky Mountains."

We were just turning round to retrace our steps, when our ears were saluted by the sudden scream of a female, together with other indications of distress, which appeared to be along the road about one hundred paces ahead. By a mutual impulse of motion, we were instantaneously in full speed towards the place whence the alarm was given.

We very soon arrived at the point of distress which had called our attention, where we found a carriage, with a lady and gentleman, and the driver, attacked by three stout negroes, fugitives from their owners. These, with others of a similar character, had taken up their residence among the fastnesses of the mountains, from whence they would sally forth upon the unwary traveller, and which we were told, were by no means uncommon in that part of the country.—Morton, whose fleetness was superior to mine, came up just in time to serve the lady, who was in the act of being dragged from the carriage by a stout negro, whom he instantly attacked with no other weapon than his fist. The fellow, seeing me approach, believed that they were about to be overpowered, immediately retreated, and Morton seizing the lady who was about to fall to the ground, found that she had sunk into a deep swoon, from which she was not resuscitated until the whole scene was over. For my own part, I arrived just in time to assist the gentleman, who was in close contest with a second negro, and on the point of being vanquished.—We grappled with the fellow for near a minute; notwithstanding which, his muscular powers and agility of action was such, that in spite of us, he broke away and fled. The third fellow, who had played his part in this drama, by knocking the coachman from his box on the first assault, on seeing our approach, made his exit from the stage of action with great celerity. The lady having recovered from her syncope, and regain-

ed the wonted exercise of her faculties, appeared to be greatly rejoiced at the termination of affairs; and was proceeding with the gentleman, in very impassioned strains of grateful acknowledgments for the timely interposition of our services, when it was ascertained that the gentleman, during the rencontre, had received a wound in the arm, from which the blood was flowing very copiously, and which had liked to have caused a second suspension of the vital functions on the the part of the lady.

The wound being bound up by a handkerchief, we recommended them to resume their seats in the carriage and proceed toward the house, which we had informed them was hard by, where we soon arrived and found supper in waiting. We were met in the yard by the gentleman of the premises, who, having learned the particulars of our late adventure, very cordially received the new guest, and inviting us *en masse* to the eating room; we were in due time regularly disposed around the supper table. On entering the room, I observed that Morton seemed to scrutinize the lady very closely; and shortly after taking our seats at the supper table, he remarked, addressing himself to the lady:—"I presume, madam, you were formerly an inhabitant of the vicinity of Richmond." She replied in the affirmative. "Did you reside near that place," continued Morton, displaying much anxiety in his countenance, "at the time of the burning of the Theatre?" "I did, sir," replied the lady, "my father had taken up his residence there a short time before, and I was myself very near being one of the victims of that awful catastrophe." The lady began now to contemplate Morton as closely in her turn, which, Morton observing, whose feelings at this time had become wound up to the highest pitch of expectation, proceeded: "Perhaps, Madam," taking the miniature from his bosom and holding it towards her, "you may recollect this little triquet, which came into my possession a few days after?" The lady blushing deeply, exclaimed, "Is it possible! sir, I recognize in you my deliverer on that dreadful occasion?" Morton's eyes flashed with every expression of pleasure and delight, and modestly replied, "I remember of having had the happiness of serving a lady on that evening, by assisting her from the scene of danger, which was no more than a duty incumbent on every one under similar circumstances!" A full discovery having here taken place, was succeeded by mutual congratulations, which terminated in a general explanation of all seeming difficulties.

It is now time that I should make my readers acquainted with the two stranger guests, which I will do by introducing them under the names of Frederick R——, a young man, about the age of twenty-three years, and Caroline R——, his sister, a young lady in the full flower and beauty of youth, and possessing every charm of loveliness that is calculated to render the six amiable in our eyes.

Mr. R—— having assumed the prerogative

of speaker, proceeded to develop that part of this story which yet appears to be veiled in mystery, which he explained in the following words:—"My father with his family, emigrated from ——— to the vicinity of Richmond during the last winter, at which place he arrived but a short time previous to the destruction of the Theatre. Our acquaintance in town at that time was consequently very limited. My sister and I attended the Theatre in company with the family of a relative, who resided on the Manchester side, and at whose house my sister afterwards lay very ill, for near two weeks; a consequence, in all probability, of the alarm received on that melancholy evening. The manner in which my sister was relieved from one of the most perilous situations, by your generous interposition," addressing himself to Morton, "for which I hope she will know how to feel duly grateful, has already been explained."

"I hope brother," interrupted Caroline, "that you do not suspect me of being incapable of indulging in the deepest sense in which the term of *gratitude* can be used towards Mr. Morton, for services which, you as well as myself, should always remember with the most lively interest."

"Certainly not, sister," replied Frederic, "but on the contrary, if such services, of which we have been the subjects, could at all be compensated by a due sense of obligation, I know of no person, who I believe would be better qualified to disburse the same, than yourself." "I am fully sensible," said Morton, "how much you and your sister are disposed to be obliged to me, for services, which, I believe you will not be able to convince me, deserve the sentiment of obligation. The idea of a lady being the subject of an obligation, is one that I can never indulge; however, if Miss R—— will only agree to associate my name with those incidents, which she was pleased to say, she *should* always remember with *interest*, I shall consider myself amply compensated, and will cheerfully release her from every obligation under which she may fancy herself towards me, save that of her friendship and regard." A pause having here ensued, I took the opportunity of requesting Mr. R—— to resume his narrative; who again proceeded. "My sister having become convalescent, though her health was by no means in a state of rapid recovery, it was resolved that she and I should accompany an uncle, (who was at that time on a visit to my father's,) to Lexington,* his place of residence, where we should continue the ensuing spring and summer. My sister's health being visibly impairedⁱ I was advised that she should spend the summer among the mountains, where she might have the benefit of the atmosphere of those regions, as well as an opportunity of frequenting the various medicinal springs, with which the western part of Virginia abound. &

* To Virginia.

am now happy to say, that her health has become perfectly restored, and we are now hastening our way, once more to join our friends who are anxiously waiting to greet our return.'

The reader, no doubt by this time, has learned the reasons why all Morton's enquiries with regard to the "interesting unknown," previous to his leaving Richmond, proved ineffectual.—Observing that Caroline and Morton seemed to contemplate each other with eyes that betrayed other sentiments than those of simple friendship, (for you know the eyes are sometimes extremely eloquent.) I took occasion to felicitate them on the singular, though no less agreeable fortune that had brought them ultimately to know each other, and recommended in a kind of benediction, that an acquaintance and friendship, introduced under such peculiar circumstances as evidently distinguished theirs, should not be too soon forgotten.

A yankee creak in the adjoining apartment, having notified us of the approach of bed time, the propriety of retiring to rest was moved, and the question being taken, carried unanimously. Accordingly, we were shortly disposed in our several stations for the night, where we soon resigned ourselves to the arms of Morpheus.

We arose early in the morning much refreshed, and were soon in active preparation for pursuing our journey. On an interview with Morton, previous to our departure, I found that he had thought it expedient to relinquish his Rocky Mountain expedition, and return again to Richmond, which I by no means disapproved. It being announced that our travelling equipages were in readiness, I took my leave of Morton, and the interesting strangers, and soon found myself "wending my solitary way" among the western mountains. After an absence of two years, I returned to the neighborhood of Richmond, where I again met with Henry Morton; who informed me he had forsaken the cold and cheerless shores of celibacy, and taken up his abode in the elysian fields of matrimonial felicity; to which delightful region he was anxious to introduce me. I readily assented, and found it to consist of a beautiful villa near the banks of James river, with the amiable and interesting Caroline, and a little cherry cheeked boy, just beginning to exercise the powers of locomotion; and who, mingled in beautiful contrast, the soft and gentle graces of the mother, with the manly and expressive features of the father.

ALGERNON.

AMBIGUITIES.

Don't be alarmed. I'm not going to talk about the patent or latent ambiguities of the law, nor of those ambiguities in speech, whereat a woman is obliged to be offended, even while she is obliged to *not* understand them. Nor do I mean those ambiguities or fee-traps, that you may find in the autography or punctuation of papers, prepared by counsel, who, if they have

a good run of practice for the first ten years after they open shop as *conveyancers*, are pretty secure of the future, as *interpreters* or *expounders* of their own language; every sheet being a sum funded for old age; a deposit in the savings bank, and returnable in the shape of a continually-augmenting annuity.

But what I *do* mean is this—the ambiguity that creeps into our speech, where we are most upon our guard, acting decidedly in good faith, and solicitous *not* to deceive. Let us begin with a few examples from our own language.

When I was a child, my mother sent me to a man to ask for the *refusal* of a certain thing. I looked at her in astonishment—I could not for the soul of me understand why she should trouble herself to obtain the *refusal* of what she wanted. Nor, when it was explained to me, could I make either head or tail of the idea. I knew what language meant; and had a pretty clear notion of the meaning of the word *refusal*—but how *refusal* could mean *favor*, puzzled me then, and puzzles me yet.

I beg your pardon, we say to each other, every hour in the day. Yet all the while our meaning is, not that we beg *your* pardon—but *our* pardon. (1) To make the affair still pleasanter, however, when we mean to do the very genteel thing, we say—I *beg ten thousand pardons*. As if, to grant ten thousand pardons were *easier* than to grant one; for if it were not so *easy*, it would appear strange for him who has offended much, to ask *more* than if he had offended little.

We say, too, if *you please*: meaning if it *pleases* you. Thus a man will inform you that he can have any body *he pleases*—meaning no joke neither. Literally, he is safe; because any man may have the woman he *pleases*. Instead of being the vainest fellow alive, as one would imagine, who regarded the *idiom* only, he is uttering no more than the truth.

It is but last month I heard a man say, You remind me of what I have *left*; meaning, you remind me of what I *have* left. By the first mode of speech, the hearer understands that the speaker had *left* something somewhere, as a coat, or an umbrella: but what he wished to have understood was, what he *had* left—his remaining little property. But perhaps we should rank this with ambiguity of emphasis rather than speech—as where the parson, reading the passage, And he said, saddle me an *ass*—and they *saddled* him; contrived to say, Saddle *me*, an ass, and they saddled *him*.

We say natural child—as if marriage were unnatural; or rather as if it were *unnatural* for a child to be born in wedlock. This may be a degree or two worse than mere ambiguity—it smacks of bad policy, if not of immorality, or licentiousness.

Nothing is more common than to say that

(1) For example:—I tread on your toe; and then instead of saying I beg you to pardon *me*, I help the matter by saying, I beg *your* pardon as if *you* had done something wrong.

such or such a person is a *suspicious* character: meaning, not that he himself is suspicious of others, but that he is *suspected* of others, and therefore that he is a *suspected* character.

So too, we may hear people say of each other, that on such or such an occasion they were exceedingly affected. Before you can find out what they mean, you are obliged to ask if they were at a funeral or a dance, when they were so affected. That ascertained—it may be coquetry, or affectation, or sorrow; a reproach or a compliment.

The testimony *we* have produced to you, gentlemen of the jury, said a counsellor not five minutes ago—meaning the testimony *we have*, produced to you, &c. &c. So much for the want of a comma. It converted the testimony of one side into that of the other.

I have a *poor* opinion of my neighbour—a *bad* opinion, or a *contemptible* opinion of you. Why should either of you care? Contemptible, poor, and bad opinions are not likely to hurt either you or my neighbour.

What were you after? said a judge to a witness not long ago. After supper, said the witness: yet the witness did not come after supper, meaning *for* supper, that is, with a view to get supper: but in order of time he was after supper, and not rightly understanding the judge, his reply attached itself to the word after: just as I have heard a very slow speaker say that after words, such and such a person went to logger-heads together: meaning *afterwards*.

I never came away from that shop, after having made a purchase, without being *satisfied* that I had been cheated. *Satisfied* that I had been cheated! then what do I complain of?

I shall not do so—because you desire me, said a medical practitioner once that I knew: intending to pay a compliment, and show great deference to another; but he contrived so to say it as to insult the other: instead of saying I shall not do so—*because you desire me*; that is, because you desire me not to do so, I shall respect your advice so far, and not do it; or instead of so delivering the same words that they should imply, I shall not do so, *because* that is, *merely* because *you* desire it; he said, I shall not do so—because *you* desire it: that is—because *you* desire me to do so, I shall not do so.

I shall not do so for *any* body, another will say, so as to give you an idea that he would not be induced to do so at all, when what he wishes to say is, that he would not do so for *everybody*—ergo, that he would do so for *somebody*.

If Shakspeare had written, "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twould be done, when 'twere done," the phrase would have been thought profound or beautiful, or *significant* with a hidden purpose, by the critics: it would have been delivered on the stage with great emphasis, and quoted with admiration by the chief writers on the drama. All who could not make meaning of it by any sort of hypothesis or contrivance, would believe either

that Shakspeare intended to make no meaning of it—nonsense, to suit the character, or the moment—or that the fault was in the transcriber, the printer, or themselves; any thing to save Shakspeare. But our ambiguities are not subject to such charitable interpretation. If we go astray—or appear to go astray—the printer, the amanuensis, the reader, the copier, are all discharged, and the author is saddled. Beware of ambiguities, therefore, at least for a century or two.

Shakspeare says in another fine passage, that every body mouths when he gets to it—"The cry is still they come." Now query to the meaning here. Did Shakspeare intend to say—The cry is—(then stopping to listen) *still!*—they come: that is, *hush!* they come? Or did he mean, the cry is *still!*—they come; that is, the cry is hushed—they come! Or, did he mean, the cry is—*still they come!* that is, the cry we hear is in these words, *Still they come!* Or did he mean the *cry* is still, they come! that is, the cry continues to be, *They come!* There critic! thou who pretendest to admire Shakspeare, and to justify Shakspeare, understand thou that if *thou* canst. Fib as thou wilt—a fib of thine cannot help thee, nor hurt another.

You never heard him speak well of himself, nor anybody else, says a writer now before me: meaning to be very severe. But what he *says* is, neither you nor any body else ever heard him speak well of himself.

I never called *another* blockhead, in my life! whispered a young man to me, as we sat together, listening to the rough language of a third person; but he so said it as to mean that he never called another blockhead—to his side; or never called *another* blockhead, as if he himself were one.

"If I was not a great author," says Hazlitt, On living to one's self, "I could read with ever fresh delight! * * *—if I could not paint like Claude, I could admire the witchery of the soft blue sky, as I walked out and was satisfied with the pleasure it gave me." Now—query. Did not Mr. Hazlitt mean *although*, and not *if*, in the passage above? By *if*, he implies that he is a great author, for he says *if* I was *not*: had he used *although*, the meaning would still be rather ambiguous, though not so bad as it now is.

Partout les vins sont rouges, the French say; but we say pas tous les vins sont rouges, thereby exactly reversing the sense. Voila mon argent, a Frenchman will say; but we say, in reading the same phrase, Voila mon *agent!* We don't sound the *r*: they do.

I once owned a little bit of a vessel, said a lawgiver not long ago, where he meant to be very much on his guard and very explicit. Now query—Was the vessel itself a little bit of one, and did he own her? Or did he own a *small part* of a vessel.

To over-see a thing means to superintend or watch over it; but oversight derived from the same verb, means neglect. We say of a man ho

has got a good deal of *gumption*—meaning he is acute, clever: but, if he is a blockhead we call him a *gump*. So too, we attach one meaning to the phrase *overlook*, and another to that of look over. To overlook a paper, and to look over a paper, are strangely different, for no reason that any body can see. Thus too, we say that we are mistaken, where we mean, not that we are mistaken, but that we mistake. And the usage is completely established. By our language we say that another mistakes us—but we mean that we ourselves have mistaken somebody.

"It was to stop an infection which, as they believed, hurried to perdition every soul which it seized, that they employed their fire and steel." *Edinburgh Review*, XCV. p. 104. Omit the word *as*, and the passage is no longer obscure; but as it now stands, it would appear that the writer himself is of opinion that it *was* as they believed.

Exceptio probat regulam, say the law-writers: The exception strengthens the rule, say the translators. If so, the more exceptions there are, the stronger the rule should be.

Speaking of the *Rhododendron Maximum*, Nuttall says in his *Botany*, p. 104, "This species unfolds its splendid clusters of flowers about June or July. They are of various shades of pink, and sometimes nearly white; but without fragrance *as in all the other genuine Rhododendrons*. Now query—By the above language, are we to understand that all the other genuine rhododendrons are without, or with fragrance? If you do not know the fact already, it will be impossible for you to say.

"They have no backs to the seats, as in London theatres." Now have they any backs to the seats or not, in London?

What time did you breakfast? said A. At half past seven, said B. I should think 'twas nearer eight, continued A. Now, did he mean to say that it was nearer eight than half past seven is; or nearer to eight than to half past seven? Settle that if you can.

"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." Ergo, you *may* muzzle the ox that treadeth in the corn! I have known this interpretation to be put upon the passage by a man of excellent common-sense.

He is a person of consideration. Do I mean by this that he is a person of consequence; or a thoughtful person?

A thing is of the *last* importance, we say, meaning of the *first* importance.

I won't give more, if I don't have it, you hear said every day in the market. Who would give more, if he *didn't have* a thing? If I die, I can't do that. Of course—who could, if he were to die?

Thank you for a slice of that beef a little *done*: Here you mean a slice not rare. But, if you say, thank you for a slice a *little* done, you mean a slice that is rare.

"To say, therefore, that the common law is never learned, is almost to utter a truism."

Judge Story's Inaugural Address as Dane Professor. Did he mean learn-ed or learn'd? Is the common law never mastered—never learnt; or is it never learned, erudite!—*Yankee*.

CORSICAN REVENGE.

Sonino Giutera, the poorest *possidente*, the most intrepid hunter, and best swordsman of the district of Giutera, was walking one bright morning in one of those forests of pine, oak and yew trees, which cover the interior of Corsica, and form such a striking contrast with its barren and naked coast; shouldered his long carbine, a trophy of many an exploit against the Genoese, and which, with his field of barley and stone hut, which he proudly called his *casa*, constituted all his worldly goods. Sonino marched gaily along singing a love song, at the full pitch of his voice, and quite as proud and as happy as if the fair manor of Giutera, which spread far and wide beneath his feet, were his own paternal inheritance. Sonino was a thirtieth cousin of the Lord of Giutera, whose name, according to the custom of Corsica, where all the vassals belong to one family, he bore; and which, after all, he did not disgrace. Brave, active, indefatigable, cunning, as all Corsicans are, and vindictive, as they all glory in being, he was allowed even by his companions, to be the best of fifty or sixty men at arms—a sort of military clan who obeyed the behests of the Lord of Giutera. In all his expeditions against the Genoese, Sonino had shared the dangers, the fatigues, and even the heath bed, of his patron. More than once he had risked his life in his service and therefore considered himself justly entitled to his Lord's protection and gratitude: but, at this moment, no ambitious thoughts fitted Sonino's mind—other ideas occupied him,—and his brawny and muscular legs found sufficient employment in clambering up a mountain path which goats and Corsican hunters alone could tread. Sonino soon spied out the object of his search—it was a herd of goats—but they were tended only by a faithful dog. The shepherdess had vanished; and that shepherdess was his betrothed: Anna Maria was, perhaps, not the prettiest girl of the district, but Sonino thought she was, and that was all sufficient. Her clear dark skin, and bright black eyes, and that air of modest and patient resignation, so remarkable in all the women of Corsica, showed to still greater advantage under the long white veil which composed her Sunday dress; and on that day, Sonino was not her only admirer! Anna Maria! he called aloud. No one answered. The old echo of the mountain Bestelica alone repeated the name of Anna Maria. Grieved and discouraged, Sonino looked around him. A slight noise among the bushes startled him. "Anna Maria art thou there?" he exclaimed, as he rushed towards the spot whence the noise proceeded; but what was his surprise, when, instead of the fairy form of Anna, he beheld the tall plume, the long carbine, and the dried-up,

shrivelled form of his noble cousin, the Lord of Giutera. His dark and haughty brow wore an expression quite foreign to it. There was a mixture of shame and anger in his embarrassed manner; and his usually ashen cheeks were as crimson as the flowers of arbutus.

Good day to you, my Lord, said Sonino; have you had good luck? (But this question was but the prelude to another.) Have you seen Anna Maria? have you seen her? he repeated, amazed at having no answer.

No, replied his Lord, sharply, and avoided the penetrating glance of the young lover; and then added, in a more assured tone, yes, I have had good luck enough, though my game has escaped for the present; but I shall find it again. Good luck to you, Sonino; and he was walking off, when suddenly stopping, he took a purse and chain and a coral cross from his pocket—Here, said he, the purse is for you, and this is the wedding gift I intended for your betrothed. Do you make it acceptable to her.

The grateful vassel would have thanked him, but he met his master's eye, and something he read there seemed to dispense him from gratitude; his face wore a strange expression of irony, disdain and hatred. With a gesture of impatience, the Lord Giutera disappeared rapidly among the mazes of the forest. Sonino was at a loss to comprehend the strange conduct, but some secret presentiment told him all was not right. Anna Maria he called again. This time the dog came to him! Ah! Genoese, he said, cannot you tell me where tarries Anna Maria? The intelligent animal guided Sonino to a distant part, and stopping at the entrance, he seemed to say, she is here. The young man rapidly pursued the path thus indicated to him. He soon reached the other side of the wood; and the mountain reared its naked and barren summit above him, which, if once attained would command an extensive prospect. He had walked boldly on, still agitated by the most fatal presentiments. At last he beheld his love; she was sitting on a large stone overlooking a tremendous precipice, which presented a long wall of granite, here and there interspersed with a few bushes; and at the bottom of the abyss was a fierce unseen torrent which thundered under the broken rocks with a tremendous noise. The whole scene was in perfect keeping, and well calculated to inspire both gloom and terror. Such was the spot where Anna Maria awaited her lover. When she beheld him she gave a terrible shriek, and her whole frame became dreadfully convulsed, and when he approached her and would have clasped her to his breast, she drew back with an expression of horror.

Touch me not, she exclaimed; and she flew to the other side of the precipice, and seated herself on its very brink, as if at the moment she dreaded it less than the approach of her lover. Poor Sonino was thunder struck. The cross of coral shone brightly in his hands, and the sight of it seemed to rouse Maria from her trance of despair.

Have you seen him, she eagerly said: have you seen him? and her face, which she in vain endeavored to conceal with her hands, was suffused with the deepest crimson.

A dreadful thought flashed across Sonino's mind. Yes, he exclaimed, I have seen him: and he bade me—

He dared not proceed; a thousand horrible thoughts like so many daggers seemed to pierce his heart; and he let the cross drop from his hands as if it had been of fire: Anna Maria pushed it with her feet into the raging gulf.

What hast thou done? cried Sonino; all his worst fears confirmed by this action. What hast thou done? Would he have seduced thee! Is this cross—

The price of my dishonor!—yes, revenge me, that cross is mine! I go to seek it. She plunged into the yawning abyss below.

The next morning was as bright a one as ever dawned on that region which spreads from Giutera to the mountains of Bastelica. The broad meadows, which in the rainy season are converted into so many swamps, concealed by short thick grass, were now alive with a crowd of mountaineers—all armed with long guns, pistols hanging over their left thighs, and stilettos passed through their girdles—who were going to their national celebration as if prepared for war. In fact, the Corsican knows not what mirth means—always pre-occupied with projects of intrigue or of revenge; he seldom mingles with a sex which he affects to despise; and if on this day some groupes of young girls, were to be seen enjoying themselves away from the controlling slavery of their parents, and even singing some gayer melody than usual, at the approach of the men the joyful strains were instantly hushed, and the dark eyes of the fair singers cast on the earth as if terrified and ashamed of having dared to amuse themselves without the permission of their lords and masters. The crowd moved towards the level plain which was bounded on one side by the mountain of Giutera, and on the other by an immense swamp, well known and long dreaded by all the inhabitants of the district. A space had been reserved in the centre of the plain, for the erection of several tents, made of leaves and branches; one in the middle overlooked the others as the Manor House of Giutera overtopped the humble roofs of the villages. Its noble owner was seated in this tent to watch the race, which very race attracted most of the Corsicans to the high lands of Giutera. There, bounded in frolicsome liberty, a number of small horses with flowing mane and eyes of fire, which were to contend for the prize. Part of the performance consisted in catching these horses by dint of skill, jumping on their unsaddled backs, and imprisoning their mouths as if yet unuse. to the bit, in a noose thrown skilfully over their heads. At a given signal all the candidats jumped at once into the ring, and by gaining the wind on the horses, soon mastered them, and made them as docile as the best broken horse would be under the

curb. One still remained free, and ran round the lists with a strength and rapidity which baffled the efforts of the best horseman. Some one called Sonino, and all exclaimed that he alone could tame the animal.—After seeking for him a long while, he was found alone, standing by a rudely sculptured image of the Madonna, which overlooked the plain. His eyes flashed with a dark and repressed fire, and his hand played convulsively with the handle of his stiletto; but no one noticed this motion at the time. However, it was remarked that when summoned to the lists, he knelt before the Madonna, as if imploring assistance and success. Good luck, good luck to thee, exclaimed the spectators, as Sonino without heeding them, jumped into the ring. He stopped about fifty paces, from the horse, who, pricking up his ears, and darting fire from his nostrils, seemed prepared both to fight and fly. Every eye was fixed on this interesting sight; every voice and breath was hushed, for fear of alarming the savage animal, who seemed even startled by the deep silence around him; and the Lord of Giutera, more attentive than the rest, held aloft and showed to Sonino a carbine in silver, the reward of the victor. But Sonino's attention was fixed upon his prey; he took from his 'carghera,' a large ball of lead, and splitting it slightly on each side, passed the end of a long rope through the aperture, thus imitating the Peruvian lasso, which he had either invented from necessity, or which had been described to him by some Italian adventurer. The horse alarmed at first by the deep calm, had, little by little, got used to it. Soon turning round, he presented his tail to Sonino, who seizing the propitious moment, glided softly up to him as does the serpent through the long grass, he twirled the dangerous lasso two or three times in the air, and then, with wonderful skill, caught the hind legs of the horse in its running-noose, and dragged him to the earth by the force of the blow. Sonino instantly jumped on him, as would the tiger on his prey, and bit his ear; and, having tamed him by the pain, he passed the other end of the rope round his head, to serve for a halter, then slacking the noose which held his legs, he made him get up and rush into the plain, where he fatigued him with a thousand violent and rapid evolutions, till he had completely conquered him. He then released him from his bonds, and brought him in triumph to the tent of his Lord; while the plain re-echoed with cheering applause. Even the Lord of Giutera could not refuse his tribute to the intrepid horseman; he left his seat and advanced, holding the prize in his hand; he shuddered, however, when he met the eye of Sonino; his pale cheeks and compressed lips being certain indications of approaching vengeance. However, trusting to his victim, whose silence he imagined he had bought, and to the number of armed men around him, he concealed his terror under an air of kindness, and presented the carbine to the victor. Sonino received it with indifference, and fastened it

firmly to his back, while he bent low to the praise which the murderer of Anna Maria thought proper to bestow on him. With his left hand he tightened the halter of his horse, and casting one look to Heaven and on the crowd, which gazed on him with a mixture of admiration and anxiety, he swung his terrible lasso three times round his head. The assassin turned pale and would have fled—but it was too late. The fatal lead caught round his legs, and overturned him. Sonino struck his stiletto into his horse, and excited him with the savage cry peculiar to the Corsicans, urged him over the plain. He was pursued; but the powerful steed, spurred incessantly and frightened by the unusual load which he dragged behind him, galloped impetuously: the screams of his victim, who now and then raised his bleeding head, excited him so much that the pursuers were soon left behind. They stopped at the beginning of the swamp already mentioned; but Sonino, his horse and their victim, still rode on, and were seen advancing and sinking by degrees into this treacherous ground. Some thought they saw Sonino get off his horse, and plunge the mangled body of his enemy into this awful grave, in which he too seemed destined to be engulfed—the exhausted horse reared his head for a moment above the woods, and then instantaneously sunk; and from that fatal day, no tidings were ever received of the Lord of Giutera or his horse. It has since been said that a Mountaineer, with a large carbine set in silver, found an honorable death in the ranks of those Corsicans, who, under Jampiero the Goatherd, became the allies of France; but those who guarantee this fact, do not affirm that this warrior was Sonino Giutera.

From the Talisman.

SONG.

When the firmament quivers with daylight's young beam,

And the woodlands awakening burst into a hymn,
And the glow of the sky blazes back from the stream,—
How the bright ones of heaven in the brightness grow dim.

Oh, 'tis sad in that moment of glory and song,
To see, while the hill-tops are waiting the sun,
The glittering host that kept watch all night long
O'er Love and o'er Slumber, go out one by one.

Till the circle of ether, deep, rosy and vast,
Scarce glimmers with one of the train that were there;
And their leader, the day-star, the brightest and last,
Twinkles faintly and fades in that desert of air.

Thus Oblivion, from midst of whose shadow we came,
Steals o'er us again when life's moment is gone;
And the crowd of bright names in the heaven of fame,
Grow pale and are quenched as the years hasten on.

Let them fade—but we'll pray that the age, in whose
flight
Of ourselves and our friends the remembrance shall
die,
May rise o'er the world, with the gladness and light
Of the dawn that effaces the stars from the sky.

SCHOOL OF FLORA—NEW SERIES.

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With a view to gratify the votaries of Botanic Science, we have consented to revive our "School of Flora," in a new series, limiting our examples to such ornamental and Medical Plants, whose virtues entitle them to a place in our pages. We shall endeavour to make our selections from the "Medical Flora," so as to unite amusement with instruction, and to furnish a delectable literary boquet, worthy of admiration for usefulness and beauty.

**EUPATORIUM PERFOLIATUM.**

VULGAR NAMES—Thorough-wort, Boneset, Joepye, Teazel, Feverwort, Sweating-plant, Thorough-stem, Crosswort, Indian Sage, Agueweed, Thorough-wax, Vegetable Antimony.

SPECIES E. PERFOLIATUM—Stem villose, cylindric; leaves opposite connate-perfoliate, oblong, tapering, acute, serrulate, rugose above, tomentose beneath; flowers with a dozen of floscules.

DESCRIPTION—Root perennial, horizontal, crooked, with scanty fibres, and sending up many stems, which are upright, simple at the base, branched above in a trichotome form, forming a depressed corymb; from two to five feet high, round, covered with flexuose hairs; the whole plant has a greyish green color, and even the flowers are of a dull white. Leaves opposite, decussate, connate at the base, or united to each other there, where broadest, and gradually tapering to a sharp point, from three to eight inches long, narrow oblong, rough above, woolly beneath, margin serrulate, upper leaves often sessile, not united.

HISTORY—A very striking plant, easily recognized among all others, even when not in bloom, by its connate leaves, perforated by the Stem, as in the Teazel or *Dipsacus fullonum*. It belongs to a genus containing nearly one hundred species, all very different from this except the *E. sessifolium*, which is nearly alike, but has smooth Stems, leaves rounded at the base, not united nor tomentose, flowers white, whereby they will be easily distinguished.

One half of the Species grow in America, and many have medical properties; but this appears the most efficient, and being also best known, deserves a preference, although several are useful substitutes in some cases.—It is by no means a handsome plant, while many congeneric are quite elegant plants, introduced into many gardens, such are the *E. celestinum* with beautiful azure blossoms, common all along the western streams, and the *E. purpureum* with large purple flowers, on a stem five to eight feet high, with whorled leaves.

They are all autumnal plants: this blossoms from August to October.

LOCALITY—Common in swamps, marshes, and near streams, from Maine to Florida, and from Ohio to Louisiana; where it appears to have been stationed by the benevolence of nature, wherever men are liable to local fevers. It is found also in Nova Scotia, Canada, Missouri, Arkansas, &c.

QUALITIES—The whole plant, roots, stems, leaves, and flowers are intensely bitter, but not astringent; they have a peculiar flavor and faint smell. They have been analyzed by Anderson, Bigelow and Lawrence, and found to contain Extractive, Amarine, a gum, a resin, an acid similar to the gallic, Acetate of lime, some azote and tannin, and lastly a peculiar substance *Eupatorine*, brown, bitter, resiniform, soluble in water and alcohol, forming sulfates, nitrates, &c.

PROPERTIES—A valuable sudorific, tonic, alterative, antiseptic, cathartic, emetic, febrifuge, corroborant, di-

uretic, astringent, deobstruent, and stimulant. It was one of the most powerful remedies of the native tribes for fevers, &c. It has been introduced extensively into practice all over the country, from New England to Alabama, and inserted in all our medical works, although writers differ as to the extent of its effects. It appears to be superior to *Anthemis nobilis* or Camomile as a sudorific tonic, and preferable to Barks in the treatment of the local autumnal fevers of the country, near streams; lakes and marshes. I have seen them cured efficiently by it when other tonics failed. It acts somewhat like Antimony, without the danger attending the use of this mineral. The cold preparations are powerful tonics, and do not produce emesis as an over-dose of the warm decoction. It acts powerfully on the skin, and removes obstinate cutaneous diseases. It has cured the following disorders in many instances: Intermittent and remittent fevers; petechial or spotted fever, called also malignant or typhoid pleurisy; diseases of general debility; Ascites, Anasarca, Anorexia, and debility arising from intemperance; acute and chronic rheumatism; violent catarrhs; bilious and typhus fever, particularly low typhus, incident to marshy places, and attended with a hot and dry skin;—also, influenza, the Lake fever, similar to the yellow fever, and the yellow fever itself; ring-worms, and Tinea Capites, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, and complaints of the stomach, and bites of snakes.

This plant may be so managed as to act as a tonic, a sudorific, a laxative or an emetic, as required. No other tonic of equal activity can be exhibited in fevers, with less danger of increasing excitement and producing congestion; the only objection to its general use is its nauseous and disagreeable taste. In substance or cold decoction, and combined with aromatics, it becomes very efficient in intermittents and dyspeptic disorders; it strengthens the viscera and restores tone to the system. The doses of the powder are from ten to twenty grains, the decoction and infusion from one to three ounces.—No unpleasant effects follow the cold preparations.

Ample accounts of the beneficial effects of this plant are to be found in all our medical works. Burson says that in Anorexia, consequent to drunkenness, a cold infusion has speedily restored the tone of the stomach.—Zollicoffer extols it as an alterative remedy in tinea capites, united to cremor tartar and sugar, two spoonfuls given three times a day. Thatcher says that the cold infusion cures bilious cholice with obstinate constipation, a tea cup full every half hour producing a cathartic effect. The warm infusion causes a copious perspiration, and often becomes a safe and certain emetic. Chapman relates that it cured the kind of Influenza called Breakbone fever, acting as a diaphoretic, whence its popular name of Boneset. The name of Joepye is given to it, and to *E. purpureum*, in New England, from an Indian of that name, who cured typhus with it, by a copious perspiration. Eberle says that catarrhal fevers may be removed by drinking a weak infusion of it in going to bed. It is particularly useful in the indigestion of old people; and may be used as an auxiliary to other tonics and emetics in all cases. The extract and syrup preserve all the properties, and are less disagreeable to the palate.—*Medical Flora*.

LAND CRABS OF JAMAICA.—Crabs abound in the eastern part of Jamaica at all seasons, but are considered to be best in the months the names of which contain the letter R. They are most plentiful in May, the season at which they deposit their eggs, or run, as the negroes express it, and when the earth is literally covered with them. At this season it is impossible to keep them out of the houses, or even out of the bedrooms, where, at one time scratching with their large claws, and at another rattling across the floor, they make a noise that would not a little

astonish and alarm a stranger. Occasionally, they will lodge themselves very snugly in a boot, and if a person puts his foot upon them inadvertently, he has quick intimation of the intruder, by a grasp of his nippers. For a few weeks in this season they may be gathered in any quantities, and the negroes sometimes hurt themselves by making too free use of them. Even the hogs catch them, although not always with impunity, as a crab sometimes gets hold of them by the snout, from which he is not easily disengaged, and the terrified animal runs about squeaking in great distress. At other seasons, and when more valuable, they are caught by torch light at night, and put into covered baskets. Crowds of negroes from the neighbouring plantations pass my house every evening with their torches and baskets, going to a crabwood on the other side, and return before midnight fully laden. Their baskets will contain about forty crabs, and the regular price is a five penny piece, our smallest coin, equal to about 3 1-2d sterling, for five or six crabs. At this rate a negro will make 2s 6d currency in an evening; and the more improvident, who will not cultivate provision grounds, depend, in some measure, upon catching crabs and selling them to others. A hundred plantains, usually sold at five shillings, will purchase from sixty to seventy crabs, and two of these eaten with plantains or yams make an excellent meal. I have seen upwards of an hundred negroes pass my house in an evening, and return with their baskets on their heads, not only full of crabs, but with quantities of them fastened by the claws on the tops of the baskets. I make but a moderate computation, when I suppose they must have had at the very least three thousand crabs. Almost every negro family has an old flour barrel pierced with holes, in which their crabs are kept. They are fed with plantain skins, &c. and taken out and thrown into the pot as wanted.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

“DON'T BREAK IT, JOS-E,”

Said the fond mother, as she gave the darling boy the looking-glass. Little Jos-e, as his mother called him, notwithstanding he had toys enough to satisfy any reasonable child, one day took it into his head that he should be quite happy if he could have the looking-glass added to the number. “The looking-glass,” said his mother, “why, child, who ever heard of such a thing?” Jos-e straight way began to be importunate, “ma, ma, I want the glass; give me the glass.” “Poh, poh,” said his mother, “do you think I am going to give you the looking-glass to play with? You would break it, and cut your fingers with it, and then we should have to send for the doctor!” “I shan’t break it; I won’t cut my fingers: let me have it,” and then he laid hold of his mother’s gown in good earnest. After being dragged across the room a few times, Jos-e began to cry; and his mother’s patience being quite exhausted, she took him off, saying, “Joe you shan’t have the looking-glass, there! now go about your business.” This

would have been a death blow to Joe's hopes, if he had not endured such trials before, and come off conqueror. He was not, therefore, disheartened. He laid himself therefore right down upon the floor, and began to roar as if he would raise the neighbors.

Hereupon his mother's wrath was kindled; she called Joe a naughty boy, and threatened to tell his father of him, and he would take a stick to him, and shut him up in the dark hole. At this Joe took a pitch one note higher, (as we musicians say,) and trilled away a most lamentable solo. His mother, who had no ear for music, became alarmed. She feared he would burst a blood-vessel, or die with rage, and just at this moment sundry stories of such accidents flitted across her mind with fearful reality. Joe's lungs held out wonderfully, and after every bar's rest, he raised his voice a *semi-tone*, until he screamed terrific in the *space* above. What was to be done? Half crazy with noise and apprehension, she attempted to pacify little Jos-e, by offering him the pincushion, the story book, the little tea-set—but all would not do, his heart was set upon the looking-glass, and he would cry his eyes out if he could not have it. At last his afflicted mother yielded. She took down the looking glass and gave it to him, saying, "there, I declare you are the *beat all*—take it *an' you will*, but don't break it, Jos-e." Now the reader may be curious to know what became of Jos-e and the looking-glass. It is no matter. I suppose he broke it and cut his fingers into the bargain; but I wish to turn his attention to the mother rather than to the child. In the first place, she was faulty in not refusing to grant Joe's request in the beginning. In the second place, she was faulty in endeavoring to terrify him by the *doctor* and the *dark hole*.—And, in the third place, she was *wicked* in telling him a downright falsehood. Many mothers, and fathers too, who would not tell a lie for their right hands, are guilty of such conduct almost every day, in their intercourse with their children. No wonder that so many children grow up to lie and steal, and go to the house of correction and the state prison.

Mothers, be firm. Be jealous of the new doctrine, that the rod is unnecessary. If Solomon's maxim was true once, it is true now. Our race is not so much improved—our children (little cherubs, as we call them) are not such angelic creatures, the spirit of selfishness and insubordination is in them still. If you would make your children good children, keep them in subjection; if you wish them to be honest men and virtuous women, *do not teach them to lie*; if you would save the nation, do not give them *looking glasses* to play with.

Pride must be allowed, to a certain degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it is not the eating, nor the drinking that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

An extravagant blade, was told that he resembled the *prodigal*. "No," replied he, "I never fed *swine*." "A good reason," retorts the other, "the devil would not trust you with his *pigs*!"

The Shoe and the Slipper, a Fable from the French.—A shoe, ornamented with superb buckles, said to a slipper, that was placed near to him, "My good friend, why have you not buckles?" "Of what use are they?" replied the slipper. "Is it possible that you don't know the use of buckles? without them we should stick in the mire the first bog we enter." "My dear friend," said the slipper, "I never go into bogs." It is certainly wiser and better to avoid difficulties than to provide remedies for them. This is a lesson cunning people and fools can never understand.

Among the ancient Roman Matrons and Virgins, the use of wine was unknown, and the woman was taxed with immodesty whose breath smelled of the grape. Pliny says that Cato was of opinion that the custom of kissing first began between kinsmen and kinswomen, that they might know whether their wives, daughters, or nieces had tasted wine.

At an anniversary meeting of the London Sunday School Union, the Rev. S. Kilpin remarked, that in catechising some children on the subject—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"—the following were the questions and answers:—What is to be done? The will of God. Where is it to be done? On earth. How is it to be done? As it is in Heaven. How do you think the angels do the will of God in Heaven, as they are our pattern? The first replied, "They do it immediately." The second, "They do it actively." The third, "They do it unitedly."—Here a pause ensued, and no other child appeared to have any answer; but after some time a little girl arose and said, "Why, *str*, they do it without asking any questions."

A TOUCH AT THE SUBLIME.—Not long since, a certain noted preacher, then in this city, whose eloquence is of that peculiar kind which comes home to *woman's* as well as men's bosoms, in the course of an impassioned address to the feelings of the softer part of this audience, broke forth into the following pathetic appeal. "Oh, Lord! touch the hearts of these women! that mother—that sister—that daughter! Thou knowest, Oh, Lord! that the hearts of woman are very *touchable*."

THE KISS.—FROM THE FRENCH.

Thanks to my gentle absent friend,
A kiss, you in your letter send.
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost,
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be,
When gathered melting from the tree.

REMARKABLE INSTINCT.—"Tell H." says Dr. Buchanan, in a letter to his friend—"that I wrote this at the bottom of a lofty mountain called Cape Commorin, whose rocky head seems to overhang its base. The birds which build their pendulous nests are numerous. At night each of their little habitations are lighted up, as if to see company; the sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire fly, and sticks it on the top to illumine the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fire flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young birds."

CAUSE OF GRIEF.—During the late cold snap, a gentleman of this city, saw a girl, some thirteen or fourteen years of age, in the street barefoot, and crying in a most piteous manner. His benevolent feelings were excited, and supposing, of course, she must be crying for the want of a pair of shoes, with his hand in his pocket, he kindly accosted her, "My dear child, you appear to be in distress, how can I aid you?" Seeing the gentleman disposed to pity her, she began to weep more bitterly than before, and as soon as grief would allow her to articulate, answered—"I wanted to go to the theatre to-night, but ma would'nt let me—so she would'nt—she's gone herself, she has, and made me stay to home! Boo! hoo! hoo!"

YOUNG NAPOLEON.—The notes to *Le Fils de l'Homme*, contain much new information on the subject of this deeply interesting person; though I have been led to adopt a different view of his general disposition and character, which gives no sign of that sombre melancholy turn of mind, which Mr. Barthelémy therein assigns him. It is impossible to watch the quick transition of marked expression which his countenance continually presents, without perceiving as plainly as though it were there written, that he was never formed in 'nature's coarser mould.' It is the one desire of his heart to be a soldier. On being remonstrated with on this perfectly impermissible desire, and taunted with want of spirit in wishing to be an inferior officer, and to command a dependent body of troops, he replied, "Let me enter the army only as a common soldier—I ask no more." He is kept a close state prisoner, as his preceptor allowed to M. B. He is very fond of field sport, in which he is occasionally indulged. Once he was permitted to attend a Review, but the effect was such that the trial was never repeated. He is much beloved throughout the country.

VERY POLITE.—A lady of Cambridge, Mass. that ancient seat of literature, commending the manners of a gentleman of her acquaintance, said, "he is a *paragram* of politeness." "*Paralelogram*, madam, you mean," said a wag sitting next to her. "Ah yes, *paralelogram* I should have said," replied the lady.

8*

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

In Broad street buildings, on a winter's night,
Sung by his parlour fire a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His leg roll'd up in fleecy hose,
While t'other held beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grabbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;
When lo! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said—
"Your footman, Sir, has gone his nightly track,
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by,
And thought it neighbourly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
In time of danger
Such kind attentions from a stranger.
Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate.
He knows too, the unconscious elf,
That there's no soul at home except myself."
"Indeed," replied the stranger, looking grave;
"Then he's a double knave.
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
And see how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your nose
Perform his knavish tricks—
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and—thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus."
So said, so done, he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty Merchant in the dark.

BOB AND HIS WIFE.

I once knew a ploughman, Bob Fletcher his name,
Who was old and was ugly, and so was his dame,
Yet they lived quite contented and free from all strife,
Both Fletcher, the ploughman, and Judy, his wife.
As the morn streak'd the east, and the night fled away,
They would rise up to labour refreshed for the day;
The song of the lark as it sat on the gale,
From Bob at the plough, and his wife at the pail.
A neat little cottage in front of a grove,
Where in youth they gave up their young hearts to love,
Was the solace of age, and to them doubly dear,
And filled up the past with a smile or a tear.
Each tree had its thought, and the vow could impart,
That mingled in youth the warm wish of the heart?
The thorn was still there and the blossoms it bore;
And the song from its top, seemed the same as before.
When the curtain at night over nature was spread,
And Bob had returned from his plough to his shed,
Like the dove on her nest, he reposed from all care,
If his wife and his youngsters contented were there.
I have passed by the door when the evening was gray,
And the hill and the landscape were fading away,
And heard from the cottage with grateful surprise,
The voice of thanksgiving, like incense arise.

And I thought of the proud, who would look down with
scorn,
On the neat little cottage, the grove and the thorn,
And felt that the riches and follies of life,
Were dross to contentment, like Bob and his wife,

SCOTCH SYSTEM OF DRILLING.

Tak' heed Sawney;
 Join your spoon hand to your muckle gun, sir.
 Haud her out before your face, sir.
 Your cogue hand to your muckle gun, sir.
 Bring her down to your knee, sir.
 Pu' back the lug o' her, sir.
 Present at the gelly wellfoots, sir.
 Fire, sir.
 Haud her out before your face again, sir.
 Pu' up the lug o' her, sir.
 Handle your kail seed, sir.
 Cast it into the lug o' her, sir.
 Steek the lug o' her, sir.
 Haud her out before your face again, sir.
 Cast about your muckle gun, sir.
 Pu' her into your wame, sir.
 Handle your kail seed, sir.
 Bite off the head o' it, sir.
 Cast it into the wame o' her, sir.
 Lugg out your wolly wand, sir.
 Put it into the wame o' her, sir.
 Ram down your kail seed, sir.
 Lug it out again, sir.
 Shorten it against your wame, sir.
 Put it into the place o' it again, sir.
 Cast off your muckle gun, sir.
 Your spoon hand under the lug o' her, sir.
 Haud her out before your face again, sir.
 Whack her o'er your riggins, sir.
 Your doup to me, and your face to *Inverness*,
 sir.
 Blaw up the muckle pipes, *McCarter*.
 Now gae your gaits, sir.

AN INVITATION.

If she be not fair to me,
 What care I how fair she be—*SUCKLING*.

Wherefore, Fanny, look so lovely,
 In your anger, in your glee!—
 Laughing, weeping, fair, capricious!
 If you will look so delicious,
 Pr'ythee, look at me!

Wherefore, Fanny, sing so sweetly?
 Like the bird upon the tree—
 Hearts in dozens round you bringing,
 Syren, if thou must be singing,
 Pr'ythee sing to me!

Wherefore, Fanny, dance so lightly,
 Like the wave upon the sea?
 Motion every charm enhancing,—
 Fanny! if you will be dancing,
 Pr'ythee, dance to me!

Wherefore, smile so, like an angel,
 Angel-like although you be?—
 Head and heart at once beguiling,—
 Dearest, if you will be smiling,
 Pr'ythee smile on me!

AN ANSWER.

A pedagogue, in Berkshire, not long since, enquired of a boy, "what part of speech is Oh, and Ah!" or, "what is an interjection?" The lad not knowing, the knight of the rod attempted to illustrate by again asking, "what should you say if a man seized you violently by the arm?" "Why I should tell him to let me alone, tarnation quick!"

Wherefore, flirt and aim your arrows
 At each harmless fop you see?—
 Coxcombs, hardly worth the hurting,
 Tyrant! if you must be flirting,
 Pr'ythee flirt with me!

Wherefore Fanny! kiss and fondle
 Half the ugly brats you see?—
 Waste not love among as many,—
 Sweetest! if you fondle any,
 Pr'ythee, fondle me!

Wherefore wedlock's lottery enter?
 Chances for you, one to three!—
 Richest ventures oft miscarry,—
 Fanny, Fanny, if you marry,
 Pr'ythee, marry me!

CROSS READINGS.

1. Passages in human life—in my daily walks through the country I was accustomed to hear—Giles Grizzle Sourcrot—singing the celebrated comic song of the Poachers.

2. All that certain two-story brick message belonging to—Backs and Jams—passed through the eyes—of 30 Hemming's needles—in the steam boat Burlington.

3. The President of Mexico has suspended during the continuance of his extraordinary power—five wildcats, an opossum, and a small litter of pigs.

4. We learn from the Portland Courier of Monday last, that—Shakespeare's Tragedy of—Tom Paine was sold for—the highest prize in the Union Canal Lottery.

5. By the report of the Canal Commissioners—the late attempted abduction—it was stated—*sunt lacrymarum*.

6. A Bill to secure Mechanics—from Death—was presented to the House of Lords—by the Siamese Youth.

7. A person was found frozen to death—at the top of Mount Vesuvius.

8. A new comedy entitled—Richard the Third was performed—at the Dinner given to Mr. Baldwin.

9. Three shops in West Philadelphia—were heard to say—on the night Marino House was robbed—the subscriber has on hand a large assortment.

10. Lost, yesterday evening, a package containing—2 bottles squills—state of the thermometer, and a new born infant.

11. A criminal prosecution was commenced—in the afternoon of the 8th of July, 1755—for steering through the Milky Way—and turning again too soon.

12. As he spoke, a hogshead which lay—in the month of September—prevailed upon the young lady—and they were married in June last—just as such fears began to take root.

13. I knew a young man that went courting—the German Consul at Philadelphia—for the first seven years he only succeeded—in drawing blood from his arm.

14. The entire dwelling of a barber has been—enclosed in a letter to his friend—to prevent cows from kicking when they are milked—in order to get—hats of every shape and quality.

15. We sometimes meet with—the present century—about ten years previous—and with a peculiar smile—she enquires about the family.

16. A ladder standing upright against—an Irishman at the battle of Waterloo—lost his memory—to such a degree that he cannot—prevent a writer in the *New England Farmer*—short stay in this busy world.

To render good for evil is *God-like*; to render good for good is *man-like*; to render evil for evil is *beast-like*; to render evil for good is *devil-like*.

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.

OH! YES, WE OFTEN MENTION HER.

A Favorite Ballad.

Andante con molto Expressione.



Oh! yes, we of-ten mention her, And breathe again her



cherish'd name, And tho' she now is far away, She lives within my



heart the same. I think not of her loss with tears, Nor nourish with a



vain regret, The me-mo-ry of for-mer years, Altho' I



ne-ver, never can for-get. I - - never, never can forget.

2.

I do not fly from scene to scene,
That thoughts of her may vanish'd be,
For she is still, where'er I roam,
A solace and a joy to me:
I stray where we have often stray'd,
And linger where we often met,
Without a thought of grief to shade,
Altho' I never, never can forget,
I never, never can forget.

3.

They tell me that contentment dwells,
Within thy calm and spotless breast,
And how can I unhappy be;
When she I love so well is blest?
She thinks no more on other days,
With sorrow or with vain regret,
Altho' perchance like me she says,
Like me she says, I never can forget.
I never, never can forget.



Be present all ye Genii, who direct
The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,
New to your haunts and shades; who tune his ear
To finer sounds—who heighten to his eye
The bloom of nature, and before him, turn
The gayest, happiest attitude of things!

A YEAR AGO.

A year ago—and gaily down
The tide of time life's shallow flew;
My hopes had never felt a frown,
And bright had been my days, as few;
Sorrow nor pain my proud heart knew,
And life was all a gala day,
Or if a shadow dimmed its blue,
Like summer's cloud it passed away,
Leaving yet brighter still the light,
Which fell upon my ravished sight.

A year ago—Hope's angel star,
Shed its pure light upon my heart,
Health, love, and friendship, all that are
Blessings with which we grieve to part,
Were mine—to sorrow's pang, to envy's art,
To all that rend while they destroy,
I was unknown—for ne'er a smart
Had stung the wild, gay-hearted boy;
In form and eye, in tongue and mind,
As reckless, restless, as the wind.

A year ago—and I could boast
A father, who in death now sleeps,
One, who in death is envied most;
Whose grave's cold turf the warra tear steeps;
At thought of whom my sad heart leaps,
And with regret is crushed in gloom,
That he whose virtues now it weeps,
Should e'er have gone down to the tomb,
While there remained a soul like mine,
A devotee at folly's shrine.

A year ago—'tis vain to cast,
A retrospective glance behind;
I will not gather from the past,
Flowers to wreath a blighted mind;—
Hope, kindred, friend, yea all that bind,
The young heart unto earth are fled;
And I am left my way to wind,
Down to the mansions of the dead:—
A wanderer on life's morning shores—
An exile of Contentment's bowers.

Sandy Hill, N. Y. Feb. 2, 1830. PIPER.

TO MARGARETTA.

Oh! turn away those eyes that roll
Like brilliant orbs in yonder sphere,
Their radiance perforates my soul,
And leaves a witching impress there.
Yet late I owned another shrine,
And plighted vows of faith sincere;
But hollow were those vows of mine,
For sacred love was absent there.

My fancy pictured virtue bright,
Deck'd in each fair and glowing charm;
I gazed with rapture and delight,
But vainly strove to love the form.

Forgive, dear maid, the fickle heart,
That half its constancy forsakes;
Now swears its faith shall ne'er depart,
Now at thy voice in transport wakes.

The rose bud in the bower may bloom,
And breathe a fragrance on the air;
But what avails its rich perfume,
Unless its vermil tints be there.

So virtue in her pride array'd,
Devotion's feelings may impart;
But *beauty* first must lend its aid,
Ere the cold statue charms the heart.

Then turn away that azure eye,
That mocks the basilisk's deep gaze,
'Twill fill my soul with rhapsody,
And lure to witchery's giddy maze.

Unveil no more those winning smiles,
For, oh! this bosom dares not love;
Burst, fancy, burst the silken toils,
And let the captive truant rove.
Philadelphia, Nov. 23d, 1829. ROMEO.

Go, faithless one!
Tho' thou wilt leave my heart
Sear'd, desolate and lone,
We here must part.

I would not ask thee now
To shed one tear for me;
I would not cloud thy brow
With misery.

The flow'rs of love that bloom'd
But for a little time,
To an early grave were doom'd,
Nipp'd in their prime.

But, they now are dead,
And never more shall bloom,
Their withered leaves still shed
A sweet perfume.

And on this consecrated spot,
Thru' long-revolving years,
They ne'er shall be forgot
By mem'ry's tears.
CARLOS.

Onward, on in thy joyous way,
Youth and hope are around thee blooming;
Bright is thy sun with his morning ray,
Rich is the prospect his beams are illuming.

Onward still—these are those, who long
To see thee blessed as earth can make thee,
Those who hope that the lovely throng
Of thy early charms will never forsake thee.

Then go on in thy bright career,
Blessing and blest in the love of many;
Calm be thy eve, as thy morn is clear,
And the last day of life the sweetest of any.

Still may the sunshine of inward peace
Gild every cloud that in time shall beset thee!
Still shall thy number of friends increase,
For those who have known thee, will never forget
thee. ARCOLO.

THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE.

He fell in freedom's holy cause,
When youth's fair day was o'er him ;
A victim at her Spartan shrine,
While life was bright before him.

He liv'd for Greece, for Greece he died,
Where scimitars were gleaming ;
His funeral rite, the cannon's roar—
His dirge, the sea-bird's screaming.

Now sweetly rest my early friend,
Beneath the olive sleeping ;
Thy memory glows in Grecia's breast,
Secure in freedom's keeping.

Parnassian wreaths shall deck thy grave ;
And o'er its verdure bending,
The war-worn Greek will mourn thy fate,
While his fair land defending.

Of as on Tempe's silver vales,
Night's dewy shade's are closing ;
Their vesper hymns Arcadian maids
Shall waft for thy reposing.

And when on Mount Olympus' top,
The crescent moon is glowing ;
Aonia's lyre o'er thy repose,
Shall sound to strains there flowing.

When Missolonghi's battle flame
Rose thro' the midnight gloom on high,
From earth a warrior spirit came
To freedom's home in the bright sky.

Welcome, my son! Minerva said,
But whence that tear? her son replied ;
Behold thy Greece, her thousands dead,
Her shores and plains in crimson dyed.

And see, where once her cities rose,
Where arts and arms their mansion found ;
Now Hella views her ruthless foes,
Wide spreading death and ruin round.

The Moslem—"Cease in freedom's name,
Greece shall be crown'd by victory,
And thou shalt live with deathless fame,
In starred realms of liberty!

Columbia claim'd thy early breath,
Mine is thy sky-born spirit now"—
She spoke, and twined the fadeless wreath,
To bloom around his youthful brow.

London Grove. N. W. C.

TO S.

My heart foreboded this,
Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.—Byron.

It was a dream too sweet to last,
A vision of the mind ;
It too like all my dreams has past,
To leave a pang behind.

In this wide world there's not for me,
A hope of future joy,
"I was baptised in misery,"
E'en whilst a playful boy.

False, fleeting joys fore'er farewell,
I turn from thee and weep :
Hope fondly whispers I shall dwell
Ere long in "dreamless sleep."

'30.

CHARITY.

'Tis bright as the light, yet it suffers below,
When the want of all things most annoy ;
And kinder than kindest, it mingles with woe,
Yet can always true pleasure enjoy :

It envies not fortune, nor claims as its due
Aught that puffs up the pride of a man :
It never provokes, but retires from the view,
And thinketh no evil to scan :

It hopeth all things, in the readiest way ;
It beareth all things though uncouth ;
And never victoriously strives for the day,
But with patience it rests in the truth.

Without it all else is as counterfeit brass,
Or as the tinkling of cymballs in sound,
And Christians and Turks may pretend—but alas!
With the humble 'tis alone to be found.

Go then thou proud hero, and humble in dust,
With the cruel and brave make confession ;
And in the bright beam of true charity trust,
That thy patience may prove thy profession.

PAUL.

ON A FRIEND.

Farewell, happy soul, to thy native skies hie,
There bathe thee in pleasures to mortals unknown ;
In the courts of thy father, with myriads fly,
Who live in the light of his count'nance alone.

Though we know thou art blest, a tear from the eye
rolls,
When we think that upon thee no more we may
look ;

When we know that thy form in its dark prison
moulds,
And thy spirit, the home it once loved, has forsook

Though we know that in Heav'n sad sorrow's not
felt,

That troubles ne'er visit those temples of love,
That to soft pity's story the heart will not melt,
And nought that is hurtful finds entrance above.

Yet we sigh when we look on the chair thou once
filled,
And think of advice to young friends kindly given ;
And know that thy bosom with purest love thrilled,
When thou show'dst virtue's path, and pointedst to
Heav'n.

Forgive then the tear, for 'tis selfish to weep,
When thou hast changed sorrows for joys without
end ;

Yet a tear from our eyelids unconscious will creep,
And roll down the cheeks for the loss of a—Friend

Lines on hearing the winding of a Horn.

How sweet it is at early morn,
When pensive thoughts are o'er us stealing,
To hear the winding of a horn
To some lov'd air of kindred feeling.

And as the swell now nearer floats,
And now recedes, again draws near
The heart, responsive to the notes,
Now heaves the sigh—now falls the tear.

And now on mem'ry's wing we seem
Transported to those sunny hours,
When time pass'd swift as poets dream,
And fancy strew'd our path with flow'rs. R.

"Why do my Brothers mourn?" said Chingachgook, regarding the dark race of dejected Warriors, by whom he was environed,—*"Why do my Daughters weep—that a young man has gone to the happy hunting grounds—that a Chief has filled his time with honour!—He was good—he was dutiful—he was brave—who can deny it? The Manitto had need of such a Warrior, and he has called him away. As for me, the Son and Father of Uncas, I am a blasted pine, in the clearing of pale faces. My race is gone from the shore of the Salt Lake, and the hills of the Delawares," &c.—Last of the Mohicans, vol. 2, p. 258.*

The sun rose clear—the clouds had sunk to rest,
And in fantastic volumes fringed the west;
The scene was beautiful—through clustering trees,
Swept the soft fragrance of the morning breeze,
The plaintive murmuring of the winding stream,
Tinged by the radiance of the morning beam,
The Landscape in its noblest garb array'd,
Its Maker's Power and Majesty display'd,
In short it was a scene—to lull to rest
Each wayward passion, and to soothe the breast
Of care.—Yet 'mid those pleasing scenes of peace,
Where Pleasure seem'd to reign and Sorrow cease,
A crowd of Warriors mourn'd the untimely fate
Of one who recently with heart elate,
Led the wild chase, or in the Battle Field,
Compell'd the haughty Mingo Chief to yield,
Who lay the last of all his noble race,
A senseless corse before a Father's face;
The Chiefs of Leni-Lanape felt the blow,
For the last Son of Unamis lay low.
Chingachgook sate apart with grief o'erpress'd,
And low reclined his head upon his breast;
The attentive crowd in mournful silence stood,
And all was hush'd save from the neighboring wood,
The chattering Black Bird or the noisy Jay,
Pour'd forth their music to the God of Day;
Or slowly borne by whispering winds along,
Was heard the distant Wish-ton-Wishe's song—
At length the Chieftain slowly raised his head,
And east one sorrowful look upon the dead—
Then glancing proudly o'er the attentive crowd,
With steady look, he thus began aloud—
"Why do my Brothers mourn?"—thus spake the Chief;

"Why are my Daughters' hearts o'erpress'd with grief?
Is it because a youthful Chief has fled
From earth to wander with th' illustrious dead?
A hundred Warriors of Wyandot's race,
Shall clear the path before the Chieftain's face;
Till he shall reach the hunting grounds, and cease
From all his earthly toils, to dwell in peace;
He was too good, too pure, to dwell on earth—
Manitto call'd him, for he knew his worth:
He fell with glory and has gone to rest—
He fill'd his time with honor and is blest;
My Warriors, shout—the war-whoop shall no more
Be heard upon the hill or Salt Lake shore,
For like a pine of all its leaves bereft,
Of all my Nation, I alone am left."

"No," exclaimed Hawk-eye, rising from the ground,
And gazing with a troubled look around,
"No—though that youth whose valour has been tried,
Who oft has fought the Mingoes by my side,
Has left us here on earth a while to stay,
Till the Manitto calls us both away,
If I forget that youth—may He that reigns
Above the clouds—whose condescension deigns

To hear the contrite sinner's humble plea,
Forget to shower his blessings down on me;
Though of thy Tribe thou art the only one,
Still, *Sagamore*, thou art not here alone!"
Chingachgook heard, then rising, grasp'd the hand
Of Hawk-eye fervently, and thus they stand
A moment—then each bending o'er the grave,
Paid a warm, tearful tribute, to the brave.

R. E. W.

He fell—nor dreamt that he had foes;
But sought his friends so dear,
To tell the tale of all his woes—
They had not time to hear.

He asked the favours he had given,
The cause of his sad fall,
They turn'd, and pointing up to Heaven
Reply'd—"God for us all."

They sold his home, his bed and board,
And broke his heart—now why?
Because he could not now afford
The price of flattery.

They trifled with his spotless fame,
And all reviled him save
His benefactor, Death, who came
And gave him to the grave.

A rich man died—all eyes were dim—
The world was proud to mourn;
But none was seen to weep for him,
Few followed to his bourne.

I've seen the human bosom heave
With many a throb and throe,
O'er fiction's tales, nor yet relieve,
Nor weep for real woe.

I saw a man who had betray'd
An orphan's helpless heart,
Weep o'er Theatrical pictures play'd
By imitative art. MILFORD BARD.

TO THE MOON.

I love to gaze on thee, thou brilliant queen
Of night, as silently and calm thou mov'st
Along the serial plains, illuming
The dark earth with thy pure stream of holy light;—
Amid the countless myriads of bright stars,
The sacred and ethereal fires that fill
The ample dome of Heav'n, thou hold'st thy reign,
Effulgent and supreme. Yes, I delight
To gaze on thee, with not one cloud to dim
Thy chaste and lovely brilliancy—and oft
At midnight's solemn hour, thy mild control
Inspires, with sweetest rapture, my lone breast;
Encheers my drooping and despondent soul,
And lifts it far above the mists and shades,
The toils and miseries of this sordid world.
Thou art the fountain of all purity
And holiness—an emanation from
The Almighty pow'r, unsullied by the dark
And with'ring guilt of earth—so peaceful doth
Thy beauty shine, thou seem'st to call us up
To thee—to bid us hold commune with Heav'n;
Thou warn'st us to forsake the tumult
Of this wild and dreary scene—to spurn the ties
That bind us to the world, and seek to gain
A brighter, purer, happier shore. CARLOS.

THE HEART'S APPEAL.

"Bigoted worshippers of custom, say,
Is it indeed a crime

To climb

The elevated, but delightful road
That leads to Love?"

Loveliest of that lovely race,
Who, like, the laughter-featured flowers,
Young June, in her gay wantonness,
First smiles upon with witching pow'rs,
Adorn this dreary world of ours;
Thou, fairer than the fairest form,
To angels in their slumbers giv'n;
Or Love's enthusiasm warms
With glimpses of an earthly heav'n.
List, sweet one, listen to the song
Of one, whose only fault has been
To dwell too deeply, and too long,
On one bright image—till the scene
Had awaken'd such a spell within,
That e'en the fount of life would seem
Concenter'd in that much-lov'd theme!
And one, whose inly boast, whose pride
Hath been, that he hath nightly bow'd
Down to *one* only shrine, and paid
The offerings that his heart had vow'd
To its dear idol, unalloy'd
By baser homage!

'Twas a brow,
A bosom, spotless as the snow
On Caucasus—a sparkling eye—
Aye these, *these* were his Deity!
Worshipping the light their beauty gave,
As eaglets bask in the crimson wave,
And drink of the flood, whose golden dye
Mantles the blush of the sunset sky;
And even in dreams,
When the proud and the haughty spirit seems
Spurning at base control, to bid
Its clayey covering, and the jars
Of warring elements recede;
And bounding upward, till the stars
Lost in the distance, with surprise,
View it claim kindred with the skies;
When he might well have soar'd—that young,
That lofty spirit, loth to miss
Its 'custom'd haunt, hath fondly hung,
Lingering around that darling spot,
Wherein its hope lay hid, as though
It were a sacrifice to bow
Where that one object rested not!

O, it is hard, when every thought
Is haunted, like that witching hour
By spectres tenanted, and fraught
With shuddering things—when every pow'r,
When Life, Hope, Heav'n are all forgot;
And e'en mem'ry, prone to be
Of the long past an epitome,
Recusant, records but the since
One being met its cognizance.
O, it is cruel then to find
'That one so passionless, unkind,
So heartless, or so insincere,
Love hath no habitation there!

But oh! more cruel far, to feel
That every smile, and every token
The heart has cherished in its zeal,
And register'd as words unspoken;
And that the passion, breathing sigh,
Are but the garb of coquetry!

I will not say that thou art such!
I would not call thee prude or coquette,
Thine heart is tenderness—the touch
Of sadness on thy brow hath spoke it!
And who that saw thee would revoke it?
O who, from that pale cheek of thine,
Would rob the lily of its dower?
Mirth has its votaries, thou art mine,
O melancholy! and thine hour
Of contemplation is to me,
Heaven's best, rich gift, supreme felicity!

Alas! I ought not to complain;
I have not cause where-with to chide thee;
And yet this foolish heart would fain
Believe thee selfish! Could I bid thee,
Dare this trembling tongue to say,
Since thou *can'st* love but one, that he,
Of thy young heart the first and chosen,
For me should be forgotten? Nay!
The charm that partial friendship throws on
Lays like these, are but the ray
The lightning's glorious path that glows on,
Bright, perhaps, but soon away;
Still, still, its voice, however lowly,
Is far too proud to do thee wrong!
'T would scorn to deem thee so unholy—
To call thee faithless!

But my song
Is ended now, and one weak prayer,
(The last that shall disturb thee more)
The tearful muse would fain prefer,
In mirth or in woe,
In grief or glee,
May thou, sweet creature, never know
The pangs that torture me. SENEX.

TIME.

What is time? It is a flitting meteor,
A something, nothing, yet an ocean
Vast and wide of length unscanned,
And dread profundity.
'Tis like the Nile in story famed,
Without a head or source to mortals known,—
Yet ending in the ocean of eternity
'Tis like the passing wind, which we see not,
Yet th' effect we see. It bears unto eternity,
The same proportion, which the power of wind,
Does to Him, that gives it wings,
And speeds it into flight. MILTON, jur.

TO ———.

Tho' Joy may beam, tho' Pleasure smile,
And round my brow her roses twine;
Tho' midst the thoughtless throng, awhile
I may appear its mirth to join,
Yet oft the starting, trembling tear,
Shall tell that e'en in pleasure's sphere,
Where mirth and gaiety unite,
To fill my bosom with delight,
That every joy on earth is vain,
Unless we two shall meet again.

And ah! perhaps on youth's bright morn,
Dark grief may throw her shades of woe,
And peace from me be rudely torn,
And nought be left that charms me now;
Yet e'en in this dark hour of sorrow,
A ray of joy from Hope I'll borrow,
And whilst she "waves her golden hair,"
And smiling, points to prospects fair,
Will not think her promise vain,
But trust we two shall meet again. M. F. L.

TO PRUDENCE.

How oft does passion's grasp destroy
The pleasure that it strives to gain;
How soon the thoughtless course of joy,
Is doom'd to terminate in pain.

When prudence would thy steps delay,
She but restrains to make thee blest;
Whate'er from joys she lops away,
But heightens and secures the rest.

Wouldst thou a trembling flame expand
That hastens in the lamp to die;
With careful touch, with sparing hand,
The feeding stream of life supply.

But if thy flush profusely sheds,
A rushing torrent o'er the blaze;
Swift round the sinking flame it spreads,
And kills the fire it fain would raise.

C.

THE MUSE OF COLUMBIA.

Muse of Columbia! wake to the song,
Sweep thy white hand o'er thy own mountain lyre;
Long hast thou slumber'd in silence, too long,
Wake and enkindle thy light beaming fire.

Wake, for the mountains are verdantly blooming,
And glory is brightening in every dale;
Wake, for the sunshine of heaven is illuming
The cloud covered mount and the rose bosomed dale.

Wake, for the accents of Liberty call thee,
Hear in yon blue sky her soul-thrilling tone
Burst from the fetters that dare to enthral thee,
Stand in thy greatness triumphant, alone.

Breathe o'er the tyrants whose mandates are chilling
The life-blood of thousands, thy withering frown
Shed thine eye's flash o'er hearts that are willing
In slavery's baseness to kneel to a crown.

Yet is there even in the breast of the slave,
Some nobler spirit which thou can'st arouse;
Yet are there thousands, the great and the brave,
Who pay at thine altar their heart's warmest vows

ARCOLO.

LINES TO A PARTING RELATIVE.

Farewell, my dearest friend, to thee!
A little while we're doom'd to part,
And soon thou'lt be afar from me;
List to the farewell of a heart
That feels for thee no common love;
That's bound, by ~~hundred~~ ties, to thine,
As firm as heav'nly hearts can prove,
Who bend at fond affection's shrine.

The gratitude thou can'st not know,
That beats within my breast for thee,
The love that ne'er shall cease to glow,
For all that thou hast done for me.
The thrilling hand, the lingering look;
These outward signs but faintly tell
The deep heaved throbbings of this heart—
The sighs that now my bosom swell.

And we must part, 'tis vain to grieve,
Fate wills it should be so;
'Tis a stern task, but still believe
Thro' what far region thou may'st go,
With me thy mem'ry shall remain;
My love shall be the same for thee,
Tho' we should never meet again,
But in eternity.

CARLOS.

WOMAN.

"Oh, woman's heart is like the rose
That glows beneath the tropic's flame,
That blooms as sweet 'mid northern snows,
Forever lovely and the same."

A guiding star that brightly shines,
Reflected from its home above;
The proudest bay that e'er entwines
The warrior's brow, is woman's love.

The music of her voice has charms
To lull the passions of the breast;
Her rosy smile, like oil, disarms
The waves of ill—they sink to rest.

Her spotless virtues, yes, I'd sing,
Her ever true and constant heart;
May friendship's blossoms round her spring,
And white rob'd peace its smile impart.

30.

THE PUZZLER.

ORIGINAL RIDDLES.

1. My first is a coin whose value is small,
My next includes more than one, tho' not all;
My third is a grain good for man or for beast,
My whole is a space of time, not the least.
2. My first is a sport that Englishmen prize
For pleasure, for health, and good exercise;
My next is a weight, tho' much used, we're told,
Was ne'er found correct in weighing of gold;
My whole is a place, I won't tell you where,
If you find out the riddle what more need you care.
3. My first's a conjunction whose use it is plain,
Saves the repeating of many words over again;
My next is a metal more useful than gold,
And my whole is most wanted when the weather is cold.
4. The sight of my first, to the wise, is most hateful,
The roar of my second is wild and ungrateful;
My whole oft delights the Botanist's eye,
Who, Nature's God in me can descry.

DECIOUS.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 10 letters, and the name of a beautiful stream of the west. My 7th, 8th, 3d and 4th, is a meek animal; my 5th, 8th, 6th and 7th, is a great personage in England; 3d, 2d, 6th, 10th, 5th and 6th, is a high crime; my 1st, 2d, 6th and 7th, is worn by the ladies; my 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, is what sailors often desire to see; my 8th, 6th and 3d, is a limb; my 7th, 5th, 8th and 10th, is a heavy article; my 4th, 6th, 8th, 9th and 10th, is a punishment for murder; 7th, 8th and 10th, is a term for youth; my 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, 5th, 7th and 8th, is much used in inclement weather; my whole is a town in Maryland.

C. C. N.

QUESTION.

Here lie two husbands with their two wives,
Here lie two fathers with their two daughters,
Here lie two mothers with their two sons,
Here lie two grandmothers with their two grand daughters,
Here lie two maidens with their two brothers;
Yet but six corpses in all lie buried here,
All born legitimate, and from incest clear.

J. Spaulding



ENGRAVED BY SEAGLE.

THOMAS C. JAMES M. D.

Published by S.C. Atkinson for the Author.



THE CASKET

FLOWERS OF LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Mind is the God-like attribute of man!
Even as the prophet, in the arid wild,
Snote the dull rock, which gave its waters forth,
Till awe struck Israel gazed upon the sight:
Thus by high Reason wak'd, the mind instinct
Pours its rich, sparkling streams upon the earth,
And the world looks with a rapt wonder on."

No. 3.]

PHILADELPHIA.—MARCH.

[1830.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF DR. JAMES.

Thomas C. James, M. D., an eminent practitioner in Philadelphia, and Professor of Midwifery in the University of Pennsylvania, was born in Philadelphia, in the year 1766, and received his education at Friends' grammar school, under the tuition of the celebrated Robert Proul, author of the History of Pennsylvania. It was there his genius was more fully developed for that course of study to which he was afterwards led by inclination, and for which he was eminently qualified by the highest talents, and the most amiable disposition of mind.

After finishing his school education, he commenced the study of medicine, under the worthy Dr. Adam Kuhn, then professor of *Materia Medica*, and of considerable eminence in the profession. With him he remained as student of medicine, until the year 1788, when, with the most flattering prospects, he graduated in the University of Pennsylvania, being then in the twenty-second year of his age.

It was not unusual, at that day, for young physicians, ere they commenced practice, to visit foreign places, and frequently to embark on long voyages, to enable them to add to the general theory of their profession, that practical knowledge so needful to perfect professional skill, and which could be obtained only by personal observation and experience. Accordingly, in the year 1788, Dr. James was entered as surgeon on board the ship *Sampson*, captain Howell, on a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope and China.

The character of the young physician was established for skillfulness, and especially for that humanity and gentleness of disposition, so essential to the character of a physician; and for which, at a more advanced age, and through its successive periods, Dr. James has been eminently characterized.

In the fall of 1790, Dr. James embarked for Europe; and, arriving in London, he had free intercourse with some of the most eminent men

of the faculty, and daily added to his stock of knowledge. His industry in acquiring information on every subject connected with his profession, and his attention to the means so amply afforded by the most eminent London practitioners, to whose personal acquaintance, his amiable disposition and distinguished talents gained him access, could not fail of their effect upon the mind of one so ardently devoted to medical science. He walked through St. George's Hospital, at that time, attended by Dr. John Hunter, the justly celebrated surgeon. He attended the lectures of Doctors Hunter, Home, Baillie, Fordyce, Osborne, Clarke, &c. From London, he went to Edinburgh, in Scotland, where he spent the winter of 1791-2, in the earnest pursuit of general literature and medical science; and returned to Philadelphia in the summer of 1793, in time to witness the ravages of the malignant epidemic of that year.

It is not intended, in this brief sketch of Dr. James, to give more than a mere outline. Living characters are not properly the subjects of biography; and the modest merit of eminent men in general, disclaims the aid of panegyric. The talents and success of Dr. James, have, however, distinguished him, even in a city noted for producing many excellent physicians. Though unambitious and unpretending, and rather retired in his public character, his qualifications, well established with the faculty, and in the esteem of his fellow citizens, were too conspicuous not to be duly appreciated. Accordingly, in 1811, we find him promoted to the Professorship of Midwifery in the University; to which distinguished and responsible station, he was elected by the trustees of that institution.

Dr. James is descended from highly respectable settlers in his native state of Pennsylvania; and, by the mother's side, grandson of the worthy and much esteemed Thomas Chalkley, from whom he derived his name—formerly an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, well known and gratefully remembered for his Christian piety, and his various useful writings.

be reader," smiling, said Gayoso, and turning to his secretary observed, "that he was excused from duty for the remainder of the day;" then, unfolding the papers read:—

Newport, Rhode Island, June 3d, 1774.

My ever beloved Husband will not refuse his Isabel the joy of using these endearing terms.— Before this can ever reach your hand, the writer will have ceased to give pain. Our little one smiles in her sleep, and seems to dream of her father. I am not sick, Folliart, I am only weak; I know my days are numbered; and though I cannot hope ever to lay our Caroline on your bosom, or to be laid on that bosom myself, I must do us all the justice to say, I am innocent. Yes! I feel my strength restored when I remember that I have the reputation of a mother to sustain, that my babe may not suffer injustice; and even further, that you may not suffer too much from —. But I cannot use a harsh term, the time will come when your heart must be wrung; when you must remember what Isabel Dillon has sacrificed; and what Isabel Marlow has suffered. But as the strength which now sustains my pen cannot but be fleeting, it is time to proceed with an explanation, which will, I hope, restore to our infant its natural protector.

To recall to your recollection the course of events which brought us to Limerick, and which induced my concealment there, is needless, you know the causes too well. On that fatal evening of our separation, I saw the cloud on your brow; I felt all the sorrows of a wife, and but little suspected the truth, when you abruptly left the room, turning from the outstretched arms and smiles of your child. As your steps died away on my ear, my eyes were fixed on the transport which was to bear us to America. To leave such relatives as were mine, without a bitter pang, was not in nature. Tears fell for parents, brother, and country; but you, Folliart, had become in my heart, parents, brother, and country. My mind was reconciled to encounter storms, oceans, and enemies, to meet poverty and danger in the wilds of America. My husband and my child was then my world.

Night fell and concealed the harbour; hours past, and you came not. My little one was put to rest. Some dreadful accident has happened to my husband, I, a thousand times bitterly breathed, as pacing my chamber, the night wore away—morning came, clear, serene, and beautiful. I distrusted my senses as the strengthening light exhibited the empty harbour. The fleet of transports were gone. I was stupified with dread of I knew not what—when a rap at my door, and the entrance of your brother restored a moment's reflection. I gave him no time to speak, but anxiously demanded of him, "Where is your brother?" With a countenance of sorrow which announced impending calamity. Philip Marlow remained silent whilst handing me a billet. Oh! my husband, it was hard to be convinced that you were the writer, but I was compelled to be convinced. It is well for our

poor feeble nature, that the excess of calamity so often raises the soul above all earthly fear.— No sooner was I fully satisfied that I was a deserted wife and mother, and that my innocence was doubted by him for whom I had done so much; and for whom I was willing to do ten thousand times more, than I remembered I was a Dillon. The family oppressions and misfortunes of ages had left us only our honor, but that honor was, for the first time, arraigned in my person, and by a husband I had purchased so dearly.

The whole history of our lives was passing rapidly in my mind, and I seemed to feel more than masculine strength, when a hasty step on the entry was followed by the entrance of him, who, except yourself, I most desired to see.— I was clasped to the breast of Bernard Dillon. Twelve hours before I would have dreaded the presence of my brother, but for the moment, I could have faced the world. After our mutual emotions had something subsided, your brother rose as if to depart, but I seized his arm and firmly demanded his stay. He complied, and to my own and your brother, I faithfully and briefly recounted the whole chain of circumstances which led to a situation so distressing. During my relation my eye passed from the face of one of my auditors to the other. Philip Marlow seemed confused; my own brother, though most violently exasperated, remained silent until my narrative closed, when, with a look of more than even his wonted tenderness, he observed, "My Isabel, you have been betrayed, I will not say by whom!" and then taking his niece, whom he had never before seen, into his arms, continued, "Return home, Isabel, you have one refuge." "Never, my brother," I exclaimed with vehemence, "I am determined to follow my husband, he shall not be unjust."— Bernard paused a moment, and replied, "I believe, Isabel, you are right—reputation is moral life."

Philip Marlow departed, and I never saw him more; my own brother remained with me, and by his means I learned that the fleet in which you sailed, was bound to Newport. My brother accompanied me to Cork, and there procured a passage to this port in a vessel commanded by a distant relation, and in which several families in decent circumstances were entered as passengers. I had been lost to my family two years, and found by my brother from mere accident. We hoped for better times, and it was agreed between us, that my name should not be recalled to the recollection of my aged parents until it could be done under more favorable circumstances. Thus I once more quit the protection of a brother; concealed my existence from its authors, and followed him who hope still whispered would be my best friend. Bernard would have been my companion, but we could not for a moment sustain the thought of bereaving our parents of both their children.

Our voyage was easy, and rather rapid, and I at length was sat down with my babe, on one of

the wharves of this port. The first person I met was a mild-looking middle-aged Quaker, of whom I asked, "If Colonel Folliart Marlow was in Newport." "He is not," replied the stranger, "he has sailed some time ago to Pensacola." The heart-sickening disappointment was too much; but the eye of the stranger saw part of the truth, and as I stood trembling and weeping amid the crowd, took me kindly by the hand, observing, "It is not fit for thee to be here, my daughter—hast thou no particular friend with thee?" "Friend, oh friend, none," I distractedly replied. "Come, my daughter, thou shalt not be friendless," most energetically exclaimed my protector, and I heard, nor was I conscious of anything more, until many days after my arrival. I seemed to awake from a dream of death; I found myself in a very decent room, and by my bed-side the man I had met on the wharf, a woman of near the same age, and two most lovely female children, one of about fourteen; and the other twelve years of age.

My eye wandered over the now delighted group; I could scarcely conceive myself alive, and the first words I heard seemed to flow from the lips of an angel. "Betsy, bring in little Caroline," said, mildly, the matron, and in a moment my babe was in my arms. In the ravings of a burning fever my husband and child I was told were incessantly named. Unceasing kindness has restored me to health, and yet, oh! my Folliart, I feel I am slowly dying. The world is closing on me, and my name is a reproach to him for whom I would most willingly sacrifice life, if I could breathe it away in his arms.

Mr. Richard Carpenter, my protector, and his family, are preparing to go to Louisiana or Florida—Here Colonel Marlow, for so we may now call him, convulsively seized the hand of Richard Carpenter, exclaiming, "God forever bless the head and members of the family who sheltered mine." "We have been rewarded," very placidly replied Richard, "and my daughters will run wild I fear, when they again meet their crowing favorite. We interrupt our reader." Colonel Marlow with great effort repressed his conflicting feelings, sat down as Mr. Gayoso continued:—

To my friends I have told my tale, and have been believed. My protector offered to convey me with him, and with him I would go if it was in my power, but that is now beyond all hope. The curtain is closing between us. Our child I have, according to a solemn promise, and by the advice of my friends, directed to be sent to her uncle ———.

Here the letter of Mrs. Marlow closed. Every eye was now turned on Mr. Carpenter, who understood the appeal, and taking Colonel Marlow kindly by the hand, observed, "Yes, Folliart Marlow, thy innocent wife and the mother of thy child, sunk to rest in my house, and was laid in peace amongst the departed of our society at Newport. The infant was carefully put into trusty hands and sent to her uncle, but was not suffered to be removed from my family until I

had received an answer to a letter to Bernard Dillon. I wrote informing him of the death of his sister, and of her wishes. In due time the reply came, and was such as a brother ought to make in the circumstances. This very packet was confided to my care, in order to be taken with me on my removal to this country, but by some unaccountable mistake, it was, it now appears, enclosed with other papers, and sent to Bernard Dillon, and never until this day could I or my family account for its loss. But, Folliart, how is it, I was directed to inquire for the name of Marlow, and have always known thee by that of Loughmore? I have been diligent in endeavours to discover the husband of Isabel, but until now in vain.

The agitated Marlow clasped his head in his hands, and sinking his face between his knees, replied not. After a painful silence of several minutes, Mr. Vousden supplied the explanation which his friend was unable to give. "Loughmore is the family name of the mother of three brothers, of which the father of Caroline is one, and the eldest. It is only recently that Colonel Loughmore has himself been able to see light through the dark clouds which have hung over his best years. The loves of my cherished friends and companions of infancy, Folliart Marlow and his Isabel, grew to full bloom under my eye. In fortune, the Marlow family was superior; but in rank, that of Dillon classed itself with nobility. A family enmity added sufficient impediments to forbid a union which nature and virtue seemed to sanction; but real affection triumphed, and in my presence, Folliart and Isabel were united. To obtain the forgiveness of either family was, we all knew, hopeless, and Isabel was lost to her mistaken and inflexible parents. The eldest brother of Folliart, alone of his family, was made a confidant; and only three months have passed since we were taught the fatal secret, that it was this brother who tore asunder two hearts which every principle of nature, religion and law, had united.

Philip Marlow, on his death bed, dictated a letter, which was then directed to me, avowing that he himself had loved, sought, and was rejected, by Isabel. Stung at once by jealousy and wounded pride, he had conceived the black design of encouraging the union; and when that was consummated, to sow distrust of each other in the minds of the husband and wife. This plot succeeded too well, and terminated in the destruction of happiness, so well deserved. Colonel Marlow, in a state which might be called distraction, quit his wife, his child, his country, and his profession; he came to America, buried himself in the recesses of Florida, and assumed the name of his maternal ancestors. To myself alone of all that once knew, admired and loved Folliart Marlow, was his existence known. A total contrast of character between himself and brothers prevented any strong fraternal regard; and bereaved as he was of cannibial happiness, my friendship was placed in his bosom as a precious gem, saved from the wreck of youthful

hope. The letter of Philip Marlow was directed to me, as the wretch thought his brother no more, but remorse wrung from him justice in favor of Isabel, whom, it appears, he thought still in life.

The confession has come in time to restore tranquility to the father; give to him his daughter; and give to him more, the assurance that her sainted mother was innocent as the angels in whose choir she is now singing anthems of praise. Here is a note under the signature of Bernard Dillon, which may explain the cause why the letter of his sister was never sent in the direction of its destination. Mr. Vousden then read as follows:—

“When I received the letter of the good Richard Carpenter, and learned that my beloved Isabel was at rest, the infant Caroline came home to my heart as a sacred deposit, and was received, and I hope cherished as such. The letter of Isabel to her husband, I thought myself authorised to open and read; I may be unforgiving, but I thought him undeserving of so much, and so unchanging affection. Whether Folliart Marlow lives or not, is uncertain; his brother Philip is of the opinion that he is dead.”

The above was written in Ireland; but below was another note, which Mr. Vousden proceeded to read. “Myself and Hector Marlow have arrived in America; we are now in Philadelphia. Hector has ever been ignorant in what relation he stands to my little Caroline, and shall remain so. If Folliart lives, and I meet him, I may possibly—but it is in vain to trust either our religious or moral forbearance too far; I hope we may never, never meet!”

The words of Ann Dillon supply the closing matter of our tale. From the day of our meeting at the government house, and the opening of my husband's papers, I was at home at Natchez; my children were spoiled with kindness in the Gayoso, Watts, Vousden, Hutchins and Carpenter families. The residence of Colonel Loughmore, as he continued to be called, was distant and solitary: but Loughmore himself was restored to society. Caroline was sent for her education to the Ursuline Convent at New Orleans, and in due time became the wife of a disreputable planter of Louisiana. I have, not long since, received a letter from her, giving an account of the death of her father. Colonel Folliart Loughmore breathed his last breath into the bosom of his daughter, amid his weeping grandchildren.

As to myself, by the aid of my truly cherished friends at Natchez, I was enabled to return to Philadelphia, where once more I met my brother Malcom. We wept together. The memory of the past, cast a shade upon the present. Of my parents, I dreaded to inquire, but when I did inquire, the falling tear and silence told too much. “Our sister Malcom is alive and well, Anna, and needs all her fortitude to sustain the treasure she is soon to recover.” We a second time passed the mountains together,

and I soon found myself in a cottage, and in possession of every desired comfort.

My future life passed too tranquil and joyful to admit incident worthy of record. The eventful period of my early life affords constant subjects of reflection. My sufferings, and the experience I have had of the best and worst features in the human character, tend to enrich recollection. The names of La Cerf, Gayoso, and of Vousden, Carpenter and Hutchins, rest on memory as monuments of what MAN may be; and the names of Mrs. Gayoso, Mrs. Vousden and Isabel Marlow, attest what WOMAN can be. Adieu!

MARK BANCROFF.

THE BOAT-WRECKERS; OR, BANDITTI OF THE WEST.

A northerner, resident in the West, sometimes feels his pride wounded, as he finds so few of the first famous ‘residents’ to have been born north of the Hudson. I take pleasure to have it in my power to redeem one memorable exception from oblivion. Traits of the horse, alligator and snapping turtle, are not exclusively western instincts, as I will make appear.

Col. Fluger was born in the county of Rockingham, in New Hampshire, and in a town where they still call a kitchen a scullery. He had a slight at cards, and a knowing instinct in relation to watches and horses, almost from his babyhood. The boy, who wanted to be unburdened of his coppers, had only to play ‘hustle,’ or ‘pitch-penny’ with him. He was supposed to have a reverend dread of mortal hurts, but could ‘lick’ any boy of his size at fourteen. But being a youth of broad red cheeks, muscle and impudence, and withal, abundantly stered with small talk, from eighteen to twenty-one he was a decided favourite with the fair, and had had various love affairs, being reputed remarkably slippery in regard to the grace of perseverance. At twenty-four he had mounted epaulettes, was a militia colonel, had a portentous red nose, and was in bad odour with all honest people. Soon afterwards he went under lock and key for want of some one who would bail him for twenty dollars. The colonel, on his release, in a huff of unrequited patriotism, discovered that the people had no taste for merit; and incontinently, in his wrath, abandoned his country, setting his face towards the western woods, which had just been a subject of discussion.

Little is remembered of him on the upper waters of the Ohio; though it appears, that he attempted to ‘lick’ the contractor, who built a flat boat for him at Pittsburg, because he insisted on paying the man in rum, and other yankee notions, among which was a promissory slip of paper. Col. Fluger was soon made out to be remarkably ‘cute,’ even to a fault; and the people of that sharp dealing town were not unwilling to wash their hands of one, to whom it was both more agreeable, and more familiar, to bite, than to be bitten.

Flat boats had begun to descend the Ohio to

New Orleans in considerable numbers. But from Louisville to the mouth of the Ohio, was, for the most part, a vast, unpeopled wilderness. At Fort Massac, and thence to the Mississippi, on the north shore of the river, harbored a gang of those detestable villains, whose exploits were of such terrible notoriety in the early history of the navigation of this beautiful river. Numerous Kentucky broad-horns, generally with whiskey and provisions, and sometimes with cutlery and piece goods, were seen floating down the rivers. They were manned by an unique people, tall, athletic, reckless, addicted to strange curses, and little afraid of thunder. Withal they loved a reasonable dram, were fond of playing cards, and were easily parted from their money. These honest fellows were the fowls that the rogues of Massac and Cash delighted to pluck. They would entice the broad-horns to land, and play cards with the crew, and cheat them under the cotton wood shade. They would pilot their boats into a difficult place, or give them such directions from the shore as would be sure to run them on a snag. Failing that, they would creep, like weasels, into the boats by night, while they were tied up by the willows, and bore a hole, or dig out the caulking in the bottom. When the crew found their boat sinking, these benevolent Cash boys were busily at hand with their periogues and crafts, to save the floating barrels and boxes. Rightly they named it 'plunder' in Kentucky parlance; for they rowed the 'saved' goods up the Cash, and in the deep swamps next day no trace of them was to be seen. If one or two of the crew chanced to straggle away in pursuit of their lost cargo; they scrupled not to knock them in the head, shoot, or dirk them, and give them a nameless grave in the morasses. A volume of narratives of these boat wrecking scoundrels might be collected. Nor will you ever float by Fort Massac, the House of Nature, or the mouth of Cash, with an old residenter for a companion, without hearing hair-bristling stories of the knavery, cruelty and murders of the villains of Cash.

Col. Fluger floated to these wretches by the attraction of like to like. The faded scarlet and the tarnished yellow of his epaulettes, his red nose, his 'acuteness,' his strange curses, his utter recklessness, stood him instead of military 'grips.' He was one of them forthwith, in honour and trust; and in a month he was the Napoleon of the desperadoes of Cash. His slang curses were ultra Kentuckian on a ground of yankee; and he had, says my informant, more of this than you can shake a stick at. The fund of his real fighting courage was questionable; but he was improving in that line; and for cunning and cruelty was an incarnate devil. Finding, that in that commonwealth, titles were not only not in demand, but matter of envy, he doffed his. To fall in with the laconic and forcible style of his troop, who came over all appellatives by the shortest, he cut down his family name to Plug. Being, says my informant, of a delicate ear, and rich Bookbriary lore, he undoubtedly

thus condensed the name far its euphonic compactness. For night and secret work, Plug had a fleet of bucksnatchers with chosen crews, to row up and down the river. Not a warehouse between Louisville and Cash had a lock, for which this gang had not a model key. The enormous bunch of black and rusty keys, shown at Derfeuille's Museum, as having been found in the Ohio, near the House of Nature, undoubtedly belonged to the banditti of Col. Plug. We have no doubt that they will hereafter be viewed with suitable reverence, as an antique relic of no mean mystery and importance.

Plug had his episode of love and marriage in this wise. A periogue load of French and Spanish traders were descending from St. Louis to New Madrid, where they resided. They landed on the point, nearly opposite the mouth of Cash, whether for hunting or divertisement, or for what object, does not appear. Plug, like his prototype, was roaming up and down and to and fro, at the head of his gang. They came upon the camp-fire of the traders, as they had dined, drank their whiskey, and were taking their pipes, and reclining in the shade in paradisaical reverie. These meek citizens cared as little to see Plug, as him of the deep sulphur domicile. They cleared out in a twinkling. A damsel of their number had wandered away some distance to gather pawpaws. The party intercepted, and made her prisoner. They found her a giantess in size, of varnished copper complexion, and evidently bearing the blood of at least three races mixed in her veins. But, though deserted by her friends, she neither wept, made verses, nor betrayed fear, or surprise—not she. A real cosmopolite,

Her march was o'er the fallen logs,
Her home the forest shade.

Her dialect was as fair a compound as Plug's, though not very intelligible to him, being composed, in nearly equal proportions, of south of Europe, negro and Indian. But love has its own language. She and the Colonel saw, loved, and mutually conquered. The subordinates might envy; but who would contest the claims of Plug to the fair one? The sex and the relation of the quarteron to her husband were designated by the same tact which cut down Fluger to Plug. She was thereafter known by the name Pluggy.

Five miles up the Cash, on the verge of a vast swamp, surrounded by deep cane brakes, and inextricable tangle, was the log bower of these Arcadians.—Some millions of unemployed musketoes kept garrison in the swamp. Bears, wolves and panthers were no strangers there; and moccasin snakes renewed their vernal skins at their leisure. But the inmates, as the Kentucky orator said, 'in this sublime state of reticacy among the abrogines,' had their skins generally too full of the happyfying water of life, to feel, other than an agreeable tickle the nozzling of the proboscis of the musketoe; and had moccasin bitten them, it is a question if the serpent had not been poisoned instead of the bitten.

Many a load of whiskey and flour, and many a box of piece goods had disappeared in this swamp, through which ran the Cash; and if fame be not egregiously a liar, many a boatman's body was disposed of, unconfined, and in a nameless sepulchre; and here, no doubt, were deposited the avails of Dorfeuille's bunch of keys. Here bandit scenes transpired, which only needed Schiller's painting, to have been as famous as those of Venice, or Germany. In a few months Pluggy's renown rivalled that of her husband. Her height, fierceness and rough chin, and a kind of long moss at the corners of her upper lip, not unlike mustachios, often raised bantering questions among the banditti, in their cups, when the leader was absent, if he had not really taken a man, instead of a lady, to the partnership of his abode. In fact, it had become a joke among them to affirm that Pluggy was a man in the dress of a squaw. In due time a little wailer Plug raised a lusty cry in the woods, being that the poor thing had not taken a musketoe dose, and its skin had not yet acquired the habit of being bitten. Dr. Mitchill and others had not yet raised nice physiological distinctions; and this little one, in the rough cast reasonings of the gang, was deemed proof conclusive in regard to the sex.

Their only domestic broil of public notoriety occurred some years afterwards. An intercourse, not altogether platonic, was suspected to be in progress between Pluggy and the second in command. The courage of the commander had waxed, by this time, to the sticking point. He called lieutenant, known by the *Sabrequet* 'Nine-eyes,' to the field, or rather swamp of honor. 'Dern your soul,' said he, 'do you think this sort of candlestick-ammer (meaning, perhaps, clandestine amour) will pass?' 'If you do, by gosh, I will put it to you, or you shall to me.' They measured their ground, like two heroes, and there was no mistake in the affair, which was settled by rifles. Each carried in his flesh a round piece of lead, as a keepsake of the courage and close shooting of the other. Each became cool and even affectionate, admitting honorable satisfaction. 'You are grit,' said he of Rockingham to Nine eyes. The other swore 'that his captain had deported, like a real Kentucky.' A little curly headed Plug attended, as a kind of bottle holder. He was directed to place a bottle of whiskey mid way between them. Each limped, *pari passu*, to the tune, one, two, three, &c. to the bottle. Over it they drank, embraced, and attested each other's honor. They must lie by in dry dock awhile; but they comforted each other, that they were *too well up to these things to be fazed by a little cold lead*. It was understood, too, that Nine-eyes had been platonic and Pluggy immaculate; and the historian averreth, that he is of undoubting opinion, that no duel hath been more reciprocally creditable to the parties from that time to this. How many boats they robbed, how many murders committed, or abetted, it were bootless to think of compressing into our

limits. The country had begun to settle. An officer, named a Sheriff, began to perambulate the country armed to the teeth, and bearing the sword not in vain. Boats that stopped near Cash were manned and armed for resistance.— Plug discerning the signs of the times, drew in his horns, mended the exterior of his manners, and saw the necessity of achieving by craft what he had formerly carried *coup de main*. The greatest success of the gang was in the line of gambling; and their main resource in piloting boats into dangerous places, and, in general, acting the part of boat wreckers and moon cursers. An occasional boat, feebly manned, sometimes fell into their power in a dark and stormy night. It went up the Cash; and in the morning neither plank, nor vestige, nor crew, was to be found.

Ajax, Achilles and Napoleon had their reverse, and so had Plug. A Kentucky boat experienced some indignity, and was prepared for revenge, the next autumn. Five or six persons, well armed, landed above, and kept in sight of the boat, as they descended the wood with it. Their hands rowed the boat ashore at the mouth of the Cash, where Plug and four associates were waiting, like spiders in ambush for flies. It was a sultry September afternoon, and the weather betokened an evening of storm and thunder. They were courteously invited to land; and were piloted up the Cash for the security of a harbor from the tempest. The three Kentuckians affected simplicity, and proposed a game of cards under the cotton wood shade. They were scarcely seated, and their money brought forth, before Plug whistled the signal for onset. But he reckoned this time without his host. The concealed reserve sprang to the aid of their friends, and the contest was soon decided. Three of Plug's company were thrown into the river, and at least one was drowned. All evaporated from their captain, as June clouds vanish before the sun. Poor Col. Plug resisted to no purpose. They stripped him to his birth-day suit, and thonged him so that his arms, per force, embraced a sapling of the size of his body; and, for the rest, they fixed him as immoveably, as if he had been in the stocks. As his epidermis was toughish, and parchment-like, they faithfully laid on the cowhide to mollify the leather on his back, to facilitate the operations of the musketoes. These little musicians, by a spirit of concert, the secret of which is best known to themselves, issued forth, to the number of at least half a million, each emulous of reposing on some part of his flesh, and tasting his lymphatics. Not an arable spot in his body, of the size of a musketoe, but bore one; and the industrious little leeches carried double, and even treble in the contest for precedence in experimenting his composition. As soon as one sped away with his sack sufficiently red, and distended, a hundred waited for his place.— Plug chewed the end of fancies altogether bitter, and wished himself lapping cream in his own scullery. He derned and grunted, but could not

move a muscle to interrupt a single blood-letter in his operations. They heeded his curses and writhings as little as a sleeping parishioner in hay time does the fiery 'fifteenth' denunciation of his parson.

Poor Pluggy in her lone bower knew, by the failure of the return party, that there was reason to snuff bad omens somewhere in the gale. She set forth to seek her beloved; one of the young Plugs in breeches, and another in petticoats, followed her steps. She trailed the party; and in half an hour came upon the vanquished one, running the christian race, steadfast and immovable. He embraced the tree, as in the most vehement affection, with his face towards it; and his naked body was one surface of musquitoes. She soon decyphered his position. But instead of incontinently cutting him loose, she clasped her hands theatrically, crying out, 'Yasu Chree! O mio carissimo sposo, what for like one dem fool, you hug de tree, and let the marengoes suck up all yoursweet blood!' If Plug cursed her unadvisedly, let it be urged in extenuation, that his spirit was stirred in him, and any thing rather than complacent. Be that determined as it may, he cursed her most unconnubially, and bade her 'not to let on' any of her jaw, until she had cut him loose.

Plug begat him sons and daughters, and was in a fair way to have defrauded the gallows, and to die peaceably in his bower. But he was caught, eventually, in a trap of his own springing. A boat had landed not far above Cash; and the crew were in the woods to shoot turkeys. A Mississippi squall was coming on. To equalize the danger, Plug was in the vacant boat, digging out the caulking at the bottom. While he was yet in the act, and the crew were running from the woods to get on board, the gale struck the boat from the shore, broke the fast, and drove it into the stream, with only Plug on board. The waves from above, lashed to fury, and the leak from below filled the boat, and it sunk. Plug had disengaged a barrel of whiskey, and took to his favorite resource, to enable him to gain the shore; but it rolled him off on one side, and then on the other. Plug drank water instead of whiskey, which he would have preferred.—His sins came up in terrible array, and his heart beat quick and pantingly. In short he found a watery grave. Thus fell the last of the boat wreckers.

Anecdotes of the Battle of Navarino.

About half past three o'clock, as near as I could guess, the bite of the main-sheet hung just down before our gun, and incommoded us in the pointing of it. I was ordered, along with another, to go on deck, and haul in the slack, to keep it out of the road of the muzzle. I can't say I liked this job, for, during the action, a deep impression lay on my mind that I was safer at my gun than anywhere else; however, go I must. On gaining the main-deck, the scene of carnage and devastation far ex-

ceeded what was on the lower deck. Shortly before this I heard a dreadful crash, as if the whole ship's side had been stove in, and I now learned that it was occasioned by two marble shot, of 120 pounds weight each, striking the main-deck abreast of the main hatchway. They had knocked two ports into one, and wounded five men, among whom was my dear messmate, Morfit; but this I did not know at the time.—I saw Captain Bathurst coming down the poop ladder, when the tail of his cocked hat was carried away by a splinter from the bulwarks of the ship. He took off the hat, looked at it, and smiled; then coming down on the quarter deck, which was the most imminently exposed part of the ship, issued his orders with the same calmness as if he had been exercising guns at sea. There was something at once noble and ludicrous in the appearance and situation of the old man, as he proudly walked the quarter deck with his drawn sword and shattered hat, amid showers of shot and splinters, insensible, apparently, to the danger that surrounded him. My companion and I essayed with all our might to haul in the slack of the main-sheet, but could not effect it, the rope being so heavy. The rigging of the ship was torn in pieces, her yards topped up and down, and some of them fore and aft, the lifts shot away, and the quarter-deck so bestrewed with splinters of wood, that it presented the appearance of a carpenter's shop.—The captain came forward to us, and looking up, exclaimed, "By G—, the Union Jack's shot away! Go aft on the poop and tell Davy, the signal man, to give me another Union Jack. I went aft, and found Davy looking out with his glass at the Asia, which was about a cable's length astern of us. The Admiral was standing on the poop netting, and with a speaking trumpet was hailing our ship with "Genoa, a-hoy!" "Sir Edward," was the reply of the signal man. "Send a boat with a lawser to swing my ship's stern clear of a fire-ship that's drifting down upon us." "Aye, aye, sir," said Davy, and was going away, when I told him what the captain had sent me for. He said he had a Union Jack in his breast, where he had stowed it in the beginning of the action, to be ready for any unlucky accident that might happen, and proceeded to the captain.

When I came forward to the place I had left, I saw that the message I had been sent was the means of saving my life, for, during my absence the hammock netting had been torn completely to pieces with shot, and the poor fellow, Holmes, who came up with me, was stretched on the deck. The Captain was at the gangway, looking into our opponent's vessel. "Did you bring the Union Jack, Davy?" said he. "Yes Sir," said Davy; and at the same time told him what the Admiral wanted. The Captain snatched the flag out of Davy's hand, and, walking smartly forward, demanded, "Who would go and nail the British Union Jack at the fore-royal-mast-head?" A good-looking man, of the name of Neil, stepped forward at once, and took it out of

the Captain's hand, and, without speaking, began to make the best of his way up the two or three tattered shrouds that were left in the fore-rigging. The Captain then ordered half-a-dozen of the nearest men—among whom I was one—to man a boat and take a hawser for the *Asia*. Having got over the side into the boat, we sat waiting, while two of the men were occupied in coiling it in. I had here a fine view of the contending fleets, and could see that we had a galling fire to sustain at this time from two line-of-battle ships, one of which, although on fire, still kept up a constant cannonading upon us. The *Asia*, which was astern of us, had at this time only one large vessel, a liner, and a double-bank frigate, playing upon her, I trembled for the fate of our ship, because I was sure, that if the game continued to be played so unequally, we would stand a chance of coming off *second best*. I looked aloft to see how Neil had got up with the Union Jack. I saw him clinging with his feet to the royal-mast, and hammering away with a serving mallet. I watched till he got on deck in safety, and could not but admire the cool and determined manner in which he accomplished what he had undertook. The hawser being coiled in the stern sheets of the boat, we shoved off and proceeded to the *Asia*. The face of the water was covered with pieces of wreck: masts and yards drifted about on the surface, to which clung hundreds of poor wretches whose vessels had been blown up. Numbers of them imploringly cried upon us, in the Turkish language, a small smattering of which the most of us had picked up at Smyrna. We kept paying out the hawser as we pulled along, but, just as we came within six fathoms of the *Asia*, our hawser terminated, and we could not proceed any farther. The crew of the *Asia*, at the gun-room port, seeing our dilemma, hailed us, and gave a rope's end to make fast to our hawser; but this we could not manage. A man, then, of the name of George Finney, captain of our main-top, seeing there could be no other way of getting it done, jumped into the water, and swam the distance between the boat and the flag ship; the end of the hawser was then put out of the port, and Finney, catching hold of it, swam back to the boat, bearing the end of the heavy rope in one hand, and swimming with the other. We soon made what sailors call a 'carrick bend' of the two ends, and began to pull back for the *Genoa*. The Admiral appeared on the poop, in a plain blue surtout, and signed with a handkerchief, for us to make all speed. Scarcely had we gained half-way between the *Asia* and our own ship, when the former ship's mizen went over the quarter with a crash. We thought the Admiral was involved in the wreck, as we saw him standing at the place not a minute before the mast went over; but we were relieved from this apprehension by his re-appearance on a conspicuous situation. We picked up on our way back ten of the poor drowning wretches who were drifting about during the storm of fire and thunder, that made the ancient

island of Sphalactria tremble again.—Several of them were Arabs, quite black, but all were Mahometans, as we saw by the lock of hair left on the crown of their heads, by which Mahomet, according to their own belief, lifts them to Paradise.

Not a shot had struck the boat since we left our own ship, although several pieces of burning wood and showers of burned rice and olives, from the Turkish ships, rained down upon us in plentiful profusion; but as one of our men, called Buckley, was hauling a tall, stout young Moslem out of the water, a shot blew the head of the Turk to pieces, upon which Buckley, turning coolly about, said, "——me, did ever you see the like of that?"

Cool, however, as a British sailor is in danger, nothing can approach the Turk in this respect. George Finney—mentioned before—had hauled one into the boat, a fine looking fellow, and elegantly dressed. He was no sooner seated in the bow of the boat, than taking out a portable apparatus, he began to fill his pipe, which having done, he struck a light from the same convenience, and commenced sending forth, with inconceivable apathy, volumes of smoke from his mouth. "Do you see that Turkish rascal?" said Finney, who was provoked at this singular instance of indifference. "Well, since he cares so little for being hauled out of his *Satanic Majesty's* clutches, we'll send him where he came from." So saying, he made a spring forward, and seizing the Turk, who could not understand how he had offended, tumbled him overboard before any one could prevent him. The Turk soon recovered, and got upon a piece of the wreck of one of his own ships, where he was picked up by the *Albion's* boat. Another instance of Turkish coolness I may mention, which, although it did not happen in our ship, was told me under well-authenticated circumstances. Some of the crew of the French frigate *Acyone* had picked up a Turk, who, by his dress, appeared to be a person of rank in their navy. When he was brought aboard, he found his arm so shattered, that it would need to undergo amputation; so he made his way down the cockpit ladder with as much ease as if he had not been hurt, and as much dignity as if he had made a prize of the frigate. He pointed to his shattered arm, and made signs to the surgeon that he wanted it off. The surgeon obliged him so far, and having bound up the stump, and bandaged it properly, the Turk made his way to the deck, and, plunging into the water, swam to his own vessel that was opposed, along with another, to the very frigate he had been aboard of. He was seen climbing the side with his one arm, but had not been aboard many minutes when it blew up, and he, among others of the crew, in all probability, perished in the explosion. —*Caledonian Mercury*.

To decide between the interfering claims of duty and inclination is the moral arithmetic of human life.—*Hall*.

CHANGES OF MANNERS.

The following is from the pen of Captain Grose, the eminent antiquary, who died in the year 1791, at the age of 60; it was written about the year 1782:—

"I am a man of little more than 50 years of age, and yet I have nearly outlived a variety of systems and manners. When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried man or widowers, of the rank of gentlemen, resident in the country, a certain antiquated female, either a maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, and a rich silk damask gown, with large flowers, she leaned on an ivory headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog, usually of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, and occasionally biting their heels with impunity. By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner cupboards all kinds of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's Elixir, a rich seed cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials containing physic for the use of the poor neighbors. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, &c.

"Another character now worn out and gone is the country 'Squire. I mean the little independent gentleman, with a landed property of 300*l.* a year,* who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at Assize and Session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes with the parish officers at the Vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighboring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of grey hounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbors house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the 5th of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was by one of those men reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

"The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, striped with timber, (not unaptly called

calimanco work,) or of red brick with large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study. The eaves of the house were well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partisan and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. Against the wall was posted 'King Charles's Golden Rules,' 'Vincent Wing's Almanack,' and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; and in his window lay 'Baker's Chronicle,' 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' 'Glanvil on Apparitions,' 'Quincey's Dispensatory,' 'The Complete Justice,' and a book of Farriery. In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two armed chair, with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas he entertained his tenants, assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees, and other great logs. The best parlor, which was never open but upon particular occasions, was finished with Turkey work chairs; and hung round with portraits of his ancestors—the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full court suits, and huge full-bottomed perukes (such as the judges wear now;) others in full suits of armour, playing on the lute. The females, likewise, were dressed as shepherdesses, with a lamb and crook, all habited in head-dresses and flowing robes.

"These men and their houses are now no more; the luxury of the times having obliged them to quit the country, to become dependents on the great, or members of some profession. The venerable mansion is, in the mean time, suffered to tumble down, or partly upheld as a farm house, till, after a few years, the estate is sold to the steward of some neighboring Lord, or else to some Nabob, Government-contractor or limb of the law."

Dr. Dwight closes a sermon "on the happiness of heaven," with the following beautiful simile:—"To the eye of man the sun appears a pure light; a mass of unmingled glory. Were we to ascend with a continued flight towards this luminary, and could, like the eagle, gaze directly on its lustre, we should in our progress behold its greatness continually enlarge, and its splendour become every moment more intense. As we rose through the heavens, we should see a little orb, changing, gradually, into a great world; and, as we advanced nearer and nearer, should behold it expanding every way, until all that was before us became an universe of excessive and universal glory. Thus the heavenly inhabitant will, at the commencement of his happy existence, see the divine system filled with magnificence and splendour, and arrayed in glory and beauty; and as he advances over and through the successive periods of duration, will behold all things more and more luminous, transporting and sun like, for ever.

* The quantity of land necessary to produce 300*l.* a year then, would be worth near 700*l.* now, from change of price and better culture.

BIOGRAPHY OF GENERAL WAYNE.

(Concluded.)

The gentleman who furnished the preceding numbers of the Memoir, having brought it down to the time of the appointment of general Wayne to the command in chief of the army, we now enter upon a new and interesting scene in his eventful life, in which the signal display of all those qualifications which distinguish the general, the diplomatist, and the patriot, gave him additional claims to the love and admiration of his country.

In April, 1792, general Anthony Wayne received the commission of major general, which gave him, under the president, the command in chief of the American army; the particular object of his appointment being to bring to a close the war with the confederate tribes of Indians, which had so long raged on the north-western frontier. The magnitude of the trust reposed can only be realized by a due consideration of the circumstances existing at the time the appointment was made. When peace was concluded with Great Britain, a portion of their Indian auxiliaries refused to bury the hatchet, but continued their depredations upon the settlements bordering on the Ohio; and there is reason to believe that these avowed enemies were aided by tribes which had entered into treaties with the United States, the whole stimulated by white incendiaries from Canada. From 1783 to 1790, it was estimated that fifteen hundred men, women and children, had been slain, or taken captive, by the Indians, upon the waters of the Ohio; and that more than two thousand horses had been stolen from the inhabitants. Every effort, by negotiations to restore peace, having failed, brigadier general Harmer was ordered to advance into the Indian country, with a force deemed competent to chastise the savages, destroy their towns, and bring them to a more reasonable disposition. The defeat of that brave and meritorious officer, and the annihilation of his army, in the summer of 1790, carried dismay throughout all our western settlements, and inspired the Indians with additional confidence and courage. On the part of the general government, the necessity for more extensive and decisive efforts to protect the frontier, and wipe away the stain from the American arms, became manifest. A new army was raised, and placed under the command of major general Arthur St. Clair, who led his forces to meet and punish a ferocious foe—became haughty and confident from successive victories. Every thing was hoped from the prowess, skill, and experience of the accomplished general who commanded the Federal army. The eyes of the nation were fixed upon him with the most lively solicitude. The honour of the Federal government, public confidence in its wisdom, which faction was endeavouring to subvert; the respect of foreign nations, all combined, with the security of the frontier, so long the scene of ambush, conflagration, and slaughter, to demand victory at his hands. The issue is known. On the 4th of No-

vember, 1791, general St. Clair and his gallant army suffered a total defeat, rout, and massacre, near the Miami villages, by the confederate Indians, aided by efficient, though unavowed white auxiliaries, from Canada. Upwards of sixty commissioned officers were killed or wounded, and near one thousand privates slain, besides the wounded who died, or were disabled. Among many brave officers who fell, the country had to mourn the loss of brigadier general Butler, the intimate friend and companion of general Wayne, and who, during the revolutionary contest, had repeatedly distinguished himself by his conduct and valour.

The whole country was thrown into consternation and mourning by the news of the defeat of St. Clair. A succession of disasters to the American arms, rendered the Indian war, to the last degree, unpopular; and no little of the odium attached to the administration under whose auspices it had been conducted. Not only were the people at large rendered averse to the war from its continued ill success, but those who were disposed to a military life looked with insuperable aversion upon a service, to enter which had so far proved neither a path to usefulness nor honour, but a sure avenue to the grave. To fall by the rifle, the tomahawk, or scalping-knife, experience had so far shown to be the almost certain consequences to those who should enter into the army; and which neither bravery nor skill had thus far been able to avert. Besides the sacrifice of life, the immense sum of money expended in the two expeditions under Harmer and St. Clair, in the embarrassed state of the national treasury, was regarded as an evil of oppressive magnitude. Parties had already developed themselves in Congress and the nation, and the conduct of the Indian war furnished abundant ground for the ill-disposed, on which to raise charges against, and excite distrust of, the wisdom of the administration.

Thus situated, to sustain the honour of the government, to vindicate the superiority of the American arms, to arrest the clamour of party, to give protection to the frontier settlements, and, if possible, to restore a safe and lasting peace with the Indian nation, new measures were to be adopted. The highest exercise of the wisdom of Washington in the selection of a commander-in-chief for the army, was demanded; for on this selection, more than on any other ever made since the commencement of the revolutionary war, every thing dear to the country depended. The fame of the president was itself concerned; for another defeat would scarcely have failed to involve his character deeply in its humiliating consequences. Bravery, and a general knowledge of the science of war, were by no means the chief requisites demanded in the character that should be called to command the army. The soundest judgment—the most consummate prudence; a capacity to comprehend all the great and various interests concerned—the cautious coolness, and guarded circumspection, necessary to counteract the wiles of a subtle enemy—a perfect knowledge of human nature

and that control and influence over men, indispensable to restore and confirm confidence both in the public and in the army, which is the attribute of genius, and only given to superior minds; withal, a strict disciplinarian, mingling firmness with conciliation, that should at once command respect and love—these, with a soul animated by patriotism and a love of glory, impelling to noble deeds, were the requisites, if they could be found in one man, which the occasion imperiously demanded. Among the peculiar traits that distinguished Washington, was his knowledge of character. Having acted with general Wayne in the most trying scenes of the revolutionary war, the best opportunity existed for a thorough knowledge of his fitness for the important command. Under the weight of responsibility that rested upon him, president Washington nominated major general Wayne for appointment to the Senate; which the Senate immediately confirmed. It is difficult to say, whether the selection reflected most honour upon president Washington, who gave the commission, or on the commanding general who received it.

On the 25th of May, 1792, general Wayne having been furnished by the Secretary at War with the instructions of the president, in which it was emphatically expressed, "that another defeat would be inexpressibly ruinous to the reputation of the government," immediately took leave of his family and friends, and repaired to Pittsburg, the place appointed for the rendezvous of the troops, where he arrived early in June. By a new organization, the army was to consist of one major general, four brigadier generals and their respective staffs, the commissioned officers, and 5120 non-commissioned officers and privates, the whole to be denominated "THE LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES." The legion to be divided into four sub-legions, each to consist of commissioned officers named, and 1280 non-commissioned officers and privates. The previous army having been nearly annihilated, a new one was to be recruited. Most of the experienced officers having been slain in the defeats of Harmer and St. Clair, or resigned their commissions, the labours of the commanding general were augmented to an extent which nothing but the most unwearied patience and ardent zeal could have performed. Many of the officers, as well as most of the soldiers, had yet to learn the rudiments of their profession. The organization of the troops, military tactics, discipline, &c. &c. devolved so far upon the general, as to leave him scarcely time, without infinite labour, to keep up the correspondence incident to his station. His efforts were indefatigable; and it is impossible, at the present day, to form an adequate idea of the difficulties he had to encounter—the labours to perform—and the obstacles he was called to surmount. So panic struck was the whole country at the repeated and bloody successes of the enemy, that an engagement with them was looked to as certain defeat. A perfect horror seemed to seize the recruits when marched from the rendezvous

where they had enlisted, and their faces turned to join the army. In a letter to the Secretary at War, dated Pittsburg, 20th July, 1792, general Wayne says:—"The detachments under major Ashton arrived at this place on Monday. Lieutenant Miss Campbell's, with Stakes' dragoons and captain Faulkner's riflemen, on Tuesday. I am, however, sorry to inform you of the alarming desertion that prevailed in Ashton's detachment and Stakes' dragoons. Not less than fifty of the former, and seven of the latter, deserted on their march between Carlisle and Pittsburg." Most of the detachments of recruits suffered in the same manner; and all the wisdom of the general, by combining the strictest discipline with every milder means to inspire confidence and command obedience, was called into requisition. Another fact will show the degree of terror that the name of Indians had inspired, and the extraordinary difficulties the general had to surmount to introduce obedience, self-confidence, and courage. A letter to the Secretary at War, dated Pittsburg, 10th August, 1792, says:—"Desertions have been frequent and alarming—two nights since, upon a report that a large body of Indians were close in our front, I ordered the troops to form for action, and rode along the line to inspire them with confidence, and gave a charge to those in the redoubts, which I had recently thrown up in our front and right flank, to maintain their posts, at any expense of blood, until I could gain the enemy's rear with the dragoons; but such was the defect of the human heart, that from excess of cowardice one-third of the sentries deserted from their stations, so as to leave the most accessible places unguarded."

By the salutary measures adopted to introduce order and discipline, the army soon began, however, to assume its proper character. The troops were daily exercised in all the evolutions necessary to render them efficient soldiers, and more especially in those manœuvres proper in a campaign against savages. Firing at a mark was constantly practised, and rewards given to the best marksmen. To inspire emulation, the riflemen and infantry strove to excel, and the men soon attained to an accuracy that gave them confidence in their own prowess. On the artillery, the general impressed the importance of that arm of the service. The dragoons he taught to rely on the broad sword, as all important to victory. The riflemen were made to see how much success must depend on their coolness, quickness, and accuracy; while the infantry were led to place entire confidence in the bayonet, as the certain and irresistible weapon before which the savages could not stand. The men were instructed to charge in open order; each to rely on himself, and to prepare for a personal contest with an enemy. The confidence inspired, and the rapid improvement in discipline, is frequently mentioned with pleasure, in the letters of the commanding general, written during the autumn; but the season was too far advanced before a reasonable force could be collected to warrant active operations.

General Wayne had not permitted the summer to pass without adopting proper measures to ascertain the strength and disposition of the hostile Indians. Efforts were made to impress on their minds the earnest desire of the American government to make peace on terms that should be mutually just and honourable, and yet to leave no doubt that, if war was preferred by them, they would have to contend with a different force from that which they had previously encountered. Among the measures adopted by the government to obtain peace by pacific means, was that of sending colonel Harding and major Trueman, brave officers and valuable men, with flags of truce to the Indians; but they were both wantonly murdered.

In the mean time, the Indians continued their depredations upon the frontier, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the posts occupied by detachments of troops: many valuable lives were lost. The Indians, vaunting in their superiority, sent repeated messages of their desire to see the legion advance into their country; and claiming victory as if it were bound, by unalterable fate, to their standard.

A suitable position having been selected by general Wayne to pass the winter, the army left Pittsburg on the 28th November, and took up a position on the Ohio, 22 miles below that place, and 7 above the mouth of the Big Beaver, to which he gave the name of Legionville. Here the troops were huddled, the general remaining in his marquee, and the officers in tents, until the soldiers were comfortably accommodated. The camp was fortified, and every possible preparation for defence adopted; for at that period the post selected was not considered beyond striking distance of a formidable force of the enemy.

Anxious to conciliate the Six Nations of Indians, who, though professing to be friendly, were uneasy and restless, general Wayne sent an invitation to Cornplanter and New Arrow, two distinguished chiefs of their tribes, to visit him at Legionville, at which place they arrived, accompanied by Big Tree and old Guasutha, in March, 1793. Friendly disposed as they were, a toast given by Cornplanter, at the general's table, will show their sentiments of the terms on which they thought peace ought to be made between the American government and the Indians. "My mind and heart are upon that river, (said Cornplanter, pointing to the Ohio;) may that water ever continue to run and remain the boundary of lasting peace between the Americans and Indians on its opposite shores." If such was the boundary line fixed upon by friendly Indians, it may safely be inferred that the demand of the hostile and victorious tribes were not less unreasonable. In truth, no doubt sustained by British policy, the Ohio was the division boundary insisted upon. The United States must relinquish all claim north and west of that river, although repeated treaties, and fair purchase, had confirmed to them considerable portions of Indian titles, which had been pledged by the government to officers and sol-

diers of the revolution, or continue the war. This point is proper to be distinctly known, as it shows that the advance of general Wayne into the Indian country was not a measure of aggression, but of indispensable necessity to sustain unquestionable rights, as well as to curb the ferocity of the savages.

In a letter to the Secretary at War, dated "Legionville, 30th March, 1793," the general says:—"The progress that the troops have made, both in manœuvring and as marksmen, astonished the savages upon St. Patrick's day; and I am happy to inform you that the sons of that Saint were perfectly sober and orderly, being out of the reach of whiskey, which ~~BAZEFUL~~ ~~POISON~~ is prohibited from entering this camp, except the component part of the ration, or a little for fatigue duty, or on some extraordinary occasion." The information contained in this extract is regarded as reflecting great credit on general Wayne. The highly improved discipline of the legion now gave their general full confidence in them. Speaking of a meeting proposed by the government to be held to form a treaty with the Indians, in whose determination for war he was yet fully satisfied, the general playfully expresses a wish to be present, "with 2500 of his commissioners in company, with not a single quaker among them," (meaning not one having any conscientious scruples of bearing arms,) in which case he feels confident an honourable peace would be the result. Soliciting the Secretary "to forward certain legionary distinctive decorations; also, a legionary standard, and sub-legionary and battalion colours,"—he says emphatically, "THEY SHALL NOT BE LOST."

The winter was not productive of any striking events. Early in April general Wayne announced his readiness to descend the river, having a respectable body of well disciplined troops, in whom he expressed perfect confidence. The ruinous disasters of previous campaigns afford abundant reason for the tardiness of enlistments. Though Washington was at the head of the government, and Wayne at the head of the army, the overwhelming defeats of Harmer and St. Clair, still threw a damp upon the ardour of those who, under more propitious circumstances, would have cheerfully rallied under the standard of the hero of Stony Point. Boats being in readiness, general Wayne, with the Federal army, departed from Legionville on the 30th of April, 1793.

While descending to the place of their destination, we may take occasion to make a remark upon the spirit of the army. Among the soldiers, discipline, and their uncommon accuracy in firing at a mark, had inspired confidence in themselves, as it was unbounded in their commander; but among a portion of the officers the seeds of disorganization were deeply sown. By the French revolution, the opinions of men throughout the civilized world had become extremely unsettled. The principles of liberty and equality, so correct in the abstract, seem totally incompatible with the subordination and

obedience requisite to the discipline of an army. Throughout the United States, the minds of men were excited to such a degree, that reason was loused from her empire; and it required all the wisdom, character, and firmness of Washington, to save the country from being involved in a foreign war, and to preserve the government from being overthrown by faction at home. General Wayne frequently complains of the baleful leaven being infused into the army, and the difficulties consequently experienced by him. Certain officers, tinctured with the prevailing mania, were little disposed to yield that entire obedience which was deemed essential to the safety of the army. Several tendered their commissions; the mind of the general was made up not to meet the enemy with officers on whom he could not repose confidence; and the commissions were, somewhat unexpectedly, promptly accepted. The utmost firmness and prudence were necessary to save the legion from being disturbed by these feuds which entered into every other circle; but the wisdom displayed produced the desired results; the army, in all its grades, yielded to that strict discipline which was indispensable to victory.

The immediate destination of the troops was fort Washington, then near the village, now the city of Cincinnati. Nearly due north from that point, distant 80 miles, is situated fort Jefferson, which is 29 miles from the battle ground where St. Clair was defeated. In six days the army arrived at fort Washington, but general Wayne preferred a position a mile below, for reasons stated in a letter to the Secretary at War, dated Hobson's Choice, (the name given to his new camp,) 9th May, 1793. "We are now encamped a mile below fort Washington, on the margin of the river, with a wide swamp in our front, and the Ohio in our rear; there is no good ground for manœuvres or encampment in the neighbourhood of fort Washington; add to this, that the village of Cincinnati is directly upon our right flank, filled with *ardent poison*, and crafty wretches to dispose of it." Impatient to be engaged in useful service, the general proceeds:—"I now anxiously await the arrival of major Hughes, with the old garrisons of forts Franklin and Cassawauga; by the aid of those, I hope to receive permission to take such position or positions as will enable me to make the necessary arrangements for effectual operations, which, with all our industry, will be a work of time, fatigue, and difficulty." Of his soldiers, he says:—"It is an old observation, and it is a very just one, that it requires three years for a soldier to learn to live upon his ration, and to take proper care of his arms and clothing. I am happy, however, to have it in my power to declare, that both officers and soldiers have acquired a greater degree of military knowledge in the course of a few months, than I ever saw acquired in twice that time by any soldiers during the late war." How they will behave in action, is yet to be determined—a very great proportion of them are certainly good marksmen, and they perform the different evolutions with a

velocity and precision seldom excelled." But the solicitude of the general and troops for orders to advance, was not gratified. The American government was extremely desirous of peace, and general Knox, Secretary at War, in a letter to general Wayne, dated January 5, 1793, says:—"The sentiments of the citizens of the United States are adverse, *in the extreme*, to an Indian war." Intimation having been given by the Indians of a disposition to treat, a commission, in the highest degree respectable, was appointed to meet them, consisting of general Lincoln, colonel Pickering, and Beverly Randolph, Esq. of Virginia. While the negotiations were pending, the Secretary at War, in a letter to general Wayne, thus expresses himself:—"It will hereafter be still more and more necessary, even than the past summer, that *no offensive operations* be undertaken against the Indians." Colonel Hull, of Massachusetts, was despatched early in the season to Niagara, to purchase provisions, and to make the necessary arrangements for holding the treaty. The commissioners, agreeably to their instructions, repaired to the place appointed to meet the Indians. On the 20th of April, 1793, the Secretary at War writes to general Wayne—"The president has directed me to communicate to you the following general ideas:—

"That all possible caution and vigilance, agreeably to my letter of the 13th, be observed, to prevent the irruption of any parties of whites towards the Indian country during the continuance of the treaty, and until further permission from you.

"That the commissioners are instructed to use every exertion to bring the treaty to a close, on or before the first of August next, so that in case of an unsuccessful issue, you may have time to carry on your operations.

"That in case of a successful treaty, the commissioners will inform you directly thereof—but that in case of an unsuccessful issue, they are directed to send you a letter, with many copies thereof, signed by themselves, of the following form:—

"We were at Sandusky — days. Although we did not effect a peace, yet we hope that good may hereafter arise from the mission."

Autograph signatures of the respective commissioners were also sent, to prevent imposition.

Thus restrained from active operations, general Wayne devoted himself to perfecting the preparations necessary, if the negotiations should not, as he was fully persuaded they would not, eventuate in peace. The troops were manœuvred and disciplined—arrangements were adopted for bringing into service an auxiliary aid of mounted volunteers from Kentucky. Vigorous exertions were made to insure a full supply of provisions, especially at the head of the line; for the commanding general was fully impressed with the importance of placing the army not only beyond the reach, but beyond the apprehension of want. It is scarcely possible to conceive the difficulties encountered in effecting this indispensable object; so inadequate were

the contractors' supplies to accomplish the wishes of the commander-in-chief, that additional and effectual means were promptly adopted to effect the purpose. In truth, from the moment of his taking the command, from the want of experienced officers, in several departments, it became necessary for him to attend to them much in detail. By the organization of the legion he was entitled to the aid of four brigadier generals, whereas he had but one during the greater period of his campaigns; and at no time more than two; one of whom was his gallant and distinguished friend, general Thomas Posey. His vigilant eye, however, let nothing pass without the closest inspection, and his untiring industry and devotion were repaid by the order and perfection introduced into every department of the army. An extensive correspondence devolved upon the general, which was kept up with scrupulous regularity; and the letters written in the hurry of business and in the bustle of a camp, when exposed to the most critical inspection, display extraordinary clearness of mind and felicity of expression; strength and soundness of judgment, and admirable knowledge of the duties of his profession; of human nature; of the people of the frontiers, whom he was to defend, and of the foes he was commissioned to subdue. In the extraordinary situation of the world, the conduct of France, Great Britain, and Spain, frequently influencing events in which the army were concerned, called for his animadversions, and they will uniformly be found to be those of a statesman of enlarged, liberal, and correct views, breathing throughout the purest patriotism.

As had been foreseen by general Wayne, the negotiations failed of their object; the Indians haughtily and peremptorily insisting upon the Ohio to be established as the boundary, on which terms alone they would condescend to grant peace to the United States. But one course was left. In a letter from general Knox, Secretary at War, dated Sept. 3, 1793, he says:—"The Indians have refused to treat. The enclosed has just been received from the commissioners." The Secretary proceeds to say:—"You are now to judge whether your force will be adequate to make these audacious savages feel our superiority in arms. Every offer has been made to obtain peace by milder terms than the sword; the efforts have failed, under circumstances which leave nothing for us to expect but war. Let it therefore be again and for the last time, impressed deeply on your mind, that as little as possible is to be hazarded; that your force be fully adequate to the object you purpose to effect; and that a defeat at the present time, and under present circumstances, would be *pernicious in the highest degree to the interests of our country.*"

"Your arrangements having been prepared for this event, if no unforeseen circumstances should occur to prevent your proceeding, nothing further remains but to commit you, and the troops employed under you, to the protection of the Supreme Being; hoping you and they

will have all possible success in the measures you may be about to take, to prevent the murder of helpless women and children."

General Wayne had previously been informed of the rupture of the negotiations, and taken the most prompt measures to advance into the Indian country. Conformably to full authority reposed in him, he called for one thousand mounted men from Kentucky; and in a letter dated Head-Quarters, Hobson's Choice, near fort Washington, 5th October, 1793, to the Secretary at War, says:—"I will advance to-morrow, with the force I have, in order to take up a position about six miles in front of fort Jefferson, so as to keep the enemy in check, (by exciting a jealousy and apprehension for the safety of their women and children,) until some favourable circumstance or opportunity may present, to strike with effect.

"I pray you not to permit present appearances to cause too much anxiety either in the mind of the president or yourself, on account of this army. Knowing the critical situation of our infant nation, and feeling for the honour and reputation of government, which I will support with my latest breath, you may rest assured that I will not commit the legion unnecessarily; and unless more powerfully supported than I have reason to expect, I will content myself by taking a strong position in advance of fort Jefferson, and, by exerting every power, endeavour to protect the frontier, and to secure the posts and army during the winter, or until I am favoured with your further orders."

In the autumn, while at Hobson's Choice, the troops had not only been visited by fevers usual to the season, but the influenza passed through the camp, affecting almost every man, some severely, although there were from that disease but few deaths. The small-pox also made its appearance, and tended, in some degree, to diminish his strength. Although the legion, when complete, should have contained 5120 men, the actual effective force that marched into the wilderness, did not exceed half that number.

On the 7th October, the army marched from Hobson's Choice, and on the 13th took up a position six miles in advance of fort Jefferson, and eighty from fort Washington, on the south-west branch of the Miami. A council of officers being called, it was resolved to fortify the post in the most perfect manner, rendering it impregnable to savage force. The general gave it the name of Greenville, as a mark of respect to his revolutionary friend and companion in arms, the deceased major general Greene. In a letter to the Secretary at War, dated from this camp, 23d October, 1793, the general gives an account of an attack on the 17th, upon one of his convoys of provisions, under lieutenant Lowrey and ensign Boyd, consisting of 90 men. "These two gallant young gentlemen, who promised, at a future day, to be ornaments to their profession, together with thirteen men, non-commissioned officers and privates, bravely fell, after an obstinate resistance against superior numbers, being abandoned by the greater part of the ex-

court upon the first discharge." Such were the terrors the Indians had inspired. In the meantime, general Scott, with a party of mounted men, arrived; but the season was too far advanced, and the force assembled too inadequate to enter upon decisive active operations, from which prudence effectually dissuaded, and they were permitted to return home.

In a letter of the commander-in-chief, dated December 4, it is mentioned:—"It is now turned of three months since I have been honoured with a single line, or any commands from you;" which circumstance, probably as clearly as any other, will show how far into the wilderness, and beyond the line of ordinary communication, the army was then advanced. On the 23d December, general Wayne despatched major Burbeck, with eight companies of foot, and a detachment of artillery, with orders to possess the field of action of the 4th November, 1791, and there to fortify. To this post the general gave the name of fort Recovery.

For the purpose of encouraging the troops, who were ordered on this service, as well as for that of superintending the contemplated works, the general personally advanced to the same point, with a small reinforcement of mounted infantry, accompanied by the officers mentioned in the following extract from general orders, which gives a brief account of the proceedings on the above mentioned interesting subject.—"The commander-in-chief returns his most grateful thanks to major Henry Burbeck, and to every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private, belonging to the detachment under his command, for their soldierly and exemplary good conduct, during their late arduous tour of duty, and the cheerfulness with which they surmounted every difficulty, at this inclement season, in repossessing general St. Clair's field of battle, and erecting thereon *fort Recovery*, a work impregnable by savage force; as also, for piously and carefully collecting and interring the bones, and paying the last respect and military honours to the remains of the heroes who fell on the 4th of November, 1791, by three times three discharges from the *same artillery* that was lost on that fatal day, but now recovered, by this detachment of the legion.

"The commander-in-chief also requests major Mills, captains De Butts, and Butler, lieutenant Harrison, and Dr. Scott, to accept of his best thanks for their voluntary aid and services upon this occasion."

More anxious to produce delay, and, perhaps, by their flags to reconnoitre his position with safety, than sincerely desirous of peace, the Indians, immediately after the erection of fort Recovery, sent a pacific message to general Wayne, and proposed that negotiations for a treaty should be opened, for the adjustment of all difficulties that existed. Being fully empowered by his government upon the subject, and knowing the earnest desire of the administration and people, that the contest should be brought to a close, general Wayne, although he had no faith in their honesty of purpose, but regarded the pro-

posal as a stratagem to further their hostile designs, did not feel himself warranted to decline the overture. Determined, however, not to be the victim of their wiles, he met their advance with declarations of satisfaction; professed his entire readiness to make peace on terms that should be mutually just; and only required, on their part, the release of the captives in their possession, as a proof of their sincerity. The flag departed, being allowed thirty days to return with the final answer of their chiefs. At this period, Big Tree, a Seneca warrior of eminence, who was with the army, having attached himself to the American cause, committed suicide at fort Greenville. "I have lost," said he, "a very dear friend—the friend of my heart—general Richard Butler." He had sworn to sacrifice three enemies to the manes of his departed friend. Exasperated at the thought of peace, he put a period to his existence.

Upon the approach of spring, affairs assumed an aspect in the highest degree interesting, and called for the full exercise of the vigilance and wisdom of the commander of the army. Officially notified of a combination of persons on the Ohio, with a design to invade the territories of Spain, to his discretion was committed the authority to arrest the persons concerned, and to prevent its accomplishment. Prompt measures were taken to garrison fort Massac, 38 miles above the mouth of the Ohio. Having learned that Gayaso, the Spanish governor of Louisiana, had crossed the Mississippi, invaded the United States' territory, and fortified a position at the Chickasaw Bluff, general Wayne forthwith despatched a messenger, with a letter, demanding to know by what authority the governor had taken a step so hostile and extraordinary. The conduct and letter of general Wayne, received from the government expressions of entire approbation. The spoiliations upon American commerce, and the generally hostile spirit of the measures of Great Britain, gave strong reasons to fear a war with that nation; the speech of Lord Dorchester to the Indians—the refusal to deliver up the posts, and other unequivocal indications, left no room to doubt but the Indians were stimulated to hostilities by the British authorities in Canada; and a British garrison having been advanced, and fortified itself within the territory of the United States, at the rapids of the Miami, rendered it probable that the savages would be sustained, in case of a battle, by veteran battalions of their white allies.

Thus surrounded with difficulties and dangers, placed in circumstances delicate as they were new and embarrassing, general Wayne rose in proportion to the pressure, and showed that his abilities were equal to the emergency. To sustain and cheer him at this trying moment, a communication from the Secretary at War, under date of the 31st March, brought him the explicit approbation of the president. Speaking of his "taking post at the battle field of the 4th of November, 1791," and "the manner in which he treated the overtures of the hostile Indians,"—of the first, it was declared to be "*highly sa-*

atisfactory,"—the last, "exceeding proper;" and the Secretary proceeds to say:—"It is with great pleasure, Sir, that I transmit to you the approbation of the President of the United States, of your conduct *generally*, since you have had the command, and more particularly for the judicious and military formation and discipline of the troops; the precautions you appear to have taken in your advance, in your fortified camp, and in your arrangement to have full and abundant supplies of provisions on hand. Continue, Sir, to proceed in this manner, and your success will be certain."

In a subsequent letter, general Wayne is authorized, should he deem proper, to take the British fort on the rapids of the Miami. "If, therefore," said Secretary Knox, "in the course of your operations against the Indian enemy, it should become necessary to dislodge the party at the rapids of the Miami, you are hereby authorized, in the name of the President of the United States, to do it." To the discretion of general Wayne was, therefore, confided, not only the sole conduct of the Indian war, but the authority to take a step which must certainly have involved the nation in war with Great Britain. How far these high discretionary powers were wisely reposed, let the issue determine.

In consequence of authority vested in him, the Indians having failed to enter into negotiations for peace, and the time for active operations having come, general Wayne had called upon the governor of Kentucky for 2000 mounted volunteers.

On the morning of the 30th June, an escort, consisting of ninety riflemen and fifty dragoons, commanded by major M'Mahon, was attacked by a numerous body of Indians, under the walls of fort Recovery, followed by a general assault upon that fort. The enemy, driven back by a deadly fire, renewed the attack with great spirit, but were finally repulsed, with heavy loss. During the night the savages were employed in carrying off their dead and wounded, but several were found the next morning, close under the guns of the fort. Circumstances existed, amounting nearly to positive proof, to show that the Indians were aided by a considerable auxiliary British force. The loss of the enemy could not be ascertained; but as their number was upwards of 1500, and for some time exposed to the cannon of the fort, as well as rifles and musketry, it must have been considerable. The American loss was 25 killed and 40 wounded. Among those gallant officers who fell, "were major M'Mahon, captain Hartshorne, and lieutenant Craig, of the rifle corps, and cornet Torney, of the cavalry; among the wounded, the intrepid captain Taylor, of the dragoons, and lieutenant Drake, of the infantry." General Wayne expressed himself in high terms of praise of the bravery and good conduct displayed by both officers and men; acknowledging particular obligation to captain Alexander Gibson, who commanded the fort. Thus, on the very ground which was the scene of their proudest victory, the Indians were fought, under the auspices of

a new commander, to know the superiority of the American arms.

It was past the middle of July before the mounted volunteers from Kentucky, under major general Scott, arrived at Greeneville. Every preparation which prudence could devise and skill execute, having now been completed, the anxiously looked for aid having joined the army, general Wayne moved with his main force, and on the 8th of August took up a position about 70 miles in advance of Greeneville, at Grand Glaize, in the very heart of the Indian settlements. So unexpected and rapid was the movement upon this point, that, but for the treachery and desertion of a soldier, the enemy must have suffered a complete surprise. General Wayne having made such demonstrations as led the Indians to believe the villages on the Miami, 48 miles W. S. W. of Grand Glaize, would be the object of attack, entering at once the part of their settlements lying under the protection of the garrison of a British fort, was a step equally bold and prudent. "Thus, Sir," says general Wayne, in his letter of August 14th, to general Knox, "we have gained possession of the grand emporium of the hostile Indians in the west, without loss of blood. The very extensive and highly cultivated fields and gardens, show the work of many hands. The margins of those beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the Lake and Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles above and below this place; nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America, from Canada to Florida."

Himself a scientific and practical engineer, general Wayne immediately erected a strong fortification at the confluence of the Au Glaize and the Miami, to which he gave the name of fort Defiance. Though now prepared to strike a decisive blow, yet always actuated by principles of humanity, the commander of the army, generous as brave, averted the stroke, to make one more and last effort to restore tranquillity without the further effusion of blood. "I have thought proper," he said, "to offer the enemy a last overture of peace; and as they have every thing that is dear and interesting at stake, I have reason to expect they will listen to the proposition mentioned in the enclosed copy of an address, despatched yesterday by a special flag, under circumstances that will insure his safe return, and which may eventually spare the effusion of much human blood. But," he adds, "should war be their choice, that blood be upon their own heads. America shall no longer be insulted with impunity. To an all-powerful and just God, I therefore commit myself and gallant army."

Stimulated by their British allies, confidently relying on their fortunes, their prowess, and their friends, they resolved to abide the issue of an engagement, and rejected the proposed offer.

That engagement almost immediately followed; and as no pen can describe it so correctly as the commanding general himself, we copy his letter to the Secretary at War entire.

"Head-Quarters, }

"Grand Glaize, 28th August, 1794. }

"Sir,—It is with infinite pleasure that I now announce to you the brilliant success of the Federal army under my command, in a general action with the combined force of the hostile Indians, and a considerable number of the volunteers and militia of Detroit, on the 20th instant, on the banks of the Miamis, in the vicinity of the British post and garrison, at the foot of the rapids.

"The army advanced from this place on the 15th instant, and arrived at Roche de Bout on the 18th; the 19th we were employed in making a temporary post for the reception of our stores and baggage, and in reconnoitring the position of the enemy, who were encamped behind a thick bushy wood and the British fort.

"At 8 o'clock, on the morning of the 20th, the army again advanced in columns, agreeably to the standing order of march; the legion on the right flank, covered by the Miamis,—one brigade of mounted volunteers on the left, under brigadier general Todd, and the other in the rear, under brigadier general Barbee:—a select battalion of mounted volunteers moved in front of the legion, commanded by major Price, who was directed to keep sufficiently advanced—so as to give timely notice for the troops to form, in case of action—it being yet undetermined whether the Indians would decide for peace or war. After advancing about five miles, major Price's corps received so severe a fire from the enemy, who were secreted in the woods, and high grass, as to compel them to retreat.

"The legion was immediately formed in two lines, principally in a close, thick wood, which extended for miles on our left; and for a very considerable distance in front, the ground being covered with old fallen timber, probably occasioned by a tornado, which rendered it impracticable for the cavalry to act with effect; and afforded the enemy the most favourable covert for their savage mode of warfare: they were formed in three lines, within supporting distance of each other, and extending near two miles, at right angles with the river.

"I soon discovered, from the weight of the fire, and extent of their lines, that the enemy were in full force in front, in possession of their favourite ground, and endeavouring to turn our left flank. I therefore gave orders for the second line to advance, to support the first, and directed major general Scott to gain and turn the right flank of the savages, with the whole of the mounted volunteers, by a circuitous route: at the same time I ordered the front line to advance with trailed arms, and rouse the Indians from their coverts, at the point of the bayonet; and, when up, to deliver a close and well directed fire on their backs, followed by a brisk charge, so as not to give time to load again. I also ordered captain Miss Campbell, who commanded the legionary cavalry, to turn the left flank of the enemy next the river, and which afforded a favourable field for that corps to act in.

"All those orders were obeyed with spirit and

promptitude; but such was the impetuosity of the charge by the first line of infantry, that the Indians and Canadian militia and volunteers were driven from all their coverts in so short a time, that although every exertion was used by the officers of the second line of the legion, and by generals Scott, Todd, and Barbee, of the mounted volunteers, to gain their proper positions, yet but a part of each could get up in season to participate in the action; the enemy being driven, in the course of one hour, more than two miles, through the thick woods already mentioned, by less than one-half their numbers.

"From every account, the enemy amounted to two thousand combatants: the troops actually engaged against them, were short of nine hundred. This horde of savages, with their allies, abandoned themselves to flight, and dispersed with terror and dismay; leaving our victorious army in full and quiet possession of the field of battle, which terminated under the influence of the guns of the British garrison, as you will observe by the enclosed correspondence between major Campbell, the commandant, and myself, upon the occasion.

"The bravery and conduct of every officer belonging to the army, from the generals down to the ensigns, merit my highest approbation. There were, however, some whose rank and situation placed their conduct in a very conspicuous point of view, and which I observed with pleasure and the most lively gratitude: among whom I must beg leave to mention, brigadier general Wilkinson and colonel Hamtramck, the commandants of the right and left wings of the legion, whose brave example inspired the troops; to these, I must add the names of my faithful and gallant aids de camp, captains De Butts and T. Lewis, and lieutenant Harrison, who, with the adjutant general, major Mills, rendered the most essential service by communicating my orders in every direction, and by their conduct and bravery exciting the troops to press for victory. Lieutenant Covington, upon whom the command of the cavalry now devolved, cut down two savages with his own hand, and lieutenant Webb one, in turning the enemy's left flank.

"The wounds received by captains Slough and Prier, and lieutenants Campbell, Smith, (an extra aid de camp to general Wilkinson,) of the legionary infantry, and captain Van Rensselaer, of the dragoons, and captain Rawlins, lieutenant M'Kenney, and ensign Duncan, of the mounted volunteers, bear honourable testimony of their bravery and conduct.

"Captains H. Lewis and Brock, with their companies of light infantry, had to sustain an unequal fire for some time, which they supported with fortitude. In fact, every officer and soldier who had an opportunity to come into action, displayed that true bravery which will always ensure success.

"And here permit me to declare, that I never discovered more true spirit and anxiety for action, than appeared to pervade the whole of the mounted volunteers; and I am well persuaded

that had the enemy maintained their favourite ground but for one half hour longer, they would have most severely felt the prowess of that corps.

"But, whilst I pay this just tribute to the living, I must not forget the gallant dead; among whom we have to lament the early death of those worthy and brave officers, captain Miss Campbell, of the dragoons, and lieutenant Towles, of the light infantry of the legion, who fell in the first charge.

"Enclosed is a particular return of the killed and wounded—the loss of the enemy was more than double that of the Federal army. The woods were strewn for a considerable distance with the dead bodies of Indians and their white auxiliaries; the latter, armed with British muskets and bayonets.

"We remained three days and nights on the banks of the Miamis, in front of the field of battle; during which time, all the houses and corn fields were consumed and destroyed for a considerable distance, both above and below fort Miamis, as well as within pistol shot of that garrison, who were compelled to remain tacit spectators of this general devastation and conflagration—among which were the houses, stores, and property, of colonel McKee, the British Indian agent, and principal stimulator of the war now existing between the United States and the savages.

"The army returned to this place on the 27th, by easy marches, laying waste the villages and corn fields for about fifty miles on each side of the Miamis: there remains yet a number of villages, and a great quantity of corn, to be consumed or destroyed upon Au Glaize and the Miamis, above this place, which will be effected in the course of a few days. In the interim, we shall improve fort Defiance, and as soon as the escort returns with the necessary supplies from Greenville and fort Recovery, the army will proceed to the Miami villages, in order to accomplish the object of the campaign.

"It is, however, not improbable that the enemy may make one more desperate effort against the army; as it is said that a reinforcement was hourly expected at fort Miamis, from Niagara, as well as numerous tribes of Indians living on the margins and islands of the lakes: this is a business rather to be wished for than dreaded, whilst the army remains in force. Their numbers will only tend to confuse the savages, and the victory will be the more complete and decisive—and which may eventually ensure a permanent and happy peace.

"Under these impressions, I have the honour to be,

"Your most obedient,

"And very humble servant,

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

"The Hon. major gen. Knox, ?

Sec. of War."

"N. B. I had forgot to mention that I met my flag on the 16th, who was returning with an evasive answer, in order to gain time for the arrival of the reinforcement mentioned by the

Shawano Indians, which actually did arrive two days before the action."

In this decisive action, the whole loss of general Wayne's army, in killed and wounded, amounted only to one hundred and seven men. The loss of the enemy was more than double that of the Federal army.

A spirited correspondence took place between general Wayne and colonel Campbell, who commanded the British fort. The position was carefully reconnoitred within pistol shot distance, not, perhaps, without a latent wish that such provocation should be given, as would justify to the whole world its capture; but the victory of the 20th had satisfied the commander that the most prudent forbearance would alone ensure his safety; and that cool and deliberate policy of the American general, which invariably guided his conduct, induced him, on the occasion, to repress the ardour of his men, and, indeed, to subdue his own feelings; he therefore contented himself with destroying the savage property, under the very guns of the fort, so as to show them that they could repose no confidence in the protecting power of the British flag.

After effectually strengthening fort Defiance, the army took up its line of march on the 14th September, and, on the 17th, arrived at the Miami villages; from whence, having fully accomplished the object of his expedition, the general returned to winter quarters at Greenville.

The victory of the 20th of August, so glorious to the American arms, and the subsequent movement of the army, produced the most decisive effects. The lofty spirit of the Indian warriors was subdued; they were taught that no just reliance could be placed on British protection; and the superior power of the American nation was made so manifest, that the chiefs and warriors came forward and sued for peace.

Preliminary articles were entered into on the 1st of January, 1795, and hostages were left with General Wayne, for the safe delivery of prisoners in possession of the Indians. Nor was it on the northwestern frontier alone that the victory produced important results. The voice of faction, which had risen to such a height as to embitter the life of Washington, was for a season hushed; the general administration felt itself strengthened by the redeeming influence of success, wiping away the stain that repeated defeat had thrown on the American arms; the flame of war which was kindling both among the Six Nations and the southern tribes bordering on Georgia, was extinguished; while the near prospect of a happy termination of all the difficulties in the northwest stimulated the luke-warm and increased the zeal of the active friends of government. The news rapidly crossed the Atlantic, and proved most effectual aid to Mr. Jay in bringing the negotiation with the British government, with which he was charged, to a fortunate conclusion.—On the 20th of August the victory was gained; and on the 19th of November, ninety days, just time for the information to reach London and

produce its full impression, the treaty was signed by Mr. Jay, and Lord Grenville. Thus the fruits were as happy as the achievement was glorious.

A commission was forthwith issued by the President, appointing General Wayne sole commissioner with full powers to negotiate and conclude a steady with all the Indians north and west of the Ohio.

In the negotiation with the various tribes, whose jealousies and passions were constantly excited by emissaries from the British, who did not wish peace to be concluded with their savage friends until the treaty with Great Britain should be finally ratified, General Wayne displayed the consummate wisdom and prudence of the statesman. Open, frank, and undissembling, he treated the chiefs and warriors with confidence and courtesy; explained to them in the plainest manner the just views of the government; and impressed upon their minds the truth, that the United States, while they were fully prepared for war, yet earnestly desired peace with them on equitable terms. By this manly and direct course he gained their confidence and turned it to the best interest of his country, for he did not abuse it; and at the close of the negotiation, those proud and fierce sons of the forest cherished a respect for the American commissioner in council as sincere as the dread they entertained of the General in the field.

After a protracted negotiation, the definitive articles of Peace were exchanged on the 7th of August, 1795, and the Indians returned to their homes, their affections won by the moderation and fairness with which they were treated. A restoration of prisoners took place, and many were the scenes of touching interest presented on the return of sons and daughters to their friends, to whom they were given up after a long and hopeless captivity, as victims snatched from the grave.

The treaty met the entire approbation and prompt ratification of the government. A treaty which not only secured a long and uninterrupted peace to the western inhabitants, but by fair and honourable negotiation and purchase, procured a cession of territory to the United States, now estimated at millions.

As the tidings of the victory of Wayne flew from town to town, and from city to city, they awakened a thrill of inexpressible joy that told how much more had been accomplished than the most sanguine had dared to expect. Congress, at its meeting, adopted resolutions unanimously, in the highest degree complimentary to General Wayne and his gallant army; and President Washington again conveyed to him the expression of his warmest approbation and esteem. The confidence of the executive in his wisdom, prudence, and discretion, were unbounded; and there is reason to suppose that it was contemplated to entrust to his charge the Department of War.

Peace being proclaimed, General Wayne, after three years and a half of painful and unrelenting

service, left the army to visit his family and friends. At every place on his way he was met by distinguished marks of respect, and his entry into Philadelphia was more gratifying than a Roman Triumph. It was on the 7th of February, 1796; all business was suspended; he was met on his way by the military companies of the city, and passed through the streets amid the ringing of bells, the animating sounds of martial music, and the still dearer heart-felt acclamations of joy and welcome of a grateful and admiring people.

But, during his absence, in the course of the winter, new and dark clouds had been gathering in the west. Party excitement against the British Treaty, and especially the strenuous opposition in Congress to making appropriations to carry it into effect, led to the belief that war would yet ensue; and Canadian emissaries had renewed their machinations to poison the minds of the Indians, and prepare them for hostilities. Other causes of alarm existed in the western country, growing out of the proceedings of the Spanish Governor of Louisiana, who had despatched some persons up the Ohio under very suspicious circumstances.

By the treaty the British posts at Detroit, Michilimackinack, Oswego, and Niagara, were immediately to be given up to the United States, and a commissioner, in whom the government had full confidence, was deemed necessary to receive them.

Under these circumstances, General Wayne, charged with extensive discretionary power, returned in June, 1796, to the western country.

Prompt measures were taken to effect the objects committed to his charge. Some presumed emissaries were arrested and their views traced. At his approach the spirit of enmity among the savages entirely disappeared; they hailed his return with the greatest marks of confidence and respect.

The treaty of peace with Great Britain having been ratified, and appropriation made to carry it into effect, orders had been received to deliver up the posts; which General Wayne, in a letter of September, announced to have received, and compliments the urbanity and friendly spirit displayed by the British officers and agents whom it was his duty to meet. Thus happily terminated the troubles which had so long existed on the North-western frontier; the effusion of blood was stayed—the murder of women and children averted. The foundation of a permanent and lasting peace was laid, and the territory north and west of the Ohio, which, in 1790, contained only 3000 white inhabitants, in the year 1800, contained 50,000; in 1810, 250,000; and, in 1820, near a million of inhabitants.

Happier results from the highest bravery and consummate wisdom have been rarely experienced. Having put affairs in a proper state to be left, in November General Wayne sailed from Detroit for Presque Isle, the last post which it was his duty to visit previous to repairing to the seat of government. But Providence, and its ways are inscrutable, did not permit him, his

friends and country, that happiness. On his passage he was seized, on the 17th November, the day before he landed, with an attack of the gout, which continued until the 30th, and then seemed to subside; but like a subtle enemy, that retires but to gather strength, it returned with increased force, and made its lodgment in the stomach, from which no skill could expel it, and on the 15th of December, 1796, he breathed his last, in the full vigour of life, in the noon-tide of glory, and in the midst of usefulness.

General Wayne was born on the 1st of January, 1745, and died on the 15th of December, 1796, wanting sixteen days of being 52 years of age, a period of life at which many others who have since become eminent were unknown to fame.

The celebrated Admiral Blake was 50 years old before he went to sea; and Cowper, the beautiful moral Poet, of England and the world, at that age, was unknown as an author. How much might have been accomplished had he lived? How much increased his glory!

The patriotism, spirit, and military character of General Wayne are written in every leaf of his country's history from the dawn of the Revolution to the close of his eventful life. If you ask who obeyed the first call of America and urged their way to the Canadian frontier at the opening of the war; do you not find Wayne first upon the battle ground and the last to retire? Ask who bore the brunt of the action on the left wing at the battle of Brandywine? who gallantly led his division to victory on the right wing at the battle of Germantown? who bore the fiercest charge at the battle of Monmouth? who, in the hour of gloom, roused the desponding spirits of the army and nation by the glorious storming and capturing of Stony Point? But where was there danger and duty, and it was possible for him to be present, and he was not there? Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia were all scenes of his active service, and the latter awarded him special honours.

During the Revolution he served his country from the frozen regions of the St. Lawrence to the burning sands of the St. Mary's—possessing the entire confidence as well as private friendship of the Commander-in-chief. Throughout the greater portion of the war, though holding only the rank and receiving the emoluments of a brigadier, he performed the duty, held the command, and incurred the responsibility of a Major General. From his extreme daring at Stony Point, and on every occasion when it was necessary, like Napoleon at the bridge of Lodi, to put every thing at hazard for his country, an idea was put forth by some who really mistook his character or envied his fame, that courage was his chief and distinguishing attribute. No opinion could be more unjust. We discover that Washington as repeatedly confided on his wisdom in advising, and his prudence in the execution of his plans, as on his valour. In truth, in his the daring and hazardous assault or the cautious retreat, avoiding the enemy or meeting him at the bayonet's point was always the result of high moral duty, and he fashioned his conduct

to the well regulated desire of effecting most for his country, with the means at his command. The idol of his soldiery—if he studied their characters and adapted himself by perfect fearlessness to their predilection, we cannot but deem it as an additional proof of his profound knowledge of human nature, and commend him for turning it to his country's advantage. A strict disciplinarian, he was firm and decisive in enforcing obedience, knowing that the safety of the army and the cause itself depended upon subordination and the prompt conformity to orders. But the stern exterior of the commander always relaxed, and feelings, humane and tender to an amiable degree were exhibited when the health and comfort of his soldiers were concerned. His letters repeatedly disclose the most pressing instances for necessities for his men: provisions, clothing, medicines; and therefore was it that their love for him warmed into the ardour of devotion.

A gentleman of accomplished and refined manners, no one more delighted to relieve the hardships of war by the courtesies of social intercourse. Much to the injury of his private fortune, he kept a table throughout the greatest portion of the war of the Revolution, which was frequented by respectable strangers who visited the camp, and the intelligent and brave among his companions in arms. In the private walks of life his virtues were not less conspicuous than his conduct and valour in the field. His letters to Mrs. Wayne and family, kept up the whole time of his absence, breathe the most tender spirit and affectionate heart.

When a great man, running the race for glory, acts before the public, you do not always read his whole soul, and are not certain that you realize his true character. In the instance before us, if permission and space were allowed for the publication of the aforesaid letters, it would be truly pleasing to raise the veil and be permitted to enter the domestic sanctuary where, without reserve, the heart is laid open in all the simplicity of native character; and there the vizor of the warrior taken off, the helmet of the hero laid aside, to find all the amiable traits which adorn the husband, the father, and the friend. Hector, taking leave of Andromache, is, if possible, more interesting than in the dire conflict with Patroclus.

The General, in a letter addressed to his accomplished and amiable daughter, the late Mrs. Margaret Atlee, after speaking of the recent death of her mother in the most affecting manner, adds, "You were both (meaning his only son and daughter) infants when I was first called upon by my country to defend her rights and liberties; in which hazardous task I spent my prime of life, nor was I sparing of my blood. At the close of the late war, from the vicissitudes of fortune, we were again separated; and at a period when fortune, tired of her persecution, began to smile upon me and promised ease and retirement, I was again called forth to form and lead her legion, which had yet to learn the

dreadful trade of death, against a victorious and insulting savage foe.

"From these causes have we been separated from each other, and from these causes has an affectionate and an indulgent parent been lost, and almost a stranger to his children and family."

The camp of general Wayne was a school for young soldiers. The discipline of arms, the courtesy of gentlemen, and the prudent conduct of affairs, were here acquired and practised; and general Wayne took pleasure in encouraging and advancing merit. The Honorable William H. Harrison, the late envoy to Colombia, the hero of Tippecanoe and of the Thames, learned the art of war under general Wayne, to whom he was aid in the victory of the Miamis. Eaton, who planted the American standard on the walls of a Barbarian capital, in Africa, was a captain in that campaign. Pike and Covington were there, who have evinced their patriotism and spirit by their blood; as were also Van Rensselaer, Bissel, and many others, who have been since distinguished in life.

Eaton, who was an observer of men, and an author, has left us the following description and character of his general:—

"He is firm in constitution, as in resolution; industrious, indefatigable, determined and persevering; fixed in opinion, and unbiassed in judgment; not over accessible, but studious to reward merit. He is a rock against which the waves of calumny and malice, moved by the gusts of passion natural to envy, have dashed; have washed its sides: he is still immoveable on his base. He is in some degree susceptible of adulation, as is every man who has an honest thirst for military fame. He endures fatigue and hardship with a fortitude uncommon for a man of his years. I have seen him, in the most severe night of the winter of 1794, sleep on the ground, like his fellow soldiers, and walk around the camp at four in the morning, with the vigilance of a sentinel."

In high party contests, no eminent man who takes a distinguished part in public affairs, escapes the shafts of calumny—

"Envy does merit as its shade pursue."

When Washington was the object of unlicensed attack, during the period of his administration, and general Wayne was commander-in-chief of the army, it would have been no complement to the latter to have remained free from abuse. But the calumniators, with their calumnies, have gone down to oblivion, while the character of their intended victim, embalmed with that of Washington, rises in unblemished lustre, on the wings of Time, to immortal fame.

The remains of general Wayne were temporarily deposited at Presque Isle, from whence they were removed in 1809, by his son, *Isaac Wayne, Esq.*, to the cemetery of St. David's church, near Waynesborough farm, which is situated in the county of Chester, Pennsylvania, the birth place, and, previously to the revolutionary war, the peaceful and favourite residence of the general.

A handsome monument, erected by the Pennsylvania State Society of the Cincinnati, his beloved companions in arms, attest their affection and his worth.

The south front of the Monument exhibits the following inscription:—

In honour of the distinguished
Military services of
Major General
ANTHONY WAYNE,
And as an affectionate tribute
Of respect to his memory,
This stone was erected by his
Companions in arms,
The Pennsylvania State Society of
The Cincinnati,
July 4th, A. D. 1809,
Thirty-fourth anniversary of
The Independence of
The United States of America;
An event which constitutes
The most
Appropriate eulogium of an American
Soldier and Patriot.

The north front exhibits the following inscription:—

Major General
ANTHONY WAYNE
Was born at Waynesborough,
In Chester County,
State of Pennsylvania,
A. D. 1745.
After a life of honour and usefulness,
He died, in December, 1796,
At a Military post
On the shore of Lake Erie,
Commander in chief of the army of
The United States.
His military achievements
Are consecrated
In the history of his Country,
And in
The hearts of his countrymen.
His remains
Are here deposited.

The youth who can sneer at exalted virtue, need not wait for age and experience, to commence a consummate knave.

All professions, it is said, have their mysteries—these are precisely the points in which consists their weakness or knavery.

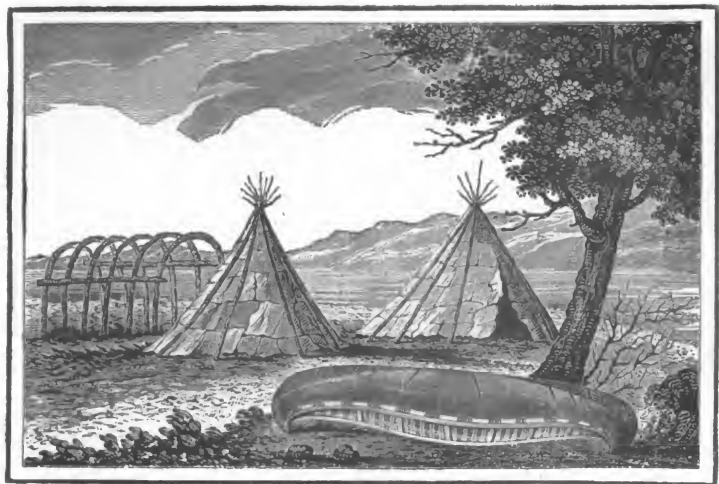
As reasonably expect Oaks from a mushroom-bed, as great and durable products from small and hasty efforts.

Men are more civilized by their pleasure than their occupations. Business dispenses not only with ceremony, but often with common civility; and we should become rude, repulsive, and ungracious, did we not recover in our recreations the urbanity which, in the bustle of our labors, we disregard.—*Anon.*

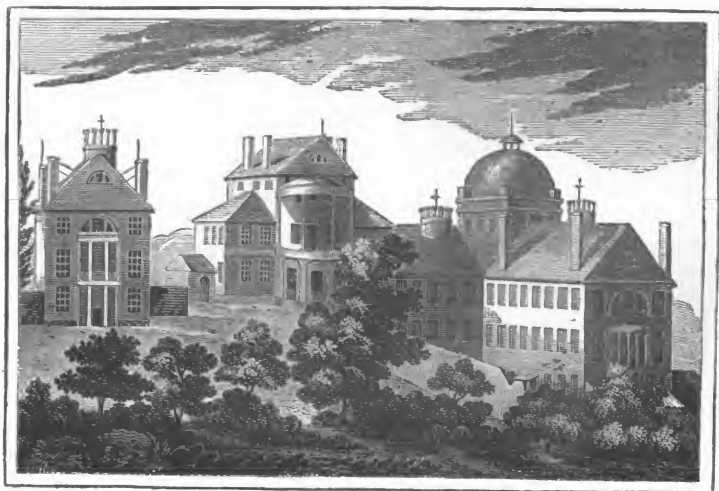
Piety which does not sweeten a man's natural temper, may be compared to fruit before it is ripe—good in its kind, but not arrived at perfection.

More men have been ruined by their servants than by their masters.

Industry needs not wish and he that lives upon hope, will die fasting.—*Franklin.*



SKELETON OF AN INDIAN LODGE, FISHING HUTS, &c.



INSANE HOSPITAL, NEAR BOSTON.

SKELETON OF AN INDIAN LODGE, FISHING HUTS, &c.

The engraving on the opposite page is a copy of an original drawing of the Skeleton of an Indian Lodge, Fishing Huts, and Bark Canoe, near the falls of the Marie, Michigan Territory, obligingly favored us by Mr. J. C. Mc'Cleary, a young man of talents, recently post preceptor at that place. The following is an extract from his letter accompanying it:—

"The Falls of St. Marie commence about twelve miles below Lake Superior, and continue about one mile, making in that distance a descent of about sixteen feet, but in no place perpendicular; and although they present an angry front, they are navigable near the shore for batteaux and canoes. At these Falls white fish are caught in great abundance, and constitute the staple commodity of the country. The stranger is astonished at the appearance of numerous bark canoes in these rapids, at times buried in spray, or borne away by the force of a current which scarce any power can resist. As the mode of taking this fish here is not generally known, it may not be an uninteresting detail:—Two men are seated in a bark canoe, the most frail of all vessels; the one in the bow holds a long pole, to which is attached a scoop net; the other guides the boat with a paddle; the former, after pushing the canoe far enough into the rapids with his pole, changes the ends, and plunges the scoop net into the water; the latter immediately propels the boat against the stream with his paddle, to prevent its turning its side to the current: this continues until the former, by a dexterous turn of the pole, encloses the fish in the bag of the net, and deposits them in the canoe, when, with his pole, he arrests the progress of the canoe, and they proceed as before."

The wigwams of the Indians are generally rude huts, formed of stakes driven into the ground in the form of a cone, and fastened together in the centre, and thatched with skins, leaves and bark, which sufficiently preserves the interior from the rain. An aperture is left on one side by way of door, at which the humble inhabitants enter stooping, to avoid striking their heads. Rude and unsightly as the exterior appears, the accommodations of an Indian Lodge are acknowledged by travellers, generally, and the rude inhabitants appear to enjoy the conveniences which their ingenuity and skill have contrived, with a satisfaction not perhaps exceeded by the courtly possessor of a palace.—The conceptions of white men, accustomed to the multifarious wants and correspondent accommodations of civilized life, are liable to depreciate the peculiar conformation of an Indian Lodge, as below the system of general architecture.—The scale of gradation by which we estimate the refinements of society, and the peculiar enjoyments of life, cannot, however, be predicated of the architectural science; and in vain may we lug in the barbarous ages to settle the question, while we inconsistently appreciate the happiness of the inmate in proportion to the magnificence of his residence. An Indian Lodge, well stored

with beaver and other valuable skins, and stocked with venison, constitutes the happy domicile of its possessor, and affords him the pleasing satisfaction of extending its immunities to the wandering stranger, who finds a ready welcome to the protection of the one and the entertainments of the other.

The Indians, even in the rudest state of nature, appear to be well acquainted with the right of property, and preserve to themselves the privilege inviolate. Each hut or wigwam has its domain, or private hunting ground, over which the men daily rove in pursuit of game; while the women at home are intent upon the management of their domestic concerns, not disdaining the servile drudgery of cutting wood, planting and gathering corn, cooking, &c. with perfect resignation to their fate, as destined to fill up the humbler allotments of society.

Their canoes are usually five fathoms and a half in length, and four feet and a half in their extreme breadth, and formed of birch tree bark, a quarter of an inch in thickness. The bark is lined with small splints of cedar wood; and the vessel is further strengthened with ribs of the same wood, of which two ends are fastened to the gunwales; several bays, rather than seats, are also laid across the canoe, from gunwale to gunwale. The small roots of the spruce tree afford the *wattap*, with which the bark is sewed; and the gum of the pine tree supplies the place of tar and oakum. Bark, some spare wattap and gum, are always carried in each canoe, for the repairs which frequently become necessary.

INSANE HOSPITAL.

The following description of the Insane Hospital, in the vicinity of Boston, is extracted from "The Bower of Taste," a semi-monthly periodical, published in Boston. The view presented on the opposite page, is a copy of a lithographic sketch, by Mrs. Snow.

The centre building of this noble establishment was formerly the residence of J. Barrell, Esq. whose leisure, and fine taste led him to indulge in his favourite study of Horticulture; and such was the success of his labours, that no rural retreat in the vicinity of Boston could at that period vie in picturesque beauty with *Barrell's Farm*, or present so rich a variety both of fruits and flowers, as were there produced. After the death of its owner, it was let, and improved for a short term, as a house of public entertainment. In consideration of its superior advantages in point of situation, purity of air, &c. the estate was purchased in 1816 by the trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, to be converted into an Asylum for the *Insane*; since which, two large wings have been added to the main building, which much improve its beauty. The former are exclusively devoted to the accommodation of the patients; the latter is improved as offices, &c. by the superintendents of the Hospital. There is an air of neatness, order and quiet within and about this establishment,

which is highly favourable to its character. The apartments are airy, handsome, and comfortably furnished, and have no appearance, as some imagine, of a prison. The patients of the first class, who are but partially deranged, have few restrictions imposed upon them; they are permitted to exercise at pleasure in the adjacent grounds, which are laid out with much neatness and taste, and indulge in such occupations or amusements as they may fancy. In confirmed cases of Insanity, where constant confinement is necessary, they are attended by faithful and experienced nurses, and subject to an approved course of medical treatment under the superintendence of Dr. Wyman, principal physician of the establishment.

In compliment to John McLean, Esq. who was a liberal benefactor of this institution, it has obtained the name of the "*McLean Asylum*,"—although it is more generally known by that of the *INSANE HOSPITAL*.

What sight can be more humiliating to a rational being—more prostrating to the pride of reasoning man, than to behold the *wreck of intellect*—the "*Ruins of a noble mind*." Misfortune may reduce us from splendour to poverty. Disease may prey upon the cheek of beauty, or waste the vigour of manhood; but the ravages of insanity, like the syroc blast, leaves a darkness,—a desolation in its path, more terrible than even the impress of death upon the human frame.

Oh! 'tis a sight of paralyzing dread,
To mark the rolling of a maniac's eye,
From which the spark of intellect hath fled,
The laugh convulsive, or the quivering sigh.

To see ambition with his moon-light helm—
Armed with the fancied panoply of war;
The mimic sovereign of a powerful realm—
His shield, a *shadow*! and his sword a *straw*!

To see pale beauty raise her dewy eyes,
Toss her white arms, and beckon thoughts of air,
As if she held communion with the sky,
And all she loved, and all she sought were there.

To list the warring of unearthly sounds
That wildly rise, like ocean's distant swell,
Or spirits shrieking o'er enchanted grounds,
Calling dark magic from her secret cell:

Oh! never—never may such fate be mine!
I'd rather dwell in earth's remotest cave,
So I my spirit calmly might resign
To him, who reason's glorious blessing gave.

ICHABOD AND THE BULL.

The following account of Mister Ichabod Wing's first attempt to preach in the town of ———, in New England, is condensed from a most authentic statement in the Boston Galaxy, whose editor is not certainly famous for *making* bulls.

The congregation met, and the meeting-house was filled, but the minister put it off terribly. The bell kept tolling and tolling and the people thought it never would be done. They yawned and stared about and kept peeping out of the

windows—just as if they expected he would come sooner for that. At last Deacon Snacks got up and spoke to Squire Barleycorn—
'Squire, where is the minister?'

'Really, Deacon, I don't know. He came out of my house just after me, but he walked so slow I got out of sight of him.'

'It's very strange he don't come.'

'Very strange.'

Here, Miss Deborah Peepabout, an elderly lady, who held the opinion of Paul Pry, that 'the spirit of inquiry is the grand characteristic of the age in which we live,' and who also felt a particular sympathy in the fate of all unmarried men, thrust her long nose between the Deacon and the Squire, and asked—

'Law me! Deacon—Squire—why don't the minister come?'

Then Miss Martha Buskbody, seeing the Deacon, the Squire and Miss Peepabout, engaged in colloquy, wriggled herself into their company and asked the same question.

Then another and another and another followed the example, and there was quickly a knot of people gathered round the Deacon and the 'Squire, all asking questions which nobody could answer. The whole congregation was in a buzzing. Every one was asking where the minister was, although every one knew that all the rest were just as ignorant as himself.

Bill Muggs, the sexton, kept tugging away at the bell-rope, till he had tolled the people out of patience;—but we must leave the bell tolling, and the sexton fretting, and the Deacon and the 'Squire and the old maids, and all the rest of the congregation on the tenter-books of suspense, and go back to see what had become of our friend Ichabod.

Ichabod had slackened his pace after leaving the house and had fallen into a sort of a reverie. Finding himself rather late before he got near the church, he resolved to make a short cut across a field where the road made an angle; so jumping over a stone wall, he steered directly for the church, but had not proceeded many paces when he was startled by a most savage and unmusical boo-boo-ing sound in a tone of the deepest bass he ever heard.—Lifting up his eyes he beheld a furious bull making at him with all speed and bellowing like mad. It is needless to say that he took to his heels; the bull made after him, and Ichabod put on with all the fleetness he could exert. Four legs are better than two, and it was soon evident that the quadruped would win the race. Ichabod found he could not reach the wall before the bull would be up with him. 'Now,' thought he, 'it is all over with me!' His shoes flew off; but the bull kept on. He dropped his hat, but the stratagem did not take; the bull was not to be made a fool of.—He threw his sermon behind him, but with no better success; the bull was not to be reasoned with; he gave the manuscript a whisk with his tail and scattered it to the four winds.

'I'm gone! I'm gone!' said Ichabod, for the

bull was close behind him—at this instant he espied an apple tree close at hand—and summoning all his mental strength he made a desperate leap and was fortunate enough to spring into the tree at the moment the bull was at his heels.

Here was an unlooked for deliverance, but unluckily the bull was not so easily got rid of. —Though disappointed of his prey he kept about the tree with such a menacing disposition that Ichabod dared not descend. It seemed as if the malicious animal knew he kept a congregation waiting, he stuck to the spot with such pertinacity. For two mortal hours did the unlucky Ichabod sit perched upon the tree in sight of the church. Every minute seemed an age to him. He heard the bell toll, toll, toll, and each stroke seemed the funeral knell to his hopes.

He pictured to his fancy a crowded congregation waiting in anxious suspense, and lost in wonder and amazement at his non-appearance.—‘Alas!’ said he to himself—

‘I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which bids me thus delay;
I see the horns you cannot see
Which force me here to stay.

He saw the congregation come out of the church and scatter hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, yet he durst not leave the apple tree because there was, not a lion, but a bull in the way.

The congregation were at last fairly tired out. Two hours had they waited and no parson came. The sexton left off tolling the bell, and indeed it was quite time, for he had nearly worn the rope off. The people came out of the church, having, after two hours debating on the matter, come to the conclusion that there would be no sermon, and that there was good ground for alarm as to the fate of the minister. They sent off parties east, west, north and south to explore the country, and presently Ichabod discovered a crowd along the road headed by the Deacon and the Sexton. Ichabod mustered all the strength of his lungs and bawled out to them like seven watchmen upon a tower. The whole party came to a halt and gazed around with astonishment and fear; at length they spied something snugly roosted in the apple tree: they took it at first for a huge black turkey-cock, but on nearer approach they found it to be no other than poor Ichabod.

Now the bull, just at that moment, happened to be pawing and snuffing with his nose on the other side of the tree, so that he was hidden from the party by a thorn bush at its foot. The people seeing Ichabod perched on high in the same manner, were struck dumb with amazement for a few moments. Was the poor man bewitched? or had he run mad, or what had possessed him to spend the afternoon dangling like a scarecrow to the bough of an apple tree. For some moments no one dared advance a step further or speak a single word. At last Bill Muggs plucked up courage and advanced to

the stone wall. He was an old sailor, who within a few years, had taken his land tack aboard and seated himself up in the bush: he took up the trade of a sexton because it consisted in pulling a rope. On this occasion he undertook to be spokesman of the party, for the Deacon was absolutely frightened. Bill put his head over the wall, clasped his hand up to the corner of his mouth and sung out—

‘Halloo, ahoy.’

Ichabod lifted up his voice like an owl in the desert, and exclaimed! ‘Come along! come along, save me!’

‘Blast your eye-balls,’ said Bill, clawing a huge quid of tobacco out of his mouth and throwing it slap upon the ground, ‘why don’t you save yourself?’

‘I can’t, I can’t,’ said Ichabod. ‘Drive him away—drive him away.’

By this time some of the party and the Deacon among the rest, had got over the wall, and were advancing towards the tree, staring and wondering to hear the man talk in such an unaccountable manner.

‘Come down, come down,’ said the Deacon, ‘What have you been doing all the afternoon in Col. Shute’s orchard.’

‘Ay, ay,’ said Bill, ‘what are you about there aloft without hat and shoes? looking for all the world like a half starved monkey sitting in a lee backstay!’

At this moment the party had got nearly up to the tree. ‘Look out, look out,’ cried Ichabod, ‘he’s coming!’ They had no time to ask *who* it was that was coming, for before the words were fairly out of his mouth, they heard a furious bellow and bounce; in an instant the bull was among them! Heavens, what a scampering! The whole squad took to flight quicker than a flock of wild ducks on hearing a shot. The deacon lost his hat and wig, and captain Blueberry ran out of his boots which were a little too large for him. Divers other accidents happened. The greatest catastrophes were those of Squire Snakeroot and Lieutenant Darling. The Squire being puffy and shortwinded, was overtaken by the bull, and received a tremendous butt in the rear which disabled him so that he could not sit down without a double cushion for a fortnight. The bull, after knocking him over, ran off after the others, and the Squire made a shift to climb up the tree and take sides with Ichabod.

The Lieutenant’s was a mere frightful case—He was a short, fat, thick-set, duck-legged fellow, and happened to be dressed in a pair of stout, old fashioned leather breeches. The bull having floored the Squire, came in the twinkling of a bed post upon the Lieutenant who was waddling off in double quick time. The bull hit him a poke behind, intending to serve him as he did the Squire, but one of his horns catching in the waistband of the Lieutenant’s inexpressibles, he was taken off his legs in an instant and whisked off upon the bull’s horns. Away went the bull scouring after the fugitives, with the unfortunate Lieutenant dangling by the waistband,

and fairly out of his wits with terror. His capers in the air were only brought to an end by the bull's bringing up butt against the stone wall, and pitching the Lieutenant completely over into the road.

The rest of the party got over the wall without any help, and escaped the fury of the animal. And now commenced a regular set-to:—The party armed themselves with stones and clubs and began a pitched battle with the bull for the deliverance of Ichabod. Thumps, bangs, pokes, and missiles of every description, were showered upon the sides of the beast, who shook his redoubtable horns, flourished his tail, and ran bustling and bellowing here and there, wherever the attack was hottest. Ichabod and the Squire meantime shouting from their citidal in the apple tree, cheering on the assailants, and attacking the rear of the bull by pelting him with small shot in the shape of winter pippins.

This holy war lasted for three quarters of an hour, and the bull seemed likely to win the day. Ichabod fancied himself already reduced to the necessity of taking up his quarters in the tree for the night; but luckily at this moment a reinforcement arrived, and the bull began slowly to retreat; the assailants, headed by Bill Muggs, pressed their advantage, carried the stone wall by *escalade*, formed a solid column, and in a short time the bull was driven from the field without the loss of a single man. And thus the victory being achieved, Ichabod came down from the tree.

But it was all over with him. His sermon was gone, the afternoon was gone; and he soon found that his hopes in a pulpit, were gone. The bull was never out of his mind. He never had the courage to attempt another sermon, and at the very thought he imagines, to this day, he hears a boo-hoo-ing and sees a pair of horns.

THE GUARD.

"A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk without."

SHAKESPEARE.

"Begone, dull care, I pry'thee begone from me," sung out a deep, sonorous voice behind me, as, having just exalted himself to the top of the York mail, I was busily at work, composing myself in my place—"Begone, dull care, thou and I shall never agree."

I looked round and soon discovered that it emanated from our guard, as a kind of accompaniment to the exertion for pulling off his huge dreadnought coat. He not only sung heartily, but his appearance well answered the burthen of his song, for he was a good fresh looking man, and certainly rejoiced in as happy and cheerful a countenance as a man would wish to be blessed with—he was also very smart in his manner and dress—wore a ring on his finger—tied his neckcloth quite in style, and cocked his hat as if he thought no small trifle of himself. By the bye, I have a prodigious fancy that the character of a man, or at least what he thinks of himself, is to be known from merely observ-

ing the physiognomy, if I may so term it, of the cock of his hat. Be that, however, as it may, the gentleman (I am sure he thought himself as much one as any of them who travelled with him) seemed little disturbed by my observation, singing blithely on as he proceeded to adjust his dress with great care and exactness.

"That man's a character," said I to myself, not slightly amused by his operations, and considering that the sign, which his face held out, promised a certainty of good cheer and entertainment, I spread my coat on the roof of the coach, and leaning back upon it, at once commenced parlance with him.

"Good old song that of yours, guard."

"It is, sir," returned he, in a good humoured tone, "especially as I sing it," and he tuned up, "For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull care away."

"Umph! not far wrong," thought I. "Fond of music, I presume?"

"Ye-es, sir,—well enough in its way—helps one on a bit occasionally, when there's nothing better to be done; but I never studied it—quite a natural talent—ti tiddle tom."

I could scarcely avoid smiling at my new friend's comfortable opinion of himself, it was so perfectly comfortable; desirous, however, of not offending him, I diverted the impulse by inquiring how he liked his mode of life. "I dare say, guard, it would require much to make you change it."

"And why should I wish to change it, sir? I know of no objections to it—though to be sure, it may not sound very grand to be a mail coach guard; but, you know, sir, it all depends upon the way of doing the thing—there is a manner of doing every thing. And he twitched up his neckcloth and pulled in his chin with a very superlative kind of finish, thereby giving me an opportunity of observing "Truly."

"But perhaps, sir," he inquired with quick eagerness, "you have never considered philosophically what a guard is; for you must know I'm a bit of philosopher myself."

In much amused surprise at this specimen of the march of intellect, I mentally exclaimed, "A mail coach guard a philosopher! What will the world come to next?" I briefly, however, admitted that I never had.

"Well, sir, then permit me to tell you—I maintain that my situation possesses, in a very great degree, all the charms of life. Pray, sir, what may you consider life to be valuable for?"

I answered that I really did not pretend to be a philosopher, nor was I at the instant prepared to answer so difficult a question without first well considering it. I thought each individual had a peculiar way of thinking, and what was happiness to one might be almost misery to another.

"Excuse my interrupting you, sir; but you speak of the object—I of the principle."

"Then pray," said I, smiling at his distinction, "what may be your ideas of the principle of happiness?"

"Why, sir, I will tell you—I think that the whole charm of life is derived from continued novelty, and one's self importance and consequence, or the noise one makes in the world."

I admitted that perhaps it might.

"If not, sir," he continued, "can you tell me what is the meaning of the hundreds of carriages one meets constantly whirling along the road—first up to town—then back to the country—then to some watering place—then to the Lord knows where. I tell you what, sir, it is all for the sake of novelty, and to show off their consequence."

Very likely; but pray instruct me how your situation embraces those properties, or I think you termed them principles of happiness?"

"Most willingly, sir: as to novelty, I think I need not take much time to satisfy you of that, for my whole life is so evidently one scene of continued novelty—always changing—always interesting. And as to the noise one makes in the world, or one's self consequence—do you see that line of coal carts on the road?"

I looked in the direction pointed out, and observed a string of at least a dozen carts, going quietly along in dull procession, with their drivers each lounging in his vehicle.

"Ti-au, ti-au!" sounded my friend—up jumped the drivers in an instant, and immediately were all the carts turned to the left side of the road.

Another twitch of the neckcloth, as he returned his horn to its rest, prefaced his remark, "You see, sir, one is of some little consequence in the world."

"Most indisputably," I replied, laughing heartily at his conceit, "and most excellently well exemplified too—that is I presume, a specimen of the noise one makes in the world, and of one's individual consequence."

"Certainly, sir; and then as to one's importance—only think what a various mass of property I have under my charge—think, sir, what information I convey from one half of the kingdom to the other—think how many anxieties are to be removed by my arrival—how much happiness to be communicated—think, sir, how many adoring lovers are by me exchanging their fondest vows of affection," he put on a most pathetic look: "you certainly, sir, can never have considered all these things before."

I had not time to acknowledge my ignorance when the coachman drew up. "What's the matter, Barnes?" inquired my companion.

"I wish you'd put that off leader's curb right," was the reply. Down was the guard in a moment, and the tackle in as brief a time adjusted. "All right, Barnes," called out the operator, and then waiting with great apparent inattention until the coach was just passed him, with one single spring jumped into his seat.

I was far too much amused with my merry companion to wish to quit his society, although my position on the hard coach top had long ceased to be desirable, and not unwilling to gratify his vanity, I observed that I was afraid he would have been left behind.

"Noticed my knack, did you, sir? believe I do manage it well—but there is a way of doing every thing. I began my line of life when quite a boy—first as a stable lad—then, on account of my superior manner, promoted to an office lad—sent out with the parcel cart—then chief porter—and at length mail coach guard—all for my manner and superior address; nothing, sir, but those natural abilities to get me on. I was, indeed, always a lad of uncommon parts, and had always the way of doing the thing."

"I have no doubt. But pray why leave the office for your present post? I should have thought your former situation much more comfortable—perhaps not so lucrative?"

"Quite mistaken, sir," he gave himself an extra settlement of his neckcloth and chin; "it was not money that changed my place—it was the mind, sir—the mind. I could not submit to such a drudgery, to be chained to desks and smoke—whereas now, sir, I am unfettered—free as the air through which we fly."

"Free enough, to be sure, as fast as it goes—but think of the vicissitudes of the weather—the—"

"Nothing, sir, mere nothing,—if it rains I put on my coat, which has weathered many a storm—if dry, why it is but putting it off again—if cold, I muffle up—if hot, dress light—I am always hearty—never ail, for I do not, as coachmen, fill my inside with combustibles—when my time comes for rest I sleep like a top, and awake strong and hearty and fit for any thing. What, sir, are a few dusts and storms, or even upsets? Can you tell me what state of life is free from such? I think I have as few as any, and quite as many pleasures. Only notice the cheerful smiles that salute one as we pass along, not even the king himself could have more, and not perhaps half so sincere; only think how all the pretty girls, wherever we stop, are delighted with the attentions of Mr. Guard, and seek his favour. I think, sir, you cannot possibly have considered all these things before."

"Most certainly not, guard, and I am the more indebted to you for thus opening my eyes to see the advantages of your enviable condition."

"You're vastly welcome, sir, I'm sure; always glad to be of use."

My sides, however, and adjacent parts now became so sore from my unyielding resting place, that I was at length compelled to change my position: I did this, however, with the less regret, as we were now approaching the end of our stage; and although by my removal I could no longer converse with my philosopher, I had the better opportunity of observing his proceedings.

At almost all the cottages at the entrance of the village were some of their inhabitants waiting to see us pass by. My friend seemed to know them all—and all him. "How are you Betty?" "Better, John!" "Quite hearty, I see, Dick," passed about with the air of an old acquaintance. If he saw a pretty girl, "Ah,

Polly, you rogue! if you ogle me in that ere wicked way, I'll tell Thomas;" or if an ugly one, "How do, my dear?" He had a word for every one, and every one seemed pleased with it. He seemed, indeed, in every thing to have a way of doing the thing; even in the meanest offices of his situation, there was evidently a manner peculiar to himself.

While changing the horses he marched round the coach, examined the linch pins, and scrutinized our new team in a most knowing philosophical manner, and then, stretching himself out, strutted up and down the inn yard with no inconsiderable effect.

A rosy cheeked damsel, with her milk pail, at this juncture, passed by our vehicle. "Fie, Sally!" called out my gentleman, putting his hand before his face in mock sheepishness, "to follow me in this fashion; you might at least wait until we're married."

The girl laughed, "Marry you, indeed!"

"To be sure, Sally; you pretend to be shy, do you? but never mind, we understand each other—I say, Sally," he feigned a whisper, "when's the happy day? I'm all impatience."

"Nay, it's not come to that yet, however."

"I say, Tom," he continued, addressing the ostler, who stood grinning with open jaws, "now be 'ant she always running arter me?"

"Ay, Mr. Charles, she be; and she'd kiss you too, if she durst."

"Then, egad, I'll accommodate her," exclaimed the gentleman, as, suiting the action to the word, he seized her by the waist and gave her a hearty kiss.

The girl did not seem to take it much amiss—she vented, indeed, her pretended indignation with much seeming effect on the poor ostler, who still stood grinning, and who, no doubt, would gladly have come in for his share of the bliss. But, after well boxing him, she appeared in no hurry to get away, and still lingered to hear the guard's "Never mind, Sally, we'll be man and wife by this time next month."

"My word," thought I, "if this be a part of the advantages of his situation, it certainly possesses some enviable satisfactions," for the lass was so really pretty, that I could not altogether avoid envying him his better fortune myself.—He might indeed have read my thoughts, for, after giving an extra strut or two, he observed to the poor ostler, "You, sec, Tom, how the girls like us guards," and then smacking his lips, as much as to say "Egad, how sweet it was," tuned up "Away with melancholy," and looked more conceited than ever.

"Hang the fellow's impudence," I mentally interjected; "but he certainly has a way of doing the thing." I know not how far his philosophy may be good, but at all events I can answer for his practice—such are most certainly some of the charms of life, there's no denying that however. It would seem, too, to be a natural consequence of his situation, for he took it so entirely as a matter of course. I must,

however, admit, that it was quite a new inquiry to me, that I had most certainly never considered all these things before.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

When the Cossacks were expected in Paris, the people of the city and the suburbs exerted themselves to conceal their most valuable effects from these northern pillagers. The Curate of Livry was anxious to remove the church plate as well as his own; and his friend and relation, M. Senart, a jeweller of Paris, who happened at that time to be at the parsonage, resolved to take advantage of the Curate's caution, and to conceal about 100,000 crowns worth of precious stones. Moirellet, who exercised the triple functions of cooper, chanter, and sexton, was entrusted by the two friends to conceal the treasure; for he had a great reputation in the neighbourhood for piety, sagacity, and prudence. In spite of all his art, however, the treasure vanished, and Moirellet one morning appeared before the Cure, pale and distracted, to announce that the Cossacks had certainly passed through the wood, and dug up the precious deposit. The honest Cure, with Moirellet, and the servants, vented their maledictions on the Cossacks; but when the fatal news was brought to M. Senart, he had his suspicions, and repairing to the police, as he could not bring the Cossacks within its jurisdiction, he boldly accused Moirellet of the robbery. "Moirellet may possibly be guilty," replied M. Henry, the Perfect; "but if he keeps his own council, it will be impossible to convict him." M. Senart exclaimed that he would give 100,000 francs for the recovery of the property; but upon the police replying that they would set every engine to work to discover the thief, he gradually decreased his reward to fifty thousand, and, finally, to 10,000 francs. Vidocq closed with these terms. Moirellet was thrown into prison: and Vidocq, in the disguise of a soldier, was billeted at the house of his wife, where he made love to her, and used every possible artifice to get at the secret; but the lady was faithful and cunning, and, foiling him at all points, Vidocq was obliged to decamp, with his lost time and his lost expenses for his pains. He now disguised himself as a German servant, and was imprisoned for travelling without a passport; but it was in vain that he tried to get into the confidence of his fellow prisoner, Moirellet. At last, however, Vidocq and he were drinking together, when the former stated that he was the servant of a Prussian officer, and had robbed his master, and concealed his portmanteau in the Feast of Bondi. Moirellet, in his turn, confessed his having robbed the honest Cure of Livry, and Vidocq artfully procured his liberation, on the promise of his giving him some of the spoil. As soon as they had repaired to the place of concealment, and Moirellet had uncovered the treasure, Vidocq pounced upon him, avowed his being an officer of police and declared him his prisoner. The poor Moirellet piteously exclaimed, "Good God! who would

have thought it, you looked so clownish." The culprit was sentenced to six years' close confinement. M. Senart could not contain himself for joy, on recovering his lost treasures; and he overloaded Vidocq with compliments, with praises, and with gratitude; but the 10,000 francs he never thought of. Vidocq was obliged to remind him of his engagement, when M. Senart replied, "Oh dear me, I beg your pardon, I had quite forgotten the reward; but now you mention it, I do remember that I promised you five thousand francs." In vain did Vidocq assure him it was ten thousand; the jeweller had an excellent memory; he had never forgotten any thing in his life. Vidocq was obliged to put up with the moiety of the promised reward, for five thousand francs was all he could ever recover.

FILIAL VIRTUE ILLUSTRATED.

This touching story, says the N. Y. Atlas, is told in an Edinburgh paper, and deserves, as the relator expresses himself, to be handed down to the latest generations. It will, we think, engage the feelings and improve the heart of any ingenious reader.

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, "and having nothing better to engage our attention," said one of them, "we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by a servant. He had scarcely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden, (the rammer,) struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure. 'This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age; have you no sons who could share in your labors, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, Sir; I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.'—'Where are they, then?'—'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the Honorable East India Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivaling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eye. 'And pray, what has become of the third?'—'Alas! he became security for me: the poor boy engaged to pay my debts and being unable to fulfill the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings he resumed the discourse. 'And has the oldest—this degenerate son—this captain—never sent you any thing to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah! call him not degenerate, my son is virtuous; he both loves and respects his father; he has oftener than once sent me money, even more than

was sufficient for my wants; but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burdened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me.' At this moment, a young man passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he; he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he,' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor-looking hut, crying 'Where is he, then?—Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her, than he quitted his father and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame. The scene was now overpowering; the travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. W.—, one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman thus addressed him:—'Captain, we ask the honor of your acquaintance; we would gladly have given a hundred thousand to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honorable family; we request the honor of you and yours to dinner in this inn.' The captain, alive to the invitation, accepted it with politeness; but at the same time replied, that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers:—'Gentlemen,' said he, 'to day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for, having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C—, the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted.—My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy, and the aid of commerce, I amassed honorably a stock of £30,000. At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of £200, reached him.—

The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.' After dinner the captain gave his father £200, to supply his most pressing wants; and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of £80, reversible to his two brothers—promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory, which he was about to establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented £500 as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances; and, after having distributed £50 among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh. Such a man merited the favors of fortune. By this generous sensibility, too, he shewed, indeed, that he was worthy of the distinguished honors so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C—.

THE NATCHEZ TRIBE OF INDIANS,

Inhabiting the luxuriant soil of the Mississippi, were a mild, generous and hospitable people. The offspring of a climate serene and productive, their character was marked by nothing ferocious; and nothing beyond the necessity of self defence, or the unavoidable collisions with neighboring tribes, by nothing martial. Their government, it is true, was most despotic, and the history of no other nation north of the line, presents a parallel; and yet no charge of an unnecessary or unwarrantable exercise of this great power, is made against them, even by their historians, who were also the countrymen of their oppressors.—The king, or chief, was called '*The Sun*,' and the exalted station which he held, was designated by a representation of that luminary worn upon his breast. He united also with his civil functions, the priestly power and supremacy;—and thus enriched behind the ramparts of physical force, and wielding the terrors of superstition, he was absolute master of the lives and property of his subjects. His equal in dignity and power, was his wife, under the title of '*The Wife of the Sun*.'

Thus then, living in undisturbed repose, and in the innocent enjoyment of the bounties of nature, there came in an evil hour to their shores, a party of French emigrants, who, about the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century, navigated the Mississippi in quest of wealth and territory. They were received with all the cordiality and affection that these guileless and inoffensive beings could bestow. The choicest gifts of the beneficent Creator, had been bestowed upon them with a lavish hand, and, with a spirit somewhat allied to his who had conferred them, they cheerful tendered to these houseless wanderers, a participation in the blessings they had enjoyed.

These substantial pledges of amity and good feelings were received with apparent gratitude

by the emigrants, but their immediate wants supplied, they were again thrown back upon their evil passions, which for the moment had been quelled by misfortune, and perpetrate acts of injustice and cruelty, which excited the indignation of their benefactors. Driven almost to frenzy, by repeated acts of aggression, they attempted a re-establishment of their rights; but were eventually subdued, and basely massacred.

The French, upon their arrival, affected to treat upon terms of reciprocity, for the products of the soil; viewing, however, the unsuspecting temper of the generous Indians, they threw off the mask, and urged novel and extravagant demands; even extending to the fields which supported their wives and children—and not until they were driven in ignominy from them, into the depth of the wilderness, were their shameless oppressors satisfied.

At this period commenced the league against the French, which embraced some of the neighboring tribes lying on the east; to the failure of which, through the unmerited compassion of their queen, they owed their defeat and extermination.

Messengers were despatched to different quarters and a general massacre of the common enemy was agreed upon. A day was appointed, but being unacquainted with the art of writing, or the use of numbers, the period was designated by a number of sticks, every stick representing a day; each of the confederated chiefs prepared a bundle corresponding in number with those of his associates; one of which was to be burnt daily; and the committing of the last to the flames, was to be the signal for the attack.

'The wife of the Sun,' still attached to the French, by many recollections, being the strangers whom she had protected, and loved; trembling at the torrents of blood which must flow, and forgetting the wrongs which had been heaped upon her country, determined to preserve them; and intimated to their commander the necessity of caution—by some singular incredulity, he despised and neglected the counsel thus tendered to him. Frustrated in her purpose of saving those within the limits of her own tribe, she determined, by the anticipation of their fate, to preserve the majority scattered throughout other tribes. Having free access to the temple, she removed several of the sticks there deposited; and the warriors, on repairing thither, finding but one symbol remaining, prepared for the dreadful business on which they had resolved. They then consigned the last stick to the fire, and supposing that the united nations, were all engaged in the same bloody work, they fell upon the French, and cut them off almost to a man.

Perrein, the commander, with a few more escaped and collecting to his standard others of his countrymen, he prevailed upon the neighboring tribes, by threats or promises, to abandon and betray the devoted Natchez; and in one day he consigned them to the sword, sparing neither age, nor sex, nor condition; he burnt their houses, he laid waste their fields, and desolation marked the spot, once the retreat of

an unoffending, peaceful and happy people. The few who escaped, and those were but few, fled for protection to a neighbouring tribe, then, and now known as the Chicasaws; a brave, warlike, and independent nation. Their conduct towards these wretched outcasts, should be remembered and cherished, to their immortal honour; they received them with open arms, and resisted with unshaken firmness, the earnest and repeated demands of the French for their delivery—and to such an extent, did they carry their magnanimity, that they preferred hazarding a doubtful contest, when their own existence was at stake, to a violation of the pledges of hospitality and protection which they had made, to a few persecuted strangers. Three times, with souls bent upon vengeance against the remnant of their ancient foes, and with no less bloody purposes against their defenders, did the French carry war to the Chickasaw boundary, and three times were they driven back, with ignominy and loss—nor did they ever attain their object—the poor Natchez shared their hospitality, until their necessities and sorrows were alike relieved, by death; their bones repose in a land unknown to their fathers—their spirits may be again mingled in the beautiful regions which they believe to be prepared by the Great Spirit, for the fearless warrior, the successful hunter, and the faithful and hospitable Indian, beyond the great lakes. Such is the story of the Natchez, such their melancholy end, such the kindness and benevolence extended to the white man in distress, and such the ingratitude, perfidy and cruelty with which these favours were repaid. Of the distinguished female, whose humanity and mercy proved so unexpectedly fatal to her race, we hear no more: but it is highly probable, in the indiscriminating massacre which took place, that neither her strong claims to the gratitude of the French, nor her merciful and forbearing disposition, nor her honors, her titles and dignities, nor even her sex, could protect her; but that she fell an undistinguished victim among her slaughtered people.

AN AFFECTING INCIDENT.

At that awful period when this nation was convulsed with civil discord, and Cromwell with his partisans were contending against the scattered forces of the King, William Mortimer, a young and zealous loyalist, used every exertion to forward the success of his lawful monarch. He left his family, then living in retirement near Chepstow, to join the standard of Charles, who was marching with an army from Scotland into the southern part of the country, expecting to be reinforced by his friends, and all those who were discontented with the wild enthusiasm of Cromwell and his followers. These expectations were, in a great measure, disappointed. The royalists, in general, were not aware of their King's approach, and the Scotch, on whose assistance he had confidently relied, were deterred from uniting with them unless they previously subscribed to the covenant. In

this posture of affairs, Charles encamped at Worcester, and was compelled to hazard that fatal battle, the result of which is so well known. Mortimer was one of the few who, escaping from the field, accompanied the King in his flight; and although history is silent upon the subject, it has been handed down by tradition, that Charles, dismissing all his faithful attendants for fear of hazarding a discovery, and accompanied only by William, who was well acquainted with the localities of the country, resolved, if possible, to escape into Wales. The attempt, however, was frustrated by means of the various passes of the Severn being so well guarded by soldiers, who were every where eager for his apprehension, not so much in obedience to the commands of their generals, as on account of the immense reward that was offered for his person. Not dismayed at this unexpected failure, they travelled by night (hiding themselves in marshes and among the river reeds in the day time) and, with much peril and exertion, contrived to reach Monmouth. Here they soon perceived that it was impossible for them to remain long without being discovered; and Mortimer, having arranged his plans accordingly, seized a little boat on the banks of the Wye, and, covering the King with the bark of trees, suffered the vessel, during the night, to be carried down by the current till it reached a range of romantic rocks on the banks of the above mentioned river. Here they landed, and, letting the boat adrift with the stream, to elude pursuit secreted themselves in the natural recesses of the cliffs. Mortimer had sufficient confidence in the faith of a young lady, to whom he was betrothed, to confide to her the secret of the King; and as he was afraid to make his appearance near a place where he was so well known, this loyal and affectionate girl, at the hazard of her own life and honor, brought them, at the dead of the night, their provision. One fatal night she was traced to the spot by a militia-man, who was eager for the destruction of his sovereign, and on her return was seized and confined by this ruthless traitor. In the meanwhile, Mortimer, fearful that a discovery might take place from these midnight interviews, in a neighborhood where he was so well known, and anxious for the further safety of his royal master, whose danger was increased by delay, ventured to descend from their secret cave, to the residence of a peasant, who was under the greatest obligations to him, and informed him that a friend of his, a cavalier, who had escaped from the battle of Worcester, was anxious to get out of the country. The old man was sworn to secrecy, and the King was immediately confided to his care. Mortimer then retired to his hiding place, with the intention of passing the remainder of the night, but his pursuers, with their hot blood hounds, were then hunting about the spot; he saw the light of their torches glaring among the caverns, and heard the cliffs re-echo the howling of the wolf dogs, as they forded the river, and

climbed the precipices, in the eager pursuit of their prey. He attempted to retreat, but in vain; the monsters of death were already fast approaching, and after a short, but desperate struggle, he sank down, bleeding and exhausted, under their greedy fangs. The pursuers called off their dogs in order to save his life, that they might extort from him a confession of the king's retreat; they succeeded in muzzling the ferocious animals; but when they lifted their victim from the bloodstained sward where he had fallen, they found him stiff and cold in the arms of death; they passed their torches before his face, but his eyes were forever closed. Even the barbarians themselves, when they looked upon his well proportioned limbs, and saw his fine and manly countenance, beautiful in death, cursed the cause that betrayed from their allegiance, and compelled them to the commission of a crime, at which their hearts now shuddered. As they had gained nothing by their cruelty, they released their unhappy captive next morning, without making her acquainted with the bitterness of her destiny. She hastened towards the spot of her lover's retreat, anxious for his safety, and yet scarcely daring to proceed. It was in the month of October; the morning was chilly and cold, the dew drops were lying thick upon the lank blades of grass, and a gray mist was rising from the earth, which partly obscured the distant objects. She ventured onward, invoking Heaven for the safety of her lover, (for then she thought not of the king,) when suddenly turning her eyes to the ground, she witnessed the object of all her solicitude, lying on a cold bed of turf before her. He who had often hailed the sound of her footsteps, was now heedless of her approach; his cheek, with her pure kisses, felt not now her pale and delicate lips as they fed greedily upon the death damps of his face. She passed her white fingers over his brow, and when she saw them smeared with the unnatural stain of livid gore, she laughed in the delirium of her despair, till the sound of the mountain echoes, mocking her tone of misery, awoke her to the burning, realizing sense of her soul's agony. A fisherman who had witnessed the scene, at this moment approached the spot; she looked wildly round and beckoned him away, but when she saw him still advancing towards her, she uttered a piercing shriek, and in a few minutes was on the summit of an adjoining precipice. She waved her white arm for a few minutes, as in triumph, and then sinking upon her knees at the utmost verge of the overhanging brow, she crossed her hands over her face, and instantly bending forward, sank gently into the deep dell below. Such was the aerial delicacy of her form, that not a limb was bruised, and nothing but the absence of breathing indicated the calm triumph of death. The unfortunate lovers were buried in one grave, and nothing is left to perpetuate their memory but the imperishable cliff, which rises, like the Genius of History, over the spot, to consecrate their eternal fame.

BUONAPARTE AND LANNES.

Buonaparte had ceased to address Lannes in the second person singular, but the General continued to use the same familiar mode of discourse as formerly in speaking to Napoleon.—It is hardly possible to conceive how much this perseverance in familiarity, in one of his most valiant brothers in arms, excited the bile of Napoleon. He had already given a striking proof how much he stood in awe of the candour of his ancient comrade. Well knowing the unceremonious frankness of Lannes, and that his high spirit of daring would actuate him as much in the city as in the field of battle, Buonaparte, on the great occasion of the 18th Brumaire, fearing his reproaches, had given him the command of Paris, in order to be assured of his absence from St Cloud. Since that time, and notwithstanding the continually growing greatness of the First Consul, and which as it increased, became every day more exacting of deference, Lannes had so thoroughly preserved his freedom of speech, that he had become the only one who dared to treat Buonaparte as a fellow-soldier, and tell him the truth without ceremony. This was enough to make Napoleon determine to rid himself of the presence of Lannes. But under what pretext was the absence of the conqueror of Montebello to be procured? It was necessary to create an excuse, and in the truly diabolical machination resorted to for this purpose, Buonaparte brought into play that wily disposition with which he was so superabundantly provided. Lannes was by nature thoughtless of the morrow; lavish of his money as of his blood, he distributed it prodigally to his officers and soldiers, who loved him as if they were his children. Thus his fortune consisted of debts due to him. When he was in need of money, and this was not seldom, he used to come in all simplicity to the Tuileries, and asked it of the First Consul, who, I must confess, never refused him. Although well acquainted with the situation of the General, Buonaparte said to him one day, "My friend, you should attend to suitable appearances and be suitably housed, to have your establishment on a footing worthy of your rank; there is the hotel de Noailles, why don't you take it, and furnish it with proper magnificence?" Lannes, whose own candour was such that he never suspected in others any other than the apparent meaning of their words, followed the advice of the First Consul. The hotel de Noailles was taken, and superbly fitted up. Odious furnished a service of plate, valued at two hundred thousand francs. General Lannes, after having thus conformed to the wishes of Buonaparte, came to him and requested 400,000 francs, the amount of the expenses incurred in a manner by his order. "But," said the First Consul, "I have no money." "You have no money! what the devil am I to do then?"—"But is there none in the guards' chest? Take what you require. We will arrange that."—Mistrusting nothing, Lannes went to find the

guards' treasurer, who made some objections at first to the advance required, but who soon yielded, on learning that the demand was made with the consent of the First Consul. Twenty-four hours had not passed after Lannes had received the 400,000 francs, when the treasurer received from the chief administrator of the chest of the guards an order to balance his account of the funds in hand. The voucher for the 400,000 francs advanced to Lannes was not allowed. In vain the treasurer alleged the authenticity of the First Consul for the transaction:—Napoleon's memory had suddenly failed him; he had entirely forgotten all that had passed. In a word, it was incumbent on Lannes to restore the 400,000 francs to the guards' chest, and, as I have already said, Lannes had no property on earth but the debts that were due to him. He repaired to General Lefebvre, who loved him as his pupil, and to whom he related all that had passed. "Simpleton," said Lefebvre, "why did not you come to me; why did you go and get in debt with that——? Hold, here are the 400,000 francs for you; take them to him, and let him go to h——!" Lannes hastened to the First Consul. "What," he apostrophised him, "is it possible you can be guilty of such a baseness as this? to treat me in such a manner? to lay such a foul snare for me, after all that I have done for you; after all the blood that I have lavishly shed to promote your ambition? Is this the recompense you have in store for me? You forget, then, the 13 Vendémiaire, to the success of which I contributed more than you. You forget the Milesimo. I was colonel before you! It was to serve you that I again became a soldier; I should have been left a simple grenadier! For whom did I fight at Bassano? You were witness to what I did at Lodi, at Governolo, where I was wounded; and yet you put such a trick as this upon me! But for me Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire. But for me you would have lost the battle of Marengo. I alone—yes, I alone, passed the Po at Montebello with my whole division; you gave the credit of this to Berthier, who was not there, and made my sufferings the purchase-money for that humiliation. This cannot, this shall not be. I must——." Buonaparte, pale with anger, listened without stirring; and Lannes was on the point of challenging him to a duel, when Junot, who heard the uproar, hastily entered. The unexpected presence of this general re-assured a little the First Consul; and at the same time calmed somewhat the fury of Lannes. "Well," said Buonaparte, "go ambassador to Lisbon; you will there save money, and when you return you will have no need of any one to pay your debts." Thus was Buonaparte's object gained.—Lannes set out for Lisbon: he no longer annoyed the First Consul by his familiarities; and on his return never again addressed him with thee and thou.—*De Burrienne's Memoirs.*

The hardest trial of the heart, is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.

Vengeance of a Polish Jewess.

In Sardinia it is customary for the widow of a man who has been assassinated to preserve carefully the bloody shirt in which her husband has been killed, for the purpose of displaying it, at certain epochs of the year before the eyes of her children, and at the same time exhorting them to revenge the death of their father as soon as age and strength shall enable them to do so. Of the existence of a similar custom amongst the Jews (at least those settled in Poland) a proof has been recently given in Berlin by the extraordinary proceeding of a Polish Jewess. Two students of the University of Berlin having had a quarrel, a duel was the consequence, which proved fatal to one of the combatants, whose family resided in Poland.—The survivor was placed in custody to await the event of a judicial inquiry, the conducting of which was intrusted to Mr. Hitzig, an eminent Jurisconsult. One day, on his returning from the Court house, he perceived a Polish carriage drawn up before the door. On entering the house, the first object presenting itself to him was a woman of lofty stature, wearing the imposing costume of the Polish Jews, who threw herself at his feet, exclaiming "*Vengeance! O Judge! vengeance!*" This lady was the mother of the student who had fallen in the duel. She had travelled night and day from Poland, and was accompanied by an old and venerable-looking Israelite, with a long flowing beard, and ample robe of sable hue. On arriving in Berlin they had, even before going to an inn, been to the hotel of the Minister of justice, whence they had come to the house of the Jurisconsult, Hitzig, to demand that the death of the student should be avenged. The mother even expressed her intention of remaining in Berlin until she had witnessed the execution of the murderer of her son. In vain the Judge essayed to make her comprehend that death by duelling was not looked upon as an assassination, and that the laws did not visit the slayer with capital punishment. In vain he advised her to return to her home, assuring her that he would take care to acquaint her with the judgment. She at length retired, but not before she had given vent to her rage and disappointment in the most energetic terms. Some days after, the old Israelite who had accompanied her, again called on Mr. Hitzig, and told him that the Jewess was now convinced of the observations he had made to her, and resolved upon quitting Berlin without delay, but that she was anxious, before doing so, to have an interview with the prisoner, in order to hear from his lips an account of the fatal event which had deprived her of a son. The Judge replied that he could not accede to this request without having obtained the consent of the prisoner, with the condition that the meeting should be in the presence of witnesses. The prisoner, a young man of excellent character, being applied to, consented to see the unfortunate mother, and the Judge ordered that the interview should take place in presence of a gaoler

and a friend of the prisoner. At the moment appointed, the Jewess, followed by the old Israelite, entered the room of the prisoner. The latter advanced to meet her, and expressed himself in terms of sorrow and repentance for what had taken place. The Jewish mother, without paying the slightest attention to what was said, laid her hand upon the head of the murderer of her son, and, in the most solemn tones, pronounced the most tremendous execrations upon him. At the same instant the old Israelite unfolded the bloody shirt of the deceased, whilst the Jewish mother exclaimed, "Behold this blood! it cries out for vengeance to the Almighty!" The old Israelite then carefully folded up the bloody shirt, and he and the Jewess gravely quitted the room, evidently highly satisfied at having performed this solemn duty, and filled with remorse and horror the mind of the prisoner. They left Berlin the same day, without seeming to take any further interest in the result of the judicial inquiry.

RUSTIC COQUETRY.

In Stratherrick, a remote sequestered Highland district, by the side of one of those small lochs, or lakes, which relieve the wild and dreary expanse of rock and heather, there dwells a fair damsel who has lately made sad havoc among the hearts of the neighbouring swains, as well as exemplified the fickleness of female love. About a fortnight since she was duly pledged and betrothed to one of her suitors, an elderly decent man, well to do in the world, whose staid and devout demeanour recommended him strongly to the girl's parents. After the usual preliminaries, she gave her consent, though somewhat reluctantly, and the pair proceeded to Inverness to purchase the ring and "wedding brows." By the way, however, the bride was little pleased with the dry sedate carriage and manner of her intended, and every look she gave him as he dodged quietly on beside her, but determined her the more firmly to slip the noose which was soon to fix her lot. Accordingly, on her return, she sent word to another admirer, a tailor, praying that he would come to her rescue. The tailor being a man of mettle, instantly flew to the distressed fair one, accompanied by a party of his friends, as a body guard. The tender question being mooted and settled, the tailor left the damsel for a day or two, to get his house in order, for an early consummation of his wishes. In the interim, another suitor arrived, a dashing young fellow, a farmer, and now the plot began to thicken. After some parleying, the maiden changed her love, and agreed to wed the third sweetheart, appointing a night for him to come and take her away. Now it so happened that the night appointed was the same on which the fair deceiver had promised to reward the gallantry of the tailor—and both parties, each accompanied by a body of friends, met, to their utter astonishment, on the same errand, in the small public-house, facing Loch Farraline, which is kept by sonny Widow Fra-

ser. How the rival suitors and their separate "tails" were now to act, was rather a puzzling question, which it required sundry gills and half mutchkins to digest, but at length, instead of proceeding to hostilities, or adopting the Bonaparte system of tactics, by storming the centre and carrying off the prize by a vigorous *coup de main*, both of the belligerents resolved to go peaceable to the house and trust to Providence for the result. On arriving at the dwelling, their friends remained outside, while the principals entered the cot, big with hope and fear. Only a few minutes, however, elapsed, ere the wily damsel contrived to slip out, giving the sign to the young farmer, who instantly joined the fugitive out of doors, and renewed his vows of everlasting love and attachment! Things had now come to a pretty pass with the tailor and the first sweetheart. The former wisely determined on neutrality, and as he had been so openly jilted, he thought it best to "jouk and let the jaup gae ower." But not so the elderly wooer. On being informed of this double perjury, he was in a towering passion, and vowing that he would make the lass abide by her contract; he went to the house, attended by his friends, all armed with sticks and bludgeons. The girl had returned to her father's roof, and, to settle quietly the matter, which was now beginning to make a noise over the country side, it was resolved to leave it to the fair one's arbitration. In a moment the fickle bride sprang forward and claimed the young farmer, who saluted her with an emphasis that resounded like the crack of a cadger's whip. The downcast discomfited suitor left the house, threatening law and prosecution, while the predestined bridegroom remained with his rustic coquette, anticipating in hope the nuptials which it was agreed to celebrate early next week.—*Inverness Courier*.

CEYLON DEVILS.—1. The devil Oddy, a very fierce and cruel devil, who has the power of transforming himself into three different shapes, is thus described:—His dress is formed of twenty-eight cobra-capellas, which are twisting in graceful coils round his body. His eyes are blue. His body is of a gold colour. His face is dreadful. His mouth is vast, with a snake betwixt his teeth. His head-dress is composed of twenty heads of cobra-capellas. He is mounted on a horse, and holds a pot of fire.

2. The great black devil, who is a foreign demon, is made of mud, with a cap on his head, four hands, holding two swords, a shield, and a pointed iron. Four buffaloes surround him, and on his head, breast, and belly, are sixteen heads of tigers. A cobra-capella twines round his waist, and another tops his crown.

3. The devil of the victim, who haunts the sea and places where there is plenty of water, has a long black face, like that of a man, rubbed with oil and blood. His teeth project beyond his lips; his chin glistens; it is as long as a rock. He always rides on a cat.

4. The devil, called Maraka, has a blue body

with a broad face the colour of a parrot: two cobra-capellas are curled on the forehead, both sides of which are red. His head is decorated with cobra-capellas and three devils' images. He holds the hoods of two cobra-capellas in each hand. He carries an iron rod, and makes a furious deafening noise, being always intoxicated with fermented liquor.

5. The devil of death is very terrific. He has three eyes, one placed vertically in a line with the nose. His mouth extends from ear to ear, and is furnished with grinning teeth, sharp as glass, and two monstrous tusks. He has four hands, in one of which he holds the dart of death. His body is rubbed with red sandal; and he wears a kind of breast-plate, which is an appalling Medusa-like face.

A multitude of other distinguished devils are equal objects of adoration, or of precaution, such as the great grave yard devil, who has the head of a wolf, can grasp an elephant with his hand, and stands on a rock eating men's flesh; the black female devil, who dwells under the rocks and stones of the Black Sea; the sanguinary or blood thirsty devil, who sports in pools of blood, and is approached by making incisions in the body of the votary, &c.

The customary offerings to these beings consist of flowers, sweetmeats, sugar, meat, fried fish, boiled rice, colored or kneaded with blood, odoriferous woods, mustard, cow butter, pancakes, betel leaf, &c. They are presented to the devils with dancing and reverences; the devil priest is called *capoosa*, whence the demonolatry of Ceylon is termed *capoosism*.—[From an article entitled "Cingalese Poetry and Demonology," in the Asiatic Journal.]

From the Preface to Scott's Novels.

DUNCAN AND MACBETH.

Duncan succeeded to Kenneth II. in 1033; he reigned only six years. Macbeth, his near relation, also a grand-child of Malcom II. though by the mother's side, was stirred up by ambition to contest the throne with the possessor. The lady of Macbeth, also, whose real name was Graoch, had deadly injuries to avenge on the reigning prince. She was the grand-daughter of Kenneth I. killed in 1003, fighting against Malcom II.; and other causes for revenge animated the mind of her, who has been since painted as the sternest of women. The old annalists add some instigations of a supernatural kind to the influence of a vindictive woman over an ambitious husband. Three women, of more than human stature and beauty, appeared to Macbeth in a vision, and hailed him successively by the names of thane of Cromarty, thane of Moray, which the king afterwards bestowed on him, and king of Scots, which inspired him with the seductive hopes so well expressed in the drama. Macbeth broke no law of hospitality in his attempt on Duncan's life. He attacked and slew the king at a place called Bothgowan, or the Smith's House, near Elgin, in 1039, and not, as has been supposed, in the castle of Inverness. The

act was bloody, as was the custom of the times; but, in very truth, the claim of Macbeth to the throne, according to the rule of Scottish succession, was better than that of Duncan. As a king, the tyrant so much exclaimed against was, in reality, firm, just and equitable. Apprehension of a party which Malcolm, the eldest son of the slaughtered Duncan, had set on foot in Northumberland, and still maintained in Scotland, seems, in process of time, to have soured the temper of Macbeth, and rendered him formidable to his nobility. Against Macduff, in particular, the Maormor of Fife, he had uttered some threats which occasioned him to fly from the court of Scotland. Urged by his new counsellor, Siward, the Danish earl of Northumberland invaded Scotland in the year 1054, displaying his banner in behalf of the banished Malcolm. Macbeth engaged them in the neighbourhood of his celebrated castle of Dunsinane. He was defeated, but escaped from the battle, and was slain at Lumphanan in 1056. Very slight observation will enable us to recollect how much this simple statement differs from that of the drama, though the plot of the latter is consistent enough with inaccurate historians from whom Shakspeare drew his materials. It might be added, that early authorities show us no such persons as Banquo and his son Fleance, nor have we reason to think that the latter ever fled further from Macbeth than across the flat scene, according to the stage direction. Neither were Banquo or his son ancestors of the house of Stuart. All these things are now known; but the mind dwells pertinaciously on the impression made by the impositions of genius. While the works of Shakspeare are read, and the English language subsists. History may say what she will; but the general reader will only recollect Macbeth as a sacrilegious usurper, and Richard as a deformed murderer.*

* Macbeth, we believe, visited Rome, and was held to be one of the wisest and most accomplished princes of his age.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS AND HIS GUARD.

The following circumstance, which took place before the illness of the EMPEROR, is calculated to give rise to the most curious reflections upon the strange mixture of political despotism and military independence which exist in Russia and from which such serious consequences have already arisen. It will be recollected that the EMPEROR, on his return from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, passed by Toulgzin, where the regiments of the Guards which were in the campaign of 1828 were cantoned. The Grand Duke CONSTANTINE and MICHAEL accompanied the EMPEROR, who, on his arrival at Toulgzin, had the intention of reviewing the regiments.—By a mistake of the Colonel of one of these corps, some disorder took place in the execution of the evolutions which were directed by the Grand Duke MICHAEL, as General-in-Chief of

the Imperial Guard; the latter, on perceiving the mistake, rode towards the Colonel, and after a slight reprimand for his awkwardness, he gave him a pull of the ear, as if by joke. The officer, second in command, having remarked this circumstance, and taking it up as a grave insult to the whole corps in the person of the Colonel, immediately ordered the whole of the regiment to ground their arms. A scene then took place which might have compromised the throne of the EMPEROR, and perhaps have affected his life, or that of his brothers. NICHOLAS, who had been witness to what had taken place along the line of his troops, then approached and ordered the two regiments drawn up in line by the side of that which had grounded arms, to make it prisoner, in order that it might undergo the chastisement which it merited by an act which bore all the symptoms of a mutiny. But the Colonels of those regiments, proud of the title of pretorians, far from blindly obeying this order, as military discipline required, refused, humbly representing that they did not believe that their brave companions in arms had rendered themselves guilty of an offence deserving of such severe punishment. The EMPEROR did not know how to act under these difficult circumstances, as a rash resolution might have been attended with the most disastrous results. Nothing, therefore, was done, and the EMPEROR set out for St. Petersburg. The Grand Duke MICHAEL remained at Toulgzin, and CONSTANTINE, who had made the most violent remonstrances, but whom the Emperor suspected to have taken an indirect part in causing the excitement, received an order to travel for some time in Germany. [The above is contained in a letter from Warsaw, dated Dec. 5.]—*Court Journal*.

Timbuctoo—Rene Caillie's Travels.

Extracted from the Foreign Literary Gazette.

We have the good fortune in our first number to give extracts from Caillie's *Travels to Timbuctoo*—a very interesting work, as yet unpublished either in the original French or in the English translation, and begin with the following account of some strange customs, &c.

Remarkable Sect.—Amongst the tribes on the banks of the Rio Nunez there is a secret society, not unlike that of the Freemasons. It has a head, who is called the Simo. He makes laws, and they are executed under his authority. This Simo lives in the woods, and is never seen by the uninitiated. He is attended by pupils, who are partly initiated in the mysteries. Sometimes he assumes the form of a pelican, sometimes he is wrapt up in the skins of wild beasts, and sometimes covered from head to foot with leaves, which conceal his real shape. Novices may be initiated at several different times of the year. The families in several different villages, who wish to have their children admitted, collect all the boys between the ages of 12 and 14, and send for the Simo. He comes to the place in disguise, to circumcise the children, none but

candidates being present at the operation. The ceremony is accompanied by a great feast, at the expense of the parents, who contribute according to their respective means. The feast lasts sometimes for several days. After it is over, the Simo withdraws to the woods, and takes with him the boys who have been initiated; from this time forward they have no farther communication with their relatives. They lead a pleasant idle life; provisions are bestowed upon them in abundance, and they dwell in huts made of the branches of trees, with no other clothing than a few palm leaves skilfully arranged, from the loins half way down the thighs, the head and the rest of the body being quite naked. I have often seen them go by with two calabashes of palm-wine slung at the two ends of a stick, which they carried on their shoulder. They walk at a prodigious rate, and seem afraid of being seen. When the Simo or his disciples meet a stranger in the wood, they ask him for the watch word of the order, if the answer is correct, the stranger is admitted amongst them; if not, the master and his pupils, all armed with sticks and rods, attack him, and after beating him severely, exact a high ransom. If an uncircumcised boy falls into their hands, they circumcise him, and keep him for the purpose of initiating him. They have no mercy on women, whom they beat most cruelly, and, as I have been told, they are sometimes barbarous enough to kill them. The young persons thus initiated lead this idle and vagabond life for seven or eight years; this period it is said, is necessary for their instruction. When the parents are desirous of getting them back from the woods, they collect all the *pagnes* they can, and make with them a fine girdle, which they adorn with copper bells, and send it to their children, with a present of tobacco and rum for the master. It is only at such times that the son shows himself in public. The eve of the festival is celebrated in the woods, near the spot where he is to make his appearance, and he gives notice by his loud shouts that he means to be visible. Without this notice no person excepting the initiated durst look at him, for they are foolish enough to think it unlucky, and if they were to be taken ill after it, they would not fail to ascribe it to the unfortunate glance. On the festival day, the Simo again announces his approach by frightful howlings, which are imitated by his pupils with cows' horns. They are all armed with whips, in token of their authority. Those who have been formerly initiated, and reside in the neighboring villages, collect and join in the rejoicings. They dress themselves in their best apparel, and, preceded by the music of the country, march at the head of the troops. After having complimented the Simo, they make him a little present, and conduct him in triumph to the village with the sound of the tom-tom. Those who are present accompany the music with their monotonous singing, and fire off guns. The women also assemble, singing, and bearing each a calabash of rice, which they fling at the

Simo, by way of offering, amid dances and shouts of joy. These festivals are usually very gay: much palm-wine and rum are drank, sheep and oxen are killed, and there is great feasting, which lasts several days. When all this rejoicing is over, the children whose parents cannot afford to make presents to the Simo, return with him into the woods, and continue the same course of life for seven or eight years longer. When they are old enough to be serviceable, however, they are allowed to help their parents, at the approach of the rainy season, to work in the fields; after which they return to the woods, and the master employs them in cultivating his land. When the initiated return to their families, they set up before their doors a tree, or merely a stake, at the end of which is suspended a small piece of stuff, most commonly white. The tree or stake, whichever it may happen to be, is a gift from the master, in return for the handsome present which he has received. They give the name of Simo to this tree or stake, and it becomes their tutelary deity; they respect and fear it so much, that to prevent any one from going to a particular spot, it is only necessary to set up a Simo before it. They also swear by it, and believe that a false oath would draw upon them the vengeance of the mysterious demon; they are even afraid of lying, lest they should provoke its interference. If any thing is owing to them, or if any one has taken from them some article which they cannot recover, they piously address their prayers to this bit of wood, and offer it a sacrifice of rice, honey, or palm-wine, firing off a gun at its foot. This is a species of complaint which they make to the Simo to petition for redress. From this time if any of the debtor's family should fall sick, it is ascribed to the agency of the Simo; the relations in a fright hasten to discharge the debt, to return what has been stolen, or to make reparation if any insult has been offered. They believe in sorcery and witch-craft; whoever is suspected of sorcery is forthwith delivered to the Simo, who acts as chief magistrate. The accused is questioned, and if he confesses, he is condemned to pay a fine; if, on the other hand, he maintains his innocence, he is compelled to drink a liquor made of the bark of a tree which gives to water a beautiful red color. Both are obliged to swallow the same medicine, or rather poison; they must drink it fasting and entirely naked, except that the accused is allowed the distinction of a white *pagne* which he wraps round his loins. The liquor is poured into a small calabash, and the accuser and the accused are forced to take an equal quantity, until, unable to swallow more, they expel it or die. If the poison is expelled by vomiting, the accused is innocent, and then he has a right to reparation; if it passes downwards he is deemed not absolutely innocent; and if it should not pass at all at the time, he is judged to be guilty. I have been assured that few of these wretched creatures survive this ordeal; they are compelled to drink so large a dose of the poison that

they die almost immediately. If, however, the family of the accused consent to pay an indemnity, the unhappy patient is excused from drinking any more liquor; he is then put into a bath of tepid water, and by the application of both feet to the abdomen they make him cast up the poison which he has swallowed. This cruel ordeal is employed for all sorts of crimes. The consequence is, that though it may sometimes lead to the confession of crimes, it also induces the innocent to acknowledge themselves guilty rather than submit to it. It is not lawful either to quarrel or fight near the places which are inhabited by the mystical magistrate. When war is to be carried on in the neighborhood, notice is given to the Simo and his retinue to retire. If two adversaries were to fight while he was near, they would be forced immediately to make him a present, as a reparation for having disturbed him; if they were to omit this, they would fancy that some great calamity was continually impending over them. When they carry their gift to the Simo, they are obliged to turn their backs to him and put their hands over their eyes; he receives the offering, pronounces a long prayer, and picks up a little earth, which he throws at them in token of absolution. After this ridiculous ceremony, the disturbers of the Simo's peace return perfectly satisfied. During the few days that I was at Kakondy, I heard the Simo and his attendants howling horribly while dancing.'

His story of being an Arab of Alexandria originally taken prisoner by the Christians and carried into captivity—of his escape, and being now returning to the place of his nativity and the religion of his fathers, passing current, (as indeed it deserved, from the cleverness of the invention)—Caille is treated with hospitality at Jenne, whence he embarked for Timbucto. Of Jenne he tells us:—

'I paid a visit to the market; I was surprised at the number of the people I saw there. It is well supplied with all the necessaries of life, and is constantly crowded by a multitude of strangers, and the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, who attend it to sell their produce, and to purchase salt and other commodities. There are several rows of dealers both male and female. Some erect little palisades of straw, to protect themselves from the excessive heat of the sun; over these they throw a *pagne*, and thus form a small hut. Their goods are laid out in little baskets, placed on large round panniers. In going round the market, I observed some shops pretty well stocked with European commodities, which sell at a very high price. There was a great variety of cotton goods, printed muslins, calicoes, scarlet cloth, hardware, flints, &c. Nearly the whole of these articles appeared to be of English manufacture. I saw, however, some French muskets, which are much esteemed. Among the other articles on sale, were glass trinkets, false amber, false coral, sulphur in sticks, and gunpowder, which, I was informed, is manufactured in the country.'

PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 1830.

The year 1830 will be a very eventful one—to every old maid who gets married.

Throughout the whole course of the year, whenever the moon wanes the night will grow dark.

Those who have debts to pay, and no cash, will lose their credit.

It is probable that if there is no business doing, people will complain of hard times, but it is certain that those who hang themselves will escape starving to death. Any man who spends faster than he earns will not be richer at the end of the year than he was at the beginning, which is more certain still. He that bites off his own nose or turns politician, will act like a fool, and that is the most certain of all.

If bishop sleeves go out of fashion there will be more elbow-room among the ladies. If toques follow, we may perhaps see over their heads. If either of them should be talked of, there will be much ado about nothing.

Many a man will get rich this year—in a dream. The present session of Congress will be one of uncommon interest and importance. This cannot fail of being true, because it has been said every year regularly, ever since we have had a remembrance.

If dandies wear their beards there will be less work for the barbers. He who wears mustachios will have something to sneeze at.

If the incumbent of a fat office should die, there will be a score of feet ready to step into one pair of shoes. If any old miser dies, it will occasion the shedding of many tears—that “live in an onion.”

He who marries during this year will run a great risk—that is, if he does it in a hurry. He who steals a match will make tattlers gossip and get himself into a scrape.

He that is penniless this year will not grieve much at the fall of stocks. He who grows old without growing wise, will be a long time coming to years of discretion. He who wants to borrow money will know the value of it. He who laughs at his own dull jokes, or hunts for a cat with three legs, or becomes a candidate for office, will rival honest Dogberry, and be content to “write himself an ass.”

There will be more books published this year than will find purchasers; more rhymes written than will find readers; and more bills made than will find payers.

Whoever is in love this year will think his mistress an angel. Whoever gets married, will find out whether it be true.

If any young lady should happen to blush, or baste a turkey this year, she will look red in the face. If she dreams of a young man three nights in succession it will be a sign of something. If she dream of him four times, or have the tooth ache, it is ten to one that she is a long time getting either of them out of her head.

If a man builds a house this year without counting the cost, he will know more at the end of his undertaking than at the beginning.

If any one jumps overboard, without knowing how to swim, it is two to one that he gets drowned. If any one lends an umbrella, it is ten to one that he is obliged to go home in the rain for his pains.

There will be a great noise about the country—whenever it thunders; and a great dust will be kicked up—by coach horses—unless the roads are macadamised.

Whoever runs in debt this year will be dunned. Whoever hires money out of the bank will be in no hurry to see the last day of grace. Whoever is out at the elbows will think of a tailor. Whoever is high upon the score and low in the pocket, will think of the Deputy Sheriff.

Whoever makes the discovery that the world is given to lying, will do what Jack Falstaff has done before him.

Many an old sinner will resolve to turn over a new leaf this year, but the new leaf will turn out a blank. Many a fond fool will jump into a honey pot—and find it mustard—without being able to say with the fly, ‘I’m off.’

Many things will be wondered at this year, and turn out not to be miracles. Many a great man will tell a fine story to which Mr. Burchell would have said ‘Fudge!’

Finally, we are of opinion that this will be a wonderful year—just like all that have gone before it. The world will go round and come back to the place from which it set out, and this will be the course of many a man who should be up and doing. There will be a great cry and little wool, as at a shearing of pigs.

THE DEATH OF SUMMER.

By Miss Agnes Strickland, Author of “*The Seven Ages of Woman*,” &c.

By the lengthened twilight hours,
By the still and frequent showers,
By the flow’rets pale and faded,
By the leaves with russet shaded,
By the grey and clouded morn,
By the drooping ears of corn,
Ripened now, and earthward tending,
As man when full of years is bending
Towards his kindred dust, where he
Lowly soon shall withering be;
By the silence of each grove,
Vocal late with notes of love,
By the meadows overspread,
With the spider’s wavy thread,
By the soft and shadowy sky,
By the thousand tears that lie
Every weeping bough beneath,
Summer! we perceive thy death,
Summer! all thy charms are past!
Summer! thou art waning fast!
Scarcely one of all thy roses
On thy faded brow reposes;
Day by day more feebly shining,
Sees thy glorious beams declining,
Though the wan and sickly smile,
Faintly lingers yet a while.
Thrush and Nightingale have long
Ceased to woo thee with their song;
And on every lonely height
Swallows gather for their flight.
Streams, that in their sparkling course
Rippling flowed, are dark and hoarse;
While the gale’s inconstant tone,
Sweeping through the vallies lone,
Sadly sighs, with lonely breath,
Requiem for Summer’s death.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

UNLUCKY TEXT.—Poor Dr. Sheridan, in an unguarded moment, but in as guiltless a spirit as characterized the Vicar of Wakefield, chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Although the sermon did not contain a single political allusion that could have caused uneasiness, or should have given offence, yet it was recorded in judgment against him, and obstructed his preferment ever after.—*Southey's Colloquies.*

THE FARMER AND THE BEGGAR.

A strong, hearty, lazy fellow, who preferred begging for a precarious subsistence to working for a sure one, called at the house of a blunt Massachusetts farmer, and, in the usual language of his race, asked for "cold victuals and old clothes." "You appear to be a stout, hearty looking man," said the farmer; "what do you do for a living?" "Why not much," replied the fellow, "except travelling about from one place to another." "Travelling about, ha?" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?" "O yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that." "Well then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

A SERIOUS QUESTION.

The Salem Observer relates the substance of a conversation heard in Broad street, in Boston, by one of the visitors of the poor. In one corner of a room, occupied by an Irish family there was an old straw bed, in which was a little boy, whom the mother was covering with some rags on the top of which she placed an old door.—"Mother," said the boy, "how do poor folks make out this cold weather, who have no doors to lay on their bed?"

PROOF THAT A MAN IS DEAD.—A subscriber to one of the Eastern papers, a few years ago, being sadly in arrears for the same, promised the editor that if his life was spared to a certain day, he would without fail discharge his bill. The day passed and the bill was not paid. The natural conclusion therefore was, that the man was dead—absolutely defunct.—Proceeding on this conclusion, the editor, in the next paper, placed the name of the delinquent under the obituary head, with the attending circumstances of time and place. Pretty soon after this announcement, the subject of it appeared to the editor; not with the pale and ghastly countenance usually ascribed to apparitions—but with face as red as scarlet. Neither did it, like other apparitions, wait to be first spoken to, but broke silence with—"What the devil, sir, did you mean by publishing my death?" "Why, sir, the same that I mean when I publish the death of any other person, viz: to let the world know that you were dead." "Well, but I'll be c—s—d if I am dead!" "Not dead! then it's your own fault, for you told me you

would positively pay your bill by such a day, if you lived till that time. The day is passed, the bill is not paid, and you positively must be dead—for I will not believe you would forfeit your word; O no." "I see you have got around me—Mr. Editor—but say no more about it—here's the money. And, barkee, you wag, just contradict my death next week, will you!" "O certainly, sir, just to please you—though upon my word, I can't help thinking you died at the time specified, and that you have merely come back to pay this bill, on account of your friendship to me."

The following may serve as a hint to those cozening politicians, who are so dreadfully in love with the "dear people, the sweet people, the charming people:"—

"How is all your family, John? How are Mrs. Clod and the little ones?" said Mr. Quintam to a neighbour employed in mending the public road.—"Pretty well, I thank you," said John. "I am glad of it," says the other; "What news, John?"—"Why, I guess we shall have an election pretty soon," replied John. "Why so?" "Because you are so glad Mrs. Clod and the little ones are well," answered the labourer, with a shrewd look that told the lawyer he had better be off.

A French writer remarks that "the modest deportment of those who are truly wise, when contrasted with the assuming air of the young and ignorant, may be compared to the different appearance of wheat, which, while its ear is empty, holds up its head proudly, but as soon as it is filled with grain, bends modestly down, and withdraws from observation."

A person visiting Luton copied the following singular inscription from a gravestone there:—

Reader, I've left a world in which
I had a world to do;
Sweating and fretting to be rich,
Just such a fool as you.

Baron de Grimm shrewdly observes in a letter relating to the anxiety of d'Alembert to be buried within the walls of the parish church, "It is very strange that these philosophers think it is so much pleasure to be in church after they are dead, and so much glory to be out of it when living."

It is formally announced in the Paris papers, as a German discovery, that *onions* being planted near rose-trees, give a most exquisite scent to the roses. We should presume that the onions would have the advantage, in the business of "stealing and giving odour," and that to attempt to throw perfume on the rose, would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess." We may soon hear of the otto of onionssuperseding that of the muse's favorite.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are people with white swellings on their knees, like the Hottentots?—Because their *knee grows*.

SCHOOL OF FLORA,
From the Medical Flora of the United States.
 [COPY RIGHT SECURED.]



CYPRIPEDIUM LUTEUM.

ENGLISH NAME—Yellow Ladies' Slipper.

VULGAR NAMES—Mocasin Flower, Yellow, Bleeding Heart, American Valerian, Yellow Umbil, Male Mervine, Noah's Ark, &c.

Genus CYPRIPEDIUM—Perigone symphyogynae concrete with the germen at the base, with five unequal sepals or divisions, superior and often colored; the innermost or labellum larger, different, ventricose, split.—Central pillar or gonophore bearing two Anthers and a terminal lobe.

Species C. LUTEUM—Stem leafy, leaves broad, often acute and pubescent, flowers with the labellum shorter than the other sepals, saccate and compressed, two inner sepals linear spiral and very long, terminal central lobe deltoid nearly obtuse.

DESCRIPTION—Roots perennial, with many long, thick, fleshy cylindrical and flexuose fibres, of a pale yellowish cast, diverging horizontally from the caudex. Stems one to five from the same caudex, simple, erect, often pubescent and angular, rising one or two feet, three to seven leaves, and one to three flowers. Leaves alternate, sessile, sheathing, ovate or oblong, acute pubescent or smooth, but always entire, and with many parallel nerves, green above, paler beneath.

Flowers sessile, when more than one, each has a bracteal leaf. Germen concrete or inferior, green, cylindrical, often curved. Perigone with five unequal and different sepals, called petals by the Linnean Botanists: two are external oblong or lanceolate, acute, longer than the labellum and green; two are internal, longer, narrower, spirally contorted and green: the fifth or inner-

most and lower, called Labellum, is totally different from the others, shorter but larger, yellow with or without red spots, hollow like a bag, convex beneath, rounded in front, split above with inflexed margins. Style and stamina concrete in the centre, above the germen, forming a central pillar, flattened above into an oblong deltoid lobe, supposed to be the stigma by some Botanists, and bearing before two anthers, lodged in separate cells.—The fruit is an oblong capsul, with one cell, three valves, and a multitude of minute seeds, as in all the Orchideous tribe.

HISTORY—The natural order of the Orchideous, to which this plant belongs, is a very striking and peculiar tribe of Monocotyle vegetables, which even Linnæus considered as natural, and put in his class *Gynandria* and order *Dianthia*, although most of them are truly monandrous. He called their perigone a corolla, because often colored, and termed the labellum a nectary, while it is evidently a part of the perigone or sexual covering. The generic name of *Cypripedium*, means Venus' Shoe; it is a splendid genus, containing several beautiful American and Asiatic species.

This plant blossoms in May and June; it is much valued in gardens for its beauty and singularity, but it is difficult to cultivate—it will seldom grow from seeds; the roots must be taken up with earth round them, and transplanted in a congenial, rich, light soil. For medicinal use, they must be collected in the fall, or early in the spring, carefully dried and reduced to powder.

LOCALITY—Found all over the United States, from New England to Louisiana; but very rare in some places, while it is common in the hills and swamps of New York, the Highlands, Green and Catskill Mountains, and also in the glades and prairies of the Western States.

QUALITIES—The roots are the only medical part; they have a pungent, mucilaginous taste, and a peculiar smell, somewhat nauseous. They contain extractive gum, fecula, and perhaps a small portion of essential oil.

PROPERTIES—It is with some satisfaction that I am enabled to introduce, for the first time, this beautiful genus into our *Materia Medica*: all the species are equally medical; they have been long known to the Indians, who called them Mocasin flower, and were used by the Empirics of New England.

They are sedative, nervine, antispasmodic, &c.; and the best American substitute for Valerian in almost all cases. They produce beneficial effects in all nervous diseases and hysterical affections, by allaying pain, quieting the nerves and promoting sleep. They are also used in hemiplegia, epilepsy, tremors, nervous fevers, &c. They are preferable to opium in many cases, having no baneful or narcotic effects. The dose is a teaspoonful of the powder, diluted in sugar water, or any other convenient form. As in Valerian, the nervine power is increased by combination with mild tonics.—The powder alone has been used; but an extract might be also efficient, unless the active principle is very volatile.

It is well known that the roots of all the tubercular Orchideous, afford the official Salep, which is so highly esteemed in Asia as aphrodisiac, nutritive and pectoral. The roots of many species of Orchis could afford it in America. The *Cypripedium* having long fleshy roots, appear to afford a different kind of substance, by their efficiency as equivalents to Valerian and Opium.

All the bulbs of our tubercular Orchideous are more or less like Salep, Aphrodisiac and Uterine. But one of them, the *Aplectrum hymale*, (called formerly *Cymbidium* and *Corallorhiza* by other Botanists,) commonly known by the vulgar name of Adam and Eve, furnishes a kind of Glue, and has active properties. A species of the same genus *Aplectrum lutescens*, which grows in the Western States, is said to be a powerful Uterine, employed by the Indian women to procure abortion.

LADY SWEET THIS IS THE HOUR, A Serenade,

POETRY BY L. E. L.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY LEOPOLD MEIGNEN,

PUPIL OF THE ROYAL CONSERVATORIO OF PARIS.

Amoroso.



La - dy sweet, this is the hour, Time's loveli - est to



me, For now my lute may breathe of love, and it may



breathe, and it may breathe of thee. All



day I sought some trace of thine, But never, but never likeness



found! But - - - - still to be where thou hast been, Is



tread - ing fai - ry ground! But still to be where thou hast



been, is tread - ing fai - - - ry ground.



"Mind, mind alone, (bear witness earth and heaven.)
The living fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime: here hand in hand,
Sit paramount the graces: here enthron'd,
Celestial Venus, with divinest airs,
Invites the soul to never fading joy."

A FRAGMENT.

Dread is upon that cursed barque,
As on its way it speeds
O'er ocean's wave, for on its decks,
Its lifeless master bleeds—

Reckless alike of Fame and Fate,
His life was one of shame;
Now briny wave is for his corse,
Oblivion for his name.

'Twas then, when she, his early love,
His only hope, betrayed,
Love's happy dreams and youth's proud hopes
And rainbow prospects fled—

In silence, left he that false one,
To vengeance vowed his breath,
And blood and flame was in his path,
And horror in his death.—

Hist! see ye not those gloomy forms!
The dead swings o'er the wave—
One moment yet—what splash was that—
Oh God! in mercy save!—

See! hissing foam comes o'er the wretch!
Are there no tears for him?
Can tears procure his corse a shroud?
His soul, a requiem?

O'er him shall ocean madly roar,
But him it ne'er can rouse;
Man's treachery now, can never reach
His gloomy charnel house.—

Bleak sighing winds shall o'er him sweep,
And hymn his only dirge,
But their loud rage can ne'er disturb
His rest beneath the surge—

T. M. H.

FRAGMENT.

She lay upon the bed of death—
Her struggling, short, convulsive breath
Betray'd the fatal truth—and there,
Wrapt up in anguish and despair,
The mournful mother stood—her eye
Was moisten'd by no tear—no sigh
Was heard to heave from her sad breast—
But hers was grief that knows no rest—
A silent, secret, torturing grief,
That looks not beyond the earth for relief—
That rends the quiv'ring, sinking heart,
And never, never will depart,
She gazed upon her only child,
In speechless sorrow—wretched, wild,—

Her love, her joy, her early care,
Her only hope was center'd there.
Beneath her gentle 'tendance rear'd,
And, day by day, the more endear'd
To her glad heart—as pure in mind
As the fair form wherein it lay enshrin'd,
Her daughter bloom'd—the pledge of changeless love,
The holy gift sent from above,
To be her stay and solace here,
To wipe away each falling tear,
The pangs of mis'ry to assuage,
And cheer her last declining age.
But, her career was too, too brief—
O, who can tell that mother's grief,
When she beheld, for the last time,
In all the glow of youthful prime,
Her only child?—In beauty bright,
Ere yet sin's deadly, with'ring blight,
With gradual steps, had stol'n now
O'er that unspotted, lovely brow,
Long, long might she have lived and moved—
Admired by all—by all beloved—
The flow'r of heav'nly purity—
The luring charm of every eye—
But Fate had mark'd her early doom—
The brilliant hue—the rosy-bloom
Of youth was soon to pass away,
And only yield a ling'ring ray
To gild the silent tomb.

CARLOS.

LOVE AND HOPE.

I saw Grizzilda smile in tears,
Her bosom heav'd with sighing—
Sweet smiles, which beauty only wears,
And sighs, but not with boding fears,
And tears uncaused by crying.

I kissed the smiling tears away,
And soon dispell'd her weeping—
I told my love in language gay;
My offered hand in hers I lay,
And lull'd her sighs a-sleeping.

And now, the sighs and tears are gone,
And smiles alone remaining—
Grizzilda's fate and mine are one;
And ere the wedding day had come,
We both had ceas'd complaining.

Such happiness reserved for man,
Makes woman's heart a jewel—
And he who dare defer the plan;
Or thwart the impulse if he can,
Must be to woman cruel.

FAITH.

There is—that when the soul is tried,
And various counter ills betide,
That tend to lead astray;
There is—a something whispers still,
Fear not, no sorrow boding ill,
Shall drive thy hopes away!

There is—within the human mind,
A spirit ever good and kind,
Which points the unerring road:
That baffles all external things,
And moves, at will, the secret springs
Which lead the soul to God!

There is—when fortune sternly frowns,
That all our enemies confounds,
And calms the troubled breast—
'Tis faith that lifts our hopes on high,
And bids us live, or bids us die,
And leave to heaven the rest!

HUMAN NATURE.

Say what is man?—a paradox,

A worm, a god, a thing,
A symbol of Pandora's box,
A beggar and a king.

A contradiction—envy, art,
Revenge and hate and love,
Dwell in that little world, his heart,
Yet all is full of Jove.

Would you the rich man's purse invade,
His favours win fourfold,
Then be you in no need of aid,
Be you as rich in gold.

The rich shun penury's cheerless door,
As penury were a witch;
The poor divide but with the poor,
The rich give to the rich.

I saw a man with fortune bless'd,
And he had many a friend
That every day his pride address'd
Full fearful to offend.

They vow'd eternal friendship, love
Forever, as then warm,
Which naught on earth should ever move
In sunshine or in storm.

THE FEMICIDE.

"Sisters! weave the web of death;
Sisters! cease, the work is done."

The Fatal Sisters.

The picture I have endeavoured to draw in the following stanzas is from life. The incidents are literally true. Though the general reader may discover in the "Femicide" some analogy, in circumstance, to that humbling picture of human depravity, "The confessions of an Unexecuted Femicide," an extract from which may be found in the 11th No. of the Casket for 1827, yet it is not the same, nor are they like, save in the catastrophe of female error.

There is an agony of soul,
A sickening pang that few can bear;
And o'er the spirit wildly roll
The scathing billows of despair,
When in the bosom we can trace
A love we dare not own—which space
Nor time nor worlds can e'er efface,
Or quench the flame so strongly fed—
The love for one we cannot wed.

The moon is forth, and in a bow'r
Of jessamine and myrtle twin'd,
Fair Delia waits the promis'd hour
Of Oro's coming; there reclin'd,
With fever'd hope and anxious fear,
She marks the slow recede of day,
As one by one now melt away
Sol's brightest hues, and nature's tear
Hangs glistening on the rose-bud near.

"He comes, he comes! I saw him then,
In yonder widening, darken'd glen;
He comes, he comes! O, I rejoice
That I again may hear his voice;
He comes, he comes! vain heart be still,
Nor by thy warmth bring deeper ill."
In Delia's bower, as Oro oow,
With evil heart and darkened brow;
Yet little weens the maid caressed,
How soon her soul must join the blest.

As Oro talks of love the while,
She little marks his bosom's guile;
But thinks, as well the maiden may,
Whose life has been a holy-day,
That she shall hail to-morrow's dawn,
On shady wood and flowery lawn,
With thought as free and bosom mild,
As she was wont when but a child.

To-morrow, yet in heaven attends
To learn of Him whose will is fate,
What errand unto earth he sends,
That fallen clime of souls ingrate.

Yet, when it comes, like yesterday,
That herald to eternity,
It soon will pass away, away,
O'erfraught with human misery.

Upon to-morrow fancy dwells,
And pictures bliss in gaudy hue;
And hope with all her airy spells,
Would us persuade the picture's true.

But, O! could all the human race,
In truth, their future mornings see,
They would but hate this idle chase
Of evanescent vanity.

SONG.

The wretch who toils beneath the line
To catch the diamond's sparkling ray,
May bear that bright gem from the mine
That frees him to the upper day.

His head is crown'd,
With garlands round,
Soft music wakes its melody—
'Mid tears he smiles,
Forgets his toils,
And lives redeemed from slavery.
But me, no ray of hope attends
To light the abyss of dark despair;
The jewel that my fate unbends,
Lies hid in deeper darkness there!
Nor wealth, nor fame,
Nor honour'd name,
My radiant morn of manhood greet,—
The slave of love,
Love's slave I rove,
And sigh, unchain'd, at beauty's feet.

E. A. McL.

STANZAS.

There is a spot, far, far beyond
This transitory scene,
Where all is glorious, bright and clear,
And tranquilly serene;
Where stainless souls, immortal, free,
Shall wander thro' eternity.

And, in that ever-blessed abode,
Love, passionless and pure,
And Beauty, with her seraph-smile,
For ever shall endure.
There, calm Content, with placid ray,
Shall gild the sunny hours,
While Happiness shall deck fair Virtue's brow,
With a bright wreath of fadeless flow'rs.

And O! how cheering is the thought,
That on yon lovely shore,
The hearts that Death had sever'd here,
Again in union shall adore—
Again shall be wafted on Love's gentle wing,
And bloom in the smiles of a Heavenly spring.

CARLOS.

TO LOVE.

Hence, babbling ideot. hence!
 False, fleeting, phantom of unreal joy!
 Genius of sighs and sad complaints,
 And lover's tears;—
 Hence, to rude barbarians fly,
 And there apply
 Thy magic terrors—witching fears—
 Bleeding vows that hope endears—
 And promises of air:
 Go, faithless boy,
 Bid callous bosoms feel thy smart;
 And melt with tenderest sighs the flinty heart!—
 Yes,—revel there,
 Till all confess thy power, and own thine art!
 Yet, hast thou joys, bright youth!
 And not alone
 Thy subtle poison works its secret charm!—
 But lull'd in luring sweets that fears disarm,
 Tempt with enticing bliss each amorous one;
 Till fierce desires that nought can soothe,
 Wrap in enkindling flames, and madd'ning burn!

For thee the poet wakes th' enrapturing lyre,
 And breathes in wildest melody the song;—
 Or nobler deeds the ravished chords inspire,
 And in impassion'd strains his glowing accents fire!
 For thee—for thee
 Old chivalry
 Starts from Oblivion; and in Memory's eye
 The belted Knight
 And crested warrior, throng
 Once more the pathway to a deathless fame;
 And cas'd in greaves and armour bright,
 That, like opposing suns, seem guis'd for fight,
 Each peerless fair proclaim.

For thee, the youth resigns
 All other pleasures of the passing hour;—
 And age—its visionary pow'r:—
 And I, even I—can claim
 Some portion of thy name!
 Alas! a vot'ry at thy sovereign shrine!

Yes, I have known thee in thy softest form;—
 I've woo'd thee in the smiles of spring—
 In summer's whispering breath, so warm—
 And Autumn's sweets, luxuriant, did thee bring:
 E'en winter's blast,
 As scowlingly it hurries past,
 Doth to my listening ear thy praises sing!

But I have known thee in a fonder light—
 I've felt the glow
 Of feeling, and of passion too;—
 All the soft thrillings of thy rich delight,
 Like shadows softly stealing
 Around the verge of moon-lit tow'rs,
 Entwined around each blissful hour;—
 But they have fled,—revealing
 Grievs thy bliss had hid before—
 Sorrows, oh! how keen y' known:
 Yes, thou hast school'd my heart to pour
 Its offerings at Affliction's throne!
 To meditate in silence—submissive—and alone!

Away then, Traitor, flee!
 Woman's siren witchery:
 Whispering songs of sweetest bliss,
 And with a Judas kiss
 Betraying still to deeper wretchedness—
 Fancy's offspring—folly nurs'd—
 Foul deceiver—Beauty's dream—
 How innocent thy baby face doth seem?

How guiltless that sweet look of thine?
 But ah! thy visions of delight
 Mock but with fading hopes the eager grasp;
 And ere the longing soul can clasp,
 Like spirit accurst,
 Or unshriv'd ghost from Stygian cell
 At morning's rosy birth of light,
 They fade to tenfold darkness—deeper night!—
 Away, thy talismanic spell
 May not enshrine,
 In fresher woe, this bleeding heart of mine!—
 SENEX.

“Julia, it was very thoughtless for him to come in a gig to bid me farewell—with such a skittish horse, too!”

He's gone without a tear or sigh,
 He did not bend his knee at parting;
 He might have knelt, and sworn he'd die,
 Although he thought the horse was starting.

He's gone—and not one sad farewell
 Burst from his lips—and trembled wildly;
 And why? I'm sure I cannot tell—
 I bade him go, 'tis true—but mildly!

He might have stay'd to press my hand,
 Although that odious horse was prancing;
 Dear Julia, were his eyes not bland?
 Had not he a sweet foot for dancing?

I'm sure he might have come last night—
 I wonder if he went this morning?
 Dear Julia, were his teeth not white?
 Oh, bless me, how my cheeks are burning.

Dear Julia, did he not look pale?
 Perhaps he's ill—perhaps—oh, no;
 'Twas only in that silly reel
 His eyes were bent on Laura so.

I think I am not very well—
 O, dear me, what a horrid pillow:
 Hark, Julia—was not that our bell?
 Oh no—he's gone—the cruel fellow.

But prythe, should he chance to come,
 Don't tell him how I've wept or scolded;
 Tell him this book has kept me home—
 hope he'll find the leaves I've folded.

Oh! but I'm very sure he's gone—
 I dream'd last night—oh, poor dear fellow;
 I wonder if he'll be the Ton?
 Do let's go ask a Fortune-Teller.

Come Julia, dearest, pray make haste:
 I wish he had not brought his gig here:
 When last we waltz'd he clasp'd my waist;
 I wonder if that's in the figure?

How can you keep me waiting so;
 Those plaguy puffs, how long they hinder—
 You'll be an hour before you go—
 How oft I've seen him pass this window.

His voice was very, very sweet;
 Methinks I still can hear him singing—
 I'm sure I heard the sound of feet;
 Oh heavens! how the bell is ringing. MARY.

THE DEATH OF A YOUNG FRIEND.

O! there was one, who died in life's young morn,
 Even in its brightest moments. Many hearts
 Had twined with her's in happy intercourse,
 And loved her well. The many clouds of woe
 That gather round the latter hours of life,

Had scarce begun to brighten on her view,
 Ere she was called away. And there were some,
 Who thought it hard that she should die so soon;
 That one so loved, whose prospects were so bright,
 Should die, while there were thousands left behind,
 Who had enjoyed the loveliness of life,
 And now were tasting even its bitter dregs—
 Whom it would scarcely cost a pang to die.
 But such were not her thoughts. She calmly bowed
 Beneath the stroke of death, nor even wished
 That stroke delayed. Heaven open'd its golden gates
 In glory on her vision, and she seemed
 To hear a voice of mercy call her hence.

And so she died, and shed not even a tear,
 Save those of penitence and humble joy.
 In such a death there was a warning voice
 To those who saw her. And the thought would press
 With solemn interest upon their hearts,
 That should they thus be called to pass away,
 Even in the bloom of life, they could not all
 Die so as she had died. ARCOLO.

MY NATAL DAY.

My natal day! my natal day!
 What phantoms crowd my troubled brain;
 What visions of the dreary past:
 And joys, and griefs,—a ghostly train—
 Like mists upon the mountain's brow,
 Come o'er my trembling soul and whisper, thou
 Art here, my natal day!

My natal day! my natal day!
 How well thou tell'st of seasons gone!
 Hopes, how vanished! yet—how gay!
 And fading sisters, one by one,
 That, wrapt in Time's oblivious tomb,
 Have wing'd their trackless flight, and bid thee come
 To me, my natal day!

My natal day! my natal day!
 How have thy kindred's promise fled!
 Sweet dreams, and soft imaginings,
 And pleasant voices from the shade:—
 How have they pass'd away!—shalt thou
 Fade thus so quick, and be as faithless too?
 Alas! my natal day!

It grieves me when I think to find
 The bonds of fond remembrance broken:
 Friends held dear, and kindred kind,
 Whose words were once affection's token,
 Whelm'd in oblivion's dim-lit sea!
 Or, silently neglectful, turn away
 From thee, my natal day!

But oh! thou canst not use me so!
 My heart is not so cold and sear
 It cannot feel—it cannot shrink
 Beneath thy withering stroke—the tear
 That, dew-like, steals unnoticed down,
 Might burst the too-full heart, to tumult swell
 By thee, my natal day!

My natal day! my natal day!
 Once I had joy'd in thy embrace:—
 Like shadows 'neath the moon that play,
 And sigh whene'er she hide her face;
 So had I look'd to hear thy voice:—
 But now, Oh no! I cannot now rejoice
 In thee, my natal day!

A something seems to shroud my brow;
 And dreams of strange and hidden things
 Come flitting o'er my vision dim,
 Like spirits on their airy wings,

And breathe, like autumn leaves, around
 A sweetly sad, and yet, a mournful sound
 Of Death, my natal day!

They tell me that the hour is nigh
 When thou and all thy kin, shall cease:
 When hope, and fear, and grief, and joy,
 And all that mars the soul's sweet peace,
 Friendship alone with treasured tears shall lave,
 Whilst thou and I shall sleep, unruffled in the grave.
 SENEX.

THE VIRGIN'S GRAVE.

Nought could be heard, save the whippoorwill's cry;
 The deep shades of night were gathering fast,
 Yet I saw by the moon's gentle light, I was nigh,
 To the spot, which to mem'ry recalled the past.
 'Twas but a simple and newly raised mound,
 By poverty's hand, reared up in the wild,
 Where heart-broken friends had collected around,
 To bury the form of misfortune's child.
 No tablet of stone or monument proud,
 Was raised o'er the sod of the virgin's grave,
 No epitaph spoke in such language loud,
 As graces the marbled tomb of the brave.
 Too oft is it thus, with virtue and worth;
 In life,—'tis despised, unnoticed, neglected;
 In death—its clay tenement placed in the earth
 As unfit for the world, and therefore rejected.
 But Laura! thy worth shall not be neglected,
 I will try if I can thy epitaph write;
 And in the dark wild, shall a tomb be erected,
 Which will the kind pity of strangers invite.

ENIGMA.

There's a solemn sound, and it comes
 Like the voice of evening o'er a weary earth;
 And its tones are as those whose birth
 Are of the silent tombs.

It is borne on the west wind's sigh
 In dying cadences, that, quivering, glide
 Like moonbeams on the sombre side
 Of some dark forest nigh.

It speaketh, be hush'd! "I am he
 To whom the whirlwind, in his march of death,
 Kneeleth obsequious, for my breath
 Could bid his triumphs stay!"

"I am he, whom the sullen roar
 Of mighty billows, when a frowning sky
 Chafed and affrighted, kissed the angry sea,
 Hath humbly knelt before.

"I am he, whom the flashing sword,
 When the crash of helmets and the clanging spear
 Bespoke the battling tempest near,
 Own'd as its haughty lord.

"And yet I am no victor! but my brow
 Hath been to the pride of many a chaplet heir;
 I was—I am not! yet shall any dare
 To call me powerless? No!

"I have gazed with a tearless cheek
 On the sick one's pallet, and a mother's cry
 Wail'd o'er her offspring's dying agony—
 But I laugh'd, for I call'd it weak!

"I have been with the guilty soul
 In its midnight moments—and when o'er it Fear
 Conjur'd its phantoms, and Despair
 In burning torrents stole.

"And yet thou hast known me, when
 Thou wert all smiles, and, haply, when all scorn;
 At eve I've met thee, and at morn,
 At prayer and in sin.

"And mine were the quiet hours,
The sunny, smiling visits, when the heart
Seem'd in its joyous lightness, part
Of the laugh of the sun-born flow'ra.

"And the spring's young hopes, too, were mine!
The summer's ripeness, and the gladdening sound
Of many voices breathing round
Their music so divine.

"And autumn's glory, with its fall
Of solemn rustling leaves, its gay attire—
And Winter, hoary monarch of the year—
All! I have known them all!

"Aye, I have known them all! but who
Now marks me—once the high and mighty? None!
Where is my glory, grandeur? Gone
With the twilight's faded hue!

"I, whom once earth and sea and sky,
And all their tributary septs, obeyed—
What am I now? How fallen! made
A jest! a mockery!"

It has ceased, that voice, its plaint—
And the rush of the wind that goes moaning by,
Hath borne on its wings far off, with a sigh,
That spirit's sad ostent. SENEX.

THE TWO MIGHTY.

Written on the Death of Adams and Jefferson.

FORTUNATE AMBO.—*Virg.*

From tower to tower, over all the land,
The evening bell is tolling,
The halfmast flag is heavily fanned,
And the muffled drum is rolling.

Hark! the minute gun speaks loud and free,
And then rests awhile from its calling;
Whatever tells of mortality
Is always sad and appalling.

But this is more than a common knell,
And should make us more solemn hearted,
For its deep and sullen warnings tell
Of a mighty twain departed.

Our Eagle wheels from the South to the North,
And sorrowing droops his pinion,
For the sagest soul of our own has gone forth,
And the pride of "the Ancient Dominion."

Yes, he,—the illustrious spirit—who first
Uplited the torch to the Nations,
And avowed that the chain of the tyrant was burst
In the proudest of Declarations.

Praise to them both, for their counsel and zeal,
In the perilous time of terror,
When one might have ruined the common weal
By a single unguarded error.

Late lost and deplored, they have gone to their rest,
To enjoy their well earned wages,
With the kindred host of the wisest and best
Of the old Legislators and Sages.

Ten lustres had passed since the very day
When our pile of state was founded;—
And they breathed their exulting spirits away,
With their grateful sons surrounded.

From the thralldom of care they yearned to be free,
For they felt that this life was a burden;—
They sprung from a temporal jubilee,
To reap their immortal guerdon.

Their dying thoughts recurred to their home,
To the scenes of their early devotion;—
And they perished with glory,—they died overcome
By the strength of their own emotion.
Like the setting sun, they sunk to sleep,
Its splendour suspends our sorrow,
But the dews of a long dark night will weep,
For the dawn of as bright a morrow.
Companions in youth, they together begun
Their career so high and prided,
Their course was alike, and their end as one,
And in death they were not divided.
Oh! who dare deny, that has heard of our land,
Whether friends to Columbia or foemen,
This sign of a Providential hand,
Or refuse to repeat the omen.

EASTERLING.

THE WINTER NIGHT.

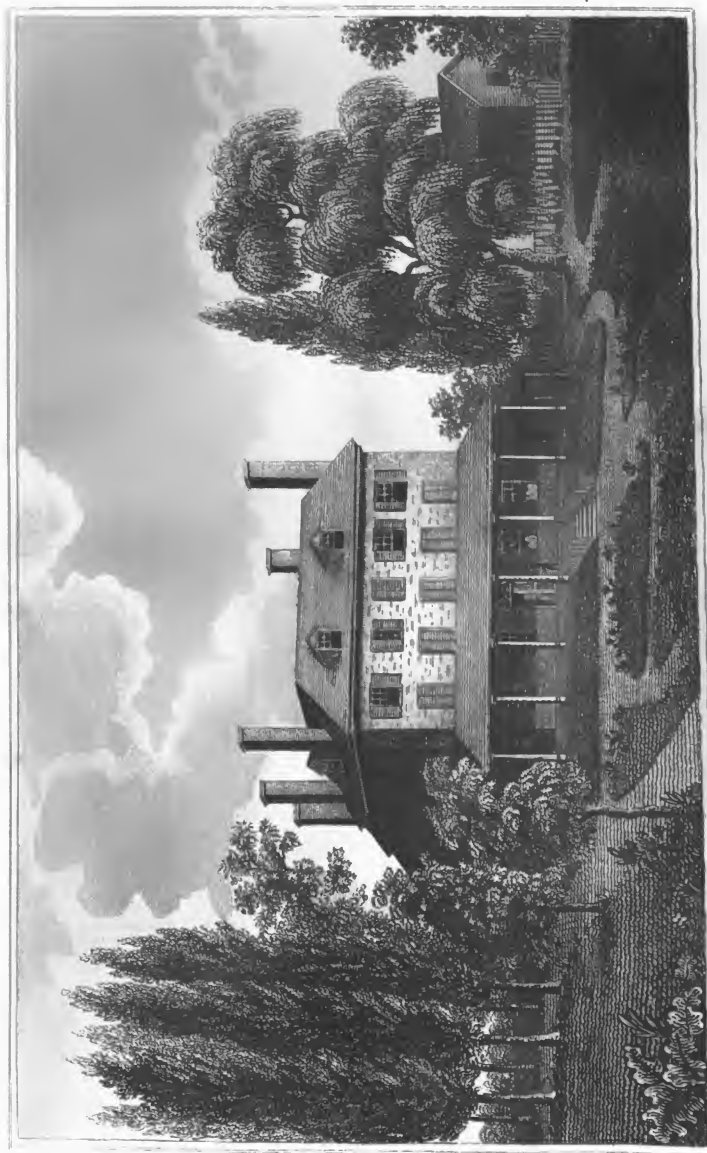
List to the fierce uproar and wild commotion
Of the howling winds without! while wrapt in
Clouds and darkness now, the whirling tempest
Rages with resistless fury round, and
Black-winged glooms involve creation's face. In
One continued flow the snowy show'r descends,
And spreads its drifted flakes, high tow'ring, o'er
The cheerless waste. Where, 'mid the horrors of
A night like this, shall the wan, pallid wretch,
Whom poverty hath doom'd to brave the piercing
Wintry blast—the wrath of th' unpitied storm;
Where shall the suffering child of misery find
Repose for his unshelter'd head? and where,
Driven out to roam in gloomy loneliness,
O'er earth's wide stage, shall pining, haggard want,
Find a lean morsel for his famish'd lips?

Oh ye, who, blest with all the world can give,
In tranquil happiness, float down the clear
Unruffled stream of life, who ne'er have known
Mistake's piteous load, nor tasted misery's
Bitter draught—pause for a while, and think of
Those poor, shivering, noiseless ones, whose earthly
Pilgrimage is joyless, unendear'd—who
Meet with nought but scorn from high, unbending
Pride, and toil along their way without one
Friend to cheer—and when pale, sorrowing distress
Implores, extend the hand of meek and heav'nly
Charity—afford relief to drooping,
Helpless age, and cause the dim and sunken eye
Of grief to brighten up with joy then will you
Bear thro' life, the poor man's heartfelt thanks, and
The blessings of your God. CARLOS.

DEATH.

Ah! who can tell how solemn 'tis to urge
Our onward footsteps through the vale of death;
To try the realms that lie beyond the verge
Of that dark stream, whence not a whispered breath
Returns to tell of aught that spirits find,
When they have left the scenes of time behind;
Vainly the wild delusive dreams of time
May flutter round the spirit in that hour:
They cannot wash away a single crime,
They cannot dissipate the clouds that lower
So often o'er the tomb, nor shed one ray
Around the disembodied spirit's way.
Oh! vain is every hope but hope in heaven,
To soothe the parting spirit. Nought avail,
When the last feeble cords of life are riven,
All earthly consolations. Thro' the vale
That separates eternity from time,
Ye, ye alone can guide us, Faith and Hope sublime.

ARGOLO.



Clermont Seminary, near Philadelphia.



THE CASKET

FLOWERS OF

LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"His learning savours not the school-like glass,
That most consists in echoing words and terms;
And soonest wins a man an empty name:
Nor only long or far-fetch'd circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalities of arts:
But a direct and analytic sun
Of all the worth and first effects of arts."

No. 4.]

PHILADELPHIA.—APRIL.

[1830.

CLERMONT ACADEMY.

This Institution, of which the engraving presents a faithful and spirited representation, is situated on the road from Frankford to Germantown, where it is intersected by the old Heart Lane. It is about three miles North of Philadelphia, and one and a half W. S. W. from Frankford, seated on the highest ridge between the Delaware and Schuylkill; it enjoys a salubrious atmosphere, and a most beautiful prospect, which, if not so romantic as some, will yield to few in the vicinity of the city, for the agreeable variety of pleasing scenery; it has been for many years proverbially healthy, and we cannot well conceive where our citizens could find a more desirable situation for their sons than Clermont. The building is extremely well adapted to its purpose; the rooms, especially the chambers, are large and airy; the water pure; and the grounds spacious and shady, affording such inducements to the students to take plenty of healthful exercise as will almost insure an exemption from disease.

It was built, as nearly as we can recollect, about the year 1804, for two brothers, named Carre, whom the blacks of St. Domingo drove from their home and possessions; and who devoted themselves to the instruction of the rising sons of the country, which afforded them an asylum, as the most noble recompense left in their power to bestow.

Many of our most respectable citizens are now in the enjoyment of the fruit of their studies at Clermont, under the direction of the Messrs. Carre and their successors. It was vacant several years, until Mr. Samuel S. Griscom took charge, and opened his school in April, 1828; in less than a year it was filled up; a circumstance which shews sufficiently the estimation in which his qualifications and manner of performing his duties are held by his friends, and those of our citizens who know him.

For the information of our readers, we have subjoined a part of his circular:—

"The course of Instruction embraces all the

elementary branches of an English education, with mathematics, and the Latin, French and Spanish languages. All the students have the privilege of familiar lectures on Natural Philosophy, illustrated by experiments, with excellent apparatus.

The English department is under the particular care of the subscriber, aided by two well qualified assistants; and the classical school is taught by two competent Instructors, natives of France and Spain, under the supervision of the principal.

The primary design of the Institution is to qualify young men thoroughly for useful and active life. And while we confine ourselves principally to those branches of learning which are essential to the man of business, a care will be exerted to inspire the students with a taste for general literature, and a fondness for the study of nature. The plan of government is mild and parental; and both in the family and the school no exertion shall be spared that will contribute to the learning, morals, health or comforts, of those who may be confided to our care."

Such are the terms which the principal of this Institution proposes in the management of it; and we may add our own testimony in his favor, that we believe no establishment of the kind in the state is better conducted, or in which the elements of general science are taught with more correctness and facility than in Clermont Seminary.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post. THE LIGHT IN THE CHURCH. AN ADVENTURE.

It has frequently been observed, that every person is more or less the object of superstitious fears, which is generally owing to impressions formed on their minds while young; nor are instances wanting to support this assertion. Persons of the most determined bravery, who could face death at the cannon's mouth; who quailed not when the rattling volleys of musketry and the groans of the dying saluted their ears, have

been known to shrink with horror and affright from the hooting of an owl or the chirping of a solitary cricket. A ludicrous instance of this kind came under my observation a few years ago. It was in the autumn of 182— that I attended college in L——, preparatory to my entering on the study of medicine. While there I usually attended a meeting of a select number of students, which was held twice a week, for the purpose of spending our evenings in instructive conversation and social conviviality. Our society was composed of the choicest spirits of the college; and we found each others company so agreeable, that it was not uncommon on our way home to be saluted by the sonorous cries of "Past two o'clock," by those guardians of the night y'cleped watchmen. The way to my lodgings lay past — Church, the distance to which might be considerably shortened by crossing the church yard, which was the road I generally chose.

One evening, after a very interesting discussion, which detained us until a late hour, our society was dispersed, and I, grasping my cudgel, sallied forth on my way home. The sky was overcast with clouds, and the winds howled drearily around the lofty roofs as I proceeded along the silent and apparently deserted streets. No person interrupted my cogitations, for all slept; and the death-like silence was only interrupted by the melancholy creaking of the tavern signs, as they waved to and fro in the night wind. The lamps seemed to have caught the spirit of drowsiness which pervaded among the good citizens of L——, for though a light glimmered here and there along the streets, yet they were so faint that they served only to make darkness visible, and add to the dreariness of the scene. I had just reached the church yard, and was about to spring over the wall, when a clock from an adjacent steeple struck. I listened, and heard it chime eleven and three quarters. I was astonished, for although I knew it was late, I had no idea that it was that time of night. I pressed the spring of my repeater, which returned the same information; and there was no manner of doubt in the world but that I was standing alone near a church yard—that well-known receptacle of ghosts—within a quarter of an hour of the time of their nightly perambulations: and I must confess that my sensations were not the most pleasant on finding myself alone at such a time and place. I was half persuaded to go around by the road, but as I am not naturally a coward, I summoned all my courage, and springing over the wall, I proceeded rapidly towards the church. It was a large, venerable pile, surmounted by a dome and cross, in whose prominent mouldings the bat and fowl found an undisturbed dwelling. The massive columns in the portico, the Gothic arched windows, reaching nearly from the floor to the cornice—the rude, prominent carvings which covered the front, all combined to give it an antiquated and solemn appearance, and evinced the handy-work of some architect of "auld lang syne." As I

approached the church, the moon, which had been hid by the clouds all evening, now shone through a breach, and in an instant was concealed under another cloud as impervious as the one just passed. Yet by its light, transient as it was, I thought I discovered a human figure gliding along the side of the church. Curiosity and a search after adventures are two feelings ever to be found in the youthful breast, and as I possessed a considerable share of both, no sooner had the aforesaid figure "hove" in sight, than I, forgetting my superstitious fears, darted after it, without reflecting that a pistol ball through my brain, or a dagger in my bosom, might be the reward of my impertinent curiosity. On coming to the corner of the vestry room, I stooped to reconnoitre; but neither hearing nor seeing any thing, I was about to return to the path, when, on raising my eyes, judge my astonishment as I discovered that the window behind the altar was illuminated. Mr. Editor, have you ever sallied forth to exhibit a new coat, and in swiftly turning a corner came suddenly in contact with a chimney sweeper?—or in leaping over a stile, have you ever found your foot neatly placed on the tail of a rattle-snake? If so, you can form some idea of my surprise when I discovered a church, which was used but once in two weeks, illuminated at midnight. The first thing that struck my mind was, that there were robbers in the church, and accordingly I cautiously approached the window, with the intention of examining the interior; but I was disappointed; for although that was the lowest on that side of the building, it was so high as to prevent me from seeing any thing else than the ceiling; and as the intruders had no doubt located themselves in some other part of the house, I was compelled to rest satisfied with discovering that the light burned steady and even some place near the altar. I listened attentively, but could hear nothing; and I shuddered involuntarily as the thought shot across my brain, that it might be the work of ghosts. I had drank with youthful eagerness the fascinating stories of haunted castles,—dragons, statues, coffins, and mysterious lights that appeared in some uninhabited turret; where tradition told of murdered beauty, whose ghost was said to appear hovering around the haunted spot. And often had I, with youthful enthusiasm, wished to become the hero of a Spanish romance, and hold communion with some beautiful spirit. Here was an opportunity to gratify my curiosity; and I confess that, although I felt myself able to compete with any thing mortal of my own dimensions, yet I was not at all ambitious to combat with a ghost, though not half my size. And although I was determined to discover the cause of this light, I was not hero enough to attempt it myself, and accordingly proceeded to the house of the sexton, who lived on the other side of the church yard, and directly opposite the aforesaid window. We were old acquaintances, and presuming on his friendship for me, I knocked boldly at his door; and after some time succeeded in

arousing him, and thrusting his head out of an upper window, in no very conciliating tone he demanded who I was, and what was my business, that I disturbed honest people at this time of night. In a few words as possible I informed him of what I had seen, and entreated him to accompany me to the church.

"Light in the church!" muttered the old man inarticulately—"light in the church; why, man, ye must be dreamin'—how could light come in the church? Gae ye'r gates, ye graceless limner, and seek some ither person to run ye'r rigs on. Light in the church! a pretty story, indeed," and was about retiring from the window, when I redoubled my entreaties that he would accompany me to the church. To which he answered—"I tell ye, mon, ye must be dreamin'. I have been sexton o' that blessed kirk this twa and thirty years, come next Michaelmas day, and I never saw any thing in that way in all my life."

"But," said I, "you old sleepy head, open your eyes, and if that window behind the altar is not illuminated, I never saw light in my life. Sure you can see it now. Ah! am I dreaming now, think you?"

"Why, why," exclaimed the old man, hurriedly; "why, as sure as God lives there is light in the church too."

"Be sure there is," said I; "hurry and come down, there are robbers in the church."

"Thieves, robbers," muttered the old man, impatiently—"I tell ye it must be something else; but we'll see about it, we'll see about it," he added, leaving the window, and in a short time at the door.

But all my *eloquence* was exerted in vain; he absolutely refused to accompany me, at first alleging that, if they were robbers, we might probably get our brains knocked out; and if it should turn out to be ghosts—here his voice sunk into whispers, and he turned pale, as he added—if it should be the work o' the evil one, God forgive us, we might be carried off in a flap o' fire, for who kens the power o' the evil one, especially at midnight."

I endeavored to laugh him out of his fears, and partially succeeded; for he at length agreed to accompany me, on condition that his old servant, Christian, should accompany us: to which I gladly agreed, for the old adage, "the more the merrier," was quite appropriate at present. Christian was a German, of a stout, athletic frame, and possessed an immense fund of human courage. He was instantly called, and without hesitation agreed to accompany us. Seizing an old rusty horseman's pistol and his hat at the same instant, and viewing his rude accoutrements with an appearance of self-satisfaction, he inquired of me, "Whether as how I did not think as he was de werry feller to fite mid de Spitzbuben?"

Our plan was this—We were all to proceed silently to the grand entrance of the church, and station Christian at the door; then the sexton was to accompany me to the church, and if we

found robbers in it, we were instantly to return to the door, lock it, and alarm the watchmen. Having settled all preliminaries, we sallied out on our nocturnal expedition.

The sexton, armed with a ponderous bunch of keys, two wax candles and a small lamp, took the lead. I, with my trusty cudgel, came next; and Christian, with his pistol in one hand, and a stick of wood in the other, brought up the rear. In this order, without a word, our singular procession reached the church. And here the sexton, after stationing Christian at his post, and shaking hands with each of us, as a token that we would not desert him, tremblingly applied the key, and in God's name sprung the lock. The door swung slowly open, and every eye was turned towards the opposite side. The sexton was riveted to the spot, for a brilliant light shone around the altar, illuminating the gilt images, and casting in magnified shadows the grotesque mouldings which covered the altar. It is not known how long he would have kept that position, had I not aroused him from it. He started, gazed fearfully round, and for some time could not understand me. When he did, however, he gave the lamp to Christian, lit the wax candles, and mechanically followed me into the church. After advancing softly to the aisle a few paces, I stopped to listen, but all was hushed, and nothing disturbed the silence which pervaded the temple of God. The damp, chill air filled the house, and the gloomy walls seemed to enclose us as a tomb. Our lights burned dimly, and although the sexton frequently called my attention to their appearance, I was unable to discover the least tint of blue; nor were my olfactory nerves acute enough to perceive any of that sulphurous stench which is generally the forerunner of preternatural appearances. Hearing nothing, we were about to proceed, when the old man who carried the lights struck his foot against a stick which lay in the aisle, and started back so suddenly as to extinguish the lights, one of which was thrown with violence among the pews, where I judged it best to let it remain. After some time, I succeeded in coaxing the old man to return to Christian and relight the remaining candle, but was forced to wait a considerable time for his return; for Christian, on hearing the noise, had closed and locked the door, in order, as he afterwards stated, to "halt the Spitzbuben in ter kirche." At length he returned; and, in spite of the sacredness of the place, I could not help smiling at his appearance. His clothes seemed to be put on in the greatest hurry. His leathern breeches were unbuckled; he had one blue and one white stocking on; his shoes were on slip shod; around his shoulders was thrown a great coat, hooked at the collar, the arms of which hung down as useless at his side, and from between the perpendicular collar of which appeared a countenance in which fear and terror were strongly portrayed.—His head was ornamented with a fiery red night-cap; and in short, his whole figure was sufficient to elicit a smile from the most severe misanthrope.

He was so exhausted, so terrified at the thought of proceeding any further, that he was barely able to hand me the remaining candle. Muttering a fervent ejaculation for safety, he sunk back into his seat, unable to render me the least assistance. The task, therefore, of exploring the church devolved upon me alone; the old man's assistance was utterly out of the question; and Christian, who was at the door, no doubt had it locked; for, notwithstanding his *martial* appearance and fearless expressions, I began to think that he was not quite so courageous as he pretended. I accordingly prepared for the worst, and advanced towards the altar. I was now opposite the sacristy, the door of which stood half open, and a bright light shone from the interior of the room. I paused a moment; then, summoning all my courage, I laid my hand on the door, and with a quick motion of my arm swung it back to its greatest extent. One glance was sufficient. The blood curdled round my heart—I sprang back several feet,—for on the opposite side of the sacristy, on a sofa, lay a female corse, arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. A candle burned on the floor, within a few feet of this motionless figure. When I recovered my faculties, I was laying on a marble slab, which covered the entrance of a vault; the cool air rushed in my face as I rose, and shuddering sprang from the “tainted spot,” and stood before the altar. At this instant the moon burst forth in all her splendor, gleaming through the high arch windows, covering the altar with a shower of light, and illuminating the magnificent pictures which decked the walls of the church. Here stood the Saviour of mankind, surrounded by his disciples; and methought the countenance of the beloved apostle shone with unusual holy rapture, as he reclined upon the bosom of his Lord and master. There the Magdalene's tears were wiped away, and her heart cheered with the sounds of “Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;” and in another the malignant Jews were crucifying the “Prince of Peace,” whose countenance beamed with celestial majesty and forgiveness. I had seen these pictures, but they never before appeared so affecting. I delighted to gaze on them, and it was with regret that I beheld the moon slowly retire under a cloud, leaving in its place a comparatively dim light, which still gleamed from the interior of the sacristy. A slight, stifled breathing near me arrested my attention, which was followed by a rubbing against the wall.—Gliding around the altar, after a few seconds' observation, I demanded “Who's there?” but without receiving an answer; but at that instant I discovered a figure in the shade of the altar moving, and though a little alarmed, I repeated my demand in a louder and more angry tone; and, to my great consternation, I perceived the figure increase in stature several inches, though it remained close to the wall; and I, mustering all my courage, demanded, in as stern a voice as possible, “Who's there?” at the same time declaring that I would certainly knock it down;

when an uproar arose in the church; a light fitfully danced upon the wall over my head; the church echoed with cries of “Stop, Tom! stop, I tell you! don't be hasty!” and as a gigantic shadow appeared on the opposite wall, I felt myself grasped round the waist, and the next instant lay stunned on the marble pediment. I was immediately surrounded by half a dozen rude, savage looking fellows, whose lights disclosed a very ludicrous spectacle, and enabled me to discover that the author of my fall lay by my side almost senseless. A few paces farther lay the object of my fears, in the form of an old woman, apparently in a swoon. We raised her, and found that she was only frightened. And after I had told my story to the watchmen, one of whom knew me, I was honourably acquitted of the charge of *burglary*.

We surrounded the old woman, who gave us the following account of herself:—She lived in the neighbourhood; her husband was very dissipated, and frequently came home at night quite intoxicated, when a quarrel was sure to close the evening. To get out of his way she usually retired to a friend's house, where she passed the remainder of the night. He had come home that night more than commonly boisterous, and leaving him, she fled to the house of her friend, who, unknown to her, was absent from home. She therefore could not procure admittance, and was returning home, when, recollecting that the lock of the church door was injured, she entered, and retired to the sacristy (which was never locked) to pass the night.—She said that she was awakened by a noise in the church; that she left the sacristy hoping to remain unperceived in the shade of the altar, but was disappointed.

But what could the corpse in the sacristy mean? I shuddered as I thought of it; but with such a reinforcement who could be afraid?—I accordingly entered the sacristy, and judge my surprise and chagrin, when I discovered that the corse was nothing more or less than the cast-off robe of the clergyman, which was carelessly thrown on the sofa, and to which my imagination had fixed arms and sleeves! I confess I felt very foolish; but as I had not told the watchman any thing about the corse, I put on an air of unconcern, and accompanied them out of the church. I was at a loss to account for their presence, until one of them informed me that a young man returning from his “*dulcina*,” had discovered a light, and informed the next watchman, who, springing his rattle, collected four or five assistants and entered the church. One of them discovering me, and mistaking me for a robber, rushed forward with such violence as to precipitate both on the pavement. Happily, however, neither of us sustained any material injury in the encounter.

But where was the sexton? Him I had left in the church, and returned with the light just in time to see him creep out from under the pews, rubbing his eyes as if he had been sleeping. He seemed much surprised at seeing so many men,

and had no recollection of any thing that happened since we entered the church. The only person now absent was my Dutch hero; and he, good philosophic soul, tired of waiting, had left his post, and was found nodding most gloriously on a pedestal at the door. His pistol lay by his side, but he still held the stick in his hand. A slight touch aroused him. Starting up, he brandished his cudgel violently, to the great peril of our heads, exclaiming, "Das isht recht halten die verfluchen Spitzbuben fest, das isht gang recht, die beterliche kerls." Then getting quite awake, he asked where we had them; but discovering his error, he shrunk back abashed, and did not speak another word until we reached home. Thus terminated our night's adventure, which clearly proved how enervating superstitious fears are; and since that time I frequently visit my old friend, the sexton, to recount and enjoy a hearty laugh over the incidents occasioned by the LIGHT IN THE CHURCH.

R. E. W.

CHILDHOOD.

"Oh Life, how pleasant is thy morning!"—RODGERS.

Children are but little people, yet they form a very important part of society, expend much of our capital, have considerable influence on the corn laws, employ a greater portion of our population in their service, and occupy half the literati of our day in labours for their instruction and amusement. They cause more trouble and anxiety than the national debt, the loveliest of women in her maturity of charms breaks not so many slumbers, nor occasions so many sighs, as she did in her cradle; and the handsomest of men with full grown mustachios, and Stultz for his tailor, must not flatter himself that he is half so much admired as he was when in petticoats.—Without any reference to their being our future statesmen, philosophers and magistrates in miniature disguises, children form, in their present state of pigmy existence, a most influential class of beings; and the arrival of a mewling infant who can scarcely open its eyes, and only opens its mouth, like an unfledged bird, for food, will effect the most extraordinary alteration in a whole household; substitute affection for coldness, duty for dissipation, cheerfulness for gravity, bustle for formality, unite hearts which time had divided, soften feelings which the world had hardened; teach woman of fashion to criticise pap, and grave metaphysicians to crawl on all fours.

Little girls are my favourites; boys, though sufficiently interesting and amusing, are apt to be infected, as soon as they assume the manly garb, with a little of that masculine violence and obstinacy, which, when they grow up, they will call spirit and firmness, and lose earlier in life that docility, tenderness and ignorance of evil, which are their sisters' peculiar charms. In all the range of visible creation there is no object to me so attractive and delightful as a lovely,

intelligent, gentle, little girl of eight or nine years old. This is the point at which may be witnessed the greatest improvement of intellect compatible with that lily-like purity of mind, to which taint is incomprehensible, danger unsuspected, which wants not only the vocabulary, but the very idea of sin. It is true, that

"Evil into the mind of God or man,
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind—"

but those that have lived long, and observed what constant sweeping and cleaning their house within requires, what clouds of dust fly in at every neglected cranny, and how often they have omitted to brush it off till it has injured the gloss of their furniture—to these there is something wonderful, dazzling, and precious, in the spotless innocence of childhood, from which the slightest particle of impurity has not been wiped away. Woe to those who by a single word help to shorten this beautiful period!

"That man was never born whose secret soul,
With all its motley treasure of dark thoughts,
Foul fantasies, vain musings, and wild dreams,
Was ever open'd to another's scan."

Selfishness is so decidedly the most besetting and most prejudicial of the faults of mankind, that the mere circumstance of caring earnestly for another, appears to make a rapid and favorable improvement of character. That other, indeed, is more than half ourselves; pride, instinct, and custom, unite to enforce its claims, but still it is not the identical *ego* about which too many of us are so exclusively interested, and he must be incorrigibly unamiable who is not a little improved by becoming a father. Some there are, however, who know not how to appreciate the blessings with which Providence has filled their quiver, who receive with coldness a son's greeting or a daughter's kiss; who have principle enough properly to feed and clothe, and educate their children, to labor for their support and provision, but possesses not the affection which turns duty into delight; who are surrounded with blossoms, but know not the art of extracting their exquisite sweets. How different is the effect of true parental love, where nature, duty, habit, and feeling, combine to constitute an affection the purest, the deepest, and the strongest, the most enduring, the least exacting of any of which the human heart is capable! The selfish bachelor may shudder when he thinks of the consequences of a family; he may picture to himself littered rooms and injured furniture, imagine the noise and confusion, the expense and the cares from which he is luckily free, hug himself in his solitude and pity his unfortunate neighbor, who has half a dozen squalling children to torment and impoverish him. The unfortunate neighbour, however, returns the compliment with interest, sighs over the loneliness of the wealthy bachelor, and can never see without feelings of regret, rooms where no stray plaything tells of the occasional presence of a child, gardens where no tiny foot-mark reminds him of his treasures at home. He has listened to his heart, and learned from it a pre-

cious secret; he knows how to convert noise into harmony, expense into self gratification, and trouble into amusement; and he reaps, in one day's intercourse with his family, a harvest of love and enjoyment rich enough to repay years of toil and care. He listens eagerly on his threshold for the boisterous greeting he is sure to receive, feels refreshed by the mere pattering sound of the darlings' feet as they hurry to receive his kiss, and cure by a noisy game at romps, the weariness and head-ach, which he gained in his intercourse with men.

But it is not only to their parents and near connexions that children are interesting and delightful; they are general favorites, and their caresses are slighted by none but the strangers, the affected or the morose. I have, indeed, heard a fine lady declare that she preferred a puppy or a kitten to a child, and I wondered she had not sense enough to conceal her want of womanly feeling; and I know another fair simpleton who considers it beneath her to notice those from whom no intellectual improvement can be derived, forgetting that we have hearts to cultivate as well as heads; but these are extraordinary exceptions to general rules, as uncommon and disgusting as a beard on a lady's chin, or a pipe in her mouth. Even men may condescend to sport with children without fear of contempt; and for those who like to shelter themselves under authority, and cannot venture to be wise and happy their own way, we have plenty of splendid examples, ancient and modern, living and dead, to adduce, which may sanction a love for these pigmy playthings. Statesmen have romped with them, orators told them stories, conquerors submitted to their blows, judges, divines, and philosophers listened to their prattle, and joined in their sports.

Spoiled children are, however, excepted from this partiality; every one joins in visiting the faults of others upon their heads, and hating these unfortunate victims of their parent's folly. They must be bribed to good behaviour like many of their elders; they insist upon fingering your watch, and spoiling what they do not understand; like numbers of the patrons of literature and the arts, they will sometimes cry for the moon as absurdly as Alexander for more worlds, and when they are angry, they have as little mercy for cups and saucers as Bonaparte for Cobentzel's china vase. They are unreasonable, impatient, selfish, exacting, and whimsical as grown-up men and women, and only want the varnish of politeness and mask of hypocrisy to complete the likeness; in short, they display to all their acquaintance those faults of character which their wiser elders show only to their family and dependents.

Another description of children, deservedly unpopular, is the over-educated and super-excellent, who despise dolls and drums, read only for instruction, have no wish for a holiday, no fancy for a fairy tale. They are the representatives of the old-fashioned, extinct class, who used to blunder through Norvel's speech or Sa-

tan's address to the Sun, but far more perservingly tiresome, more unintermittingly dull than their predecessors.

The latter excited your compassion by bearing the manner of victims, and when their task was over, were ready for a ride upon your foot, a noisy game at play, or a story about an ogre; but the modern class appear to have a natural taste for pedantry and suspicion; their wisdom never indulges in a nap, at least before company; they have learned the Pestalozzi system, and weary you with questions; they require you to prove everything you assert, and are always on the watch to detect you in a verbal inaccuracy or a slight mistake in a date. Indeed, it is not a little annoying, when you are whiling away the time before dinner in that irritable state which precedes an Englishman's afternoon meal, tired, perhaps, of business or study, and wishing for a few minutes' relaxation, preparatory to the important tasks of repletion and digestion, to find your attempts at playfulness and trifling baffled in all directions. Turning from the gentleman, to avoid the funds or the Catholic Question, free trade or the balance of power; driven from your refuge among the ladies by phrenology, or the lectures at the Royal Institution; you fly to a group of children, in hopes of a game at play, or an interchange of nonsense, and find yourself beset by critics and examiners, required to attend to Lindley Murray's rules, to brush up your geographical and chronological knowledge; and, instead of a demand upon your imagination for a story, or your foot for a ride, you are called upon to give an account of the Copernican system or the Peloponnesian war.

But notwithstanding the infinite pains taken to spoil Nature's lovely works, there is a principle of resistance in the goddess which allows of only partial success, and numbers of sweet children exist to delight, to sooth, and divert us, when we are wearied or fretted by grown-up people, and to justify all that has been said or written of the charms of childhood. Perhaps only women, their natural nurses, and faithful protectresses, can thoroughly appreciate the attractions of the first few moments of human existence:—the recumbent position, the fragile limbs, the lethargic tastes, and ungrateful indifference to notice of a very young infant, render it interesting to most gentlemen, except its father, and he is generally afraid to touch it, for fear of breaking its neck. But even in this state, mothers, grandmothers, aunts and nurses, assure you that strong indications of sense and genius may be discerned in the little animal: and I have known a clatter of surprise and joy excited through a whole family, matter afforded for twenty long letters, and innumerable animated conversations, by some marvellous demonstration of intellect in a creature in long clothes, who cannot hold its head straight. But however this may be, for it is dangerous to pronounce judgment in a case I have not investigated, and in which all womankind would be my opponents, as soon as the baby has acquired firmness and

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liveliness, as soon as it smiles at a familiar face and stares at a strange one, as soon as it employs its hands and eyes in constant expeditions of discovery, and crows and leaps from the excess of animal contentment, it becomes an object of indefinable and powerful interest, to which all the sympathies of our nature attach us, an object at once of curiosity and tenderness, interesting as it is in its helplessness and innocence, doubly interesting from its prospects and destiny, interesting to a philosopher, doubly interesting to a Christian. Who has not occasionally, when fondling an infant, felt oppressed by the weight of mystery which hangs over its fate? When we send an inquiring glance into the destiny of men, we have certain data of character, principles, and tastes to guide us; we may venture to say, 'let Fortune do her worst, she cannot render our hearts vicious, or cruel, or dishonorable;' but no such assistance is given us when we gaze on the impervious curtain which hides the eternal as well as temporal lot of a child.—Perhaps we hold in our arms an angel, kept but for a few months from the heaven in which it is to spend the rest of an immortal existence; perhaps we see the germ of all that is hideous and hateful in our nature. Thus looked and thus sported, thus calmly slumbered and sweetly smiled, the monsters of our race in their days of infancy. Where are the marks to distinguish a Nero from a Trajan, an Abel from a Cain? But it is not in this spirit that it is either wise or happy to contemplate any thing; better is it when we behold the energy and animation of young children, their warm affections, their ready, unsuspecting confidence, their wild unwearied glee, their mirth so easily excited, their love so easily won, to enjoy unrestrained the pleasantness of life's morning; that morning so bright and joyous, which seems to "justify the ways of God to men," and teach us that Nature intended us to be happy, and usually gains her end till we are old enough to discover how we may defeat it.

I love a children's ball—that is, a ball for very young children; for when they approach their teens, they begin gradually to throw off their angelic disguise preparatory to becoming men and women; the germs of vanity, dissimulation, and pride, are visible; the young eye roves for admiration, the head is held high on contact with vulgarity; the lips speak a different language from the less deceitful brow. If the object of entertainments was really to entertain, we ought only to invite children; because, if not quite sure of succeeding in our aim, we at least can discover whether or not we have attained it. In the uniform polite satisfaction and measured mirth of a grown-up party, the cold smiles, the joyless laughter, the languid dance, one tale only is told; satiety, contempt, anger, and mortification may lurk beneath, no clue is afforded to the poor host by which he may discover the quantity of pleasure his efforts and his money have produced; a heart or two may be breaking beside him, but he knows nothing of the matter; a duel

or two arranging at his elbow, but he sees only bows and politeness; and he may send away half his guests affronted by his neglect, and the other half ridiculing his hospitality, while he has fatigued and impoverished himself to please them. In these assemblies,

"There's sic parade, sic pomp an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart;"

while, in a party for children, ninety-nine out of a hundred consider themselves at the summit of human felicity, and take no care to conceal their sentiments; and if the unlucky hundredth happens to fall down, or be affronted, a few tears and a little outcry show you where your assistance is required, and allow you to set matters right again by coaxing and sugar-plums. Those occasional eccentric movements in the quadrille, proceeding from the exuberance of spirits and of joy; those shouts of merriment which sometimes defy the lessons of politeness and the frowns of a smiling mama; those peals of young laughter which resound through the hall; all, all conspire to impart pleasure to the spectator, because they evince unalloyed gratification on the part of the actors, whose passions are yet too immature for them to dread a full and entire exposure of an unsophisticated nature. Even the best and purest of women would shrink from displaying her heart to our gaze, while lovely childhood allows us to read its every thought and fancy. Its sincerity, indeed, is occasionally very inconvenient, and let that person be quite sure that he has nothing remarkably odd, ugly, or disagreeable about his appearance, who ventures to ask a child what it thinks of him.—Amidst the frowns and blushes of the family, amidst a thousand efforts to prevent or to drown the answer, truth in all the horrors of nakedness will generally appear in the surprised assembly, and he who has hitherto thought, in spite of his mirror, that his eyes had merely a slight and not unpleasing cast, will now learn, for the first time, that "every body says he has a terrible squint."

I cannot approve of the modern practice of dressing little girls in exact accordance with the prevailing fashion, with scrupulous imitation of their elders. When I look at a child, I do not wish to feel doubtful whether it is not an unfortunate dwarf who is standing before me, attired in a costume suited to its age. Extreme simplicity of attire, and a dress sacred to themselves only, are most fitted to these "fresh female buds;" and it vexes me to see them disguised in the fashions of La Belle Assemblée, or practising the graces and courtesies of maturer life. Will there not be years enough from thirteen to seventy for ornamenting or disfiguring the person at the fiat of French millinery, for checking laughter and forcing smiles, for reducing all varieties of intellect, all gradations of feeling, to one uniform tint? Is there not already a sufficient sameness in the aspect and tone of polished life? Oh, leave children as they are, to relieve by their "wild freshness" our elegant insipidity; leave their "hair loosely flowing, robes

as free," to refresh the eyes that love simplicity; and leave their eagerness, their warmth, their unreflecting sincerity, their unschooled expressions of joy or regret, to amuse and delight us, when we are a little tired by the politeness, the caution, the wisdom, and the coldness of the grown-up world.

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art—the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given to them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances which compensate for so many external disadvantages, and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins, whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half clothed, half washed fellow, of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.

He must have been singularly unfortunate in childhood, or singularly the reverse in after life, who does not look back upon its scenes, its sports, and pleasures with fond regret; who does not "wish for e'en its sorrows back again."—The wisest and happiest of us may occasionally detect this feeling in our bosoms. There is something unreasonably dear to the man in the recollection of the follies, the whims, the petty cares and exaggerated delights of his childhood. Perhaps he is engaged in schemes of soaring ambition, but he fancies sometimes that there was once a greater charm in flying a kite—perhaps, after many a hard lesson, he has discovered a power of discernment and spirit of caution which defies deception, but he now and then wishes for the boyish confidence which venerated every old beggar, and wept at every tale of woe—he is now deep read in philosophy and science, yet he looks back with regret on the wild and pleasing fancies of his young mind, and owns that "l'erreur a son merite;" he now reads history till he doubts every thing, and sighs for the time when he felt comfortably convinced that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, and Richard the Third a monster of iniquity—his mind is now full of perplexities and cares for the future. Oh! for the days when the present was a scene sufficiently wide to satisfy him!

He who feels thus cannot contemplate unmoved the joys and sports of childhood, and gazes, perhaps, on the care-free brow and rapture-beaming countenance, with the melancholy and awe which the lovely victims of consumption inspire, when, unconscious of danger, they talk cheerfully of the future. He feels that he is in possession of a mysterious secret, of which happy children have no suspicion; he knows what the life is on which they are about to enter; and

he is sure that whether it smiles or frowns upon them, its brightest glances will be cold and dull compared with those under which they are now basking.

W. E.

WAVERLEY NOVELS.—NEW SERIES.

Origin of some of the Characters in Guy Mannering.

Some circumstances of local situation gave the author, in his youth, an opportunity of seeing a little, and hearing a great deal, about that degraded class who are called gipsies; who are in most cases a mixed race, between the ancient Egyptians, who arrived in Europe about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and vagrants of European descent.

The individual gipsy upon whom the character of Meg Merrilies was founded, was well known about the middle of the last century, by the name of Jean Gordon, an inhabitant of the village of Kirk Yetholm, in the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English Border. The author gave the public some account of this remarkable person in one of the early numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, to the following purpose:

"My father remembered old Jean Gordon of Yetholm, who had great sway among her tribe. She was quite a Meg Merrilies, and possessed the savage virtue of fidelity in the same perfection. Having been often hospitably received at the farm-house of Lochside, near Yetholm, she had carefully abstained from committing any depredations on the farmer's property. But her sons (nine in number) had not, it seems, the same delicacy, and stole a brood sow from her kind entertainer. Jean was mortified at this ungrateful conduct, and so much ashamed of it, that she absented herself from Lochside for several years.

"It happened, in course of time, that in consequence of some temporary pecuniary necessity, the Goodman of Lochside was obliged to go to Newcastle to raise some money to pay his rent. He succeeded in his purpose, but returning through the mountains of Cheviot, he was benighted and lost his way.

"A light, glimmering through the window of a large waste barn, which had survived the farm house to which it had once belonged, guided him to a place of shelter: and when he knocked at the door, it was opened by Jean Gordon. Her very remarkable figure, for she was nearly six feet high, and her equally remarkable features and dress, rendered it impossible to mistake her for a moment, though he had not seen her for years; and to meet with such a character in so solitary a place, and probably at no great distance from her clan, was a grievous surprise to the poor man, whose rent, (to lose which would have been ruin,) was about his person.

"Jean sent up a loud shout of joyful recognition—'Eh, sirs! the winsome Gudeman of Lochside! Light down, light down, for ye mauna gangu farther the night and a friend's house sae near.' The farmer was obliged to dismount, and accept of the gipsy's offer, a supper

and a bed. There was plenty of meat in the barn, however it might be come by, and preparations were going on for a plentiful repast, which the farmer, to the great increase of his anxiety, observed, was calculated forent or twelve guests of the same description, probably, with his landlady.

"Jean left him in no doubt on the subject. She brought to his recollection the story of the stolen sow, and mentioned how much pain and vexation it had given her. Like other philosophers, she remarked that the world grew worse daily; and, like other parents, that the bairns got out of her guiding, and neglected the old gipsy regulations, which commanded them to respect, in their depredations, the property of their benefactors. The end of all this was, an inquiry what money the farmer had about him; and an urgent request, or command, that he would make her purse-keeper, since the bairns, as she called her sons, would be soon home. The poor farmer made a virtue of necessity, told his story, and surrendered his gold to Jean's custody. She made him put a few shillings in his pocket, observing it would excite suspicion should he be found travelling altogether pinniless.

"This arrangement being made, the farmer lay down on a sort of *shake-down*, as the Scotch call it, or bed clothes disposed upon some straw, but, as will easily be believed, slept not.

"About midnight the gang returned, with various articles of plunder, and talked over their exploits in language which made the farmer tremble. They were not long in discovering they had a guest, and demanded of Jean whom she had got there.

"'E'en the winsome Gudeman of Lochside, poor body,' replied Jean; 'he's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-lickit he's been able to gather in, and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart.'

"'That may be, Jean,' replied one of the banditti, 'but we maun ripe his pouches a bit, and see if the tale be true or no.' Jean set up her throat in exclamations against this breach of hospitality, but without producing any change in their determination. The farmer soon heard their stifled whispers and light steps by his bedside, and understood they were rummaging his clothes. When they found the money, which the providence of Jean Gordon had made him retain, they held a consultation if they should take it or no; but the smallness of the booty, and the vehemence of Jean's remonstrances, determined them in the negative. They caroused and went to rest. As soon as the day dawned, Jean roused her guest, produced his horse, which she had accommodated behind the *hallan*, and guided him for some miles, till he was on the high-road to Lochside. She then restored his whole property; nor could his earnest entreaties prevail on her to accept so much as a single guinea.

"I have heard the old people at Jedburgh say, that all Jean's sons were condemned to die there on the same day. It is said the Jury were equally divided, but that a friend to justice, who had slept during the whole discussion, waked suddenly, and gave his vote for condemnation, in the emphatic words, '*Hang them a'!*' Unanimity is not required in a Scottish jury, so the verdict of guilty was returned. Jean was present, and only said, 'The Lord help the innocent in a day like this!' Her own death was accompanied with circumstances of brutal outrage, of which poor Jean was in many respects wholly undeserving. She had, among other demerits, or merits, as the reader may choose to rank it, that of being a staunch Jacobite. She chanced to be at Carlisle upon a fair market-day, soon after the year 1746, where she gave vent to her political partiality, to the great offence of the rabble of that city. Being zealous in their loyalty, when there was no danger in proportion to the tameness with which they had surrendered to the Highlanders in 1745, the mob inflicted upon poor Jean Gordon no slighter penalty than that of ducking her to death in the Eden. It was an operation of some time, for Jean was a stout woman, and struggling with her murderers, often got her head above water; and while she had voice left, continued to exclaim at such intervals, 'Charlie yet! Charlie yet!' When a child, and among the scenes which she frequented, I have often heard these stories and cried piteously for poor Jean Gordon.

"Before quitting the Border gipsies, I may mention, that my grandfather, while riding over Charterhouse Moor, then a very extensive common, fell suddenly among a large band of them, who were carousing in a hollow of the moor, surrounded by bushes. They instantly seized on his horse's bridle with many shouts of welcome, exclaiming (for he was well known to most of them,) that they had often dined at his expense, and he must now stay and share their good cheer. My ancestor was a little alarmed, for, like the Goodman of Lochside, he had more money about his person than he cared to risk in such society.—However, being naturally a bold lively-spirited man, he entered into the humour of the thing, and sat down to the feast, which consisted of all the varieties of game, poultry, pigs, and so forth, that could be collected by a wide and indiscriminate system of plunder. The dinner was a very merry one; but my relative got a hint from some of the older gipsies to retire just when—

'The mirth and fun grew fast and furious,' and, mounting his horse accordingly, he took a French leave of his entertainers, but without experiencing the least breach of hospitality. I believe Jean Gordon was at this festival."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 54.)

"Notwithstanding the failure of Jean's issue, for which,

'Weary fa' the waeifu' wuddie,'
a grand-daughter survived her whom I remember

to have seen. That is, as Dr. Johnson had a shadowy recollection of Queen Anne, as a stately lady in black, adorned with diamonds, so my memory is haunted by a solemn remembrance of a woman of more than female height, dressed in a long red cloak, who commenced acquaintance by giving me an apple, but whom nevertheless, I looked on with as much awe as the future doctor, high church and tory as he was doomed to be, could look upon the queen. I conceive this woman to have been Madge Gordon, of whom an impressive account is given in the same article in which her mother Jean is mentioned, but not by the present writer:

"The late Madge Gordon was at this time accounted the Queen of the Yetholm clans. She was, we believe, a grand-daughter of the celebrated Jean Gordon, and was said to have much resembled her in appearance. The following account of her is extracted from a letter of a friend, who for many years enjoyed frequent and favourable opportunities of observing the characteristic peculiarities of the Yetholm tribes:—'Madge Gordon was descended from the Faas, by the mother's side, and was married to a Young. She was a remarkable personage—of a very commanding presence and high stature, being nearly six feet high. She had a large aqueline nose—penetrating eyes, even in her old age—bushy hair, that hung around her shoulders from beneath a gipsy bonnet of straw—a short cloak of a peculiar fashion, and a long staff nearly as tall as herself. I remember her well; every week she paid my father a visit for her *awmouse*, when I was a little boy, and I looked upon Madge with no common degree of awe and terror. When she spoke vehemently, (for she made loud complaints,) she used to strike her staff upon the floor, and throw herself into an attitude which it was impossible to regard with indifference. She used to say that she could bring, from the remotest parts of the island, friends to revenge her quarrel, while she sat motionless in her cottage; and she frequently boasted that there was a time when she was of still more importance, for there was at her wedding fifty saddled asses, and unsaddled asses without number. If Jean Gordon was the prototype of the character of Meg Merrilies, I imagine Madge must have sat to the unknown author as the representative of her person.'—(*Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. i. p. 56.)

How far Blackwood's ingenious correspondent was right, how far mistaken in his conjecture, the reader has been informed.

To pass to a character of a very different description, Dominie Sampson, the reader may easily suppose that a poor, modest, humble scholar, who has won his way through the classics, yet has fallen to leeward, in the voyage of life, is no uncommon personage in a country where a certain portion of learning is easily attained by those who are willing to suffer hunger and thirst in exchange for acquiring Greek and Latin.—But there is a far more exact prototype of the worthy Dominie, upon which is founded the

part which he performs in the romance, and which, for certain particular reasons, must be expressed very generally.

Such a preceptor as Mr. Sampson is supposed to have been, was actually tutor in the family of a gentleman of considerable property. The young lads, his pupils, grew up and went out in the world, but the tutor continued to reside in the family, no uncommon circumstance in Scotland, (in former days,) where food and shelter were readily afforded to humble friends and dependents. The laird's predecessors had been imprudent; he himself was passive and unfortunate. Death swept away his sons, whose success in life might have balanced his own bad luck and incapacity. Debts increased and funds diminished, until ruin came. The estate was sold, and the old man was about to remove from the house of his fathers, to go he knew not whither, when, like an old piece of furniture, which, left alone in its wonted corner, may hold together for a long while, but breaks to pieces on an attempt to move it, he fell down on his threshold under a paralytic affection.

The tutor awakened as from a dream. He saw his patron dead, and that his patron's only remaining child, an elderly woman, now neither graceful nor beautiful, if she had been either the one or the other, had by this calamity become a homeless and penniless orphan. He addressed her nearly in the words which Dominie Sampson uses to Miss Bertram, and professed his determination not to leave her. Accordingly, roused to the exercise of talents which had long slumbered, he opened a little school, and supported his patron's child for the rest of her life, treating her with the same humble observance and devoted attention which he had used towards her in the days of her prosperity.

Such is the outline of Dominie Sampson's real story, in which there is neither romantic incidents or sentimental passion; but which, perhaps from the rectitude and simplicity of character which it displays, may interest the heart and fill the eye of the reader as irresistibly as if it respected distress of a more dignified or refined character.

From the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

Account of the Nuremberg Boy, Caspar Hauser, who was shut up in a dungeon from the fourth to the sixteenth year of his age.

About twenty-five years ago, public curiosity and the solicitude of the scientific world were powerfully excited by the discovery of the wild man of Aveyron, who was surprized in the woods leaping from tree to tree, living, in a naked state, the life of a baboon rather than that of a man, emitting no other sounds than imitations of the cries of animals which he had heard, or those which made their escape from his breast without the emotions of pleasure or suffering. A phenomenon of nearly a similar nature has, for the last fifteen months, engaged the attention of the learned in Germany. But in this case there do not exist the entire liberty, and the

wild and erratic life, which degraded the intellect of the unfortunate being just mentioned. There has, on the contrary, been a state of absolute constraint and captivity. Hitherto nothing had transpired in France respecting this singular phenomenon, and we should probably have still remained ignorant of it, had it not been for the attempt at assassination made a month ago upon this unfortunate creature, now restored to social life; and, as would appear, pursued by the same villain who, for twelve years, had kept him buried in a dungeon. A person of high rank, and distinguished by the superiority of his mind, has addressed to us the following letter, which reveals, in some measure, the entire history of this unfortunate being. Our correspondent has seen and conversed with this mysterious young man. We have thought it right to publish his letter in the same spirit which dictated it, that is to say, less as the recital of an extraordinary and touching adventure, than as a subject of moral and psychological study. At the moment when we were sending this letter to press, we received the *Nouvelle Revue Germanique*, which is printed at Stratsburg, and in which the same facts are translated from the *Hesperus*, one of the best of the German journals. But we have in addition, the assurance of authenticity and the observations made on the same subject by a person who, by profound study, has been familiarized with all the great questions of philosophy.*

"To the Editor of *Le Globe*.

"PARIS, NOVEMBER 15, 1829.

"Sir,—Within a few days the French journals speak, for the first time, of the history of a young man found at Nuremberg, whose name is Caspar Hauser. They speak of him in consequence of the assassination attempted upon his person in the course of last month, quoting the Austrian Observer, which has itself derived its information from German journals printed in countries nearer the place of the atrocity than Vienna.—The story appears to them incredible, and with good reason, for what is true is not always probable. I have seen the young man in question, and am able to furnish authentic information respecting him. I am convinced you will judge it worthy of being made public.

"In the month of May, 1828, there was observed at the entrance of one of the gates of the city of Nuremberg, a young man who kept himself in a motionless attitude. He spoke not, but wept, and held in his hand a letter addressed to an officer of the regiment of Light Horse in garrison in the town. The letter announced that from the age of four to that of sixteen years, the bearer had remained shut up in a dungeon, that he had been baptized, that his name was Caspar Hauser, that he was destined to enter the regiment of Light Horse, and that it was for this reason that the officer was addressed.

"On being questioned, he remained silent,

and when further interrogated he wept. The word which he most frequently pronounced was *haam*, (the provincial pronunciation of *heim*, home,) to express the desire of returning to his dungeon.

"When it appeared evident from the state in which the young man was, that the statement contained in the letter was true, he was confided to the charge of an enlightened professor of the most respectable character, and, by a decree of the magistrates, was declared an adopted child of the city of Nuremberg.

"Previous to my return to France, I had determined to visit that city, the only large town in Germany which I had not seen. This was about the end of last September. I was furnished with a letter to one of the magistrates, who, from the nature of his functions, had the charge of superintending the education of Caspar Hauser. It was this person who brought him to me; and, by a privilege which I should not have ventured to claim, the last moments of a residence devoted to the examination of the curiosities of this great monument of the middle age, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a very rare, if not unique, subject for the study of human nature. We beheld a young man, below the middle statue, thick, and with broad shoulders. His physiognomy was mild and frank. Without being disagreeable, it was no way remarkable. His eyes announced weakness of sight, but his look, especially when a feeling of internal satisfaction or of gratitude made him raise it towards the skies, had a heavenly expression. He came up to us without embarrassment and even with the confidence of candor. His carriage was modest. He was urged to speak, to give us an account of his emotions, of his observations upon himself, and of the happiness of his condition.

"We had no time to lose, for our horses were already harnessed. While I was reading an account composed by himself, in which he had begun to retrace his recollection, he related to my travelling companion whatever had not yet been recorded in it, or replied to his questions. I shall, therefore, first present the details of the narrative, and then mention what was repeated to me of a conversation of which I heard only a part.

"His manner of speaking and of pronouncing German was that of a foreigner, who has exercised himself for some years in it. The motion of the muscles of the force indicated an effort, and was nearly such as is observed in deaf and dumb persons who have learned to speak. The style of the written narrative resembled that of a scholar of ten or eleven years, and consisted of short and simple phrases, without errors in orthography or grammar. The following is a brief account of it:

"His recollections disclose to him a dark dungeon, about five feet long, four broad, and very low; a loaf of bread, a pitcher of water, a hole for his wants, straw for a bed, a covering, two wooden horses, a dog of the same material,

* The letter is probably the production of the celebrated Cousin.

and some ribbons, with which he amused himself in decorating them. He had no recollection of hunger, but he well remembered being thirsty.—When he was thirsty he slept, and on awakening the pitcher was found full. When he was awake he dressed his horses with the ribbons, and when his thirst returned he slept. The man who took care of him always approached him from behind, so that he never saw his figure. He remained almost constantly seated; he recollects feeling no uneasiness. He is ignorant how long this kind of life lasted; and when the man began to reveal himself and to speak to him, the sound of his voice became impressed upon his ear. His words are indelibly engraved upon his memory, and he has even retained his dialect. These words ran exclusively on fine horses, and latterly on his father, who had some, and would give them to him. One day, (I make use of this word although it is improper, for to him, there was neither day, time, or space) the man placed upon his legs, a stool with paper, and led his hand in order to make him trace some characters upon it, when the impulse given by the man's hand ceased, his hand also stopped. The man endeavored to make him understand that he was to go on. The motion being without doubt inopportune, the man gave him a blow on the arm. This is the only feeling of pain which he remembers. But the stool greatly embarrassed him, for he had no idea how he should put it aside, and was utterly unable to extricate himself from this prison within a prison. One day at length the man clothed him, (it would appear that he wore only a shirt, his feet being bare,) and taking him out of the dungeon put shoes upon him. He carried him at first, and then tried to make him learn to walk, directing the young man's feet with his own. Sometimes carried and sometimes pushed forwards, he at length made a few steps. But after accomplishing ten or twelve, he suffered horribly, and fell a crying. The man then laid him on his face on the ground, and he slept. He is ignorant how long these alterations were renewed; but the ideas which he has since acquired have enabled him to discover in the sound of his conductor's voice, an expression of trouble and anguish. The light of day caused him still greater sufferings.—He retains no idea of his conductor's physiognomy, nor does he even know if he observed it; but the sound of his voice, he tells us, he could distinguish among a thousand.

“Here ends the narrative, and we now come to the conversation. During the first days which he passed among men he was in a state of continual suffering.—He could bear no other food than bread. He was made to take chocolate: he felt it, he told us, to his fingers' ends. The light, the motion, the noise around him (and curious persons were not wanting to produce the latter,) and the variety of objects which forced themselves upon his observation, caused an indescribable pain, a physical distemper, but this distemper must have existed in the chaos of his

ideas. It was music that afforded him the first agreeable sensation; it was through its influence that he experienced a dispersion of this chaos. From this period he was enabled to perceive a commencement of order in the impressions by which he was assailed. His memory has become prodigious: he quickly learned to name and classify objects, to distinguish faces, and to attach to each the proper name which he heard pronounced.—He has an ear for music, and aptitude for drawing.—At first he was fond of amusing himself with wooden horses, of which a present had been made to him; when he was heard continually to repeat the word horses, beautiful horse—(*ress, schone ress.*) He instantly gave them up, when he was made to understand that this was not proper, and that it was not beautiful. His taste for horses has since been replaced by taste for study. He has begun the study of the Latin language, and by a natural spirit of imitation, his master being a literary man, he is desirous of following the same career.

“So extraordinary a phenomenon could not fail to inspire, independently of general curiosity, an interest of a higher order whether in observing minds or in feeling hearts, and the women especially have expressed their feelings towards him in little presents, and letters of the most tender kind. But the multitude of the idle visits they made to him, and especially these expressions of tender feeling, were productive of danger to him, and it became necessary to withdraw him from so many causes of distraction, and to lead him into retirement. Accordingly, he now lives retired in the bosom of a respectable family. Pure morals, an observing mind, and a psychological order, presides over his education, in proof of which he has made immense progress in the space of the last sixteen months.

“Here, then, or the inexplicable eccentricity of a destiny without example, we have presented, and perhaps solved a problem, which from the Egyptian king mentioned by Herodotus, down to the writers of novels, to the Emilius of Rousseau, and the statue of Condillac, has exercised the imagination of men, and the meditations of philosophers. It is evident that, in the profound darkness, the absolute vacuity in which Casper Hauser was for twelve years immersed, all the impressions of the first four years of his life were effaced. Never was there a *tabula rasa* like that which his mind presented at the age of sixteen. You see what it has been capable of receiving. But the metaphor is false, for you see how it has re-acted.

“In proportion as the sphere of his ideas enlarged, he has made continual efforts to pierce the shades of his previous existence. They have been useless, at least as yet. “I incessantly try,” said he to us, “to seize the image of the man; but I am then affected with dreadful headaches, and feel motions in my brain which frighten me.” I have told you that his figure, his look, and his port, bore the expression of candour, carelessness and contentment. I asked him if he

had, either in his dungeon, or after coming out of it, experienced feelings of anger. How could I, said he, when there has never been in me (and he pointed to his heart) what men call anger. And this being, from whom, since the commencement of his moral existence, had emanated all the gentle and benevolent affections, has all these illusions dissipated by the violence of an assassin. Happy, perhaps, had it been for him had he fallen under it, should he yet fall! And yet, if, after having been struck by the murderer, he drags himself mechanically and squats in the corner of a cellar, as if he would again enter his cave, he who, in the first moment of his social existence, had no other wish than that of being led back to it, see him now became a social man to such a degree, that his first cry is to supplicate that he be not again led to it!

"This assassin, I only know, as yourself and as the public know, through the medium of the newspapers. The young man, they say, thought he recognized in him the voice of his conductor. It is probable that the conductor is the assassin; but it is also probable that the young man may be deceived; for in that so well remembered voice were concentrated all his ideas of evil. Be this as it may, it is as a psychological phenomenon that I have presented his history: and not as an adventure, respecting which every one may form his own conjectures. All that I can say is, that the functionary who presented him to us, and who, by the duties of his office, was charged with directing the inquiries, has informed me that for a moment they imagined they had found traces of a discovery; but these traces had ended in nothing else than the rendering it probable that the place of his imprisonment is to be found in a district at the distance of about ten leagues from the city of Nuremburg"—*Le Globe*, 21st November.

GIULIO.

A STORY EXTEMPORISED BY NAPOLEON.

There was at Rome a mysterious being, who pretended to a knowledge of futurity, and whose sex even was a subject of discussion, so impenetrable was the mystery in which she was shrouded. Some, while repeating the stranger's predictions which they had heard from her own lips, described the form and features of a woman, while others again vindicated the terror they had experienced at her aspect, by describing this singular being as a most hideous monster.

This oracle dwelt in one of the suburbs of Rome, in an old deserted palace, to which terror and superstition barred all access, even to the curiosity of the populace. No one could tell when this being first appeared: in fact, all that related to it was an impenetrable secret. Nothing was talked of at Rome but the Sybil; every one was anxious to consult it, but few had courage enough to cross the threshold of the deserted palace. At the sight even of this dread-

ed abode, many were seized with a terror which all close to magnify into a fatal presentiment, and those, who were thus warned fled from the spot as if an invisible hand had urged their flight.

Camino, a young Roman belonging to a noble family, resolved to visit the dwelling of the Sybil, and persuaded Giulio, his intimate friend, to share his adventure. Giulio, who was timid and irresolute, at first refused to go. It was not the fear of any unknown danger which made the Roman hesitate, but he dreaded to put aside the beneficent veil which hid the future from his view. He at last yielded to the earnest entreaties of Camillo, and on the day appointed they set off together to explore the fatal palace. The door opened of itself—the two friends entered without trusting themselves to pause. They wandered about the dwelling for some time, without seeing any one, and at last entered a gallery, whose only outlet was closed by a black curtain, with this inscription above it: "Wouldst thou know thy fate, raise this curtain—but first prepare thyself, and pray."

Giulio was extremely agitated, and he involuntarily fell on his knees. Is he already under the influence of this mysterious being? After a few moment's preparation the young men drew their swords, raised the curtain and penetrated into the sanctuary. A woman advanced to meet them, who was young and even pretty, but her aspect was such as to preclude all examination. The coldness and stiness of death were frightfully blended in her face with the appearance of life. But what words can define or describe those supernatural beings who inhabit regions where doubtless even the language of man is unknown. Giulio shuddered and averted his eyes; Camillo dropped his, and the Sybil inquired of them the cause of their visit; Camillo prepares to answer her. But the Sybil heeds him not; all her attention seems to be engrossed by Giulio. She trembled, shuddered, stretched out her hand as if to seize him, and then suddenly retreated several steps backward. Camillo again begs her to unfold his destiny. She consents, and Giulio returns to the gallery. After a short consultation, Camillo joined his friend, who was absorbed in a painful meditation.—"Come," said he, with a smile, "be of good courage, Giulio. For my part I have heard nothing terrible. The Sybil promises me the hand of your sister Giuliana." They were already engaged; "But," continued Camillo, she added 'that a slight accident would delay our nuptials.' Giulio now entered the sanctuary, while Camillo remained without. But suddenly a dreadful shriek rent the air; Camillo recognized the voice of his friend, and pushing aside the curtain rushed to his assistance. Giulio was on his knees before the Sybil, who, waving her wand above his head, was repeating, Love, without bounds, sacrilege! murder. The terrified friend ran to Giulio, who, pale and motionless, was incapable of supporting himself. But he questions him in vain: Giulio's only answer is the dreadful words of the Sybil, 'love

without bounds! sacrilege! murder!' (These words Napoleon pronounced in a sad and mournful tone.)

Camillo succeeded in getting Giulio home; and, as soon as he could leave him, he repaired to the Palace of the Sybil, determined to force her to explain her awful prophecy; but the palace was tenanted; the curtain—the inscription—all had disappeared! No trace was left of the magician, who never again was seen or heard of!

Several weeks elapsed—Camillo's wedding-day was fixed, and Giulio's wonted composure and serenity had returned. Camillo avoided questioning him in hopes that this dreadful scene would soon be entirely forgotten by his friend. On the eve of the wedding, the Marquis de Cosme, the father of Giulio, was thrown from his horse; and, though not much hurt, this delayed the nuptials. Giuliana and Camillo were standing by the Marquis's bed-side, lamenting this delay of their happiness, when Camillo, struck by the coincidence, suddenly exclaimed!

'The Sybil's prophecy is accomplished!'

Every one noticed Giulio's extreme agitation, when he heard these words; from that instant he shut himself up in his own apartment, and would see no one. A venerable monk who had been his tutor, alone was suffered to visit him; and with this monk, Giulio held long and mysterious conversations. Camillo did not attempt to see his friend, for he knew that he, of all others was the person Giulio wished to avoid. The wedding-day at last dawned, and Camillo and Giuliana were united; but Giulio had disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved fruitless.—His father was in the deepest affliction, when at the end of a month he received the following letter:—

'Do not seek, my father, to find out my retreat: my resolution is inflexible, and nothing can alter it.—Dispose as you think fit of your wealth—for Giulio is dead to the world. It almost broke my heart to leave you thus abruptly, but I could not abide my horrible fate. Farewell! forget the unfortunate

'GIULIO.'

This letter had no date. The unknown messenger had instantly disappeared. The Marquis then questioned the Monk, who alone might give some account of the fugitive; but neither prayers nor threats were of any avail to soften or intimidate the monk. He acknowledged he knew Giulio's abode, and that having found his young friend resolved and firm in the execution of his project, he had at last entered into it himself, though most unwillingly. 'But no power on earth,' he said, 'would wrench from him a secret confided to his promised discretion.' Giulio had gone to Naples, and from thence to Messina, where he meant to enter a Convent of Dominicans, of which his tutor and confessor had often spoken. Father Antonio, the superior of this Convent, was too enlightened and pious a man to take advantage of the fever-

ed fancy of this young man, and he therefore refused to excuse Giulio from the year of noviciate. Giulio was therefore obliged to submit to this trial; but his determination remained unchanged. He was under the influence of a strange superstition, and thought that this monastic life alone could shield him from the dreadful fate predicted by the Sybil, whose words still rung in his ears—Love without bounds! Sacrilege! Murder! A convent seemed his only escape from love and crime. Poor wretch! as if the walls, the vows or the regulations of a cloister, could change the destiny of a man!

[Napoleon articulated these last words with a tone of the deepest conviction, as if he applied them to others than the hero of his story; and then noticing the impatient curiosity and attention of his listeners, he proceeded:]

The year of the noviciate expired. Giulio took the vows, and fancied himself happy; at least he was relieved from the torture he had hitherto endured. The idea of the sacrifice he had made, did not for one instant cloud his present happiness; but, the very evening of that solemn day, as he was retiring to his rest, one of his brother monks took him by the hand, and said affectionately, 'Brother, it is forever!' This word 'forever' struck Giulio. How powerful is the influence of a word on a weak and superstitious mind! This seemed to disclose to Giulio, for the first time, the extent of his sacrifice. He considered himself as already dead; as one for whom time was no more.—He fell into a deep melancholy; and his life even seemed a burden to him. Father Antonio saw, with great compassion, the unhappy state of the young man.—His being unhappy, was a sufficient claim on the superior's pity; and thinking occupation might be of service to him, and knowing his power of eloquence, he named him preacher to the Convent. His fame was soon spread abroad; and crowds came to listen to the young and handsome preacher; and probably the mystery in which he was shrouded, made him still more interesting. The time was approaching for a grand festival, which the King of Naples and his Court were to honor with their presence. Giulio was selected to pronounce the panegyric of St. Thomas, the patron saint of the Convent. The day at last came round, and the church was thronged. As Giulio passed through the crowd, on his way to the pulpit, his cowl fell back and disclosed his face. At this moment he heard a voice exclaim, 'My God! how handsome he is!' He turned in astonishment, and saw a woman whose eyes were fixed on him with the most penetrating expression. This one instant was sufficient to alter the existence of these two beings.—Giulio preached his sermon; and as soon as he was free, he shut himself up in his cell; but he could no longer master his own thoughts. He was pursued by the image of the beautiful unknown. Agitated, restless, tormented by feelings entirely new to him, he could find no repose; and yet his very life seem-

ed to date from the moment he heard that voice which had thrilled to his heart. He dares not think of futurity. Alas, his fate is fixed irrevocably. Every morning he performs the service, and every morning he notices a veiled woman occupying the same place. He recognizes her, but does not wish to see her features—for then he must avoid her—but he fixes his eye on the veil; he follows every motion of its wearer, and almost sees the very beating of her heart, and his responds to hers. Too weak to fly from the danger, he fears to examine his own heart, his whole life consists of a few fleeting minutes while she is present: he breathes the rest of the day in a complete void—yet he would fly! 'If she is at church to-morrow, I will not go there again! Thus determined he thinks himself secure, and is somewhat tranquillised. The next morning he went to church earlier than usual;—she was not there! When the service was over, he approached her seat, and seizing her prayer-book, opened it, and read on the title page the name of Theresa!—Now he can call her by name; he can repeat that loved name at every instant. 'Theresa! Theresa!' murmured he, as if fearing to be heard, though quite alone. As she did not appear, Giulio did not scruple to repair to the church; but days and weeks elapsed, and still Theresa was absent. Theresa, wife of an old man whom she loved as her father, was happy in the fulfilment of her duty, and dreamt not of felicity beyond her lot. She saw Giulio and her peace was destroyed. The feelings of Theresa were so warm, that her first love would inevitably determine her future life.—She adored Giulio. Hitherto her husband had been the confidant of her most secret thoughts; but she never spoke to him of Giulio. This mystery was painful to her, and seemed to condemn her in her own eyes. She felt there was a danger to avoid, and she had the courage to refrain from going to the church. Hoping to overcome the feelings which still assayed her, she determined to confess herself, and for this purpose selected the church of the Dominicans: choosing a moment when she thought Giulio was occupied, she repaired to the confessional, and there on her knees related all that she had felt since the festival at the convent; the pleasure inspired by Giulio's presence; the remorse which followed this pleasure, the courage she had had to refrain from visiting the church, but she found her courage would fail. 'What must I do,' she exclaimed, 'Oh father, pity a poor sinner.' Her tears fell in torrents—her agitation was terrible. Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when she heard a threatening voice exclaim, 'What, guilty woman, a sacrilege!' Giulio, for fate had that day appointed him to be confessor, sprung from his concealment. Theresa, still kneeling, stopped him, held his dress and besought him to retract the curse he had uttered. She implored him to do so in the name of her salvation; in the name of her love. Giulio faintly pushed her from him.—'Theresa, Theresa,'

he said at last, 'begone, begone, or my courage and resolution will fail.' At these words Theresa threw herself on his bosom, and pressed him in her arms. 'Tell me,' she cried, 'Oh, tell me ere I go, that thou lovest me.' Giulio, terrified, and almost rantic, trembling for fear of being seen, for one instant returned her caresses, and pressed her to his heart; and then remembering the words of the Sybil, he swears to leave her, to fly from her forever—and, without explaining himself, requires the same oath from Theresa; who, absorbed in the indulgence of her hidden love scarcely understands him, and consents to all he dictates. What does she care for his language; he loves her, she is sure to see him again; is not that all sufficient? Giulio, left to himself and to his own reflections, dares not think of his imprudence; but it is too late to avoid the danger he could not escape from. His destiny he feels already: a love without bounds, and already is the sacrilege committed. Did he not acknowledge his love in that very church where he abjured the world forever. Yet he has sworn never again to see Theresa. How strange the inconsistency of our hearts; what should be our punishment oftentimes is our consolation; but Giulio in that painful struggle, has but the alternative of misery. Theresa is less alarmed; she is a woman; Giulio loves her—has told her so; she defies the power of destiny; she thinks with delight over her rapid moments of happiness—such an hour brings a dearer remembrance than a whole life without love. She does not recollect her promise to avoid Giulio. She returns to the church; she sees Giulio, who seems likewise to have forgotten his oath. All his thoughts are absorbed by his affection; and when he gazes on Theresa, the universe disappears from his view. They abstained, however, from holding any conversation together. Giulio, during Theresa's absence, was a prey to bitter and unceasing remorse; but one glance at her lovely face recalled his love and his delusion. At length he determined to bid her an eternal farewell. There lived near the convent a poor woman and her children, who subsisted on Theresa's charity. Little Carlo, one of the children, often followed her, carried her prayer-book, and knelt in church by her side.

Giulio fearing to approach Theresa himself, sent Carlo to tell her that Father Giulio would expect her in the church at 7 o'clock that evening. What a day did Giulio spend! He shuddered at the idea of being left alone with Theresa. He dreads his courage failing him at the moment of parting, and feels he never can make up his mind to leave. He determines to write to her instead of seeing her, and Carlo is commissioned to give her his letter as soon as she enters the church. When Theresa received his first message she was very much agitated. What can he want of me she said, we were so happy! However, she failed not to repair to the church at the appointed hour: Carlo gave her the letter; she opened it with a trembling

hand, but what was her despair when she read the following lines:—'Fly, imprudent woman! and come not to profane this holy place—banish a remembrance which destroys thy peace—I never loved thee; I will never see thee again.' These words fell like a blow on Theresa's heart. She could have struggled with her remorse; but he does not love her! he never loved her! Her remorse was not as bitter as this thought. She was seized with a violent fever, and her life was in danger. The name of Giulio was constantly on her lips, but love shielded her even in the paroxysms of delirium. This beloved name was never uttered aloud; though from time to time she murmured—'I never loved thee!' Has Giulio meanwhile his peace of mind? has he stifled the voice of conscience? No. His life is miserable; after telling Theresa he did not love her, he indulged his fatal passion without restraint. The letter he wrote was so terrible an effort that he thought it a sufficient sacrifice. Oh! Theresa, hadst thou known how much that letter cost to the unhappy Giulio, his grief would have moderated thine! Giulio was a prey to dreadful anxiety. Three months had elapsed and he had heard nothing from Theresa. Time only seemed to increase his love, and he avoided the society of men more than ever. Pleading his delicate health as an excuse, he begged Father Ambrose to excuse him from all out-door duties. He remained all day in his cell, and at night roamed about the church-yard, yielding himself up to his disordered imagination, without sufficient courage to overcome his passion, or to submit to its dictates, and tormented by that cruel and agonizing uncertainty which wears out life without hope or remembrance.

Theresa's long illness terminated in a state of languor not less dangerous. She felt that she was dying, and wished to receive the last comforts of religion.—Her husband, who was fondly attached to her, was sure some secret grief was hastening her to her tomb; but he respected her silence and asked not one single question. He begged Father Ambrose, who was much respected, to pay Theresa a visit. Ambrose promised to do so; but some unfortunate circumstances preventing the fulfilment of his promise he begged Giulio to go in his stead to Lord Viraldi's (the husband of Theresa,) to sooth the last moments of a dying person. Alas! Giulio himself, a prey to the greatest affliction, had nothing but tears and sobs, and not one word of comfort to offer. He begged to be excused, but in vain. Ambrose insisted on his fulfilling this duty, and Giulio, forced to obey him, repaired to Lord Viraldi's. He was led into a darkened room where several weeping friends surrounded a bed. As Giulio entered they all retired respectfully, and he was left alone with the sick woman. Giulio, agitated by some presentiment, remained motionless. 'Father,' said the dying woman, 'is there any mercy in Heaven for a sinner?' As she uttered these words, Giulio sprang forward and knelt down by the

bed of death. 'Theresa! Theresa!' he exclaimed. Who could describe their feelings? Any explanation was quite unnecessary.—They loved each other. Giulio told her all he had suffered on her account, and reproached himself with all her sufferings. Forgive me, Giulio is thine forever! At these kind words Theresa seemed to revive: she could not speak, but she could gaze at Giulio; could hear his voice, could press his hand. So to die, seemed sweeter to her than life itself. Giulio clasped her in his arms; and willingly, most willingly, would have laid down his life for hers. 'Thou wilt live, wilt thou not? My voice is with thee, my own Theresa! Answer me: Am I never to hear thy dear voice again?' His voice seemed to recall Theresa's fleeting strength. 'I love thee, Giulio, I love thee,' she faintly murmured. In such conversation, time glided rapidly by; and nothing but the hope of again meeting, induced them at last to separate.—Theresa recovered her health, and Giulio spent a portion of every day with her; and in the sweet intimacy that ensued, Giulio seemed to forget both his scruples and remorse, thinking only of Theresa.—He watched her gradual recovery with great interest. He did not dare offend her; he knew her life depended on him; and he chose to think it his duty to guard it. Two years had elapsed since he left Rome. The anniversary of the day of the Sybil's prediction, he seemed particularly sad and gloomy. Theresa inquired the cause of his gloom. It was the first time she had ever questioned him. Now anxious to share all his griefs she wished to know what caused them. Giulio related to her his interview with the Sybil; his flight from his father's house. This recital brought back all those horrible thoughts he had long endeavored to dispel; and, in a tone of horror, he exclaimed—'Love without bounds!—Sacrilege! murder!' Theresa was exceedingly agitated at his avowal; but the words 'love without bounds' soothed and calmed her emotion—and when Giulio repeated 'sacrilege, murder,' she softly murmured 'Love without bounds!' hoping it would have the same effect on his mind as on her's,—for love was every thing with her. Sometimes Giulio, carried away by his passion, gazed on her so ardently, that she feared to meet his eyes. Her heart would then beat wildly; she would shudder violently; and then a long and dangerous silence would follow these moments of impetuous feeling. However, they were as yet happy, for they were still innocent. Giulio was obliged to leave Messina on some business of importance confided to him by Father Ambrose: he could not bid farewell to Theresa in person; and so he wrote to her, assuring her of his speedy return—but various things detained him a whole month from Messina. On his return he went instantly to see Theresa, and found her alone on a piazza overlooking the sea, absorbed in the contemplation of her lover. Never had she appeared as lovingly, as bewitching. For one moment he gazed on her with perfect ecstasy, but he could not

resist his anxiety to hear her voice. He called her; she started, recognized her lover, and rushed into his arms! Delighted with the affection she displayed, Giulio fondly embraced her; but, suddenly, he pushed her from him with horror, and fell on his knees, his hands clasped, his eyes fixed, and his whole body shook with agitation! His death-like paleness, his wild looks, all made this scene a terrible one to Theresa. She did not dare to approach, and, for the first time, was unable to share his feelings. 'Theresa, said he, at last, gloomily, 'we must part!—you know not all you have to fear!' She did not comprehend him, but endeavored to calm his extreme agitation; but again he pushed her from him. 'In the name of Heaven,' he exclaimed, 'come not near me!' Theresa remained motionless with terror. She could understand all the transports of love, but with its fury and impetuosity she was still unacquainted. Giulio, tired at her long silence, sprang suddenly up. 'To-morrow,' he said, 'my fate shall be decided!' and he left Theresa without waiting for her answer.

[The Emperor repeated this scene with great energy. He never could have taken lessons from Talma, and he might have given them to this famous tragedian.]

The next day Theresa received the following note:—'Theresa, I can never see you again! I am unhappy while with you; I know you cannot feel as I do. Theresa, you must be mine, but mine with your own free will. Never will I take advantage of your weakness. Yesterday you said it yourself. I left you because you had not said 'I will be thine.' However, ponder well ere you decide. We will be eternally lost. Oh Theresa, how terrible are these words, 'eternal damnation;' even in your arms they would mar my happiness. No more peace on earth for us, and Death, our only resource, will no longer be a refuge for us. To-morrow, if you wish to see me, (and you know on what conditions)—to-morrow, then, you must send Carlo to the church. If he brings your prayer-book, then I shall know you give me up; but should he come without the book, then Theresa, you are mine forever. Forever, it means for all eternity. How did I dare pronounce it?—farewell.' Theresa who was both gentle and timid, was very much alarmed by this letter. The words 'eternal damnation' seemed some bitter, dreadful curse to her. Giulio, she cried, we were so happy, why were you not satisfied? She did not know how to act; never again to see him was impossible, and yet, she added, he will be a prey to remorse.—'Giulio, you put your fate in my hands, for your dear sake I will sacrifice myself.' Carlo was sent to the church with orders to put the prayer book on the chair which Theresa usually occupied.

As for Giulio an increase of love or an increase of remorse has become absolutely necessary. Notwithstanding the violence of his passion, he could not make up his mind to possess Theresa without her own consent. Cruel as he

was irresolute, he wished to make her solely responsible for the crime. The church had long been deserted. Giulio was impatiently waiting for Carlo. At last he saw him walk up to Theresa's seat, and place the book on her chair. He lost all self control, and rushing towards Carlo, seized the book, returned it to the boy and desired him to take it back to his mistress. He remained a long while riveted to the spot, when his fate and that of Theresa had, at last, been decided. At length, shaking off the gloom and confusion of his ideas, he left the church, murmuring to himself, 'I will see her.' Carlo returned to Theresa and gave her the book, saying father Giulio had sent it to her. How great was Theresa's emotion. She knew that she was again to see Giulio, and she determined to await his coming on the piazza where they had their last interview. At length he came, but sad, gloomy, and he approached her with a faltering step. Theresa read all that was passing in his mind. She had trembled at the thoughts of this meeting, and had the courage to refuse it; but when she saw the mournful countenance of the beloved of her heart, she thought only of comforting him. She neither trembled nor hesitated, but going up to him, in a low tone, 'Giulio, I am thine!' * * * *

[Napoleon here made a pause, which, on paper, can only be expressed by a number of stars. He took advantage of this *between acts* to take breath for the grand catastrophe, and then continued his story as follows:—]

Giulio, filled with remorse, became gloomy and unsocial, even in Theresa's presence. Even her caresses had lost their charm and influence over him.—But Theresa's love had increased with her sacrifices, and she mourned in secret over the change so apparent in her lover. But she feared to complain, lest she should grieve or offend, and still indulged the hope of making him so happy that he would forget all on earth but her. Giulio, instead of returning her affection, reproached her as the cause of his crimes and unhappiness. 'You seduced me, you ruined me,' he exclaimed; 'had it not been for you, I should still be innocent.' His visits became less frequent, and soon they ceased entirely. Theresa sent to him, went constantly to the church, and wrote to him every day; but Giulio had then left his cell, and her letters were all returned unopened. But it soon became absolutely necessary that Theresa should see him. She had a secret to confide to him—alas! the secret of a mother. What was to become of her if Giulio abandoned her? Hearing that Giulio was to perform divine service on the following Sunday, she determined not to neglect this opportunity of seeing him. It is no longer her life alone which depended upon him; and this idea inspired her with invincible courage. She meditates an important project. The two days before the one on which she was to see Giulio, are employed in preparing every thing for her intended flight. The situation of the convent, built on the seashore, is all in her favor. As to their final des-

tionation, she does not even think of it. Giulio will decide that point, for Theresa is now indifferent to all on earth, save Giulio. She hired a small boat and arranged every thing so secretly and prudently, that no one suspected her design, and her extreme agitation prevented her from thinking of any obstacles in the execution of her plan. The long and anxiously desired day at last dawned, and Theresa, wrapt in a long veil, entered the church and placed herself near the altar. Giulio could not see her, while she could note his every action; and when the church was out she concealed herself behind a pillar near which he must pass on his way to the convent. She soon saw that his grief had not diminished: for his hands were crossed on his breast, and his head hung as if he were a prey to the deepest affliction. Theresa gazed on him with great emotion. To ensure his peace, she would gladly have sacrificed her own life; but the innocent being to whom she was soon to give birth, claimed the protection of a father. She stood before Giulio. 'Stop,' she said, 'I must speak with you. You must listen to me. I will not leave you till you give me the key of the Convent garden. I must have it. Oh Giulio, it is not my life alone which you hold in your hands. At these words, Giulio seemed emerging from some dreadful dream. 'Unhappy woman,' he shrieked; 'What hast thou said? Away! leave this fatal spot.' But Theresa threw herself at his feet, and swore not to leave him till he had granted her request. All his efforts to escape from her are fruitless; a supernatural strength seems to animate and inspire her. 'Swear,' she exclaimed, 'swear to meet me in the garden at midnight.' A slight noise startled Giulio, and he gave her the key. 'At midnight,' he said, and they parted. At midnight, Theresa was in the garden. The night was very dark, and she feared to call, lest she should be discovered. But some one approached; it was Giulio. 'What wouldst thou of me,' he said. 'The moments are short; speak—cease this persecution, I pray thee; I can never make thee happy. Theresa, I adore thee, and without thee life is a burden; and when with thee my regrets are so keen—my despair thou hast witnessed. How often have I accused thee; but forgive, forgive me, dearest; it is but right that I should punish myself; I have abandoned thee. Surely, this sacrifice will expiate my crime.' He stopped, almost suffocated by his despair. Theresa endeavored to calm him, and to point out a brighter futurity. 'Giulio,' she said, 'had I only been concerned, I would not have dared to seek thee here. Like thyself I fear not death; but the pledge of our love, Giulio, bids us live. Come, then, fear not—all is prepared for our flight.'—Giulio, dreadfully agitated, suffered her to guide his faltering steps. A few minutes more, and they will be united forever. But suddenly Giulio tore himself from Theresa's encircling arms. 'No!' he exclaimed—'hence!' and he plunged a dagger in her heart!

As he uttered these words, Bonaparte advanced towards the Empress, as if in the act of drawing a dagger. The illusion was so complete that the ladies in attendance threw themselves with shrieks of terror between their Majesties. The Emperor, like a consummate actor, continued his story, without appearing to remark the effect it had produced on his audience.

Theresa fell, and Giulio was covered with her blood. He remained motionless, gazing wildly on his murdered love. It was near daylight; and the bell of the convent rang for morning service. Giulio raised the lifeless body of the woman who had so fondly loved him, and threw it into the sea; then, with a rapid step, he entered the church. His bloody dress—the dagger he held in his hand, all conspired to accuse. He passively submitted to be taken prisoner.—Giulio disappeared forever!

The Empress pressed Napoleon to add some details concerning Giulio's death; but the Emperor laconically answered,

"The secrets of Convents are impenetrable."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
THE COTTAGE OF THE VINE.

BY MRS. H. H. DODGE.

Perhaps there never was a more lovely scene even in Italy, glowing Italy, than that which surrounded "The Cottage of the Vine," as it was usually denominated.—It received this appellation from the grape vines which clustered thickly over its thatched roof, all interwoven with bunches of their delicious fruit;—and, oh! what a refreshing sight it was to the weary traveller. But the grateful exterior lost much of its charm when compared with the interior of this humble dwelling. Here were neatness and order in their perfection,—and here were piety, harmony and love, beaming from every eye, whispered in every tone, and visible in every action. The aged matron was surrounded by her son, his amiable companion, and their little train of cherub children, full of vivacity, affection and interest; for who can look unmoved on the innocence of early life, when the heart is not polluted by the touch of sin, and the thoughts are full of purity and joyousness.

The ground descended every way from the cottage, covered with an artificial forest, which formed refreshing retreats from the heat of day, and delightful walks at evening. It yielded a superabundance of the richest fruits of the country, and extended to the banks of a clear and gentle river, which seemed more like the fabled streams of the ancients than a beautiful modern reality. On the opposite shore arose a hillock, just revealing above its green top the remaining towers of a distant convent, once magnificent, but now falling into ruins. Far distant were seen villages and cities, rising in dusky grandeur; but this rural retreat was far dearer to a contemplative and peaceful mind, than all the imposing dignities of state.

It was at the close of a fine day, just as the

sun was setting, that the family at the cottage seated themselves on the bank of the river, to enjoy the cool fragrance of the twilight hour.—Those who have never beheld a sunset in Italy, can form no adequate idea of the richness and glory of the scene. Every thing appears as though literally tinged with pure gold, and the very air itself seems to emit a sort of brilliancy which covers every object with a pure and mellow brightness. The sky is exceedingly beautiful and glorious, and every thing in nature wears a softened, unearthly splendour, which is indescribable. There is a richness and fragrance reposing on the folded wing of the zephyr which, together with the feathered songsters' joyous vesper hymn, soothes the soul into a thoughtful mood, and fits it for sacred meditation.

Such was the scene at the Cottage of the Vine, and such were the chastened and holy feelings of the interesting family seated on the banks of their own dear river, to contemplate the works of nature.

"Tell us now, grandma," said a little innocent sitting at her knee, "again about those cruel days in France, when grandpa and so many good men were killed with the guillotine, and you and pa—but what music is that?" Every ear was now full of attention, while the sweet sounds of a guitar, awakened to a favorite French air, approached nearer and nearer, until the minstrel appeared in sight. He was an aged man, and apparently borne down with misfortune. As he advanced nearer to the little party, he changed his tune to a death-march, which sometimes was sounded in the ears of the unfortunate victims of the guillotine, when they were going to the dreadful scene of their more dreadful fate! The grandmother groaned heavily, and dropped her face on the head of the little prattler before her. Her son beckoned the minstrel to approach, and invited him to be seated among them, and cheer them with the strains of his gentle music. He complied in silence, playing several duetts, marches, &c., all strictly French, and some peculiar to the days of the revolution. At last, after pausing a few moments, he again struck up the death-march he had before played; at the close of which the aged matron asked him, in a voice half stifled with grief, if he were witness to any of those bloody scenes in France. "Ah! yes, madam," he replied, "and most heavily did the distresses of those times fall upon me. It is from this cause alone that you now behold me a houseless, friendless wanderer before you." Being requested to give an account of his sufferings, he thus proceeded:—

"In the days of peace, I was a nobleman, in high standing at court, but the dreadful change of times effected my downfall. I was accused of favoring the royal party, and was thrown into prison, a candidate for the guillotine. The night previous to the execution of the dreadful sentence, I almost miraculously effected my escape, and in the disguise which a minstrel's habit afforded me, hastened to my once happy home.—But, oh, what a scene of desolation it now was!

I was told by the peasantry that the owner of that mansion was executed the day before, that his property was all confiscated, and that his family, on receiving the distressing intelligence of his death, fled, no one knew whither. My agony of soul was now indescribable; but there was no redress, and no alternative but to die or to wear the humiliating disguise I had assumed. After some reflection on the subject, I came to the conclusion, from the three-fold purpose of necessity, of safety, and of searching out, if possible, my family's place of exile, to procure me a guitar, and make my calling indeed correspond to my disguise. In this manner I travelled the whole kingdom entirely over, but could discover no traces of my lamented, unfortunate family. Since that time I have wandered any where, with no motive but to relieve my sorrows by change of place, and to support my miserable existence until I am called to my last rest."

The little children greatly pitied the poor aged minstrel, and one of them asked her grandma if she should bring him some refreshments; but the old lady bade her be seated; and then she asked the stranger how many children he had when he last saw his family. On being answered one only, and that one a beloved son, she instantly raised herself to her feet, and eagerly inquired the minstrel's name. "De la Carlton," was the reply. The old lady sprang towards him, and clinging round his neck, exclaimed, "My husband, my lamented husband!"

It would be impossible to describe a scene so touching as that which now followed. The separation had been long and sorrowful, but the bliss of meeting seemed to cover all past afflictions with forgetfulness. At length the inquiry was made, why she left France in so secret and sudden a manner. She informed her husband, that when she received the intelligence of his execution, a friend informed her that her son, who had recently come of age, would also be accused, and doubtless suffer the same fate of his unfortunate father. It was for his sake alone that she fled into Italy, where they had since resided with peace and a competency, and they never desired to behold their native land again, for the remembrance of it was full of bitterness.

Twenty years from that joyful evening, a traveller passed near the Cottage of the Vine, and, although it looked more ancient, it was as neat and beautiful as ever; but it was not now solitary in the midst of its charming retreat; others had risen up around it, and while it was still the residence of the now merry aged grandparents, their children's children, and children's children's children, were all settled around them; and with the enjoyment of unmolested devotion, and an humble competence, they were far happier than when surrounded with all the splendors and honors that rank and nobility could afford. They felt indeed that real enjoyment more unfrequently existed in the higher walks of life than was usually imagined, and that peace of mind, and true piety, may be oftener found in the cottage than in the palace.

From Sir Walter Scott's new History of Scotland.

THE BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

In the meanwhile the war was already commenced. Lord Home who held the dignity of high chamberlain of Scotland, entered England with a considerable force, burned several villages, and collected much prey. It was not, however, his destiny to carry his booty safe into Scotland. In marching heedlessly through the extensive flat north of Wooler, called Millfield-plain, the Scottish commander fell into an ambush of archers, who lay concealed among the long broom, and was surprised, defeated, and put to flight, leaving his brother and many of his followers prisoners in the hands of the enemy.

James, stung to the heart with the loss which he had sustained, and the dishonour which Home's defeat had cast upon his arms, made preparations for war on an extensive scale. He summoned the whole array of his kingdom to meet him at Edinburgh in arms, each man bringing with him provisions for the space of forty days. This was the utmost strength he could assemble, and the longest period for supporting the war which he could make provisions for. The king was obeyed, for his rule was highly popular; but it was with regret on the part of those who could think or reason on the subject of the war, by all of whom it was considered as impolitic, if not unjust.

Omens, also, are said to have occurred calculated to impress the superstitious public with fearful anticipations of the fate of the campaign. Voices as of a herald were heard at night at the market cross of Edinburgh where citations are usually made, summoning the king and his nobles by name to appear within sixty days at the bar of Pluto. In the church of Linlithgow, also, while king James was performing his devotions, a man in a singularly-shaped eastern dress, assuming the character of the apostle John, solemnly warned the king that if he persevered in his proposed expedition, it would terminate in his ruin. The warning was delivered in a slow and unabashed voice and manner, and concluded with a warning menace against the king's indulgence in libertine amours. While all were astonished at the boldness of the messenger, he escaped from among them, so that he could not be apprehended. It is probable that this pageant, which seemed calculated to have effect on the superstitious temperament of James IV, was devised by some of the nobility who were hostile to the invasion of England. But the king proved, unhappily, inaccessible to fanatic omens, as well as to the dictates of reason and policy.

James entered England with as gallant an array as ever was led by a Scottish monarch; and the castle of Norham, with that of Wark, and the border towers of Etal and Ford were successively taken. In the latter fortalice, James made captive a lady, the wife of Heron of Ford, lord of the manor, who acquired so much influence over the amorous monarch as to detain him from the prosecution of his enterprize while

his army dwindled away, owing to the impatience of inaction in some, and the want of provisions experienced by all. The army was diminished to thirty thousand men, when James was aroused from his amorous dalliance by the approach of the Earl of Surry at the head of a large force, to defend the English frontiers. A herald brought a defiance to the monarch, in which the English lord stated that he was come to vindicate the death of Barton, and challenged the king of Scotland to combat. James' insane spirit of chivalry induced him to accept this romantic proposal in spite of the remonstrances of his best counsellors, and, among others, of the old Earl of Angus, called Bell the Cat. "If you are afraid, Angus," said the king, coldly, in reply to his arguments, "you may go home." Angus would not abide in the camp after such an affront; he departed with tears of anger and sorrow, leaving his two sons and his followers to stand by the king to the last.

It was on the 6th of September that James, removing from the western side of the river Till, took up his camp on the hill of Flodden, which closes in the northern extremity of Millfield-plain. In this advantageous ground he had the choice to fight or maintain the defensive at his pleasure. Surrey observed the advantages of the king's position, when, being very steep on the southern side, where the eminence sinks abruptly on the plain, was, in that quarter, inaccessible to an attack. Thus situated, the English commander, finding that provisions were scarce, and the country around wasted, determined by a decisive movement to lead his army round the flank of the Scottish king's position, and place himself on the north side of Flodden-hill: thus interposing the English army between king James and his own country. This march was not made without much risk, since during the circuit round the hill it necessarily exposed the flank of the earl of Surrey's army to destructive attacks, had the Scottish king chosen to take the advantage which it afforded him. But James, more distinguished for chivalry in the lists than conduct in the field, suffered the English quietly to march round the extremity of his position, and remained inactive, until he saw lord Surrey pass the river Till by a narrow bridge and a bad ford. Surrey, having crossed the river, continued his march eastward for a little way, then forming his army in order of battle, with his front to the south, advanced towards the Scottish camp by a declivity much more gentle than that which ascends from the plain towards the southern ridge of the hill. The king then took his determination to fight, and put his army in order for that purpose. Each host was divided into four large bodies, and each had a reserve in the rear of the centre.

Of James's army the Earls of Huntley and Home led the extreme left wing, chiefly consisting of borderers. Next to them, on their right, were the Earls of Crawford and Montrose, whose followers were Highlanders. The king

himself commanded the third or central division. The fourth division, or right wing, was led by the Earls of Lennox and Argyie. All these bodies were separated by intervals, but kept the same front. The Earl of Bothwell commanded the reserve, which was posted behind the king's division; this force consisted of his own followers, and those of other chiefs in Lothian.

The English were nearly in the same order. Opposed to Huntly and Home were the two noble brothers, Sir Edmund Howard and the high Admiral Sir Thomas. The centre was led by Surrey, in person, and the reserve by Lord Dacres. Sir Edward Stanley commanded the left wing.

The fight began on the Scottish left wing, with an omen of good fortune which it did not long retain. Home, encountering the admiral with great fury beat him to the ground, and had well nigh dispersed his division, had it not been supported by Lord Dacres with the English cavalry. The Highlanders, under Crawford and Montrose, rushed down the hill with disorderly haste, and were easily routed by the two Howards. Both the Scottish Earls fell. During these conflicts, the king's division engaged furiously with that of the Earl of Surrey, and although overwhelmed with showers of arrows, the Scots made a most valiant defence. The Earl of Bothwell, with the reserve bravely supported them, and the combat became very sanguinary. In the meanwhile, Sir Edward Stanley, with the men of Cheshire, and Derbyshire, forming the English right wing, totally dispersed their immediate opponents, the division under Lennox and Argyie. Both these Earls fell, and Stanley pressed on over the ground they occupied, and wheeling on his own left, placed his division in the rear of King James's broken ranks, and by an attack in that direction, seconded the efforts of Surrey, who was engaged with the Scottish army in front. But these broken and bleeding battalions consisted of the pride and flower of the Scottish gentry, who, throwing themselves into a circle so as to resist on all points, defended themselves with honorable desperation. No one thought of abandoning the king, who, with useless valor fought and struggled amidst the foremost in the conflict. Night at last separated the combatants; and the Scots, like a wounded warrior whom his courage sustains so long as the conflict lasts, but who faints with loss of blood when it is ended, became sensible of the extent of their loss, and melted in noiseless retreat from the field of battle, in which the king and his nobles had perished.

There lay slain on the fatal field of Flodden, twelve Scottish earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers, fifty chiefs, knights and men of eminence and about ten thousand common men.—Scotland has sustained defeats in which the loss had been numerically greater, but never one in which the number of the nobles slain, bore such a proportion to those of the inferior rank. The cause was partly the unusual obstinacy of the long defence, partly that,

when the common people began, as already mentioned, to desert their standards, the nobility and gentry were deterred by shame and a sense of honor from following their example.

The Scottish historians long contested the fact that James IV. fell in the field of Flodden, and denied that the body which the English exhibited as the corpse of the unhappy king, was in reality that of their sovereign. Some supposed that, having escaped from the slaughter, James has gone to the Holy Land, as a pilgrim, to appease the resentment of Heaven, which he conceived, had sent his last misfortune in vengeance for his accession to his father's death. But there is no doubt in the present day, that the body of James was found and carried to Berwick by the lord Dacres, to whom the king must have been personally well known. It was afterwards interred in the monastery of Sheen or Richmond. The corpse was pierced with two arrows, and had received the mortal wound from a bill or battle axe. This amiable but ill-fated monarch left two lawful children. James, his successor, and Alexander, a posthumous infant, who did not live two years. James IV. was the only Scottish king that fell in battle with the English, since the defeat and death of Malcolm III. near Alnwick. He fell in his forty first year, after he had reigned twenty-six years.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND PRINCE EUGENE BEAUHARNAIS.

A SCENE ON THE PRATER AT VIENNA.

Count de Witt, with whom I was engaged to dine at Princess Sapiegha's, proposed that we should take a turn on the Prater before the hour appointed for dinner. Every day at three o'clock, the Prater was the resort of all the rank and beauty in Vienna. The English women were remarkable for costly dress, the French women for grace, and the fair Poles and Germans for elegance and simplicity.

On the way, our conversation turned on the difficult situation of the Neapolitan legation at the Congress. The Count shrewdly analyzed the characters of the persons composing it, and gave to each individually, full credit for a fund of good faith, which deserved to be employed in a better cause. 'I really pity, said he, 'the peculiar position in which they stand among us. They are present at all the fetes and parties; for every body thinks it an indispensable mark of courtesy to send them invitations, which they conceive it to be their duty to accept. But they must be blessed with a good share of courage to enable them to endure the reserve with which they are treated; they seem to form a sort of *corps diplomatique* apart, and their isolated position is rendered the more conspicuous by their costume. The dress of the Court of Naples is always splendid; for the King, taking the very opposite extreme to that adopted by his brother-in-law, displays as much etiquette in his dress as the other affects simplicity. I am particularly sorry for the Duke di Campo Chiaro,

and Prince Cariati, whose intentions are honorable and upright, but who must necessarily contend unsuccessfully against the perfidious counsellors who circumvent their king and are preparing his ruin.* Castlereagh observed to me, the other day, that the conduct of Murat would infallibly cost him his crown. "Still, however, as long as he is upon the throne, it would be but right to abstain from indecorous invective against a man whose elevated rank ought to shield him from insult. Besides, the very fact of our having profited by the support of Murat when it was necessary to us, should now be an inviolable shield to him; for had the King of Naples afforded to Napoleon the support which he gave to us, it is probable that we should not now hear the disdainful expressions which are addressed to him, as well as his Representatives at Congress."†

The day was gloomy and the Prater was but thinly attended. However, we met the Emperor Alexander walking with Prince Eugene. The friendship which that monarch entertained for the Viceroy, and of which he gave him so many affectionate proofs at the time of the Empress Josephine's death, seemed to increase daily. It was rare to see Alexander unaccompanied by Eugene. At twelve o'clock every day, the Czar regularly went out dressed in a plain frock coat, and called at the residence of Prince Eugene situated on the Wieden Kaisergarten: the two Princes, after walking once or twice round the ramparts, usually went to see any curious sights which Vienna afforded, and then repaired to the Prater.

It would be unnecessary to seek any other grounds for this friendship, than the amiable qualities by which Prince Eugene conciliated every heart. The noble disposition which that Prince had always evinced, was a certain guarantee for his future conduct. But in an exalted mind like Alexander's, the misfortunes by which his interesting young friend had for some time been assailed, was the loadstone which united them more and more intimately together. Yet this friendship found detractors among those who subject every thing to the calculations of

interest; those, however, who knew and appreciated the character of the Viceroy, esteemed the Emperor Alexander the more highly for the protection which he thus openly extended to him.

As we passed his Majesty, he stopped for a few moments to speak to Count de Witt. Alexander wore no other decoration than that of the sword of Sweden, which was fastened on the outside of his coat. This, I thought, was a satisfactory augury for the consolidation of the new Swedish dynasty.

The Emperor drew Count de Witt a little aside, which gave me the opportunity of exchanging a few words with the Viceroy; and even those few words were characterised by that amiability of feeling for which he was so peculiarly remarkable. I had not seen him since my last visit to Milan, but this was not the proper time for opening a conversation, which was every moment likely to be interrupted. Indeed, the Emperor Alexander soon joined us. He spoke of Lady Castlereagh's ball, and his Lordship's fondness for dancing. "There is nothing extraordinary in that," observed Prince Eugene; "dancing is the amusement of all times, and frequently of all ages: Socrates learned to dance from Aspasia; and at fifty-six, Cato, the Censor, danced oftner than Lord Castlereagh now does." This remark made the Emperor smile. Alexander's noble and handsome countenance would have been exceedingly imposing, but that an expression of mildness tempered its dignity. The good-natured attention with which he listened to any replies that were addressed to him, captivated all with whom he conversed. He was adored by those who enjoyed the honor of his intimacy, and the simplicity of his manners, together with his easy politeness and gallantry, won all hearts at Vienna.

Count De Witt and I did not long enjoy the gratification arising from our interesting rencontre. It was interrupted by Princess de la Tour et Taxis, who alighted from her carriage to accost the Emperor Alexander. This Princess, who is sister to the late Queen of Prussia, is alike distinguished for the graces of her person and accomplishments of her mind. The Emperor and Prince Eugene having each afforded her his arm, the Count and I withdrew to prolong our walk as far as the Lust-Haus.

THE FIRST INVASION OF IRELAND.

EXTRACTED FROM THE AMULET FOR 1830.

"In the month of May 1169, Robert Fitzstephen, then Governor of Cardigan Castle, in Wales, (by the invitation of Dermot Macmorogh, King of Leinster) accompanied by Harvey de Monte Marisco, collected a force of 30 knights, 60 esquires, and 300 archers, and embarking in two ships, called Bagg and Bunn, according to the tradition of the country, they ran for the nearest headland, and disembarked at a point called at this day Baganbun from the names of the vessels which brought them over. They were next day joined by Prendregast,

* In September, 1814, the Duke di Campo Chiaro published a note explanatory of the political conduct of the King of Naples; from the battle of Leipzig to the Peace of Paris. But the downfall of Murat was already tacitly determined on. Subsequently, that Prince, the bravest of the brave on the field of battle, was by treacherous counsel involved in a course of policy, the chances of which he did not foresee. His life was the forfeit of his irresolution; but, faithful to his exalted destiny, he died bravely.

† Count de Witt, doubtless alluded to the proposition, which, in January, 1816, the King of Naples made to Prince Eugene, viz. to abandon France and unite their forces to those of Marshal Bellegarde. Prince Eugene replied, that he would never betray his benefactor, and Murat signed his armistice with Austria, a page which it would be well to cancel, from his history. There is no glory for the ungrateful. Murat should not be reproached for his origin; but for having forgotten that origin, in his ingratitude to the man who raised him to supreme rank.

with 10 knights, and 200 archers, making in all an army of 600 men. Dermod had remained secreted in his Castle of Ferns, waiting the arrival of the strangers; they therefore apprised him of their coming, and in the mean time fortified themselves on the promontory till some expected reinforcements, which he promised to send, should arrive, to assist and guide them. In a short time he was able to despatch his natural son Donald, with 500 horse; and with this reinforcement they set out from their position to penetrate into the interior of the country. Their direct road would have been through the parish of Bannow, which lay opposite to them; but as they had two deep and rapid channels of the sea to cross, at the mouth of the bay, they were obliged to proceed round the other extremity of it. In their way they were opposed by some Irish collected hastily at Feathard. Here the first encounter took place between the Anglo-Normans and the Irish; and it is still called by the peasants 'battles town,' in commemoration of the circumstance. It is further added, by the tradition of the country, that Feathard was a name given to the town built on the spot by the conqueror, who called it "Fought-hard," which was, in process of time corrupted into Feathard.

"From hence, ascending the river, which falls into Bannow Bay, he passed through Goffe's Bridge, and so to the town of Wexford. Wexford was originally built by the piratical Danes at a very early period, and called by them "West, or Wex-fiord;" the western bay. It was rudely fortified, but could not resist the invaders, now reinforced by all Macmorrough's adherents. It was therefore taken, and Dermod made it a present to Fitzstephen and Fitzgerald, as a reward for their services. Fitzstephen built on the river not far from it, a castle, on the promontory of a lime-stone rock, and so erected the first Norman fortification ever built in Ireland. This still stands, commanding the navigation of the Slaney, and is a very curious and conspicuous object. It so struck a Catholic barrister in his way to the assizes of Wexford, that he afterwards declared, as is reported, in a speech at the Association, that 'it ought to be pulled down as a revolting object of Ireland's first degradation.

"This expedition was followed by that of Strongbow, Earl of Chæpstown, who has gained the reputation of a conqueror, which had been achieved by his predecessor, as Americus Vesputius defrauded Columbus of his title to America. Strongbow passed the promontory of Baganbun, and proceeded up the contiguous harbour of Waterford. Waterford was also built by the Danes, and was a place of some strength and trade. It was called by them 'Vader Fiord' the Father's Harbour, and dedicated to Woden, the Father of Scandinavian deities, of which the present name Waterford is an absurd corruption. On one side of Strongbow stood a tower, erected by the Danes on the Wexford shore; on the other, a church, built by the Irish, on the

Waterford. It was necessary to land, but he hesitated on which shore he should disembark to march to Waterford. He inquired the names of the places he saw, and he was informed one was the tower of Hook, and the other the church of Crook. 'Then,' said he, 'shall we advance and take the town by Hook or by Crook?' And hence originated a proverb now in common use. Strongbow took Waterford, where his grim statue, in blue limestone, stands at this day in the front of the Ring Tower, close beside the river. He was followed by Henry II. with a large army, and so the warriors obtained the same footing in Ireland as they had done in England, though it took them a much longer time afterwards to establish it. Henry adopted the example of Dermod; he made Dublin a present to his good citizens of Bristol, and the original of his cool and extraordinary gift of the capital of a kingdom to the traders of a commercial town is still extant in the Record-office of the Castle of Dublin."

"The prime object of my curiosity on entering this historic ground, was to visit the spot where the first Norman foot had pressed the shore. It was a conspicuous point from my friend's house, at the extremity of a neck of land.

"I embarked in a small boat, and crossed the narrow but rapid Frith which had stopped Fitzstephen's army. From hence I walked along the sand-hills to the romantic and solitary village of Feathard, where there was no inn; but a man from whom I inquired, directed me to a private house. Here the kind landlady set before me a plentiful breakfast of tea, fish, and eggs; and, what I valued even still more, a folio volume of Irish antiquities, which it was her delight to study. From her I obtained all the directions I wanted, and then proceeded to the object of my search. I inquired, when near the place, from a peasant who was digging potatoes, the nearest path to it. He immediately threw down his spade, and, in the true spirit of Irish courtesy to a stranger, begged to 'go with my honour if agreeable, to show me ins and outs of it.' He was full of local information, and I was well pleased to have him for a companion.

"The whole headland called Baganbun consists of about thirty acres. It forms a bold projection towards the Welsh coast, and is the only one near Wexford, the shore which extends from it to Carnsore point, near that town, being a flat sand, not safe for shipping to approach. On the side of the greater promontory is a lesser, running from it at right angles, and stretching to the east, about two hundred yards long, and seventy broad; presenting inaccessible cliffs, except at its extreme point where it is easily ascended. Outside this is a large, high, insulated rock, which forms a break-water to the surf on the point, and from this several smaller stretch to the shore, just appearing above water, and affording a kind of causeway. Here it was Fitzstephen ran in and moored his ships, protected from the surf by the insular rock, and avail-

ing himself of the lower ridge to reach the land. The distance of the last rock to the point is considerably wider than the rest, but Fitzstephen, with his heavy armour sprang across it, and it is called at this day, 'Fitzstephen's Stride.' My companion tried to follow his example, without his encumbrance, and fell into the sea.

"Ascending from hence to the esplanade on the summit, he pitched his tent and established his head quarters. In the middle of the esplanade is still to be seen an oblong hollow space, like the foundation of a house, and as the surface of the soil was never disturbed in this place since the period of his landing, it seems not improbable that such a trace would not be obliterated, and that the use assigned to it by tradition is the true one. His next care was to fortify his situation, to secure him from attack while waiting for Macmorrough's promised reinforcements; and these hasty fortifications yet remain, evincing that the Normans had attained to no small science in the art of defensive war. On the isthmus which connects the lesser peninsula with the greater, a deep fosse, about seventy yards long, extends from side to side; this was bounded on each edge by high mounds of earth, and in the centre covered by a half-moon bastion, twenty-yards in circumference. On each side of the bastion, through the fosse, were the approaches to his camp, by two passages; and a mound of earth connected the bastion with the esplanade. Sentinels placed in this half-moon entirely commanded the approaches, and were themselves protected by a rampart which rose round them, and overlooked all the ground in the vicinity. Beyond this, on the neck of the greater promontory, he also sunk a fosse, much more profound and extensive, stretching across the whole breadth, for the space of two hundred and fifty yards. This formed a deep and wide covered way, and was lined with a high mound on either side; that on the outside being defended by another deep fosse. All these remains are very distinct and perfect at the present day, changed only by the growth of vegetable matter, rendering the fosse somewhat more shallow, and the mound less elevated.

But a discovery was made a short time ago connected with this encampment, which adds considerably to the interest it excites. About five years before my visit, some labourers were throwing up a low hedge round the cliffs to prevent the sheep which graze there from falling over. On turning up the soil, they discovered about one foot below the surface, the remains of fires at regular intervals on the edge of the precipices. These were supposed to be the watch-fires of the Videttes, which were stationed round the encampment. Some of the freestone flags on which they were made, were also found; and as there is no such stone in this part of the country, they must have been brought for that purpose by the strangers. Sundry pieces of bones of sheep and oxen, consumed by the army, were strewed round the fires, particularly cow's teeth, the enamel of

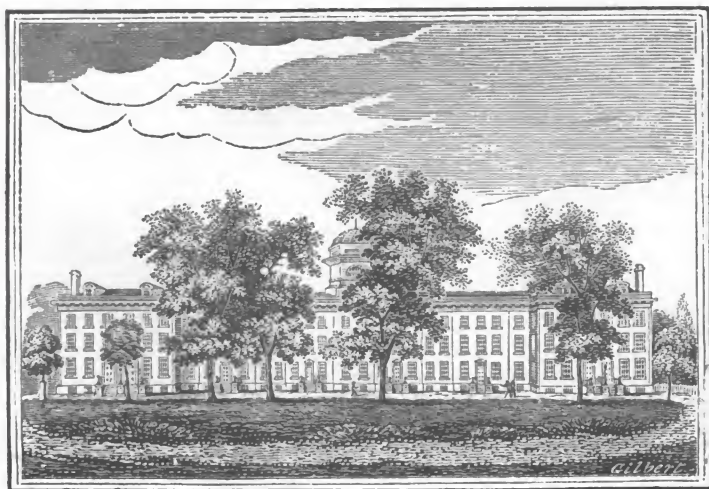
which remained perfect, though the osseous parts were decayed; and on the whole promontory fragments of rings and spears were picked up wherever the soil was disturbed. Curious to see some of these remains, I requested my companion to get a shovel and dig for me; he did not require to be asked a second time, but ran off and soon came back with a spade, and began to dig with all his heart, where the first had been discovered; he soon upturned pieces of charcoal and parts of burnt bones, which I brought away with me as memorandums of the first fires ever lighted by the Anglo-Normans on the shores of Ireland.

"It is now nearly seven hundred years since that event, and every thing connected with it on this spot is in singular preservation. It is so remote as to be entirely out of the way of intercourse with other places, and seldom trampled on by human feet. The soil, tradition says, was never turned up, and the surface continues at this day as it was then left by the Normans,—it is, and has always been a sheep-walk. The remains also consist of the most undecaying materials; charred wood and bone are nearly imperishable. The circumstances connected with it are perhaps the most interesting in the history of our country; the first landing of the strangers in this place was of deep importance to England, and still deeper to Ireland. 'Baginbun, where Ireland has lost and won,' is the universal expression of the people of the country, and they consider it an occult and prophetic saying. My companion, when we were leaving the place, asked me if I had ever heard, 'The ould saying about it,' I replied 'Yes; but I do not understand how Ireland has won on this spot.' 'Oh!' said he, 'that's to come they say; sure didn't the boys in the rucien want to fight it out here, entirely?' It is certainly affirmed, that some of the leaders in the Wexford Insurrection, in 1798, wished to avail themselves of the feeling it excited. They actually deliberated on retiring to this spot, and bringing on a decisive engagement here, with this powerful prestige strongly impressed on the minds of their followers."

YOUNG CROCODILES.—The following curious circumstance has just happened in France. A French officer in service of the Pasha of Egypt, sent over to a friend in France some objects of antiquity and of natural history, and among other things some crocodile's eggs. On opening the box, however, a few days ago on its arrival at the Custom House, three young crocodiles, alive, made their appearance, and crept out of the case. They had been hatched, either during the passage, or the quarantine, and had sustained themselves by feeding on some papyrus manuscripts and the mummy of an Ibis, which the case contained—nothing being left of this last but the talons, and some feathers.—These animals are still alive and on the road to Paris, where they have probably by this time arrived.



HADDON MILL, N. J.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE, NEW YORK.

THE HADDON MILL.

This old, one story, frame building, rendered venerable by time, having withstood the ravages of near forty years—endeared to memory by early recollections, and still cherished with unabated fondness as a relic of olden time, when blackbirds sung like nightingales, and the sententious bob-white whistle of the lonely partridge broke upon the listening ear like dulcet music—when the blackberries, the strawberries, and the whortleberries which grew in its vicinity, were larger and finer flavored than they have ever been since, or ever will be again—and when, in short—but I forbear *prosing* on so delectable a conglomeration of inexpressible reminiscences; they are worthy to be sung in classic metre, with the rest of those sweet native wild notes peculiar to the minstrels of this dear land of liberty and science, who need not roam on “Mount Parnassus,” like the simpletons of Europe, to supplicate a madman’s inspirations, but rambling through the woods and meadows of our own beloved country, and seated upon the first mossy hillock which presents, sing spontaneously,—

There is endeared in memory’s sacred lore,
A spot where oft in fancy I explore;
Near those bright fields, where first my infant eye
Dwelt on the landscape, bounding earth and sky;
Where erst in youth I trod with nimble feet,
Buoyant with hopes delectable and sweet!
Thrice happy spot, where memory loves to dwell,
And all thy beauties to the world to tell;
Tuo’ far away, thy local bound’ries, still
Lovely in ruins, mark the well-known mill.
Tho’ blind, I’d steer unerring course to thee.
And kiss the spot which gave such bliss to me!

Down by yon villa, thro’ the neighb’ring wood,
Still lightly worn the pathway, once a road;
There, thro’ the shade, involves its devious course,
No longer now the guide of man and horse;
’nt still enough remains at once to tell
The happy spot which yet I love so well.
ere stand the self same oaks upon the plain,
nd hore the beech which yet retains my name!
he well-known marks present of former days,
neath whose shades I’ve shunn’d the solar rays;
own by yon stream, which still resistless pours
is watery tribute to the unnumber’d flowers;
ft there I quench’d my raging summer thirst,
nd sat upon its brink, and watch’d its course.

Aron a vista long, of sturdy oaks,
eaves me wandering, and my path denotes;
Where gloomy silence reigns the live-long day,
nd gentle zephyrs, birds and squirrels play;
eyond, and winding round the sideling hill,
he pathway dimly leads me to the mill;
ow trod by none but brutes in search of food,
ho brouze the incumb’ring thicket thro’ the wood;
conscious classics! ruminating there,
ere Virgil’s wood-nymphs would delight to share.

Vish measur’d step I walk the echoing dell,
view each spot where mem’ry paints so well;
ro grows the grass as oft before it grew,
streams meander still within my view.
nature, true, the self same form reflects,
th man’s mutations ever unperplex;
le long experience of the world to me
rks human greatness built on vanity!
d he who from the charge exemption claims,
ll find his wit exhausted by his pains.

Alas! sad victim of thy own contempt,
Ne’er claim exemption, till from death exempt,
But living strive to wind the thorny road,
Which leads thro’ suffering up to nature’s God!

Now on the hillock’s summit I resume
My wonted hopes to dissipate my gloom;
Quick tread the path, with better prospects cheer’d,
And smile in tears for scenes so long endear’d.
Now ope the vista—now the cheering light
Breaks forth more glorious on th’ enraptured sight;
In sun and shade more brilliant than elsewhere,
For ’tis a spot ne’er found but only there!
There stands in ruins, hast’ning to decay,
The lonely mill, where yet I love to stray;
There still the pond presents its glassy form,
Unruffled by no breeze or gathering storm;
Deep in the vale it winds its silent course,
Or gives the mill wheel its descending force;
Beneath the skies, reflected, shine more bright,
And cast a lustre of refulgent light.
Within its bosom live unnumber’d fry,
In age secure, advancing ’till they die.
Oft have I angled from its shady side,
And drew each helpless victim from the tide;
Delighted watch’d each “glorious nibble” got,
Transfix’d in mute attention to the spot.

Oft bent on sport, I rais’d the portal gate,
And sped the water forth in solemn state;
While on its axle turned the lab’ring wheel,
I mark’d its motions with untiring zeal;
Or drench’d beneath the current of its spray,
I bath’d my limbs, and laugh’d my cares away.
Thrice happy spot! around whose pleasing shade,
The sylvan scene perpetual smiles array’d;
No flowers so sweet as those which bloom’d by thee,
No shade so cooling as thy spreading tree;
Thy various wild fruits often have I shar’d,
All others worthless when with them compar’d;
The roses scented round the embow’ring vale,
And flung perfumes upon the scented gale;
Ten thousand beauties rank supremely thine,
And o’er those all presides the glantine.
Oft have I roam’d in melancholy mood,
And mark’d the transient blossoms of the wood—
Have climb’d the loftiest trees within the soil,
And gain’d a bird’s-eye view to cheer my toil—
Have wandered round the margin of the pool,
And thought profoundly wise in nature’s school;
Or paused in stillness, when th’ aquatic bird
Resum’d his flight, in sign of footsteps heard:
Aw’d by his spreading noisy pinions guise,
I crept with mute attention and surprise;
Or when the bullfrog bellowed forth his roar,
And every del. re-echo’d o’er and o’er,
I started with involuntary fright,
As forth he sprang before my wond’ring sight;
And oft recall’d to fancy’s image wild,
The close resemblance to a new-born child!
While thro’ my veins the blood ran creeping cold,
And clos’d my vision, fearful to behold.

Here once again upon that spot I stand,
To catch a glimpse of rural beauties bland;
In vain around I search, with keen surprise,
Each charm has fled forever from my eyes;
The dam no more obstructs the water’s course,
Which glides unsightly from a stagnant source;
The mill wheels’ fragments, scattered o’er the ground,
No more revolving endless, round and round;
The mill itself, with moss and weeds o’ergrown,
Dilapidate, unroof’d, and prostrate thrown;
While here and there, a sedge oozing rill
Weeps o’er the ruins of the busy mill!
With these my tears in sympathy combine,
And lave the relics of revolving time.
As yet, ere long, some kindred friend for me
Shall drop a tear, and mourn my destiny!

COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Previous to the year 1754, various acts had been passed by the provincial legislature, authorizing monies to be raised by lotteries for the establishment of a college in New York, and the Vestry of Trinity Church had appropriated a parcel of ground for the benefit of the proposed institution. In that year, lieutenant-governor James Delancey granted a charter, in which the first governors and trustees were mentioned.—At that period, liberality of sentiment in matters of religion, was but little known. It is therefore with pleasure that we observe the rector of Trinity church, the senior member of the Dutch church, and the pastors of the Lutheran, French, and Presbyterian churches, by virtue of their office, enumerated amongst the trustees.—The college is built on a part of the ground given by Trinity Church, which is bounded on the north, by Murray-street, on the east by Church-street, on the south, by Barclay-street, and on the west by the Hudson river.

The institution, which was called the King's College, was intended for the instruction of youth in the learned languages, and in the liberal arts and sciences, and they were authorized to confer such degrees on the students, or other persons, as are usually conferred in the English universities. It was opened in 1755, under the presidency of Samuel Johnson, S. T. P. and the first commencement held in 1758, from which time till the year 1776, there had been a commencement annually, and this seminary began to rear its head as an establishment which was likely to be of great benefit to the province; but during the horrors of war, which raged throughout our country from 1776 to 1783, literary institutions were necessarily abandoned, the students of King's College were dispersed, the library and philosophical apparatus belonging to it, lodged in the city-hall for safe keeping, and the building itself converted, first into a barracks, and afterwards into a military hospital.

One of the first cares of the legislature, after the return of peace, was to re-organize the college. Accordingly, in the year 1784, they appointed a number of gentlemen under the name of the "Regents of the University," and to them the establishment and superintendence of all seminaries of literature, throughout the state were, in some measure committed; they were likewise to act as trustees of the college.

In April, 1787, the legislature confirmed the royal charter, without making any alterations, except such as were necessary to adapt it to the new state of affairs. Its name was changed from King's to Columbia College.

The president of the college is *ex officio* a member of the board of trustees.

The following are the terms of admission: no student shall be admitted into the lowest class, unless he be accurately acquainted with the grammar of both the Greek and Latin tongues, including such rules of prosody as may be applicable to such of the poets as he is to be examined upon; be master of Cæsar's Commentaries,

except the last book; of the orations of Cicero against Cataline; the orations of the poet Archias, and the oration for Marcus Marcellus; of the first eight books of Virgil's *Æneid*; of Sallust; of the Gospels according to St. Luke and St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles; of Jacob's Greek Reader; of the three books of Xenophon's *Cyropædia*, and the first three books of Homer's *Iliad*. He shall, also, translate English into grammatical Latin; and shall be well versed in the first four rules of arithmetic; the divisions of weights and measures, money, time &c.; the rule of three, direct and inverse; the theory and practice of vulgar and decimal fractions, and the extraction of the square root; with algebra, as far as the end of simple equations; including an accurate acquaintance with the use of algebraic fractions, and fractional and negative exponents, and with modern geography. The classical examination to be *ad aperturam libri*.

Agreeably to the statute of 1824, no student shall be admitted in an upper class without being master of the previous part of the course; nor shall any student be admitted from another college without being duly qualified, nor without a certificate from said college of his good character.

The examinations are close and rigid, every student being left to stand or fall upon his own merits; and at the close of every examination, the students are ranked according to their respective deserts. Honorary testimonials of the first, second, and third grades, decorated with the seal of the college and with suitable devices, are adjudged, at the concluding examination, to such students as have most distinguished themselves; and the name of students, who have obtained such testimonials, are announced by the president at the public commencement. The testimonials themselves are conferred in the college chapel, in presence of the trustees and students of the institution, at the first regular meeting of the former after the opening of the next academical year.

The college building—of which the plate is a correct representation—is of stone, in a simple but tasteful style of architecture. It is composed of a centre building, one hundred and eighty feet in length, and two wings, of fifty feet each. The public rooms consist of a chapel, fifty-six feet by twenty-eight; a library, forty-five by twenty-eight, with an anti-room for the accommodation of persons consulting the library; a philosophical and chemical lecture-room, containing also the laboratory; two rooms for the accommodation of the philosophical apparatus; the president's chamber, and four convenient lecture rooms. Two literary societies, formed by the students for their mutual improvement, have also rooms for their meetings, and to contain their libraries, in the basement story of the building. The college green, near the centre of which the college stands, is one of the most delightful spots in the city.

The library, then in its infancy, soon after

the organization of the college in 1753, received a valuable addition from Joseph Murray, esq. counsellor at law, and one of the first trustees, who left the institution his large library, and almost the whole of his fortune, estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars. Since that period, except during the revolutionary war, the library has been constantly progressing, and, at present, contains about six thousand volumes, many of which are scarce and valuable, and the whole selected with care and judgment. The president and professors, as well as the students of the two higher classes, are entitled to use them. The present is the faculty of arts.

Rev. William Harris, D. D. president.

Rev. John M'Vicar, D. D. professor of moral philosophy, political economy, rhetoric, belles lettres, &c.

Nathaniel F. Moore, LL. D. professor of the Greek and Latin languages.

Charles Anthon, A. M. adjunct professor of the Greek and Latin languages.

James Renwick, A. M. professor of natural and experimental philosophy and chemistry.

Henry J. Anderson, M. D. professor of mathematics and astronomy.

The following is a list of the learned gentlemen who have been presidents from the first organization of the college to the present period, with the dates when they entered on the duties of their office respectively.

1754.—Samuel Johnson, S. T. D.

1763.—Rev. Myles Cooper.

1775.—Rev. Mr. Benjamin Moore, (afterwards bishop) *pro. tem.* in the absence of the president.

1787.—William Samuel Johnson, LL. D. being the first president after the revolutionary war.

1801.—Reverend Charles Wharton, S. T. D. who resigned a few months after his appointment.

1801.—The Right Rev. Benj. Moore, S. T. D.

1811.—The Rev. William Harris, S. T. D. the present worthy incumbent.

From the year 1811, to the year 1816, the Rev. John M. Mason, S. T. D. was provost, since which time the office has been abolished.

—N. Y. Mirror.

Written for the Casket.

THOUGHTS ON BULWER'S NOVELS.

The reading of novels has received the unqualified condemnation of many. Nor need we be surprised, however we may disapprove of the indiscriminate severity of the interdiction, when we consider the multitude of these productions, and the objections that may reasonably be advanced to the greater part of them. The arguments against novel reading in the abstract are familiar to most of us, and therefore need not be reiterated. But I cannot apprehend any harm from the perusal of a good novel, nor believe that its fascination will ever lure a well regulated mind from more substantial and useful, though perhaps less inviting studies; or produce a disgust for what is called the dull routine of

actual existence. On the contrary, the perusal of a few judiciously selected novels may be made productive of great mental and moral benefit.—Elegance of language, liveliness of description, and playfulness of wit, exerted in the cause of virtue, may attract the attention of those who would shrink from the dull formality of a moral essay; and thus a taste for literature may be engendered, and a lesson in ethics instilled, when all that was sought was a transient amusement. A knowledge of the world, an insight into human character, and a desire and an increase of historical information, may also be bestowed.—Nor are these the only advantages. Works of fiction, temperately used and seasonably indulged in, agreeably unbend the mind of the persevering student, and alleviate the lassitude that is apt to follow a long continuance of severe intellectual effort. They keep in action the energies of the fancy, which without some such stimulant might be chilled into a slumber, like that which precedes the death of him who sinks before the blast of the northern clime. They strengthen the powers of conception, quicken the winged wit, and give spirit and command of language. To condemn all novels, therefore, would be almost as unwise as to recommend all.

Since the days of Fielding, Richardson, and Smollett, various have been the competitors for popularity; none of whom developed more imagination and originality of genius than Mrs. Radcliffe. But a master spirit was wanted.—Scott struck out a new path. The publication of *Waverley* was an era in our literature. Like the *Don Quixotte* of Cervantes, it was the foundation of a new school. We had had historical novels from Miss Porter, and Miss Owenson had written novels illustrative of national character. But these, though not devoid of merit, bear no very close resemblance to *Old Mortality* or *Ivanhoe*. The writer who is eager for present celebrity had best become a novelist. None so likely to enjoy a high degree of living fame, or to leave a more fleeting reputation behind him. What productions more read and admired in their day than those of Richardson? Are they not neglected now?—and when spoken of, is it not generally in pretty much the same manner that we speak of the formal garment and antiquated finery of the same period? And yet with all his tediousness and all his impertinences; though he may have been unskilful in his conversation pieces, and failed in portraying the manners of the fashionable society of his times, there is a touching simplicity, a tenderness and depth of pathos about his novels, which comes home to every heart, and has never been surpassed. Scott is evidently waning. We discover not in "The Chronicles of the Canongate," "Valentine's Day," or "Anne of Gierstein," much of the varied power that gained him the deserved appellation of the Northern Magician. Who has not felt his spell? It will not be denied that there are scenes of thrilling interest and passages of commanding energy in his latter works, by which we discover by glimpse,

as it were, the existence of all his pristine capabilities. In his last production, for instance, where he describes the two travellers wandering in a stormy and tempestuous night amid the wildest mountain scenery of Switzerland; and exhibits the younger in his perilous ascent along the steep where the slightest slip of his foot would have sent him to the horrid chasm below—his agonized parent beholding, yet unable to assist him. So vivid and powerful is the picture, that we turn from it with a shudder and sensation of pain. It is fearfully natural, and our emotions oppress us. Scott seems to have obtained the end of his ambition, and to be satisfied with his fame. To feel confident that he cannot surpass what he has already achieved; that he has attained his destined height, from which he looks down with conscious dignity, and the luxurious tranquil self-complacency of the warrior who has put forth his whole strength, gained the victory, feels a sense of exhaustion, and hears from every quarter the universal voice of applause and commendation. He has no longer the powerful incentive of a reputation to be earned to stir his blood, and bring out his every energy. He now can smile in all the security of success, at the eager aspirings, the trembling hopes, the rising fears, the keen sensitiveness, and the varied agitations of the young and ardent writer who is struggling for a name. He now writes from habit, for amusement, and because something is expected from him. While Scott has been reposing in his strength, another genius has arisen, who, in the opinion of many, bids fair to wrest his sceptre from him. Nay, some, and those no mean critics, have ventured to say, that even now the author of "Pelham," "The Disowned," and "Devereux," has shewn at least an intellectual equality. His novels are eagerly read. They have obtained a greater share of public attention than almost any of the late productions of Scott. Whether they will hereafter sustain an equal reputation, is yet to be determined.

Bulwer certainly possesses an exuberant fancy. He has wit, eloquence, and knowledge of the world. Most of his conceptions of character are striking, many of them beautiful; his descriptions of nature are exquisitely poetical; his pictures of bold action and acute suffering are most heart stirring; his developments of deep, pure, and consecrating affection, revealing itself in unmingled and absorbing devotion to the object beloved—all narrow, selfish regard lost, swallowed up like the stream that has reached the boundless sea—are equal to any thing we have ever met with; and there is a pervading tone of enthusiastic fervor, imparting a peculiar charm, and calling forth a sympathetic echo in every susceptible breast.—But his diction, with all its beauty, is too ornate, and frequently inflated. His characters are sometimes unnaturally inconsistent, and sometimes wanting in what has been called natural inconsistency. In preparing them for effect he borders upon the extravagant; in laying

open the one great ruling passion to which every other is rendered subservient—in seeking to exhibit the omnipotence of its sway, he does not allow sufficiently for counter influences; he does not give their full force to the cross winds of passion. Most of his descriptions have a golden hue of fanciful exaggeration about them, which, though it may not take from their general attraction, certainly renders them less true to nature, less within the range of probability. Who can recognize Talbot, the vain man, as the semblance of any thing which has come within the reach of his observation of human character? though he may as the caricature—or rest satisfied with Aubrey Devereux as the reflected image of any being that ever has appeared, or ever will appear on the stage of real life?—or reconcile the soliloquy of Morton over the sword he is thirsting to dye in the blood of Montruil, and the ferocious eagerness with which he seeks his victim, with those qualities of mind and temper that had been strengthened and matured by years, much experience, and close intimacy as well as extensive intercourse with the intellectual, the politic, and the philosophic?

Of all his writings I prefer the *Disowned*.—More, perhaps it may be, because it is in accordance with my own peculiar taste and feelings, than for its intrinsic superiority. There is more to arrest and interest me in such a character as Algernon Mordaunt—in the workings of so capacious and sublime an intellect; in scanning the depths and observing the yearnings and emotions of so great a soul; in the contemplation of suffering virtue reduced to the extreme of wretchedness, yet, though assailed by every temptation, rising superior to them all—tortured, but not overcome; in the glowing sketch of the young painter whose ambition was "as a fever in his blood;" than in a hundred auto-biographies of fashionable adventures; in scene after scene of elegant profligacy; in the badinage of convivial wits; in schemes of Jesuitical intrigue, dark design, and bloody emprise. The *Disowned* is not without its faults. There is a want of connection in the story; those soliloquies in which the author appears in person, though many of them are apt and beautifully eloquent, are somewhat too long, and occur rather too frequently; there is too much declamation, and that not at all times properly introduced; and we get heartily tired of the intrusions of Mr. Morris Brown, with his eternal chatter about "the late Lady Waddilove." But I would rather stand with Mordaunt by the death-bed of his sainted Isabel, or over the slumbers of his sinless child, and receive the deep and salutary lessons there presented to the heart—I would rather behold him "bow to the chastener silently," or listen to the outpourings of his agitated but unsubdued spirit—than rove with Henry Pelham through circles of gairish and heartless frivolity, or follow Morton Devereux to the society of Aronet and Fontenelle, even though accompanied by the fascinating Bolingbroke. The style of Pelham and Devereux has more life and

sparkle. They have more spirit and wit—more variety of incident and character; and the majority no doubt will consider them more amusing, and therefore prefer them.

Bulwer's heroines are lovely, high-minded beings, but they have little individuality, few distinct characteristics. Isabel St. Leger, for instance, and the martyred love of Morton Devereux, display the same mental features. Both have the same invincible constancy—confirmed, not weakened by opposition and adverse circumstances—the same lofty intrepidity under every influence that is calculated to agonize and to depress—the same tender vehemence—the same sacrificial self-devotion. They are indeed sweet sisters in sentiment and feeling—each worthy of a better fate than the author has thought fit to bestow upon them. But Isabel's is the most finished portrait. She is presented to us in a more interesting variety of situations. We become better acquainted with her—observe more minutely the operations of her mind—discover more of the soft and delicate shades of feeling that course each other over her soul—we read her heart in her epistles; and the more we see of her, the more we admire—the more she becomes endeared to us. Alas! that one so pure, so amiable, so single-hearted, should ever be so roughly visited by the storms of life! But misfortunes reveal the excellences of a character, and throw a consecration over them.

Bulwer has a keen perception of the diversities of mind and temper produced by education and society. He is a shrewd scrutinizer of what is living and passing around him. He has evidently mixed a great deal in the world; probably more as an observer than an actor. He has been in a fashionable crowd, and apparently of them—he has been striving to peer through the assumed veil of art and etiquette, while the unsuspecting subjects of his investigation thought him as free and flippant as themselves. He has profited by his experience—he has gathered in an ample stock of data—he has weighed and reflected upon them—he has endeavored to strip actions of their factitious importance, and to penetrate and to analyze the hidden motive.—His sketches of living manners are spirited and faithful; his observations on the actual in society are acute and sagacious—sometimes piquant with satire, embellished with skilful strokes of irony and apt ridicule; and now and then we perceive a slight misanthropical tinge, the feeling of one who has become satiated and disgusted with the hollowness, and heartlessness, and wearisome routine of artificial existence; and who has had the truth of the philosophy of Rochefoucault forced as it were upon his mind. It seems to me that he must turn with a sensation of relief, and a glow of delight, from the diversified throng—from the corrupt and corrupting myriads that mingle in the upper, lower,—the every walk of life, to his own "internal world of thought and feeling"—to the conceptions of his ever teeming fancy; to seize and to embody some of the beaming shapes of unearthly loveli-

ness and ethereal bloom, that flit before his mental eye, and revel in his heaven of invention. In reveries of high excitement and dreamy influence—composing *con amore*—permitting the tide of imagination and feeling to flow on without restraint, is it to be wondered at that he should fall into some of those errors and improprieties to which we have before alluded? That he should not always be consistent—that he should sometimes exaggerate? The source of his inspiration is full and generous. It is easier to check the impetuosity, than to inspire the ardour of genius: easier to lessen the profuseness of the stream, than to supply its fountain.

One question, and a most important one, has been asked:—What moral effect are Bulwer's novels likely to have? Of such works as Pelham, there can be but one serious opinion.—They are decidedly injurious. They do not inculcate vice by precept, but they may be said to teach it by example. It is shewn in an alluring light. A dissipated, fashionable hero—an elegant, accomplished rake, has a great many attractions; a great many very desirable qualities in the estimation of the young, ardent, and inexperienced, who gaze with fascinated eye, and are eager to imitate him in running the round of voluptuous gratification. It is not enough to say that these works present correct pictures of life. The information they impart might well be spared, and is not equivalent to the injury they are calculated to do. A few scraps of declamatory morality will not compensate for page after page of vicious description. But much as I am inclined to find fault with Pelham on the score of morality, I do not exactly place it by the side of such a book as "The Rouse." That effusion of an able but polluted mind stands alone, (long may it,) as a specimen of what the public may be made to endure in the guise of a fashionable novel. The *virtuous reflections* or *ejaculations* interspersed with no lavish hand through the work, are something like what one of Shakespeare's clowns says of the wisdom of a certain individual—which he compares to two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff—you take time and trouble to discover them, and then they are not worth the search. It is really one of the most pernicious and inflammatory publications that has disgraced our modern literature; and with the early poems of Thomas Moore, and some of the vagaries of a still greater mind, unworthy of their genius, a debasement of the powers bestowed upon them for better purposes, and an injury to their future fame, and should be condemned by general neglect, and consigned to oblivion. Some parts of Devereux are not altogether unobjectionable. Though none but the over-scrupulous and the fastidious would consider it an immoral book. It contains much that is admirable in sentiment, and no inconsiderable degree of information that is both interesting and advantageous. The Disowned is free from all censure on this head. It breathes an elevated spirit of morality, while there is nothing in it to counteract or to contradict. Virtue is re-

presented as triumphant in the midst of wretchedness and temptation, and vice, even in its transient success, has nothing to exult in. The corroding sting; the continued thrusts of conscience; the eternal damp upon enjoyment; the gnawing "of the worm that dieth not;" the voice that cries "sleep no more"—all, all is laid bare, and beheld, and heard, with appalling force. No one can rise from its perusal without having his admiration and his principles of virtue strengthened; and he who can truly relish it—who can from his heart prefer it to the gay, light, and exceptionable works that the press is constantly sending forth—many of which appear to be intended for no other purpose than to waste the time and corrupt the taste of the readers—must possess a little store of internal feeling free from contamination. He may have wandered beyond the bounds of virtue—he may have pursued the phantom pleasure in scenes of folly and of profligacy—he may have listened to the voice of the syren, and become a willing victim to her arts—but he has not lost all respect for mental excellence; the wild fever of sensuality has not annihilated all regard for that which is estimable in human character; the spark of virtue, though smothered, is not extinct—the incrustations occasioned by licentious contact long continued may be broken up, and the better principles hid beneath may be revealed and rendered active; the elements of good that yet make their habitation in his soul may be roused from their slumber; his energies, perverted but not prostrated, may yet receive a salutary direction; there is room to believe, reason to hope, the man may yet reform, and virtue regain her sway.

It will readily be perceived that none of these remarks, however severe they may be thought, or however they may be dissented from, are made with any unfriendly feeling towards this popular writer. On the contrary, we hail him as a valuable addition to the brilliant circle of living authors; as one destined to raise the character of any branch of our literature to which he may devote his efforts; as one capable of elevating the mind, and improving the heart, and of gaining himself a name among the benefactors of mankind. We hope he will persevere and fulfil our expectations, either by increasing our stock of good novels, or, as he has given us some cause to expect, by valuable disquisitions of more solidity and importance, and devoted to our supreme interests. The reader will observe that we allude particularly to the promise of *Dereux* to give us the course of observation and reasoning by which his doubts were dissipated, and he became convinced that he was not doomed forever to the gloom of the grave. Let Bulwer learn to retrench; let him discard all superfluity of ornament, all affectation of phraseology; let him make his heroes act in accordance with our general experience of human nature; or if cast in a purely imaginative mould, let them preserve at least a probable congruity with their situation and the circumstances that influence them; let

him nobly scorn to cater for the prurience of an unhealthy appetite for amusement or impurity; let him write more for the future, and less for the present. Then we may venture to prognosticate, that with the power of his genius—with the intellectual stamina of which he is evidently the possessor, he will rise to a station among the most distinguished of the first rank.

J. B. S.

From the Life of Byron by Moore.

Sir Walter Scott's introduction to Byron.

"My first acquaintance with Byron began in a manner rather doubtful. I was so far from having any thing to do with the offensive criticism in the *Edinburgh*, that I remember remonstrating against it with our friend the editor, because I thought the *Hours of Idleness* treated with undue severity. They were written, like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others than what had been suggested by his own imagination; but, nevertheless, I thought they contained some passages of noble promise. I was so much impressed with this, that I had thoughts of writing to the author; but some exaggerated report concerning his peculiarities, and a natural unwillingness to introduce an opinion which was uncalled for, induced me to relinquish the idea.

"When Byron wrote the famous *Satire*, I had my share of flagellation among my betters. My crime was, having written a poem (*Marmion*, I think) for a thousand pounds; which was no otherwise true than that I sold the copyright for that sum. Now, not to mention that an author can hardly be censured for accepting such a sum as the booksellers are willing to give him, especially as the gentlemen of the trade made no complaints of their bargain, I thought the interference with my private affairs was rather beyond the limits of literary satire. On the other hand, Lord Byron paid me, in several passages, so much more praise than I deserved, that I must have been more irritable than I have ever felt upon such subjects, not to sit down contented and think no more about the matter.

"I was very much struck, with all the rest of the world, at the vigour and force of imagination displayed in the first *Cantos* of *Childe Harold*, and the other splendid productions which Lord Byron flung from him to the public with a promptitude that favored of profusion. My own popularity, as a poet, was then on the wane, and I was unaffectedly pleased to see an author of so much power and energy taking the field. Mr. John Murray happened to be in Scotland that season, and as I mentioned to him the pleasure I should have in making Lord Byron's acquaintance, he had the kindness to mention my wish to his lordship, which led to some correspondence.

"It was in the spring of 1815 that, chancing to be in London, I had the advantage of a personal introduction to Lord Byron. Report had prepared me to meet a man of peculiar habits

and a quick temper, and I had some doubt whether we were likely to suit each other's society. —I was most agreeably disappointed in this respect. I found Lord Byron in the highest degree courteous, and even kind. We met for an hour or two, almost daily, in Mr. Murray's drawing-room, and found a great deal to say to each other. We also met frequently in parties and evening society, so that for about two months I had the advantage of considerable intimacy with this individual. Our sentiments agreed a good deal, except upon the subjects of religion and politics, upon neither of which I was inclined to believe that Lord Byron entertained very fixed opinions. I remember saying to him, that I really thought, if he lived a few years, he would alter his sentiment. He answered, rather sharply, 'I suppose you are one of those who prophesy I will turn methodist.' I replied, No—I don't expect your conversion to be of such an ordinary kind. I would rather look to see you retreat upon the catholic faith, and distinguish yourself by the austerity of your penance. The species of religion to which you must, or may, one day attach yourself, must exercise a strong power on the imagination.' He smiled gravely, and seemed to allow I might be right.

"On politics, he used sometimes to express a high strain of what is now called Liberalism; but it appeared to me that the pleasure it afforded him as a vehicle of displaying his wit and satire against individuals in office was at the bottom of this habit of thinking, rather than any real conviction of the political principles on which he talked. He was certainly proud of his rank and ancient family, and, in that respect, as much an aristocrat as was consistent with good sense and good breeding. Some disgust, how adopted I know not, seemed to me to have given this peculiar, and, as it appeared to me, contradictory cast of mind; but, at heart, I would have termed Byron a patrician in principle.

"Lord Byron's reading did not seem to have been very extensive either in poetry or history. —Having the advantage of him in that respect, and possessing a good competent share of such reading as is read, I was sometimes able to put under his eye objects which had for him the interest of novelty. I remember particularly repeating to him the fine poem of Hardykanute, an imitation of the old Scottish Ballad, with which he was so much affected, that some one who was in the same apartment asked me what I could possibly have been telling Byron by which he was so much agitated.

"I saw Byron, for the last time, in 1825, after I returned from France. He dined, or lunched with me at Long's, in Bond-street. I never saw him so full of gaiety and good humor, to which the presence of Mr. Matthews, the comedian, added not a little. Poor Terry was also present. After one of the gayest parties I ever was present at, my fellow-traveller, Mr. Scott, of Gala, and I, set off for Scotland, and I never saw Lord Byron again. Several letters

passed between us—one perhaps every half year. Like the old heroes in Homer, we exchanged gifts:—I gave Byron a beautiful dagger mounted with gold, which had been the property of the redoubted Elfi Bey. But I was to play the part of Diomed, in the Iliad, for Byron sent me, some time after, a large sepulchral vase of silver. It was full of dead men's bones, and had inscriptions on two sides of the base. One ran thus—'The bones contained in this urn were found in certain sepulchres within the land walls of Athens, in February, 1811.'

"To the above I have added a third inscription, in these words—'The gift of Lord Byron to Walter Scott.' There was a letter with this vase more valuable than the gift itself, from the kindness with which the donor expressed himself towards me. I left it naturally in the urn with the bones, but it is missing. As the theft was not of a nature to be practised by a mere domestic, I am compelled to suspect the inhospitality of some individual of higher station, most gratuitously exercised, certainly, since, after what I have here said, no one will probably choose to boast of this literary curiosity."

BYRON'S OPINION OF MOORE.—"M—e has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice, all his own; and an expression in each which never was, nor will be possessed by another. But he is capable of still higher flights in poetry. By-the-bye, what humour, what—every thing in the 'Post Bag!'—There is nothing M—e may not do, if he will but seriously set about it. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. —For his honour, principle, and independence, his conduct to * * * speaks trumpet-tongued! He has but one fault—and that one I daily regret—he is not here."

HIS PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.—"I have declined presenting the Debtor's Petition, being sick of parliamentary mummeries. I have spoken there; but I doubt my ever becoming an orator. My first was liked; the second and third —I don't know whether they succeeded or not —I have never yet set to it *con amore*; one must have some excuse to one's self for laziness or inability, or both, and this is mine—'company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me;' and then I have 'drunk medicines' not to make me love others, but certainly enough to make me hate myself."

THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT.—"As for me, by the blessing of indifference, I have simplified my politics into an utter detestation of all existing Governments; and as it is the shortest, and most agreeable, and summary feeling imaginable, the first moment of an universal republic would convert me into an advocate for single and uncontradicted despotism. The fact is, riches are power, and poverty is slavery, all over the earth; and one sort of establishment is no better nor worse for a people than another."

MONK LEWIS.—"Lewis has called; he is a

good and good humoured man, but pestilential—prolix, and paradoxical, and personal. If he would talk but half, and reduce his visits to an hour, he would add to his popularity. As an author he is very good, and his vanity is over-verte, like Erskine's, and yet not offending."

LEIGH HUNT.—"Sent to Leigh Hunt, an acquisition of my acquaintance—through Moore—of last summer, a copy of the two Turkish Tales. Hunt is an extraordinary character, and not exactly of the present age; he reminds me more of the Pym and Hampden times—much talent, great independence of spirit, and an austere, yet not repulsive aspect. If he goes on *qualis ab incepto*, I know few men who will deserve more praise, or obtain it. I must go and see him again. The rapid succession of adventure since last summer, added to some serious uneasiness and business, has interrupted our acquaintance; but he is a man worth knowing, and though, for his own sake, I wish him out of prison, I like to study character in such situations. He has been unshaken, and will continue so. I don't think him deeply read in life; he is the bigot of virtue, not religion, and enamoured of the beauty of that 'empty name' as the last breath of Brutus pronounced, and every day proves it. He is, perhaps, a little opinionated, as all men who are the centre of circles wide or narrow—the Sir Oracles, in whose name two or three are gathered together, must be, and as even Johnson was: but, withal a valuable man, and less vain than success, and even the consciousness of preferring the right to the expedient might excuse."

BURNS.—"Read Burns to-day. What would he have been if a practitioner? We should have had more polish—less force—just as much verse, but no immortality—a divine and a devil or two—the which had he survived, he might have lived as long as Sheridan, and outlived poor Brinsley. What a wreck is that man;—and all from bad pilotage; for no one had better gales, though now and then a little too squally. Poor dear Sherry! I shall never forget the day he and Rogers and Moore and I passed together; when he talked and we listened, without one yawn, from six till one in the morning. * * * Allen (Lord Holland's Ailen—the best informed, and one of the ablest men I know—a perfect Magliabecchi—a devourer, a Hellus of books, and an observer of men) has lent me a quantity of Burns's unpublished, and never-to-be published letters. What an antithetical mind!—tenderness, roughness—delicacy, coarseness—sentiment, sensuality—all mixed up in that one compound of inspired clay! It seems strange; a true voluptuary will never abandon his mind to the grossness of reality. It is by exalting the earthy, the material, the physique of our pleasures, by veiling these ideas, by forgetting them altogether, or at least never naming them hardly to one's self, that we alone prevent them from disgusting."

ROGERS.—"Rogers is silent—and, it is said, severe. When he does talk, he talks well; and

on all subjects of taste, his delicacy of expression is as pure as his poetry. If you enter his house—his drawing room—his library—you of yourself say this is not the dwelling of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown aside on his chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fastidious elegance in the possessor. But this very delicacy must be the misery of his existence. Oh, the jarring his disposition must have encountered through life!

SOUTHEY.—"Southey, I have not seen much of. His appearance is Epic; and he is the only existing entire man of letters. His manners are mild, but not those of a man of the world, and his talents of the first order. His prose is perfect. Of his poetry, there are various opinions: there is perhaps too much of it for the present generation; posterity will probably select. He has passages equal to any thing. At present he has a party but no public—except for his prose writings. The Life of Nelson is beautiful.

REVIEWS.—"Till I was 18 years old, odd as it may seem, I had never read a review. But while at Harrow, my information was so great on modern topics, as to induce a suspicion that I could only collect so much information from reviews, because I was never seen reading, but always idle and in mischief, or at play. The truth is, that I read eating, read in bed, read when no one else read, and had all sorts of reading since five years old, and yet never met with a review, which is the only reason I know of why I should not have read them. But it is true, for I remember when Hunter and Curzon, in 1804, told me this opinion at Harrow, I made them laugh by my ludicrous astonishment in asking them 'What is a review?' To be sure, they were then less common. In three years more I was better acquainted with that name; but the first I ever read was in 1806-7.

THE GAINS OF POETRY!—"Mr. Murray has offered me one thousand guineas for the 'Gaius' and the 'Bride of Abydos'—I won't—it is too much, though I am strongly tempted, merely for the say of it. No bad price for a fortnight's work (a week each)—what? the gods know—it was intended to be called poetry."

(From the World of Fashion.)

London Female Fashions for February.

EVENING DRESSES.—A gown of plain black velvet, made something longer in the skirt than last month; and the hem is extremely deep, and a very broad rich feather fringe borders the top of it. The corage is cut low and square, and drawn down a little in the centre of the bosom by an Egyptian brooch of massive gold, with a cameo in the centre. The narrow blond lace tucker, which stands up round the under dress, is thus partially seen. Under sleeve of white satin perfectly tight to the arm at bottom, and finished at the hand by a very full manchette en niche of white blond-net. A white tulle sleeve of a singularly novel and graceful form partially covers the satin one. The turban is of white gauze d'Ispahan. The gauze is disposed in light full folds, which are wreathed with gold beads. A bunch and ears of ripe corn in diamonds is placed on

the right side of the turban; and a row of gold beads passes from it under the chin to the left side. Black crape fur richly embroidered in gold. White kid gloves, and white gros de Naples slippers, en sandales. The pendants of the ear-rings correspond with those of the brooch, but are much smaller.—2d Evening Dress.—A gown of new material; it is called *Soire du Roide Siame*; it is a very rich silk, the ground is a shade between lavender and grey, thickly covered with bouquets of rose-buds; in these is a mixture of gold. This dress is made in the *Marino Faliero* form; tight corsage, ornamented round the back and in front of the bust with two bands of ermine, that descend in a slanting direction down the front of the dress. A broad border of the same costly fur finishes the skirt. The hair is arranged in a very large knot on the crown of the head by a gold comb with a very high gallery; a second comb is placed below. A coiffure, composed of pounceau gauze, and ornamented with esprits. A gold comb divides the hair on the forehead. This elegant head-dress is admirably calculated to give a graceful and dignified air to a handsome countenance. Ear-pendants and brooch of rubies, bracelets of wrought gold and rubies.—3d Evening Dress. A dress of tulle over an under-dress of gros de Naples, to correspond with the colour, which is a shade between *vapeur* and *saumon*. The corsage is arranged in front of the bust, in full drapery, folds a *la Dauphine*, they are divided in the centre of the bosom by a satin rouleau, of rather more than the usual breadth. A narrow satin rouleau fastens them on the shoulder, from whence they are disposed round the back of the bust, but at the upper part only. Short full sleeve, a *la Dauphine*. The skirt is finished by a very deep trimming of tulle, upon which is laid, at regular distances, rouleaux of satin; the spaces between the rouleaux are cut into points, placed longitudinally, and united by neuds of gauze riband. Bouquets of flowers, issuing from each rouleau, complete this singularly elegant trimming. The hair is arranged in a full cluster of bows, on the summit of the head; it is much parted on the forehead, and disposed in *tirebouchon* ringlets, which hang low, but not unbecomingly so, on each side of the face.—Flowers, pearls, and cameos, are mingled with infinite taste among the bows of hair, and a bandeau of pearls, fastened on the forehead by a diamond clasp, completes the coiffure. Necklace of gold chains and cameos.—Bracelets, gold chains, with cameo clasps. Gold earrings exquisitely wrought.—4th Evening Dress.—A dress of striped satin gauze; the colour is a delicate shade of pink; the corsage, made plain, and to the shape behind, is arranged in drapery folds across the bosom. The shape of the bust is beautifully formed in front by rouleaux of black blond net. Sleeves a *la Roxelane*, of excessive fullness from the elbow to the wrist, where they terminate by a band of the same width as the bracelet. A row of fringe confines the upper part of the sleeve, and falls a little below the elbow; this fringe is of chenille, and one of the richest we have seen; there is in it a slight mixture of black. The border of the dress, which does not reach quite to the knee, is finished at the upper edge with a row of fringe. The corsage is cut excessively low all round the bust, but the neck is in some degree shaded by a scarf of *Eolienne* gauze, which corresponds in colour with the dress, and is finished also at the ends with fringe to correspond. The hair is arranged in full curls on the temples; the hind hair, brought rather forward, is disposed in bows. A scarf, similar to that on the neck, is so arranged among the bows, as to form at once the most becoming and tasteful coiffure that we have seen of this description. Diamond necklace and ear-rings; the latter en *girandoles*.—5th Evening Dress. A white satin dress. The corsage is cut low, perfectly square, and sits close to the shape, except in the centre of the bosom, where a slight degree of fullness is arranged in the form of a star, which has a very novel and pretty effect. A blond lace tucker shades the bosom, but does not go

round the back. The sleeve is a *la Maintenon*; it is of a graceful form, and the lower part shows the shape of the arm to particular advantage. An open dress of glazed satin, colour *vert emeraude*, is worn over the gown. This dress, called *robe a la Roxelane*, nearly meets at the bottom of the waist, turns back in a row of points, which are progressively deeper from the waist to the shoulder, from whence they decrease in breadth to the centre of the back part of the bust. A second row of these ornaments forms a graceful finish to the upper part of the sleeve; those of the waist are continued down the fronts. The skirt is finished by a deep flounce, cut at the bottom in large round dents. A rouleau, composed of satin of different shades, heads the flounce. A light but rich trimming, composed of *floize* silk, finishes the points and dents, each of which has, in the centre, a lozenge embroidered in gold. The hair is arranged in very large light curls, thrown back, so as to display nearly the whole of the forehead. The hind hair is disposed in bands and bows, the coiffure is composed of the beautiful new material, called *gaze de Paris*; it is spotted with gold, and two birds of *Paradise*. The gauze forms a circlet round the knot of hair behind, and is disposed in two large bows, one of which partially shades the curls over the right temple; the other is placed quite at the back of the head. The birds of *Paradise* are so arranged that their plumage droops most gracefully over these bows. An ornament, composed of gold and rubies, parts the hair on the forehead. The ear-rings, of the *girandole* form, are of rubies. Neck chain of gold, richly wrought, with an ornament in the centre, to correspond with that on the hair. The clasps of the gold bracelets are also similar.—6th Evening Dress. A gown of gros de Tours, of a peculiarly rich full shade of blue. The corsage is cut a very decorous height before and behind, but is very low on the shoulders. Drapery folds, which have very little fullness, ornament the upper part of the bust behind. The fullness in front is arranged by a rouleau, which goes from the centre of the bust to the bottom of the waist. The sleeve is of white *gaze de Paris*. The bouffant part is finished by two rows of pointed ornaments: one falls from the shoulder; the others, set on a little above the elbow, point upwards, and appear to support the fullness of the sleeve. A neud, with long ends, ornaments this last row in the middle of the arm. The ends of the neud and the row of points are edged, as is the bust of the dress, with narrow blond lace. The lower part of the sleeve is confined to the arms in two places, by rouleaux of the same material as the dress. The trimming of the dress consists of a superb brilliant fringe. The hair is dressed extremely full on the temples; it is partly brought in one large full bow on the crown of the head, and partly disposed in bands, which are wreathed round the bow. The hair is decorated with a golden arrow, the head of which is ornamented with a cameo and three aigrettes, two of which are placed behind, and one at the side. A swans-down *boa tippe*, is thrown lightly round the neck.—7th Evening Dress. A gown of rose colored *gaze de laine*, over a satin slip of a corresponding shade. The corsage, which is cut excessively low and square, is ornamented with a drapery of the same material, on which three satin rouleaux are placed at convenient distances; this drapery goes round the back of the bust, falls low on the shoulders, and crosses en *fichu* on one side. The satin under sleeve is excessive full at top, but tight to the lower part of the arm; the gauze sleeve is full from the shoulder to the wrist, where it terminates by a band concealed by a gold bracelet. The trimming of the skirt is an excessively full bouillon of the same material as the dress; this is finished at the upper edge by a band slightly embroidered in a running pattern with rose colored silk, and a double row of satin pannes, which turn upwards. The coiffure is a satin hat to correspond with the dress, it is trimmed under the brim with coques of gauze ribbon. The crown is decorated with neuds of

ribbon and bouquets of wild flowers. A bouquet is placed on one side near the top of the crown, and another at the opposite side close to the bottom. The brides, which are of broad gauze ribbon, hang loose.—Gold and pearl bracelets; gold necklace à la Grecque, and gold ear-rings.

A MORNING DRESS.—A Clarence-blue velvet pelisse. The corsage sits close to the shape; it is finished at the throat by a square collar of chinchilla; a band of the same fur borders the corsage on each side down the bust. The sleeve is a la Donna Maria, terminated by a chinchilli cuff; the dress is trimmed down the front with chinchilla. Morning bonnet of the chapeau capote shape; it is of velvet, to correspond with the pelisse, and is trimmed with *nœuds* of the same material, intermingled with bows of rich figured riband. Collarette en *ruche* of white blond net. Half boots of French grey kid leather.

A BALL DRESS.—A white gauze dress, over a white satin slip; the corsage is cut excessively low. The front of the bust is very nearly covered with drapery folds, arranged in the stomacher style. They descend from the shoulders to the waist, and are arranged in the centre of the bosom by a satin rouleau. The back is quite plain, and extremely narrow at the bottom of the waist. Very short full sleeves, ornamented with roses, three wreaths of which are inserted longitudinally on the shoulder, and descend about half way on the sleeve, spreading in a fan-like direction. The skirt is excessively short; it is finished with a broad bias, the upper edge of which is adorned with two satin rouleaux, placed close together. A wreath of roses surmounts the rouleaux. A tripple wreath descends from the waist in the same style as that in the sleeves, and meets the trimming at the bottom. We must observe that the flowers on the skirt are much larger than those on the sleeves. The front hair is braided across the forehead, and falls in cork screw ringlets at each side of the face. The hind hairs, partly disposed in braids and partly in plaited bands, is dressed very high, and a bouquet of roses, placed on its summit, renders it still more so.—Two other bouquets are interwoven with the tresses on each side. Gold ear-rings and neck-chain, the latter with a cameo in front. Ceinture embroidered in gold, and fastened behind in three coques. White kid gloves. White gros de Naples slippers, en sandales.

From the Gentleman's Magazine of Fashions, &c.

London Gentlemen's Fashions for February.

WALKING DRESS.—This coat is of a light green milled superfine cloth, and is to be worn without a great coat, as it is of a stout texture, for that purpose. It is made double-breasted, with broad lappels at top to button up across the neck if required; the length of the coat should be between that of an ordinary frock coat and a great coat; the collar and lappels are of black Genoa velvet; the skirts are lined with silk, the same color, or black velvet, the same as the collar and lappels; the sleeve is rather full to the elbow, and from thence to the wrist it fits the arm rather tight, the pockets are in the folds behind, and a breast pocket horizontally across the left breast. The trousers are of a milled kersey, tight about the hips and waist, and of moderate width at bottom, not to cover the boot; they are not so long at the bottom, nor so wide as last month.

AN EVENING DRESS.—The coat is of a dark green; the length of the waist is the same as last month, but the lappels are longer in front, and more pointed; the buttons are a habit size, and six on each lappel; they are near to the edge at bottom, but at top are wide, running towards the shoulder; it is intended that only one button of this coat should be buttoned, which is the second from the bottom. The waistcoat has still a rolling collar, with dead gold buttons, or silk the same color; it is left very open on the chest, and consequently only three buttons are fastened; an under waistcoat of

fine white marcella is cut to correspond, so as to just make its appearance round the collar and bosom. Dark blue or black single kersey mere trousers; they are made tight about the hips, and with a falldown, and are straight at the bottom, not lower than the ankle bone, they are made rather tight about the thigh to the small of the knee, marking out the leg to the ankle, and worn without straps.

AN EVENING DRESS MANTELET.—This mantelet, which is a half circle, is of a fine olive or brown cloth; the collar flaps like a great coat; the outside is of velvet, and the front is faced with the same; the cape has the same quantity of fulness as the cloak, and by being put in the same as the neck, it falls in folds like the cloak, and looks very handsome. The mantelet, or cloak, is of superfine claret cloth, made extremely full, and lined with blue velvet, the collar descends low on the person, and is very capacious. The coat is made to button over in front. The collar is large, and falls gracefully over. The coat is dark blue, double-breasted, with a blue velvet collar. The waistcoat is of a delicate yellow kersey mere, made single-breasted. The pantaloons are of a dark fawn superfine cloth, made full, projecting well over the boot, and are fastened underneath by a strap.

A MORNING DRESS.—This is a dark fawn frock coat, lined in the skirts with a silk serge the same colour as the coat, made single-breasted. It has a small cape, which just covers the shoulders; the collar is full, and rather longer than a frock without a cape: the sleeve has wadding in the top, which carries the cape well off, and gives the shoulders a square appearance. The waistcoat has a short, stand-up collar, without a step, and buttons up to the top. Superfine claret cloth pantaloons. For morning trousers the newest colours are a saffron coloured kersey, a reddish dove colour, and a fawn drab, with a nut brown. They are not worn so long on the instep as last month, but, instead of covering the boot, the trousers are cut hollow a little to show the foot; the straps are, therefore, longer at the bottom, and button with two buttons under the foot.

From Rene Caillie's Journey of Timbuctoo.

THE LATE MAJOR LAING.—"I employed the remainder of the time I stayed in Timbuctoo in collecting information respecting the unfortunate death of Major Laing, which I had heard mentioned at Jenne, and which was confirmed by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, whom I questioned respecting the melancholy event. I learned that within a few days' journey of the city, the caravan to which the Major belonged, was stopped on the road to Tripoli, by the Tooariks, or, as others alleged, by the Berbiehes, a wandering tribe near the Dhiolibas. Laing being discovered to be a Christian, was cruelly attacked, and the assailants continued beating him with a club until they thought him dead. I concluded that the other Christian, who was said to have been actually murdered, was a servant of the Major's. The Moors belonging to the caravan raised Laing up, and succeeded in restoring him to animation. When he became sensible, they placed him upon a camel, but he was so weak that they were obliged to tie him on. The robbers left him almost destitute, having robbed him of the greater part of his merchandize. On his arrival at Timbuctoo, Major Laing healed his wounds by the aid of an ointment which he brought with him from England. His recovery was slow; but he was made very comfortable, owing to the letters of recommendation which he had brought from

Tripoli, and especially to the attention of his landlord, a Tripolitan, to whom he had been directed. The house of this Moor was near that in which I lodged at Timbuctoo. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him. He appeared to be a man full of kindly feelings. Many a time he has given me dates, from mere charity; and the day before I left he made me a present of a pair of blue cotton trowsers, to wear on my journey. He told me that the Major had been recommended by a Tripolitan house to an old Moor, who, not having convenience to lodge him, transferred him to his hospitality. Laing, he added, never laid aside his European dress, and used to give out that he had been sent by his master, the King of England, for the purpose of making himself acquainted with Timbuctoo and the wonders it contains. It would appear that the traveller had openly taken a plan of Timbuctoo; for the same Moor told me, that *he had written down every thing in it*. Other Moors, whom I questioned respecting Laing, merely told me that the Major ate a little, and that he lived entirely on bread, eggs, and poultry. I moreover learned, that he was tormented to say that there is but one God, and that Mahomet is his prophet; but he always stopped at the words, 'there is but one God.'—They then called him *cafir* and *infidel*; but, without ill-treating him, left him free to think and pray in his own way. Sidi-Abdallah, whom I often questioned as to whether the Major had been insulted during his stay at Timbuctoo, always replied in the negative; shaking his head, to give me to understand that they would have been sorry to annoy him. This toleration may be accounted for by the fact, that the Moors who reside at Timbuctoo came from Tripoli, Algiers and Morocco, and that being in the habit of seeing Christians, in their own countries, they are less liable to be offended at their worship and their manners. For instance, Sidi Abdallah, who came from Tatta, a town near Cape Magadore, was not inimical to the Christians. Thus it may easily be conceived that the Major was free to inspect every part of the town, and even to enter the mosques. It would appear that, after he had made himself completely acquainted with Timbuctoo, he wished to see Cabra and the Dhioliba. But had he left the city in the day time he would have incurred the greatest danger from the Tooariks, who are continually roaming about the environs of Timbuctoo, and whose attack he had too much reason to remember. He first determined to set off during the night. This was wise; for though the Tooariks dared not touch him while he staid in the town, they would have wreaked their vengeance on him, had they caught him beyond its limits, and murdered as well as robbed him. Taking advantage of a dark night, Major Laing mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a single native, reached Cabra, and, even, it is said, the banks of the Dhioliba, without accident. On his return to Timbuctoo, he ardently wished instead of proceeding to Europe by the desert, to travel

by Jenne, and Sego, ascending the Dhioliba, whence he might have reached the French factories on the Senegal. But, no sooner had he communicated his plan to the Foulahs established on the Dhioliba, (a great number of whom had resorted to Timbuctoo, on hearing of the arrival of a Christian,) than they all declared they would never suffer a *nasarah* to set foot in their territory, and if he made the attempt, they warned him that he would have cause to repent it. The Major conceiving that he could do nothing with these fanatics, chose the route of El-Arawan, where he hoped to join a caravan of Moorish merchants, conveying salt to Sandanding; but, alas! after journeying five days to the north of Timbuctoo, the caravan, with which he had come up was stopped by Sheikh Hameloul'd-Habib, an old fanatic chief, of the tribe of Zawat, who wander in the desert of that name. Sheikh Hamet seized the Major, under the pretence of his having entered his territory without permission. He then wished to compel him to acknowledge Mahomet to be Prophet of God, and requiring him even to make the salam. Laing, relying too confidently on the protection of the Pasha of Tripoli, who had recommended him to all the Sheikhs of the desert, refused to obey. Hamet, more and more urgently insisted on his acknowledging himself a Musselman. Laing continued firm, and chose to die rather than yield; a resolution which made one of the most intelligent of travellers a martyr to the cause of science.

A Moor, belonging to the train of the chief of the Zawats, who was directed by his master to kill the Christian, refused to execute his order. 'What!' said he, 'do you wish me to slay the first Christian who has come among us, and one who has done us no injury?—Give the commission to another; I will not be the instrument of his death; kill him yourself.' This address suspended for a moment the fatal sentence, and the question of Laing's life or death was warmly debated for some time. At length the latter was decided on. Some black slaves were summoned, and they were ordered to perform the horrid deed, with which the Moor had refused to stain his hands. One of the murderers immediately tied his turban round the neck of the victim and strangled him on the spot, he pulling one end, while his comrade held the other. The corpse of the unfortunate Laing was cast upon the desert, to become the prey of the raven and vulture, the only birds which inhabit those desolate regions. When the Major had once been discovered to be a Christian and a European, death was a thousand times preferable to even a temporary change of religion, since he must have renounced all hopes of again visiting Europe. The fate of Laing, had he become a Musselman per force, would have been irretrievably wretched. He would have been the slave of merciless barbarians, and exposed to all the miseries and dangers peculiar to that country. In vain would the Pacha of Tripoli have demanded his liberation. At that immense dis-

tance the chiefs of the Zawate would have scorned his menaces, and detained his prisoner. The resolution of Major Laing was, perhaps, at once a proof of intrepidity and of foresight. On his departure for El-Arawan, the Major took with him some astronomical instruments, and his papers, but very little merchandize; for the Tooariks had relieved him from nearly all he possessed. The Sheikh Mamet therefore gained little by the murder of the English traveller, and he was obliged to divide that little with the wretches he had made the instruments of his crime.

A Moor, of Tafilet, who belonged to the caravan, had for his share of the spoil a sextant, which I was informed might be found in the country. As for the Major's papers and journals, they were scattered among the inhabitants of the desert. During my stay at Gourland, a village of Tafilet, I saw a copper pocket compass, of English manufacture. Nobody could tell me whence this instrument had come, and I concluded it had belonged to Laing.—Had it not been for the precautions I was compelled to observe in my Arabic disguise, I would have given a good price for it; but I could not, without betraying myself, show that I attached the least value to an instrument of which I was supposed to be ignorant."

On the 4th May, Chillie left Timbuctoo with a caravan, and crossed the Sahara, or desert, where, he says, on the 9th, "In the morning, a little before sunrise, the Moors who accompanied me showed me the spot where Major Laing was murdered. I there observed the site of a camp. I averted my eyes from this scene of horror, and secretly dropped a tear—the only tribute of regret I could render to the ill-fated traveller, to whose memory no monument will ever be reared on the spot where he perished. Several Moors of our caravan who witnessed the fatal event, told me that the Major had but little property with him when he was stopped by the Chief of the Zawata, and that he had offered five hundred piastres to a Moor to conduct him to Souyerah Mogadore.) This the Moor refused to do—for what reason I was not informed, and I dared not inquire. They also spoke of the sextant, which I have mentioned above."

PETER THE HERMIT.

The origin of this singular man has not been undisputed. The most probable account is, that he was descended from a family of noble rank; that he was born at Amiens, and derived his title of Hermit from Regnant l'Hermite, his father, who enjoyed an estate which conferred that name upon his possessor. The first years of his life were spent in the pursuit of learning; and he not only studied in the most celebrated of the Italian academies, but passed over into Greece, in order to enjoy the advantages which that country still afforded the inquirer. Having completed his education, and shown the most admirable capacity for learning, he was received into the house of his relative, the Bishop of Paris, who regarded him with parental af-

fection, and promised to reward his industry and talents with the best preferments of the church. But the mind of Peter was too active to allow of his remaining contented with the retired life to which that prelate wished to devote him; and he requested permission to give up his prospects of ecclesiastical honours for those of a military career. It was a considerable time before his desire was assented to; but, at length, seeing his resolution remain unaltered, the bishop was obliged to allow his departure, and he sent him to his brother, Eustache, Count of Boulogne. The nobleman immediately perceived the value and extent of his accomplishments, and made him tutor to his sons; in which capacity he devoted a large portion of his time to martial exercises, and at last became entirely engaged in the duties of his new profession. A war with Flanders afforded him many opportunities of distinguishing himself, and obtaining the notice of his superiors in arms; but an unfortunate accident exposed him too closely to the enemy, and he was taken prisoner. While suffering under the restraints and privations of captivity, his thoughts began to be employed on subjects more in unison with the natural tone of his mind than those which had lately occupied it. The glowing dreams of military renown gave place to solemn reflections on the condition of his soul; and the stirring impulses of courage, and the love of adventure, were lost in the stronger and more passionate feelings of devotion. But shortly after the above events had occurred, Peter resigned his hopes of advancement, either as a priest or a soldier, to the desire of domestic retirement, and married. His happiness appears to have been complete. In his beloved Beatrice he found an object on whom his heart could pour out all its tenderness; and the peace and privacy of his home enabled him to nurture, undisturbed, the holy sentiments which had cheered him in his captivity. But as if he was to be prepared for the work he had to perform by many sufferings and changes, after he had for three years enjoyed this felicity, he lost his Beatrice, and with her vanished all his hopes and enjoyments.—No longer able to endure a world in which he now seemed to have no right to happiness, he immediately determined on burying himself altogether in solitude. The three children, therefore, which had been borne to him, he sent to his relations to be educated and provided for; and then, after devoting himself to God, by taking the vows of priesthood, he retired to an obscure and solitary habitation, in which he resided till his active mind again roused him to exertion. Peter submitted, in his lonely dwelling, to the hardships which had distinguished the lives of the ancient Anchorites, and passed his time in the exercise of the most rigid devotion. But this was not sufficient to complete the holiness of his character. The strictest fasting, the severest labours, the most watchful and unceasing prayers, could not avail to satisfy the conscience, while some stronger manifestation of faithfulness remained to be given; and a pil-

grimage was, in the eyes of a few held at that period, the most powerful of all evidences, that a pretension to sanctity was unfounded. The hermit's own inclination was in close alliance with this opinion; his natural activity, and love of strong excitement, gave him additional reasons for undertaking an enterprise to which his conscience had already irresistibly urged him; and he therefore set forth, full of religious fervour and devote anticipations, for the sepulchre of the Saviour.—*Constable's Miscellany.*

DOMESTIC ESSAY.

Look round, and see a nation young in name,
But swiftly rising to the feast of fame;
Behold the increasing, rapid march of mind,
The glory and distinction of mankind;
Behold another Rome has risen again,
Another Greece across the mighty main.

Without indulging in the language of hyperbole, or incurring the penalty of partiality, it may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that in no era in the annals of ages, and in no country on the face of the globe, has literature, science and the arts made so rapid a progress, as in the United States, during the last fifty years. If there is any period which may be comparatively compared, it was when the sun of learning first rose upon the gardens of Greece. The rise of learning in the Roman empire was owing altogether to the expiring gleams of Grecian glory. The comparison with the early ages of Greece must necessarily be comparative, as the sciences and arts particularly were then but partially developed. Chymistry was then in its infancy. During the last century that science has been more extensively unfolded, and the wonders of nature explored, than in the thousand years preceding. It is true the ancients possessed the knowledge of some few chemical processes of which the modern world is totally ignorant, as the manufacturing malleable glass, the process of embalming, and others of minor importance. But they knew nothing of the wonders of steam, the use of the gases, the composition of gunpowder, by which the horrors and agonies of war have been ameliorated, and a thousand others.

But to return from my digression to the subject. That literature, science and the arts, have made, and are making, rapid strides in our country, needs but to be examined to be proved.—The time has arrived when the usual routine of circumstances is reversed. We no longer import the improvements of science and art, but more frequently export them. American improvements are found in the most celebrated establishments of England and France, and our literature is read in their best magazines. But this rapid advance in our country is not at all surprising. The cause of the advance of science and art may be found in the competition, the emulation and superior genius of our countrymen. If there ever was a nation deserving the appellation of *inventive*, it is surely that of the United States. The cause of the rapid advancement of litera-

ture may be discovered in the growing taste of all classes, the wide spreading flood of periodical literature, those nurseries of rising talent, and in the idiosyncrasy of genius as found among the American people. The proof of that idiosyncrasy of genius is the modesty, the want of confidence, and assurance of superior talent.—Hence English talent is considered by us as superior to our own, and English productions cherished in preference. Hence comes the charge by some writers that American genius is not encouraged, whilst every thing from England is caught up with avidity. Modesty and want of confidence are certainly the signs of superior intellect, and I am desirous of persuading myself that they are the causes of the apparent partiality for English genius. England, compared upon equal grounds, is elevated far above our country; but when compared with respect to time and circumstances, she falls as far below

Reader, do you ask proof of the competition of our country with England? It shall be given in the Scottish manner, by asking a few questions. Is not England celebrated for her superior intellect and inventive genius?—She is. She has produced eminent men in literature, science and art. Have not the United States done the same?—They have. What country gave birth to the philosopher Franklin, who overstepped the bounds of philosophy, and, like another Jove, chained the lightnings of heaven, and placed himself on the pinnacle of unparalleled fame? What nation boasts of a Rittenhouse, who made another creation, and like his great archetype, bade the planets revolve—he whom his eulogist said Heaven called from earth least he should discover some of her hidden secrets? Where did the great West spring into existence, who dared to depict the countenance of a God? What country dwells with pride upon the name of Fulton, who triumphed a second Hercules over the dragon of steam, and made it the servant of the world? To what country does the inventive Perkins in England belong? In literature we have writers equal in genius, though not in fame. Cooper, as a novelist, disputes the prize with the *Great Known*, the present mammoth of English literature. Our warriors, statesmen, and poets, of distinction, are innumerable. Confidence in our literature is alone wanting to patronize, and patronage to render our writers equally celebrated. But I am inclined to believe that the glory of our literature has been, and will be more advanced by the dissemination of periodical literature, than by any other auxiliary. Those publications contain the germ and the food of rising genius, and withal are eagerly sought after. Every publisher of a judicious periodical is a benefactor to his country. I have seen in families the influence of those publications, and independently of the improvement arising therefrom, they are read by those who will read nothing else, thus begetting a taste for literature and knowledge. Half a dozen periodicals are sent to me, and the envelop is scarcely removed before as many readers are anxious

to peruse them. I must be allowed to observe that there are many instances where those periodicals are borrowed out of the family connection by those who are able but unwilling to patronise the enterprising publisher by subscribing for the paper. The Saturday Evening Post, which is in demand by all classes, and is admired wherever it is known, is frequently borrowed; and as no care is ever taken of borrowed articles, it is often returned in such a fragile, threadbare state, that it is wholly unfit for filing. This, too, is often done by many who are able, and should patronise the publisher, by sending the small amount of two dollars in advance, which is all that is required for the gratification of having and reading the Post one year. The indulgence of lending should of course be extended even out of the family connection to those who are not able to patronise the publisher, nor do I think the publisher would complain of this. It were well if the lending of all articles could be confined to the same narrow sphere. All will agree that the indiscriminate lending of periodicals is impoverishing to the publisher, and subversive of the cause of literature.

MILFORD BARD.

PERSONAL TASTES OF NAPOLEON.

With all his love of splendor in his court, it is difficult to find a man with simpler personal tastes than Napoleon. In the midst of all the luxuries of the table which French invention could supply, he almost invariably dined upon a grilled breast of mutton, or a roast chicken; and when his courtiers were sparkling in stars and diamonds, the little man in the *redingote gris*, and the three-cornered hat, was the more conspicuous, from his excessive simplicity. The libels of England, used to represent him as a monster at home; every thing, however, from the MSS. of St. Helena down to the very last publication concerning him, tends to show, that it is impossible for a great man to have been more truly amiable in the centre of his family. His fault was excessive playfulness, and he must be a very severe censurer who calls it a fault at all. He would, for instance in the country, play at leap-frog, and he even enjoyed after he became fat, the game of blindman's buff. It is true, that he would sometimes miss the grand-marechal, and roll on the floor, he did not however, consider his dignity soiled, and would resume the sport with the same hilarity. When he entered a room it was not unlike him to cover with his hands the eyes of any young lady whose back happened to be towards him, and then demanded who it was that had taken such a liberty, in a manner not wholly unknown by playful people of this side of the water. The pages used to consider him as a father; he invariably tutored them, and gave his favourites his various little nicknames. "Napoleon," says Madame Durand, "used to bathe every day, rubbed his person all over with Eau de Cologne and sometimes changed his linen several times in the course of the twenty-four hours. His fa-

vourite costume was the undress of the horse guards. While travelling, every thing was good enough; no lodging too bad, provided the smallest possible quantity of light was not admitted into his bed-chamber; he could not even support a feeble night-lamp. His table was covered with the most curious dishes, which he never touched; a breast of mutton grilled, mutton chops, a roast chicken, and beans were the food he preferred before all others, and from some one of these he would dine. He was particular in the quality of his bread, and he never drank any but the best of wine, but that an exceedingly small quantity. Much has been said of his abuse of coffee; it is a fable to be classed with the numberless others which have been told concerning him; he never took more than a single small cup after his breakfast, and the same quantity after his dinner. He ate with great rapidity, and rose from table the moment he had finished, without giving himself any care whether those who were invited to dine with him had time to finish their dinner. It has been said, that he took the greatest precaution against poison; now it turns out, that he did not take even enough in the opinion of his friends. Every morning his breakfast was carried into an anti-chamber, into which every body was admitted who had obtained a rendezvous; these persons had often to wait there a long time; and the dishes kept hot, remained often there several hours, until he gave the order to have them served. They were carried by footmen in covered baskets; but nothing in the world appears to have been more easy than to slip poison into them, if such had been designed. He used to talk loud; and when he was in good spirits, his bursts of laughter might be heard at a great distance. He was fond of singing, although he had no voice, and was never known to sing in tune. His favorite songs were Ah! c'en est fait je me marie, or Si le roi m'avait donne Paris sa grand-ville." Gay and familiar in the retirement of his court, he was fond of pulling people by the ear, pinching their cheeks, as he often did to Marechal Duroc, Berthier, Savary, and several of his other Aides de camps. He has been seen, while the Empress (Marie Louise) was dressing, tormenting her, and pinching her neck and her cheek. If she grew cross, he would take her in his arms, embrace her, call her his grosse bete, and peace was made.

THE BLEEDING HEART.

A dark cloud hung over Cear Valley, and a drizzling mist had watered profusely the thick grass around the low planted cottage that stood hid among the trees at the foot of the hill. But the window that looked down the narrow road towards the village, was open, though it was past the hour of eleven at night, and Mary sat pale and dejected by it, resting her cheek upon her hand, and looking out upon the gloomy sky, and listening with all the deep and anxious expectation of a tender wife, for the approach of her absent husband.

De Lancy had not always kept such hours as this; he was once fond, affectionate, attentive to her every want and wish, and as careful of her happiness as of his own life; when she married him, he was gay and cheerful, rich and virtuous, and she had joined her hand in his with the bright prospect of a long life of connubial bliss full before her.

But now his brow wore the aspect of deep and settled gloom,—he seemed to be himself no more—some secret disquietude preyed upon his mind, the springs of which lay concealed from her view.

Sometimes she thought he loved her no longer, but the thought almost broke her heart, and she banished it.—She hoped for the best, and now waited his return with all the impatience of wronged, but silent, unrepining affection.—As midnight approached, the streaks of lightning began to flash along the woodlands, and at intervals the deep and hollow-toned thunder rolled across the western arch of heaven; the clouds dropped rain in large quantities, and the quiet of the night yielded to the stormy blackness of a coming tempest.

She rose and closed the window with a heavy sigh; at that moment, a flash unlike that of lightning, at the edge of the woods, directly down the road, and a report, as of a pistol, alarmed her, she threw open the window again, all was silent, then a faint voice seemed crying in the wood, she listened, and thought she gathered the sound of murder; but the thunder rolled again, and the red lightning flashed angrily, and a howling wind rose up and moaned dismally along the forest. She fastened down the sash, and threw herself beside her sleeping infants on the bed, clasping them to her bosom, while her heart beat most violently, and her whole frame trembled with terror. A brief space elapsed, and the hurried tread of a horse was heard coming up the road; the gate creaked on its hinges; she heard De Lancy's voice, No, no, Bob, let me get off, this is bad business, we are both crazy—no, no, Bob, you don't smell the blood now; Lord how the lightning flashes, there is blood on my arm yet—no, no. The horse was led away to the stable; she heard the door shut and the key turned, and presently De Lancy rapped at the door. She flew to open it, and her husband entered with a wild and agitated air, pale and besmeared with mire and blood.

In the name of heaven, cried Mary, what is this? Only a trifle, woman: Bob threw me and my nose bled a little. She feared to interrogate him further, for his ruffled and morose humour was forbidding; she pressed him to partake of the supper she had kept ready for him, and endeavoured to soothe, by kindness and attention, the gloomy mood in which she found him. He refused to eat, however, and after sitting with his hands clenched some moments on his forehead, he rose, took a heavy draught, of brandy, and threw himself on the bed. Mary laid down beside him, but not to sleep, or if a momentary

dose came over her waking fancy it pictured to her restless and anxious mind, the feverish dreams of a disordered brain. She rose as the first glimmering of day broke upon the green valley, and walked out to the spring to bathe her burning brow in the cool and clear waters of the flowing brook. She had been there but a few moments before two men rode rapidly up the road and entered the gateway she hastened to the house, and they entered with her, enquiring for Mr. De Lancy, and seeming in too much haste to wait even the common forms of civility. De Lancy lay still asleep, and when they rudely roused him and laid their hands on him, he cried—he sprang up in a kind of frenzy—What, so soon? cried he; what! who told you I killed him? It is enough, cried one of them. Who asked you to accuse yourself? How came you to know he was killed? Come, we must search you. De Lancy stood aghast; in the perturbation of the moment he had betrayed himself; he had been taken unprepared, and as they drew from his pockets the money and the watch of the murdered man, he trembled excessively. Ah! the Devil has done for me at last, said he, throwing a wistful glance at his two sweet infants as they lay smiling in their infant slumbers on the bed locked in each others arms, and then towards his wife, who, in an agony of despair at this sudden burst of overwhelming misfortune on herself and children, and of ignominy and shame on him who was dear to her as her heart's blood, vile and dishonoured as he stood before her on that fatal morning,—stood pale and fixed as a cold statue by the bedside;—I have ruined you all, said he, but he whom I slew, first ruined me; he won a thousand dollars from me last night; I killed him, I got my money back, and now my life is forfeited. Oh! why was I linked with this infernal spirit; gambling has ruined me, and those whose fortunes were bound up in mine, forever. Oh Mary! my poor wife; my poor dear babes;—He raved, and raved, but they hurried him away, and bound his manly arms with a thick cord, and led him between their horses from his beautiful cottage home. They had not gone far, before they heard a distracted voice behind them. De Lancy's wife was following, her hair was hanging about her shoulders, her feet bare, and her every feature betokening the very horror of anguish. Stay a moment, oh stay;—Speak to me, George, oh what will become of your poor wife and children? The officers only increased their speed, and De Lancy went on with his hands folded, and his brow bent in desperate and silent despair. Poor Mary, after following them more than two miles, turned and went back, crying loudly and bitterly all the way. George's trial and condemnation followed speedily. He pleaded guilty. Mary went to see him in gaol, but he told her at parting, that it would break his heart to meet her again. This proved to have been an unnecessary admonition, she had been deserted by all her friends, amid the crush of her morning hopes, she pined away in her soli-

tary home, day after day, and was at last found dead in the cottage, with a babe on each arm, early one morning, by a passer-by, who was attracted to the house by the crying of the infants. De Lancy never knew her fate, although he was not executed for almost a month afterwards.—Thus ended the life of the Gambler, in utter ruin to himself and family; in and double desolating crime. L.

From a late London Paper.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

RESISTANCE OF FIRE.—On Thursday evening the Members of the Royal Society held their periodical meeting in their Library. D. Gilbert, Esquire, the President, was in the chair; and there were present Sir George Staunton, Bart. Sir J. McGregor, Mr. Brunnell, and many other fellows of the Society. The room, in fact, was very fully attended, in the expectation of an exhibition of experiments by Chevalier Aldini, "*for preserving human life from fire*"—and of various details from him as to past experiments, and the means by which he and others may "handle fire without burning their fingers."

Chevalier Aldini was accordingly in attendance, and was accompanied by a person who usually bears part in these extraordinary proceedings. They displayed various experiments, and handled red-hotokers as unceremoniously as if they had been so many walking sticks; and this great gratification, considering the nature of the weather, he enabled such of the company as chose to participate in, by providing "asbestos" gloves, with which the uninitiated could also familiarly, and with impunity, grasp red-hot iron. The Chevalier then mentioned that he intended to exhibit his experiments at our various public institutions—(the Chevalier was last night at the "Royal Institution,") and that he had an application before his Majesty's Ministers for a space of ground, and for adequate opportunities to exhibit experiments similar to those he displayed at Milan, Tuscany, &c. He then handed to the President and a gentleman near the President an unpublished statement, entitled "*A Short Account of Experiments for Preserving Human Life from Fire*," and in mixed English and Italian he requested the President to do him the favor of imparting to the company the contents of such statement. Per favor of one of those copies we are enabled to make the following extracts from communications afterwards imparted to the company. The statement set forth that the "Chevalier Aldini, of Bologna, has been earnestly occupied in the construction of an apparatus, or rather clothing, intended to preserve persons from injury who are exposed to flames. The apparatus has lately been fully tried at Geneva. A union of the powers possessed by a metallic tissue to intercept flame, with the incombustible matter, and the other or external envelope, of a metallic tissue. The pieces of clothing for the body, arms, and legs, are made

of strong cloth which has been soaked in a solution of alum; those for the head, the hands, and the feet, of the cloth of asbestos. M. Aldini has, by perseverance, been able to spin and weave asbestos without previously mixing it with other fibrous substances; the action of steam is essential in the bending and twisting of it, otherwise the fibres break. M. Aldini hopes to be able so to prepare other fibrous matters, as to be able to dispense altogether with this rare and costly material. When at Geneva, M. Aldini instructed the firemen in the defensive power of his arrangements, and then practised them before he made the public experiments. He showed them that a finger, enveloped first in asbestos, and then in a double case of wire gauze, might be held in the flame of a spirit-lamp or candle for a long time, before inconvenience was felt; and then clothing them, gradually accustomed them to the fiercest flames. A fireman, having his hand in a double asbestos glove, and guarded in the palm by a piece of asbestos cloth, laid hold of a large piece of red-hot iron, carried it slowly to the distance of one hundred and fifty feet, and then set the straw on fire by it and immediately brought it back to the furnace. The hand was not at all injured in the experiment. Another experiment related to the defence of the head, the eyes, and the lungs. The fireman put on only the asbestos and wire gauze cap, and the cuirass, and held the shield before his breast. A fire of shavings was then lighted, and sustained in a very large raised chaffing dish, and the fireman approaching it, plunged his head into the middle of the flames, with his face towards the fuel, and in that way went several times round the chaffing dish, and for a period above a minute in duration. The experiment was made several times, and those who made it said they suffered no oppression or inconvenience in the act of respiration. The third experiment was with a complete apparatus. Two rows of faggots, mingled with straw, were arranged vertically against bars of iron, so as to form a passage between thirty feet long and six feet wide. Four such arrangements were made, differing in the proportion of wood and straw, and one was with straw alone. Fire was then applied to one of these double piles; and a fireman, invested in the defensive clothing, and guarded by the shield, entered between the double hedge of flames, and traversed the alley several times. The flames rose ten feet in height, and joined over his head. Each passage was made slowly, and occupied from twelve to fifteen seconds. They were repeated six or eight times, and even oftener in succession, and the firemen were exposed to the almost constant action of the flames for the period of a minute and a half, or two minutes, and even more. Four firemen made these experiments; and they agreed in saying that they felt no difficulty in respiring."

Chevalier Aldini excited no ordinary attention and surprise, and retired amid the plaudits of the room.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Rum Color.—In one of the New England parishes since the commencement of the reform of temperance, at a meeting held for the transaction of business, a proposition was introduced and carried, for painting the meeting house. Of course it was necessary to decide what colour it should be painted. One gentleman proposed white; another, green; another yellow; another red; and reasons were offered for each. At last says one;—"Mr. Moderator, I move that it be painted rum color. And I will give a reason.—There is Colonel——who sets near you, has had his face painted rum colour these fifteen years; and it grows *brighter and brighter every year.*"

REPLY.—The great man of a village being at dinner, allowed one of his tenants to stand, while he conversed with him. 'What news, my friend?' said the squire. 'None that I know of,' replied the farmer, 'except that a sow of mine has had a litter of 13 pigs, and she has only 12 teats.' 'What will the thirteenth do,' asked the landlord. 'Do as I do,' returned Hodge, 'it will stand and look on while the others eat.'

"Make way, gentlemen," once cried a Massachusetts representative to the populace, who were crowding him out of his place, in the procession on election day, "make way, we are the representatives of the people."—"Make way yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

A TENDER WIFE.—Dr. Moosey, of Chelsea College, was apt to quarrel with his wife. Returning from Fulham, he was overtaken by a terrible storm; a return hearse came up, going to Chelsea. "Any port in a storm." The Doctor crept in with the pall and plumes for his companions. The hearse stopped at his door, his lady looked out: Who have you got coachman? "The Doctor, ma'am." "Thank heaven," says she, 'he's safe at last.' "Thank you, my love," says the Doctor, (getting out of the hearse) 'for your kind anxiety for my safety.'

THREE GREAT PHYSICIANS.—The celebrated physician, Dumoulin, being surrounded at his last moments by several of the most distinguished doctors in Paris, who vied with each other in expressions of regret at his situation—"Gentlemen," said he, suddenly, "do not so much regret me—I leave behind me three great physicians." On their pressing him to name them, each being sure that his own name would be among the number, he briefly added—"Water, Exercise, and Diet," to the no small discomfiture of his disappointed brethren.

REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.—The following fact took place during the period when Washington and the half-starved, half-clad troops were in winter quarters at Valley Forge.

A young man not quite twenty, from the western part of Massachusetts, was on guard before the General's door, marching back and forth in the snow, on a tremendous cold morning. Washington came out and accosted him, "My friend, how long have you been on guard here?" "Nearly two hours, sir." "Have you breakfasted?"—"No, sir." "Give me your gun and go breakfast at my table." He did so, and General Washington marched the rounds until he returned.

DR. FOTHERGILL.—Dr. John Fothergill, whose attachment to botany was a leading feature in his character, having noticed a spot of land suitable for a garden, on the sunny side of the Thames, which was to dispose of, agreed for the price. One obstacle alone remained, to make it his own. It was let to a tenant at will, whose little family subsisted on its produce, and whose misery was inevitable, had he expelled him from his fruitful soil. The moment Dr. Fothergill was made acquainted with the circumstance, he broke off the bargain, saying, that "nothing could ever afford gratification to him which entailed misery on another;" and when he relinquished this projected Eden, he made the family a present of the intended purchase money, which enabled them to become proprietors, where they had formerly only been tenants at will.

HIGHLAND SIMPLICITY.—Last week a young girl, fresh from the West Highlands, came on a visit to a sister she had residing in Glasgow. At the outskirts of the town, she stopped at a toll-bar, and began to rap smartly with her knuckles on the gate. The keeper, amazed at the girl's action, and curious to know what she wanted, came out, when she very demurely interrogated him as follows.—"Is this Clasco?"—"Yes." "Is our Peggy in?"—After a smile at her simplicity, the good natured fellow put her on a way of finding where her sister resided.—The lass thanked him in her imperfect English, saying, "her mother had desired her to be sure to enquire for Peggy, at the first big door she came to in Glasgow."—*Scotch paper.*

When the gallant Capt. Ward, of the Cullo den, (who was by Byng's positive and even personal order restrained from the action!) was asked, on the Court Martial, by the President, Smith, what he (Ward) thought would have been the eventual fortune of the day if Admiral Byng had done his duty? "It is my firm opinion," answered Capt. Ward, "that we might have sunk, burned, and destroyed the whole fleet of the enemy." And when the interrogation was made to another Captain in the fleet, (whose name has escaped my recollection,) of what he would have done had he been the commander of the withheld division, he bluntly replied, "Sir, had I been ordered to throw succours into hell, I should have gone forward till my jib was burned."—*United Service Journal.*

In the time of the old court, the faces of the Parisian ladies were spattered with patches, and plastered with rouge. Lord Chesterfield, when he was at Paris, was asked by Voltaire, if he did not think some French ladies then in company, whose cheeks were fashionably tinted, very beautiful, "Excuse me," said Lord Chesterfield, "from giving an opinion, for I am no judge of paintings."

A HALF CUP OF TEA.

Some Misses can never be persuaded to take a half cup of tea, for fear they shall never get the title of Mrs.—Aunt Tabitha Particular, is one of these believer in signs. She has ever since her fifteenth year, avoided this calamitous omen; and is now unmarried at the age of 75. Still she has full faith in the sign, and could not now be induced for the world to take a half cup of tea.

Some English officers, drinking in their tent, asked the Chaplain for a toast: "The King of France." "What! our foe?" said the colonel. "You live by him," said the chaplain. The Colonel in his own turn gave "The Devil."—"Do you mean to affront me," exclaimed the chaplain. "You live by him," said the colonel do you not good doctor?"

A ooy once asked Dr. Burgess, the preacher, if he would have a light? "No, child, said the Doctor, 'I am one of the lights of the world.'—I wish then," replied the boy, 'you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it is a devilish dark one!'

Not far distant from our good village, there lives a man, whose spouse one day got in a pet and refused to speak for eight or ten days, (no cavaliering, old bachelors, she actually held her tongue all the aforesaid time.) Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again, the clapper of that little bell, that sometimes made his ears tingle; she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again; she was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, and without thinking, screamed out "Mercy! what in the world are you doing!" "Nothing, only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

STUMP ORATORS.—There is much originality and quaintness of expression in the following extract from a stump speech of a candidate for the Legislature in one of the western states:—"Born" said he, 'in a cane-break, cradled in a sap-trough, my zeal for independence has grown to maturity, without being choked by the weeds of education.'

GOOD REASON FOR DRINKING!

A gentleman having used some argument in favour of drinking, concluded with, "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes one forget what is disagreeable. Would you not allow a man to drink in that case?" "Yes, sir," replied Johnson, if he sat next to you."

The vanity of young men, in loving fine clothes and new fashions, and valuing themselves by them, is one of the most childish pieces of folly that can be, and the occasion of great profuseness and undoing of young men. Avoid curiosity and too much expensiveness in your apparel; be comely, plain, decent, cleanly, not curious nor costly; it is the sign of a weak head-piece, to be sick for every new fashion, or to think himself the better in it, or the worse without it.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

ANCIENT CUSTOMS.—Many of the old and singular customs bequeathed to us by our forefathers are fast wearing away, and the few which remain, however superstitious, are regarded with something like affection by those who love to trace the manner of 'the olden time.' In the county of Hereford, (Eng.) some of the Romish and feudal ceremonies are still practised. On the eve of Old Christmas Day, there are thirteen fires lighted in the corn fields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole, much longer and higher than the rest, in the centre. These fires are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and Twelve Apostles, the lady being in the middle, and while they are burning, the labourers retire into some shed or out-house, where they can behold the brightness of the Apostolic flame. In this shed they lead a cow, on whose horn a large plum cake has been stuck, and having assembled round the animal, the oldest labourer takes a pail of cider, and addresses the following lines to the cow with great solemnity; after which the verse is chanted in chorus by all present:—

'Here's to thy pretty face and thy white horn,
God send thy master a good crop of corn,
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again.'

He then dashes the cider in the cow's face when, by a violent toss of her head, she throws the plum cake on the ground; and if it fall forward, it is an omen that the next harvest will be good; if backward, that it will be unfavorable. This is the ceremony at the commencement of the rural feast, which is generally prolonged till the following morning.

An eye of the master sees more than four eyes of the servants.

Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom.

If you have a good law cause refer it—if a bad one, try it.

A woman out of temper, is like a gale in the bay of Biscay—dangerous by adverse currents.

DEAR NATIVE HOME,

AS SUNG BY MADAME VESTRIS.

Andantino.

Far o'er the wave, as morn's soft beam re - turn - ing,
 Slow - ly un - veil'd the well remember'd shore; How swell'd my
 heart, with eager fancies burning, Dreams of past
 joys, and hopes of priceless store: Sweet home! receive me,
 faithful I come, Ne - ver! Oh never! to leave thee, dear native
 home: Sweet home, re - ceive me, faithful I come,
 Ne - ver! Oh ne - ver! to leave thee, dear native home.

2.

Vainly for me Love's signal radiance bright'ning
 Flam'd from his altars o'er my truant way,—
 Absent from thee, the summer's beauteous light'ning
 Less harmful play'd not round the fading day.
 Sweet home, &c.

3.

Cease, ye who sing the wand'rer's heartless pleasures!
 Leave, leave my path!—no more, no more I roam:
 Here lives a charm, worth all uncounted treasures,—
 Here breathes the sigh of welcome, welcome home!
 Sweet home, &c.



SCHOOL OF FLORA

From the Medical Flora of the United States

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ASCLEPIAS TUBEROSA.

ENGLISH NAME—Orange Swallow-Wort.

VULGAR NAMES—Pleurisy root, Butterfly weed, Flux root, Wind root, White root, Silk weed, Canada root, &c.

Genus ASCLEPIAS—Calix quinquefid. Corolla five parted, flat or reflexed, bearing five auricles with appendages, and a large central truncate stegyne, supporting and concealing the five stamina, covering the two pistils: which are succeeded by two follicles.

Species *A. TUBEROSA*—Hairy, leaves scattered, variable, nearly sessile, oblong or lanceolate, entire: umbels with subulate bracts, flowers lax and orange color.

DESCRIPTION—Root perennial, large, fleshy, white, of variable form, fusiform, crooked or branched—Many stems either erect or ascending or procumbent, round, hairy, green or red—Leaves scattered, sessile, or on short petioles, very hairy, pale beneath, entire or undulate, oblong or lanceolate, or nearly linear, obtuse or acute.

Several terminal or lateral umbels, divaricate, with subulate bracts for involucre. Flowers erect, peduncled, and of a bright orange color. Calix small reflexed, five parted. Corolla reflexed, five parted, segments oblong; auricles erect, nearly as long, cusulate, with incurved appendages or horns. Stegynae tough, pyramidal, having five coalescent stamina around, each with two cells and two masses of pollen suspended by a thread. Two pistils completely concealed by the stegynae; germs ovate with short styles, stigmas obtuse.—Follicles two, often abortive, lanceolate, acute, erect, downy, dehiscent laterally; seeds many, imbricate, flat, ovate, connected to a longitudinal receptacle by long silken hairs.

HISTORY—This species is easily known at first sight by its bright orange flowers blossoming in July and Au-

gust, among all the numerous American congeneric species; which are upwards of thirty. It is a very ornamental plant, although inodorous, while many others are sweet scented. The roots which are nearly tuberous, have given name to it, although the *A. acuminata* is also tuberous. The *A. decumbens* of some Botanists is only one of its varieties: it is very variable in the stems and leaves.

All the *Asclepias* are milky; but this less than others. They all produce a fine glossy and silky down in the follicles or pods; which has been used for beds, hats, cloth and paper. This down makes excellent beds and pillows, being elastic, and one pound and an half occupying a cubic foot. Light and soft hats are made with it: the staple is too short to be spun and woven alone; but it may be mixed with flax, cotton, wool and raw silk. It makes excellent paper, and the stalks of the plants afford it likewise, as in flax and *Apocynum*.—The *A. syriaca* or Silky Swallow-wort producing more of the down, has been cultivated for the purpose, and a pound of down produced from forty to fifty plants. Its young shoots are edible like poke, and the flowers produce a honey by compression.

LOCALITY—Found all over the United States, but most abundant in the South; it prefers open situation, poor and gravelly soils, along gravelly streams and on hills. Rare in rich and loamy soils.

QUALITIES—The root is brittle when dry, and easily reduced to powder; it is somewhat bitter, but not unpleasant: it contains a bitter extractive and secula, both soluble in boiling water. When fresh the root, as well as the whole plant, is rather unpleasant, subacid and nauseous.

PROPERTIES—Subtonic, diaphoretic, expectorant, diuretic, laxative, escarotic, carminative, antispasmodic, &c. It is a valuable popular remedy, and a mild sudorific, acting safely without stimulating the body. It is supposed to act specifically on the lungs, to promote suppressed expectoration, and to relieve the breathing of pleuritic patients. It appears to exert a mild tonic

effect, as well as a stimulant power over the excretories. It relieves the dyspnoea and pains in the chest. It often acts as a mild cathartic, suitable for the complaints of children; it is also useful in cholera, hysteria, menorrhagia, dysentery, &c.

In the low state of typhus fever, it has produced perspiration when other sudorifics had failed. In pneumonia and catarrh it is always beneficial. It restores the tone of the stomach and digestive powers. It has been given in asthma, rheumatism, syphilis, and even for worms.

All these valuable properties, many of which are well attested, entitle it to general notice, to become an article of commerce, be kept in shops, &c.

The doses are from twenty to thirty grains of the powdered root three times a day, or a gill of the decoction and infusion every few hours: a vinous infusion and a decoction in milk are also recommended in some cases.

SUBSTITUTES—Snakeroots—Myrrh—Spikenard—Squill—Asarabaca—Sassafras—Tolu—*Apocynum androsaemifolium*—Liquorice—Ginseng—Many other Swallow-worts, &c.

REMARKS—It may be useful to notice some other species possessing the same properties.

A. syriaca or common Silkweed, grows all over the United States near streams; it has large oblong opposite leaves, white beneath, and large globular umbels of sweet scented flowers of a lilac color.

A. incarnata, grows also near streams every where, has lanceolate leaves, opposite and acute; flowers flesh colored or red, scentless.

A. acuminata, also near streams in New Jersey, &c. with opposite ovate acuminate leaves, flowers red and white.

A. quadrifolia, from New York to Kentucky in woods, beautiful little plant with leaves like the foregoing, but four in a whorl, flowers flesh colored and very fragrant.

Henry calls our plant *A. decumbens*, but his figure is a very bad one of *A. incarnata*.



TO MELANCHOLY.

Spirit! who dwellest amid the upper air;
And through the liquid ether wend'st thy flight:
Rob'd in the brightness of the empyreal sphere,
Or in the starry mantle clad of night,
Breathest sweet songs of ravishing delight:—
Spirit of peace! on thee I may not cry!
For register'd upon thy book of light,
No tear wet vision marks the struggling sigh:
Thine are the happy they whose tears are but of joy!

But thou, dark form, that shroudest in decay,
Weep'st o'er the ruins of departed bliss;
Whilst from thy throne a dimly-glimmering ray
Reveals the sadness of thy dwelling place;
Thee! thee! O Melancholy! would I address;
With all thy rich voluptuousness of grief:—
For I have loved thee!—and even this
Bears witness of my fealty:—the leaf
That lisps the voice of Spring, doth to the Summer
cleave.

Thou I have welcom'd at the evening close,
When day's expiring gloriousness hath flung
Its gorgeous mantle o'er the earth's repose:—
When the bright stars their anthem deep ha a
sung;
And wakeful buds, and praising flow'rs, have hung
Their musing heads in silent, still, devotion:—
Then have I worshipp'd 'mid the tuneful throng!
And join'd in the glad harmony's commotion,
Till every thought was thine, and thine was each
emotion!

Thou have I lov'd, when the bright morn awaking
Fresh from his dewy slumber in the skies,
Looks from his golden pillow forth,—and shaking
Far from his locks the orient day-beams rise—
And Earth, Air, Ocean, thrill with melodies:—
Ev'n then when all seem'd joyousness beside—
And every living thing essay'd to smile;
Ev'n then I've felt thine influence, and sigh'd
To think how many view'd this glorious scene, had—
died!

Where the rich purple dyes the festive board,
And wealth and pride in all their pomp appear;
Where the loud laugh of revelry is pour'd,
And mirth and gladness meet alone the ear:
Where sorrow wings her far off flight—c'en
there,—
Couch'd in the garb of some suppressed sigh,
Or, on the quivering lip, so pale, and sear
Ev'n there I've mark'd thee—thine exulting eye—
Alas! there is no good but thou art hovering nigh!

Yes! thou art there, wherever guilt is found:—
'Mid earth's gay revels—at the silent tomb:—
Wherever hope awakes her magic sound,
Or death displays his hiatus of gloom!
And yet I love thee, pale one, thus to come!
'Tis like the whisperings of some pleasant dream—
Of things that are not now—and of a home
Far off in the blue sky, whose cherub gleam
Lights up the yearning soul;—so sweet thy visits
seem.

But there's a land which thou shalt never see!
And there are hearts whom thou shalt never
own!
No cloud-rob'd sky shall dim that pearly sea—
But grief and sorrow still remain unknown!
And must I leave thee too? And are there none
Shall list the accents of thy sad behest?
Alas! too many! I perhaps am one
Shall never reach that shore where all are blest,
Who, "having murrur'd here" are doom'd—O
square the rest! SENEX.

LINES.

Thou who wert bright and beautiful
As aught of earth could be,
So early snatch'd away from life
By Heaven's unchanged decree.

Yet tho' to parent, friend, and all,
Forever loved and dear,
For thee it were a crime to mourn,
Or shed a single tear;

For, from the promise of thy youth,
Thy purity and worth,
May we not hope thy spirit's home,
Is far above the earth!

CARLOS.

IMPROMPTU TO M. L. S.

Young Cupid with his burnished dart,
And silvery bow so bright,
Is archly smiling, that some heart
Will feel its barb to-night.

Away on wings of beamy gold,
He cleaves the ether sky,
And now at C——'s breast, icy cold,
He shoots from Mary's eye.

The aim is true, the pang is felt
By all love's true alarms,
And proud C—— kneels, that ne'er had knelt
To Mary's peerless charms. 30,

WHAT IS DEATH.

What is death? 'tis not the wasting
Of our fleshly bonds away,
And the soul immortal tasting
Boundless, endless, perfect day.

'Tis not when the righteous spirit
From polluted earth is riven:
Angels, on their pinions bear it
To the portal gates of heaven.

'Tis when man becomes partaker
Of those torments, none may tell,
When the soul which scorned its maker
Enters on the pangs of hell.

BUTTONWOOD SMITH.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH—No. 3.

What, then, is life, that Man should grieve, and sigh
Should weep, and mourn, to leave this earthly
world;

Why fear to meet that dark eternity
Whose dread embrace shall soon his form unfold?
Dark is that vista which no eyes behold!
And dark, the mysteries which shall then unfold
Their bloody pages to th' untutor'd eye:
Shall breathe the tale which tongue hath never told
Of blood-stain'd guilt, and harrowing misery:—
Oh, God! that scenes like this, this earth should
dye!

Is it then strange, that Man should fear to die?
When thoughts like these, like ghastly forms ap-
pear,

Murdering his peace; while retribution high
But hangs suspended by a single hair:
Like Dionysius at his feast of fear!—
Could he delight—destruction hovering near?
Rush to the gulph, that, yawning, gapes below!
Or, conscious seek his waiting sepulchre?
(Alas! the entrance to the realms of woe!)
Or, seek the miseries Death will soon bestow!

Life hath no pleasures for the guilty mind!

A secret poison lurks within each joy,
Of Hell, and Justice, whispers every word:—
The cup of bliss is bittered with alloy!
As thorns beneath sweet flow'rs, tho' hidden, lie.
Tho' Fortune smiles, her smiles do but annoy:—
Each guilt-bought treasure brings its sting along!—
Tho' fraught with hopes—Death doth his hopes de-
stroy:—

He sinks, unpitied, unanneal'd, among
Gold's victim'd worshippers—a countless throng!

The good, alone, enjoy this mortal life!

And taste of joys that bloom for ever green:
'Tis they possess the blessings, ever ripe
Which Heav'n hath shower'd on this earthly scene!
And theirs it is to praise the pow'r divine!

Tho' fools may scoff, and designate them mean,
'Titles oft cover 'neath an empty name
The vilest actions;—'tis but virtue's theme
That warms the spark of greatness to a flame!
Exalts the meannest to the heights of fame!

The good alone can die with calm content;
This life is but a pilgrimage to them:
And Death—the limits of a journey, spent;—
The last rough torrent which they e'er must stem:
That pass'd—eternal happiness they claim!
But hark, a whispering voice my words condemn!
"Whilst thou to others point the threat'ning
storm,"

"Art thou secure? Art thou, then, free from blame?"
Alas! what am I but a fellow worm!
The poor embryo of a future germ! SENEX.

THE DEITY.

"Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or
Whither shall I flee from thy presence?
If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell
In the uttermost parts of the earth; e'en there
Shall thy hand lead me."—

Psalm cxxxix. v. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Where am I not?—'mid the fountain's bright gush,
The forest's depth's music—the noon's quiet hush;
With the leaf, when it floats in the sun-setting stream,
The autumn-rose, chaunting its own requiem;
And yon bright-glowing sea, with its islands of light,
That jewel the far-blazing coronet of night:
From dust, and decay, to yon measureless spot,
Tell, tell me, ye voices, O where am I not!

Would ye ask of the morning?—Its life-giving dew?
Go gaze on its glories, for there am I too!
With the first blush that brightens the portals of day,
Which the lark, in his matin song, greets with a lay;
And the laugh of the sunbeam, that, wak'd from re-
pose,
Starts forth in its beauty to crimson the rose;
Go ask of them all—for they have not forgot;
And they too will answer thee, where am I not!

Would ye ask of the evening?—Go view its decline!
(That most gorgeous of seasons; when earth seems a
shrine

Upon which to enkindle the flame of devotion;)
Go number the tints that enliven the ocean:
The music now hush'd, to yon grove that belongs,
And the silence, more eloquent far, than their songs;
Go, mete out the sweetness o'er hill, tree, and grot,
Then tell me, vain mortal, where, where am I not!

But see! darkness hastens; behold it expire,
The last, dying flame of day's funeral pyre;
Now night to the obsequies comes! and she sings
Her dark pall o'er his grandeur—his loveliest things:
But who calls me absent? The pale ones, that keep
Their sad vigil of tears in yon slumberless deep;
Go question them, septic, o'er palace, or cot,
If there looketh forth one upon where I am not!

Tho' guilt hide in darkness, think ye not 'twill pro-
claim,
In its midnight-voiced murmurings, the presence of
shame!

On the wings of the tempest I come in my pride,
And the hoarse-sounding billows wax wroth at my bid:
Then think ye the tempest dare mock me?—Defy

The flash of my lightnings—the glance of mine eye?
Or the billows conceal in their treasure-caves, aught,
Whilst my spirit breathes over them, where am I not?

I dwell with the humble, I reign with the proud;
At the revel thou'lt find me, the pillow—the shroud;
In Heaven, on earth, 'mid the blackness of Hell,
Where holy ones anthem, or evil ones dwell:
Whatever Creation's wide compass confines—
Its countless existence—numberless shrines:
Where'er comprehension can being allot,
Then tell me, ye voices, O where am I not!

SENEX:

LINES.

The deep forest smiles with a rich robe of green,
And throws her long shadows away o'er the lea;
The birds, 'midst its branches, in frolic are seen,
And all nature seems full of pleasure and glee.

The clouds of the west in beauty are rolled;
Now pavilions of light—now bright sunny spheres,
Assuming the colours of silver and gold,—
A moment of life, worth the tempests of years.

Now twilight has deepen'd, and melted to night,
And brought with her shroud a train of bright
stars;
On moonbeams we ride through regions of light,
Forgetful alike of earth and her jars.

The banquet is spread in the gay splendid hall,
As brilliant as day with the chandeliers' glare;
And beauty and grace attend on the ball,
While blight sits without—not privileged there.

But how chang'd is the scene—the forests are dead,
'Their branches are blasted, their birds are all flown
The bright hues of eve with summer has fled,
And darkness broods deep, all starless and lone.

The tempest in wrath is high on the sea,
Its mountain-like waves are dark in their dread,
And still is that place of dancing and glee;
And fall'n—and rank grass grows there in its stead

And thus, through the world, wherever we range,
Be darkness our path, or sunshine the way;
We'll find fortune, forever, a wheel that must change,
Turning beauty to blight, and darkness to day.

Me—— R.

THE DEAD.

“—— as through the shadowy past,”
Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
O'er buried hopes——”

That there are seasons when the soul
Is fitted most peculiarly to feel:
When every thought that strikes the chord of
feeling

Wakes, with the slightest touch, its image there:
I well have known, How oft when the low-wind
Hath mark'd its path with moanings, O how
sad!—

When every leaf, dim-rustling, seemed to breathe
A glorious language in its utterance;—and even
The quiet gushings of the fount, that stole
So playful from its hiding-place,—like words
Born in some tongue empyrean,—hath claim'd,
Tho' sad, a listening ear:—How often then,
With feelings most romantic, have I dwelt,
Well pleas'd, upon the sound!—O! it did seem.

Like the glad praises of the spirits who
Attend upon such scenes,—and ceaseless pour
Their untought melody to Heav'n! And when
Some night-bird fitted past me, I have thought
The rustlings of its wings were sighs;—and then,
So prone my heart to sympathy—and then
Have mingled with its sighs mine own.

Methinks

That in the stilly depth of night, when all
The weary earth in quietness is hush'd:
And, save the new-born flowers, that put forth
Their tiny arms, in welcomes, to the dew
That gives them sustenance,—or babbling brook,
That glides unruffled 'mong the glistening grass,
Muttering its visions to the placid moon—
When all is wrapt in slumberousness beside:
Methinks the spirits of the happy dead
Do love to wander.

Where the lingering charm
Of childhood, gladden'd earliest hours—and where
Fond Memory clings to some still cherish'd spot,
And lisps, in softest accents, and how sweet!
Of scenes long hallowed in the faithful heart,
Methinks they love to tread. Or, hovering o'er
Those whom affection once had own'd supreme,
Veil'd in gay visions—or upon the wings
Of fancy borne, to whisper dreams of bliss.

I had a parent once! O, he was all
The heart could hope, or look for! And in him
Was found all gentleness! I had begun
To feel he was a Father, when—he died!

I had a friend, too—and his voice to me
Was dearer than the breath of op'ning flow'rs—
Spring buds, and blossoms, that do multiply,
And fill the air with sweetness. One in whom
Center'd all tenderness! Whilst all his acts
Spoke of nobility—and of a soul
Chivalrous in honor! O, I did love him,
And with a brother's feeling watch'd him grow
Like a young plant, from blossoming to maturity!
But Autumn came. And he too died—and then,
He too, was gathered to the tomb. And thus
Father and friend were mingled with the dust!

Yet, some there are who tell me that the dead
Cannot return! And that they cannot haunt
The bright green fields, and sunny walks, which
once

They lov'd to tread. But Oh! I know them not!
For their's are hearts of sympathy devoid.
Oh! no, I cannot trust them! For how oft
I've wandered in the quiet hush of eve,
And heard soft voices whispering of times
Long since gone by! And sounds that syllabled
Of faithfulness, and love, and——

But I know—

And my heart said they were the voices of
My FATHER, and my FRIEND.

Philada. Sep. 1829.

SENEX.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN GRANDEUR,
IN AN EPISTLE TO MR. J. HUNTINGTON.

How mighty, how majestic, and how great
The mind of man with lofty themes elate;
What acts of wisdom may he not perform?
Almost he rules the seasons and the storm;
Inspired with genius and with judgment crown'd,
His eye may pierce thro' Nature's deep profound—
May measure planets and their course survey,
Thro' Heaven's high hall and boundless realms of day,
And with the swift-wing'd comet soar afar,
Beyond the regions of remotest star;

Nor less on earth the unmeasured pow'r of man,
Who dares the destinies of earth to scan—
Who dares almost to lift his hand on high,
And regulate the lightnings of the sky:
Like Franklin, snatch the quivering flame above,
And hold it harmless as Olympian Jove;
Nor need a Vulcan to prepare the fire,
To man so dreadful and to earth so dire.
Before ambitious man ev'n thrones decay,
Kingdoms dissolve and empires pass away;
The fragments floating down the tide of time,
In ruin'd grandeur, solemn, tho' sublime—
Or Patriotism rising in her might,
Hurts proudest monarchies to endless night,
Bids thrones to totter, kings to bow the knee,
And slavish man to worship liberty—
Bids freedom walk in flowery fields afar,
Where erst the tyrant drove his war-crown'd car.

But what is human grandeur? Wouldst thou know?
Go mark the king upon his couch of woe;
Mark the keen worm that gnaws his heart of care,
The heart no human sympathy may share:
What, sigh for human grandeur?—'tis as vain
As wish to measure the Almighty main;
'Tis like the bubble on the billowy lake,
That shines a little world, and doom'd to break
E'en at the touch. 'Tis like the stormy wave,
Most beautiful just as it finds a grave.
Great Alexander, in his short lived hour,
Grasp'd at the mighty bubble, human power;
The glittering baulle in his hand was nought,
And left him but to weep o'er what he sought.
Ambition bade the Swedish Charles enwreath
His brilliant brow—his burning blade unsheath;
From victory to victory he pass'd,
But by a dubious hand expired at last.
So Cossica's tremendous hero came,
The child of fortune, and the heir of fame:
He stood with victory's banner bright unfurl'd,
And, lo! before him kneel'd a trembling world;
He spoke, and kings gave up their honor'd seat,
Their glittering crowns beneath the victor's feet:
The haughty Bourbon doff'd his jewell'd cap,
And Gallia's throne sunk in oblivion's lap.
The sceptre pass'd from Italy and Spain,
And distant Egypt own'd the hero's reign;
He stood upon the Pyramids and saw
The world obedient to his wonted law;
But ah! the bubble glittering on his view,
Broke on the fatal field of Waterloo:
Like some vast meteor borne upon the wind,
He fell, but left his path of light behind;
Behold him far on St. Helena's shore,
Fear'd by that world he cannot trouble more—
Behold him die—behold him laid in earth,
And then say, what is human grandeur worth?
So fell great Cæsar by a villain's hand,

From all the grandeur human can command;
He fell a martyr to ambition's pride,
And grandeur o'er his tomb in sorrow sigh'd.
So fell great Priam, fickle fortune's toy,
To grace the grandeur of the tomb of Troy;
But wish you, stranger, proof how vain and weak
Is human grandeur? Go and ask the Greek—
Go stand where Athens lifts her crumbling heap,
Where glory, grandeur, sleep in ruin's bed:
Go ask the ruins of old Rome to tell
Where Cæsar sleeps, and where her heroes fell;
Go ask of Carthage for her Dido fair,
Go for Eneas, loved and honored there;
For Hannibal, the terror of all Rome,
And they shall point to fallen grandeur's tomb—

The hoary genius of those scenes shall tell,
How once they flourish'd and how once they fell;
But more she shall not speak, for nought atones,
The worm must banquet on illustrious bones.

MILFORD BARD.

The Orphan Girl's Address to her Guardian.

I'll not believe the tale they tell
Of one who was so kind to me;
That in thy breast could ever dwell
So base, unmanly treachery.

Thy open brow too plainly shows
The warmth and goodness of thy heart—
Ah! 'tis unlike the wily gloze
Of him, who'd act the traitor's part.

A helpless orphan, cast forlorn,
Unknown, upon a stranger shore—
'Twas thou that rais'dst my fragile form,
When sunk oppress'd on earth's cold floor.

And said'st to me with soothing smile,
While the big tear cours'd each other,
"Fair maiden of the Emerald Isle,
Cease to grieve, I'll be thy brother."

A brother, yes, thou'st been to me,
And oft hast wip'd away my tears:
Ah! can I doubt thy constancy,
Thou guardian of my tender years?

Thou art malign'd—they do not know
The kindness thou hast shown to me,
Or else with love their breasts would glow,
And join my voice in praising thee.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF ELIAS HICKS.

When the last breath of life was extinguish'd in death,
And silence reign'd o'er the face of his friends,
Still a placid serenity beam'd with that breath,
Denoting the peace which on virtue attends.

Though fools may exult in the death of the wise,
And scoffers the life of the just man deride;
May "count his life madness," who aims for the skies,
And sneer at that virtue they could not abide—

Yet, when the dread summons which all must obey,
Shall palsy their malice, and end their complaints,
They will find to their cost, in the great judgment day,
'His lot of salvation is hid with the saints!'

O, Elias! no more shall the sound of thy voice,
The gospel of Jesus to proud men proclaim;
'Not of man, nor by man,' but of God's nobler choice
To kindle the heart-felt devotion to flame.

Thou didst not dissemble in war with the foe,
To combat the passions—or truth to declare;
Long with Satan in conflict, his throne to o'ethrow,
As a vet'ran for Christ, in the christian's warfare:

No sword breathing slaughter, was seized by thy hand,
No slave toil'd, or trembled beneath thy soft sway;
But the rights of all men in the Gospel, shall stand
As the freemen of Christ, who that Gospel obey!

Let those who condemn thee, first prove themselves just
Nor cast a reflection from envy or hate—
And may their last moments denote the same trust,
And prove they've attain'd the like happy estate!

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THE LION & HORSE, FROM STUBS.



FLOWERS OF

LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"But man is rais'd
High in the scale of beings, and inform'd
With intellectual faculties, that show
The beauty of the mind—by which he claims
Relation to his maker, and partakes
Of rectitude divine."

No. 5.]

PHILADELPHIA.—MAY.

[1830.

THE LION AND THE HORSE.

The engraving exhibits a terrible attack of the king of beasts upon the majestic but defenceless horse. It is copied from Stubbs, the celebrated English painter, and displays all that characteristic feeling which is better conceived than expressed.

The delineation of the passions, here aptly protruded to view in the bold muscular conformation of the horse, writhing in the agonies of pain and horror, and eliciting our sympathies for his cruel destiny, forms altogether a subject worthy the pencil of such a genius as Stubbs, who stands unrivalled in quadruped anatomy and the expression of animal passions.

The subjects of this effort of the pencil, as individuals, are well known in history; but their combination in encounter, with all the conflict of fierceness and malignity on the one hand, and of pain and terror on the other, affords one of the most sublime spectacles which can be conceived.

In those countries infested by lions, and where the horse also runs at liberty, instances of the kind have been known. The defenceless situation of the horse, whose only security is his speed, renders him obnoxious to rapacious animals, and in particular to the strength and fierceness of the lion. While feeding in large droves, guarded by their leaders and sentinels, the lions avoid attacking them; but snatching his opportunity, he contrives to separate one of his victims from the herd, who, thus palsied by fear and unable to escape, becomes an easy prey to a daring and powerful enemy.

In Africa the lion attains to a large size, and is particularly ferocious. He measures eight feet in length, exclusive of his tail, which is about three or four feet long. His colour is a pale tawny, with a full flowing mane. His strength is such that, with a single stroke of his paw, he has broken the back of a horse, and has been known not unfrequently to carry off a young buffalo between his teeth. He rarely engages in full day light in the pursuit of prey, but

on the approach of night quits his habitation, and, with a roar which can be resembled only by a peal of thunder, overwhelms the inhabitants of the wilderness with general consternation.

The lion, in the exertion of his full energies, must present one of the most impressive images that can be conceived. The general majesty of his countenance, surrounded by his full mane intensely erected, and lighted up by the glaring indignation of his eye, connected with the thunder of his voice, and all the appearance of destruction in his mouth and paws, has, in every age, caused him to be considered as furnishing admirable materials for sublime and terrific imagery.

Though the lion frequently attacks his prey in open chase, he generally adopts the system of ambuscade; and will lurk in some thicket, frequently near the water, awaiting the approach of some animal, which its evil destiny may impel near him, on which he springs with a sudden bound, rarely failing of success, and sometimes reaching to the distance of twenty feet.

Travellers in Africa mention the instinctive dread of horses for the lion, even when they do not perceive him by the eye; and while these formidable enemies continue in their neighbourhood, they are reluctant to move, as if conscious of their danger, and require the encouraging voice of their drivers to impel them forward.—Bruce relates this fact in his journal of travels through Abyssinia:

A herd of wild horses, consisting perhaps of two or three hundred, is generally well guarded against any sudden surprise. Their sentinels on the outposts no sooner perceive an enemy than they communicate the danger, by a signal well known to the rest, at which they fly off with the speed of the wind; but when a lion is the intruder, the panic is universal, and the poor sentinel often pays for his temerity as he brings up the rear. It is these, and the stragglers from the party, whom the lion marks for his prey, and which, by a roar of reverberating and indefinite import, strikes terror and dismay; while, with

unerring certainty, he springs upon his victim. The poor solitary wanderer is speedily deserted by the rest, and writhing in inexpressible agony from the tusks and claws of his antagonist, yields up his life and his carcass to satisfy the cravings of a hungry enemy.

From the London Court Journal.

MANŒUVRING:

OR, A DOWAGER'S DIARY.

April 27th.—I think I feel a little touch of rheumatism again—the wind must have changed in the night—yes! due east, I perceive, by the smoke of Lord Croxteth's kitchen chimney. I suspected I should have a relapse: I sat in the refreshment-room at Lady Hilborough's last night, in the full draught of the door, for nearly half an hour; because I saw Sir Robert Elliot station himself beside Caroline's chair, and it seemed to me that their conversation was growing very interesting; and, after all, he was only telling her how Field had cured his brown mare of the influenza!—Then, I dawdled on that windy pavement in Langham Place, in order that he might have full time to put her into the carriage, and make his adieux unobserved; and she assures me that his parting remark was, "Don't you recommend me, Lady Caroline, to use my clogs?—I fear I shall find it cold in my cabriolet!" He did not so much as inquire whether she was going to-night to the Duchess's!

When we arrived at home—and I really do not think it was four o'clock—the porter took care to be asleep; and Meyler, by way of rebuke to our dissipated hours, staggered into my dressing-room, as if she was overcome by fatigue; and, with half-closed eyes, nearly set fire to poor Caroline's new *seduisantes*. As soon as Car. had retreated into her own room, Meyler began to grumble, and open her budget of grievances. She assures me that it is the custom in all families of distinction (I took the saucy creature from some West India merchant's tawdry wife in Wimpole Street, and yet she presumes to remonstrate) for the second maid to take a double turn of sitting up during the season; and that unless Fanchon relieves her at least four nights in the week, she must "trouble me with her resignation." For my part, I wish she would shew a little more resignation; and if I dared confess the truth, I am sure she would find that her place is an easy place to mine!—to chaperon three daughters from year to year, and from watering place to watering place, is no sinecure! However, I gave Meyler my green silk pelisse and one of Devy's last year's bonnets by way of palliative; for I fancy that so long as Sir Robert remains in town, we shall keep tolerably late hours. Heigho! a favourite maid is a very serious incumbrance! But we could not get on without Meyler! she saves us a hundred a year in millinery.

Caroline and Maria have just looked into my dressing room; but neither of them had the

grace to inquire after my rheumatism, although they saw the risks I encountered last night for their sake. Car. wants me to send an Opera ticket, for to-morrow night, to Sir Robert; but, as I know he has a seat in his sister's box, I fear it would be too barefaced. I have changed mine this year; and Maria protests that he will not know where to find us, unless I hazard this little advertisement; but, for my part, I have always observed young men to be very successful in finding out those whom they really wish to meet, and Sir Robert is too old a bird to be easily netted.

It is really a very great comfort to me that Juliana remains in Devonshire with her aunt this season; for she was a very bad example for her sisters. In spite of all that I could urge, and of the experience she might have acquired in three or four seasons, she never could be brought to show the least discrimination in her partners. Younger brothers—Lancer-officers—official clerks—all the detrimentals and exceptionables about town who could creep their way into Almack's—might be seen dancing with Lady Juliana Torwood; although she must have been well aware, that the moment a girl becomes current through this species of vulgar popularity, her value in the world is inevitably depreciated. Now there is little Helen Birdwood, who may be found waltzing and galopading the first and last in all the ball-rooms throughout the season—from Queen Ann Street to St. James's Square!—Every one may see that she is pretty, and agreeable, and dances well, but who on earth would think of marrying her?—Lady Birdwood informed me, in confidence, that three of that gregarious set, the ——— Guards, proposed for her the day they left town last year!—Poor girl!—I fear she had no further chance of doing any thing creditable for herself; but I perceive she still goes dancing and flirting on. As to my Juliana, with her foolish good nature and romantic notions, I should not be surprised at her throwing herself away on some country clergyman. Thank heaven! Car. and Maria have more spirit, more sense of what is due to me and to themselves. Here they are again with some new request.

Now really this is being too unreasonable!—Because Car. thought proper to insinuate to Sir Robert that she should probably visit the British Gallery this morning, those girls want me to brave the East wind, and work my poor horses to death! They could not have been in the stable till five o'clock this morning nor will they again to-morrow,—for the Duchess's balls are always late. Then there is the Opera till one o'clock on Sunday morning;—we must be at the Lock by eleven, to be in time for Dr. Thorp; and at night—out again at Lady Salisbury's! No! positively the British Gallery to-day is out of the question; I shall get no coachman to live with me at this rate. I sometimes think I should do better to job my horses, for then we could manage every thing. No one minds killing job-horses,—and job-coachmen

are used to put up with all hours and weathers.—Heigho! an old family coachman is a very serious incumbrance!

28th.—The Duchess's ball was really a splendid affair—and every thing went off a merveille. I have only two faults to find with her entertainments;—by way of seeming select, she invites so few people that the pattern of the carpet remains distinctly traceable throughout the evening;—and she allows her *chef* to exceed the *petit point de l'ail* in seasoning his *pates*; so that, after supper, one might as well sit in a German guard-room. These two facts are very unfavourable to flirtations; but *en revanche*—a ball-room *au rez de chaussee* is a great convenience. Whenever I find Car. and Maria suited with eligible partners, I make my way unobserved up to the drawing-room, and establish myself as dozily as I can on one of those comfortable sofas, in the shade and covert of some open door. When the girls have managed a quadrille and waltz with the same partner, (I never adopt this manœuvre when any thing approaching to a detrimental is in the case) they go about asking "Have you seen mamma?"—no one has seen me!—and they are not obliged to pursue their *chasse au chapeiron* up stairs.

After all, perhaps I expressed myself a little too strongly about partner-popularity yesterday. During a girl's first season—or even a second and third, should she be a decided beauty, it may answer to be very exclusive. With a tolerable run of fashion in her favour, she may dance once or twice during the spring with the Duke of D— at one of his own balls. This will stamp her current with all his set; and, with a very little management, she may thenceforward confine herself within the circle of eldest sons and *bons parties*. But after twenty-one, when her *fraîcheur* and novelty are worn off, it is always safer to accept a moderate partner than to become benched for the evening among the chaperons. A girl gets a pale, disappointed, *aigrie* look, by passing an hour or two in such a predicament; and is either supposed to have declined dancing, or to be out of fashion. Now, by putting up with a younger brother, or some other objectionable partner, at the commencement of the evening, she maintains her *air d'enjouement*, and perhaps ends with a *grand succès*! Last night, for instance, scarcely had we entered the room when Maria was *prie* by Mr. L.—, commonly called "Tomtit L." and, as usual, declined. Just afterwards, the Duchess good naturedly enquired, "Lady Maria, will you not allow me to present a partner to you?" and she was of course obliged to say that she would rather not dance at present. I discovered that it was the young Marquis of H. whom the Duchess had intended to bring forward, but I did not tell Maria, for fear of vexing her too much; when *de pire en pire*—that tiresome Lord D—, who had witnessed the whole affair, followed us to the sofa, and saying, "Lady Maria! I have heard you re-

fuse two gay young partners, and I therefore feel justified in intruding the society of an old married man upon you,"—resolutely placed himself by my daughter's side, and prosed on without possibility of interruption for two hours! When supper was announced, of course he offered his officious arm—and there was poor Maria positively extinguished for the evening by her own bad management! When we rose to go away, several of her usual partners came up, exclaiming—"Where have you been hiding yourself? I had not a notion you were here! I have seen your sister dancing all night; and concluded you had over-fatigued yourself at Lady Hilborough's." Poor Maria!

As to Sir Robert Elliot, I feel quite satisfied with the advance we effected in that quarter last night. He danced twice with Caroline—managed to get her into a *cul de sac* corner of the refreshment-room, where they were engaged in close conversation during the lapse of two quadrilles and a waltz—inquired of her most particularly concerning her eldest brother's politics—then asked the number of my opera box, and took a very tender leave at parting. All the time this was going on, Lady de Wilten, who was sitting next me, kept her glass upon them, saying very significantly, "A little flirtation, I perceive, in that quarter—eh? Lady Torwood?" Of course I affected to see nothing, and know nothing; but I took care to leave her cunning Ladyship in the supposition that every thing was *en train* between them. By the way, how seldom her eldest daughter goes out!—Lady Anne Dashwood may be seen everywhere; but I have not met Lady Mary twice this season. The girls have persuaded me to issue cards for a dinner-party next Friday, and I have despatched an invitation to Sir Robert.—"An answer from Sir Robert Elliot, my Lady."—*Accepted!*—good! I think my daughters tell particularly well at a dinner; they have a fund of general conversation; and when there is music in the evening, their duets are superior to any thing which is not absolutely professional.

Sunday.—Heigho!—Dr. Thorp has been more than usually affecting this morning; I cannot stand those touches of his on the uncertainty of human life! any profound emotion makes me nervous for a week. I wonder what can tempt Lady de Wilten, who is as yellow as a black-bird's beak, to wear such a colour as *oiseau de Paradis*! She had on a new bonnet, *a la Jockie*, this morning, which, I am sure, was Maradan's; and the effect, combined with her tawny wig, was irresistibly ludicrous. Altogether, I was very uncomfortable at church; unless they allow me a better pew, I shall certainly give up the Doctor. There was a draught of east wind from our window like a carving knife; if Maria had not lent me her *boa*, it would have guillotined me on the spot.

How discontented those girls are! Sir Robert came into the box last night in the course of the ballet, and was very chatty and agreeable, talking to me about Torwood's politics. Caroline

presented him her *bouquet*; and I put up my large green fan, and of course saw nothing. When Coulon gave his first poison-shudder, in the last scene of Masaniello, he wished us all good night in the kindest manner, hinting something about a supper at his club. Now Maria, who was exceedingly angry that he did not offer to take poor Caroline into the room, insists upon it that she saw him skulking down the private stairs with Lady Mary Dashwood on his arm, and Lady Anne and her mother following. Although I am not particularly clear-sighted, I am convinced she is mistaken; for I put up my *lorgnette* several times in the course of the evening, to look at Lady de Wilten's turban, which was as heavy as the roof of the Colosseum; and she was sitting in front of the box with Lady Anne. Nothing will persuade me that an artful woman like my friend Lady de W. would allow Lady Mary to remain *en eclipse* the whole night, had she really been there.

May 4th.—Confined nearly a week with my rheumatism, from that horrible church window! A sad prospect for the poor girls just at the commencement of the season!—but they contrived to get a very eligible chaperon last night for Almack's;—(where, by the bye, Sir Robert Elliot never made his appearance—had heard, I suppose, of my illness, and concluded that his daughters would not be there);—and to-morrow is my dinner party. I trust it will go off well; but, in these fastidious times, dinner-giving is a nervous affair. I am sure I cannot imagine how other people manage with their daughters; but I am assured that I shall never get rid of mine unless I adventure a few dinners in the course of the season. Now there was my poor old friend, Lady H——. H. House was always a mere tea-and-muffin, or, at best, a family-dinner-house; and see what connexions the Lady S.'s have made—two dukes already; and Lady Caroline, had she chosen, might have married half the peerage—ay! and the best half too! While my girls, who have had the advantage of Champagne, Burgundy, and three courses every season these eight years, have never yet refused a single offer worth hinting at in the Morning Post!

May 5th.—The whole house smells of charcoal and *consonne*!—I cannot get Meyler near me; she pretends to be busy with the butler about the table-linen; and as to the girls, they have been practising their duets the whole morning, without troubling their heads about me. That odious *Cruda Sorte*! how sick I am of the sound! but they have taken it into their heads that Sir Robert Elliot will be able to manage the bass. Good heavens! a letter from Sir Robert!—not a *note*, but a long letter! It cannot be an excuse; it must be a proposal.

"Grosvenor Square, Friday.

"DEAR LADY TORWOOD.—You have so long honoured me by an expression of friendly interest, that I feel no hesitation in acquainting you with the real motives of my absenting myself from your hospitable table this day; I

even venture to flatter myself that the intelligence of my acceptance by Lady Mary Dashwood, to whom my heart and addresses have been long devoted, will not be wholly uninteresting to your Ladyship and your charming daughters. Our marriage will probably be hastened by the approaching election for S—shire, as it is my intention to offer myself as candidate for the county; and, understanding that Lord Torwood's estates give him the leading or at least a very influential interest in the business, I presume to solicit your Ladyship's favourable interposition with your son; I have already ascertained from his fair sisters, that our political principles are, in the main, singularly accordant.

"Mary desires me to express to Lady Maria and Lady Caroline her earnest desire to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with them next season; or, should the election tempt them into S—shire, at a still nearer and more auspicious epoch. We trust —"

We trust!—impertinent to a degree!—my "charming daughters!"—a mere insult suggested by that detestable Lady De Wilten "S—shire election—influential interest!"—I would rather go down and stand myself, than be should get the seat.—And what have we here in a postscript? "Pray allow me to offer my congratulations on the happy family event about to take place in Devonshire. May it insure to Lady Juliana Torwood all the felicity she so richly deserves!"

What can this mean?—I am positively overcome!—Oh! that odious dinner party!

AN ESCAPE FROM VERDUN.

I was among the English who were detained in France at the breaking out of the war in 1803. My rank, as an army physician, enabled me to be of much service to many of my countrymen at Verdun; whilst the fees I obtained from the wealthier individuals supplied all my necessities. My medical character, likewise, introduced me extensively into French society, and I must confess that I was always treated with kindness and delicacy. Though many of the military, the employes, and even the rich householders and landlords had risen, as the English phrase is, from "the dregs of the people," by the conflicts of the revolution, I almost always found them polite, liberal, and sincere. Good manners are really of very easy acquirement by people of intellect; witness the stage and revolutions which always give the ascendancy to talents. It was long before our splendid victory of Trafalgar and the supplementary victory of Sir Richard Strachan, were known by the English prisoners at Verdun. At length, a Morning Chronicle got amongst us, heaven knows how, and the joy of our countrymen was extreme, nor was it expressed in terms very flattering to the French. This I rather regretted, for the better classes of that nation were, I thought, peculiarly delicate in communicating to us the victories of Napoleon.—

They always softened them to our feelings, by considering the Emperor at war with the English government and not with the English nation.

Whilst our exultation was at its zenith, I went to dine with the Count de ———. I had determined to avoid the mention of Trafalgar, and of all belliferous or national topics. This was my invariable habit. However on entering the room, which was excessively crowded, particularly with ladies and military men of rank, I found a strong re-action created against us. The countess, forgetting, I thought, her usual urbanity, said to me, "Ah, Doctor ———, so Providence has given you English a great victory at sea." I knew the whole value of her emphasis upon Providence. If the English gained a battle, it was the work of Providence, distinct from their merits; if the French obtained a splendid triumph, it was attributed to the genius of the Emperor and to the native bravery of French soldiers. Resolved that the lady should not make me the dupe of such egregious national vanity, and in the presence of so many who were enjoying the triumph, I coolly replied—that I was far from a sceptic as to the interference of Providence, but I could never mix up a Providence in the destruction, carnage, cruelties, and ferocious passions of a battle.—"Madam," I added, mildly, "I must confess I never could form any idea of a fighting Providence, and least of all can I appreciate a Providence so inconsistent, not to say treacherous, as to fight on both sides, for whilst she gives us the victory at sea, she as invariably gives the triumph to Napoleon on shore. Trafalgar comes between Ulm and Austerlitz." My triumph over my hostess was evident in the faces of the company, and the conversation was changed with the grace and facility peculiar to the French.

It was two years after this, that I had a singular opportunity of escaping from Verdun.—I had ceased to be on parole, and a combination of circumstances advantageous to my escape was offered to me by my friends. My plan was to go to Paris, and from thence to travel to Bordeaux as an American merchant, returning to Baltimore.

In the *Diligence* to Bordeaux was a vivacious and loquacious little Frenchwoman—very pretty, and of most insinuating manners. Another *compagnon de voyage* was a Captain of the *Cuirassiers* of the Imperial guard. He was the beau ideal of a military hero—young, tall, of a powerful frame, with an open, noble countenance, and a profusion of jet black whiskers and mustaches.

We became almost confidential even at the outset of the journey, and what did not a little surprise me was, that he spoke to me by my assumed name as if we had been old friends, though I felt convinced I had never set eyes on him before. So superb a Murat-like figure of a military officer was not easy to be forgotten.

Arrived at the little town of ———, about twenty English miles from Bordeaux, he took me into the recess of the window of the house where we changed horses, and informed me that he was on a visit to his uncle, who had a small estate, and chateau just off the high road, and he first invited, then pressed, and at last insisted, that I should accompany him and stay two or three days with "the good old man." In vain I urged the necessity of my mercantile affairs, and my anxiety to get back to my counting house at Baltimore. The officer repeated, mysteriously, "I am a gentleman and a soldier, accept my invitation, or you'll repent it."

I was at last reluctantly overcome, and the officer sent off to his uncle with the news, loudly delivered, that he and his old friend had at length arrived at the inn, and would be with him in an hour.

I was very hospitably received by a venerable old lady and gentleman, in a house of some grandeur. One fortnight elapsed, nor could I get away from my kind hosts, in spite of my palpable and uncontrollable anxiety to depart, and my incessant fear of being detected. At last, at night, after the old lady and gentleman had retired to rest, by friend, pouring out the last glass of a bottle of fine old claret, said, without any preface or apology, "you must go to Bordeaux to-morrow—I have ordered my uncle's carriage and horses for you precisely at six—" "Shall I not take leave of the family?" "Decidedly not. My uncle and aunt are invalids and cannot be disturbed so early, and they will dispense with the ceremony, so good night." I was bowed out of the room and lighted to my chamber in a very summary way, and I was much perplexed and not a little annoyed at so much kindness, mixed with a singularity which become almost insulting.

The next morning at six, I found an open carriage at the door, with my friend's horses and liveries, and my friend himself awaited me in the hall.

Taking me into a little boudoir, he briefly and abruptly said, in the style of his master, Napoleon:—"You have been perplexed at the singularity of my manners—at my taciturnity—and vexed at your detention from your *Counting-house* at Baltimore. My friend, you are not an American returning to your country, in plain terms, you are an English prisoner escaping from Verdun. Do not start nor colour—I presume you are Dr. ———. You were not on your parole when you escaped, but two of your countrymen who had their parole, have shamefully violated it, and they escaped from Verdun eight and forty hours after you left it.

The Emperor was vexed at this dishonour, and the police on the coast were using their utmost vigilance. That pretty woman in the *Diligence*, with whom you seemed so inclined to become intimate, is the wife of a police agent at Bordeaux. The only way to save you was, to treat you as my old familiar friend, travelling with me to my uncle's chateau,—now all is ex-

plained. Entering Bordeaux in this equipage, and with a passport from this house, you will excite no suspicion. I need not say the injury I shall suffer, if you betray the service I have rendered to you. But, no—you cannot—you are a man of honour—and now, my friend, do not imbibe the vulgar prejudices instilled into your countrymen by your Press, that the French officers are ferocious canaille. We fight for military glory, whilst the personal malignity of your officers against us strips war of all its pride and magnanimity. Farewell, and let us exchange these snuff-boxes as a memorial of this scene—but—I have one favour to ask of you: Do you know an English town called Reading?

"Intimately; it lays on the high road between the metropolis and my little paternal property. I pass through it five or six times every year."

"Then do me this sacred office of friendship. I have a young brother, a lieutenant de Vaisseau, who was badly wounded and captured by one of your ships of war. He is a prisoner at Reading. I have never relieved his necessities, partly from the want of means, and partly from my absence with the Emperor at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Jena. Take these seventy Napoleons, deliver them to my brother, and console him by saying what you know of me and of his kind old uncle and aunt."

We parted: I was but eight-and-forty hours at Bordeaux, when I obtained a passage on board a ship bound to Charleston, South Carolina. In the night, when out of sight of land, the captain put the helm up and steered due north. On my expressing my astonishment, he frankly told me, that his American papers were all forged, and that he was bound to the Port of London, adding, "You need pay me nothing for your passage, since I was obliged to deceive you, and from London you may get a passage to Baltimore any day in the week." I became equally confidential and to his equal astonishment.

In three days we had past through the English Rochefort Squadron and Channel Fleet, and I went on board the *Ville de Paris*, where I had a long interview with the Admiral in Chief, the Earl St. Vincent.

I had been but a few days in London, when I went to Reading on my friend's mission. I found his brother had died about six months before, partly of his numerous wounds, and partly of the melancholy of his sensitive temper, at his neglected, impoverished state. He had died in great distress.

I had an opportunity of sending the seventy Napoleons to their owner, by a gentleman going to Paris. However, to my great grief, in about three months I received from this traveller a bill of exchange for the same amount, with a letter, saying that my friend had been killed in a charge upon the Russian Cuirassiers at Friedland.

Travelling for amusement in the South of

France in 1815, I repaired to Bordeaux, and visited the chateau of my friend's uncle. He was dead, but the widow, though extremely old, recognised, and was bitterly afflicted with the recollections I occasioned of her nephew. Into her hands I put the seventy Napoleons; and I remained two days under her roof, consoling her with merited eulogies of my generous friend—the Captain of Cuirassiers.

From the MS. Notes of a Foreign Nobleman.

A GAMBLING ANECDOTE. THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

Count Zaradowski, the son of a favourite minister of Catherine II., on the death of his father became heir to a vast fortune. I had known him very well at St. Petersburg, where his noble birth, his amiable manners, and a fund of information far beyond his years, rendered him a favourite in the most distinguished circles of the Russian capital. On the conclusion of peace, he proposed visiting the different capitals of Europe, and, with this view, proceeded straight to Vienna, during the sitting of the Congress. This was, of course, an excellent preface to the book of the world, every page of which he was anxious to peruse.

On parting with this young nobleman one evening, while we were at Vienna, I engaged him to accompany me to the Prater next morning at ten o'clock, to try a pair of Hungarian horses, which I intended to purchase.

The horses were harnessed in my curricule, and at the appointed hour I was at Zaradowski's door. On entering, I was met by his valet, who told me that the Count was not yet up.—"How! not up," I exclaimed,.... "and in bed before midnight.... a lazy fellow!.... I'll soon rouse him." I entered his chamber, and found his curtains closely drawn.... "Come, come, Zaradowski," said I, "what means this? I hope you are not ill!"—He raised his head from the pillow, and drawing his hand across his eyes, as if to dash aside a tear, he exclaimed, "Alas! my dear father! why did I lose thee?"—"Count!" resumed I, "What ails you? What melancholy dream has revived the memory of your father at this moment?... Come, come, the horses are at the door."—"My dear friend," replied he, "it is no dream, but a sad reality..... I lost two millions last night."—"Zaradowski, are you mad?.... I tell you, you are in bed, where I left you last night. I extinguished the lights myself before I went away.... Are you dreaming or asleep?"—"Neither, my friend; but I am awakened from a sleep which I could fain have wished had been my last. Z.... and Count B.... called on me after you went away. The candles were lighted, we played the whole night, and I lost two millions of roubles, for which they have my bills." I advanced to the window, and on drawing aside the curtain, I saw the chamber strewn with cards. A few short hours had

completed the ruin of the unfortunate young man. "My dear Count," said I, "in all probability this is merely a joke, intended to frighten you. Be comforted. They cannot, surely, intend to rob you in this way.... I will go to them immediately. They cease to be my friends, if they hesitate for one moment to adopt the course which honour dictates."

In a few minutes I was at Z....'s lodgings. I endeavoured, by every possible argument, to prevail on him to relinquish his unjust claims. I pointed out the fatal consequences that might ensue to himself, if the affair should reach the ears of the Emperor, whose aversion to gaming was well known, and who, I said, would undoubtedly make some signal example, for the purpose of checking the practice among his officers. But all my endeavours to bring him to a sense of justice were unavailing. He ridiculed what he termed my sentimental pathos, and concluded by expressing the hope that I would give him a chance of winning my curricule, and pair of Hungarian horses, in which case, he observed, I should have an opportunity of preaching for myself. I indignantly left him.

From the officer I went to the diplomatist, whom I found, if possible, still more devoid of feeling. He made a long speech to prove to me that nothing was more honest and honourable, than to rouse a young man of twenty from his bed at midnight, for the purpose of robbing him of his fortune. "Is it worth while to make so many words about the loss of a few Dammachkios?" said he. We have claimants here for thrones which have been lost in an unlucky game; but do you think their appeals will be listened to? You saw the gentleman who left me just as you entered:—that was the Marquis Brignolo. He has come here to sue for the independence of Genoa. He is ambassador from the expiring republic, and here is the energetic protest which he intends to address the Congress. You may read it; but in spite of all his logic, Genoa will be given to Piedmont. The winner must have the winnings. Venice, with all her ancient wisdom, has disappeared. The Adriatic has not swallowed her up; but Austria has won her and Austria will have her. Malta solicits from the Congress only her arms and her rock; but it is said England has won her, and let England keep her. Prussia has won Saxony, Sweden, Norway, and Russia, Poland. All Europe is now at play round a large green table; kingdoms are the stakes, and a diplomatic shake of the dice may win a hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, or a million heads. Why should not I win a few scraps of paper, when fortune is inclined to favor me? "But from your friend, Count—" "Pshaw! why talk to me of friendship? Is friendship or even relationship ever taken into account in the winnings and losings of crowns and sceptres? My dear fellow, Figaro long ago decided that '*ce qui est bon à prendre est bon à garder*.'"

This heartless sophistry! I treated with the contempt it deserved; and I returned sorrowfully to my poor friend Zaradowski, to acquaint him with the ill-success of my endeavours to serve him.

The result fully verified what I had hinted to Z.... The Emperor Alexander, who entertained the greatest dislike of gaming and gamblers, heard the story, which indeed made some noise in Vienna at the time. From that moment he withdrew his favour from Z.... who told me, when I subsequently met him in Paris, that he would rather have lost half his fortune, than the affair should have happened, and that he should always regret not having followed my advice, when I urged him to arrange it.

Count Zaradowski and Count B.... met, and fought with swords. Zaradowski wounded his adversary, but he was sentenced only to a small fine. However, Alexander never forgave him, for, on the Count's application to be attached to the Russian embassy to Florence, the Emperor coupled his refusal with the following observation:—

"In consideration of the services rendered to our august mother, by your father, Count Zaradowski, I pardon the indecorous presumption of your request."

BYRON'S MARRIAGE.

FROM MOORE'S LIFE.

The first mention of Miss Millbanke, afterwards Lady Byron, occurs November 30, 1813.

"Yesterday, a very pretty letter from Annabella, which I answered. What an odd situation and friendship is ours!—without one spark of love on either side, and produced by circumstances which in general lead to coldness on one side, and aversion on the other. She is a very superior woman, and very little spoiled, which is strange in an heiress—a girl of twenty—a peeress that is to be in her own right—an only child, and a Savante, who has always had her own way. She is a poetess, a mathematician, a metaphysician, and yet withal, very kind, generous, and gentle, with very little pretensions. Any other head would be turned with half her acquisitions, and a tenth of her advantages."

In the extracts from his journal, there is a passage that cannot fail to have been remarked, where, in speaking of his admiration of some lady whose name he has himself left blank, the noble writer says, "A wife would be the salvation of me." It was under this conviction, which not only himself, but some of his friends entertained, of the prudence of his taking timely refuge in matrimony from those perplexities which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced, about a year before, to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage—at least seriously as his thoughts were ever capable of being so turned—and chiefly, I believe by the advice and intervention of his friend Lady Melbourne, to become a suitor for the hand

of a relative of that lady, Miss Millbanke.— Though his proposal was not then accepted, every assurance of friendship and regard accompanied the refusal; a wish was even expressed that they should continue to write to each other, and a correspondence, somewhat singular, between two young persons of different sexes, inasmuch as love was not the subject of it, ensued between them. We have seen how highly Lord Byron estimated as well the virtues as the accomplishments of the young lady; but it is evident that on neither side, at this period, was love felt or professed.

In the mean time, new entanglements in which his heart was the willing dupe of his fancy and vanity, came to engross the young poet; and still, as the usual penalties of such pursuits followed, he again found himself sighing for the sober yoke of wedlock, as some security against the recurrence. There were, indeed, in the interval between Miss Millbanke's refusal and acceptance of him, two or three other young women of rank, who at different times, formed the subject of his matrimonial dreams. In the society of one of those whose family had long honoured me with their friendship, he and I passed much of our time, during this and the preceding spring; and it will be found that in a subsequent part of his correspondence, he represents me as having entertained an anxious wish that he should so far cultivate my fair friend's favor as to give a chance, at least, of matrimony being the result.

[To a certain extent, Mr. Moore acknowledges the justice of this representation.] But (continues he) in taking for granted, (as it will appear he did from one of his letters) that I entertained any decided or definite wishes on the subject, he gave me more credit for seriousness in my suggestions than I deserved. If even the lady herself, the unconscious object of these speculations, by whom he was regarded in no other light than that of a distinguished acquaintance, could have consented to undertake the perilous, but still possible and glorious achievement of attaching Byron to virtue, I own that, sanguinely as, in theory, I might have looked to the result, I should have seen, not without trembling, the happiness of one whom I had known and valued from her childhood, risked in the experiment.

"The 'circumstance of importance,' to which he alludes in a letter, (September 1814,) was his second proposal for Miss Millebanke, of which he was now waiting the result. His own account, in his memoranda, of the circumstances that led to this step is, in substance, as far as I can trust my recollection, as follows:— A person, who had for some time stood high in his affection and confidence, observing how cheerless and unsettled was the state both of his mind and prospects, advised him strenuously to marry; and, after much discussion, he consented. The next point for discussion was, who was to be the object of his choice; himself named Miss Millebanke. To his however, his ad-

viser strongly objected, remarking to him, that Miss Millebanke at present had no fortune, and that his embarrassed affairs would not allow him to marry without one; that she was, moreover, a learned lady, which would not at all suit him. In consequence of these representations, he agreed that his friend should write a proposal for him to the other lady named, which was accordingly done; and an answer, containing a refusal, arrived as they were, one morning, sitting together. "You see," said Lord Byron, "that after all, Miss Millebanke is to be the person—I will write to her." He accordingly wrote on the moment, and, as soon as he had finished, his friend remonstrating still strongly against his choice, took up the letter, but, on reading it over, observed, "Well, really, this is a very pretty letter—it is a pity it should not go: I never read a prettier one." "Then it shall go," said Lord Byron; and in so saying, sealed and sent off on the instant, this fiat of his fate.

Next is a letter to Mr. Moore; dated "Newstead Abbey, September 14, 1814."

"Here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy."

"My dear Moore,—I am going to be married, that is, I am accepted, and one usually hopes the rest will follow. My mother of the Gracchi, (that *ARE* to be,) you think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Millbanke is the lady; and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity, which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London and get a blue coat.

"She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not inquire; but I do know that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

Now, if you have any thing to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the mean time, I will tell you a secret, by-the-by—at least, till I know that she wishes it to be public,—that I am proposed and accepted.—You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow, but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

"If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing would give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better. Ever, &c.

In another letter, dated October 18, he says:—"I hope Hodgson is in a fair way on the same voyage. I saw him and his idol at Hastings. I wish he would be married at the same time. I should like to make a party,—like people electrified in a row, by, or rather through, the same chain, holding one another's hands, and all feeling the shock at once. I have not yet apprized him of this. He makes such a serious matter of all these things, and is so 'melancholy and gentlemanlike,' that it is quite overcoming to us choice spirits.

"They say one should'n't be married in a black coat. I won't have a blue one—that's flat. I hate it.

On his arrival in town he had, upon inquiring into the state of his affairs, found them in so utterly embarrassed a condition as to fill him with some alarm, and even to suggest to his mind the prudence of deferring his marriage. The die was, however, cast, and he had now no alternative but to proceed. Accordingly, at the end of December, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Hobhouse, he set out for Seaham, the seat of Sir Ralph Millbanke, the lady's father, in the county of Durham; and on the second of January, 1815, was married.

"I saw him stand

Before an altar with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom into solitude, and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet and he spoke
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been;
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade,
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her, who was his destiny, came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light,—
What business had they there at such an hour?"

This touching picture agrees closely, in many of its circumstances, with his own prose account of the wedding in his memoranda, and I feel justified in introducing it, historically, here. In that memoir, he described himself as walking, on the morning of his marriage, with the most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding suit spread out before him. In the same mood, he wandered about the grounds alone, till he was summoned for the ceremony, and joined, for the first time on that day, his bride and her family. He knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.

The same morning the wedded pair left Seaham for Hainbury, another seat of Sir Ralph Millbanke, in the same county. When about to depart, Lord Byron said to the bride—"Miss Mill-

banke, are you ready?" a mistake which the lady's confidential attendant pronounced to be a "bad omen."

MARY TREVOR.

BY FREDERICK MULLER.

"—A flower—

"Unfaded, yet prepared to die."—Wordsworth.

"What a beautiful evening is this, my dear, Henry," exclaimed Mary Trevor to her husband, who had been anxiously watching over her pale and drooping form during the short and feverish sleep from which she had just awoken. Her husband went to the open window, through which, from the little garden, came the sweet smell of the roses and jessamines, refreshed, yet bending with the weight of a shower just gone by. It was one of these serene and beautiful evenings of autumn so common towards the latter end of September; the blue sky above had not a shadow between it and the earth—the heavy clouds of the shower that had just passed were sinking low beneath the dark trees of the forest, the skirts of which came close up to the pailing which surrounded the garden of Henry Trevor's cottage. There was no sound abroad but the song of the wood-pigeon from the forest, or the distant barking of some shepherd's dog as he drove the sheep home to the evening fold. Mary now joined her husband, and taking his arm they both walked out into the open evening; they were silent for the first few minutes after leaving the cottage, for Henry Trevor's heart was full almost to bursting at the sight of his beloved wife slowly sinking unto death, from that rapid and fatal disease, consumption. The burning hectic flush that had lit up the cheeks of Mary upon first coming out into the fresh evening air, had now left them, and they were again pale and colourless as the fairest marble; her spirits were as gay and as buoyant as ever, but at times these too would droop, and the tears would chase each other down her pale, pale cheeks, till a wild, hysteric fit of weeping or laughter would silence her oppressed heart, and her tears would then cease to flow and her spirits would gradually regain their accustomed lightness and buoyancy.

Mary was the eldest of four sisters, the daughters of the curate of the village of D—, in the county of E—. It was about four years previous to the time at which I am now writing, that Henry Trevor first saw her, and touched by her beauty, (for Mary had been very beautiful,) her elegance and accomplishments, he affectionately wooed and won her, and two years had scarcely elapsed when Mary was made the happy wife of Henry Trevor. No two beings ever seemed more formed for each other, and their wedding day was as a "sunshine holiday" to the whole village of D—, where Mary resided. Her pathway to church was strewn with flowers by the village girls, and

many a prayer was that day raised to heaven that God would bless and protect her and her husband. The marriage ceremony was soon over—Mary's father pronounced a nuptial benediction over them, and giving them his blessing, they parted, and the young couple drove off, followed by the prayers and hearty good wishes of all around them. They then parted never again to meet upon this earth.

For the first twelvemonth after their marriage pleasure and happiness seemed to have strewn their path with "flowers that never faded." But about this time the heart of Mary Trevor was destined to receive a sudden shock in the death of her father; this affected her spirits very much, but her husband's fond affection kept up her drooping heart, and hope smiled again around her, and she felt happy. But alas! a heavier trial was yet to come upon her in the death of her first and only child. She watched for many long days and nights by the bed-side of her infant—so soon to go to heaven; the blow at last came, but death struck feebly, and with a sigh its little spirit ascended up into heaven. This last trial proved too sad and too severe for Mary's gentle spirit, and gradually (in spite of her husband's doting affection, and her sister Emily's fond care,) she drooped, and drooped like a withered lily, until it was but too plain unto all who saw her, that the once gay and happy Mary Trevor would soon sink into an untimely grave. She had been tenderly watched and nursed, and her husband hoped that the evil moment had gone by, and that she would be again restored unto blessed health. It was on such an evening in autumn as I have described, that, tempted by the firmness and beauty of the evening, Mary had ventured out alas! but it was for the last time.

Her husband had walked on slowly with her and in silence, down the green lane that led from the cottage to the village church, the spire of which pointing up to heaven in the evening light, could be distinctly seen some distance off, rising amid the dark funereal yews that grew in the churchyard around it, but here Mary became so exhausted from fatigue, that she sunk fainting into his arms. He bore her gently on, still drooping upon his shoulder, and seated her down in the beautiful sunset, on one of the grassy graves in that church-yard, enamelled with the few autumn flowers that were yet remaining on the ground, and drooping in the evening dew. She faintly opened her soft blue eyes upon him, and then raised them up to that beautiful heaven above, to which her pure and gentle spirit seemed so fast hastening. She soon recovered, and leaning upon her husband's arm, she returned slowly to that home, which, alas! she was never to leave again but wrapped in the white shroud of death, and borne to the cold church-yard grave. From this time Mary Trevor gradually neared that bourne, through days of autumn sunshine and nights of holy beauty, from whence no traveller ever returns.

Her husband and her sister watched over her pallid form with every care that the fondest love could give, but the decree had been written in heaven, that Mary Trevor was not long for this earth below. The stroke of death came at last, but it fell almost as gently upon her as upon her infant, who had gone unto heaven before her. There was no sound heard in that little room, all was silent and hushed as the evening without, and at that beautiful hour the spirit of Mary Trevor passed away from this earth into heaven. They had been watching by her bedside throughout the day since the morning, there was no struggle through her frame to tell when death came near, and the silence of her breathing alone told them that her soul had fled and ascended up into the holy evening skies.

The sister fell down by the side of the dead, in a deep, deathly swoon; the childless and the widower grasped the cold hand and kissed the fair brow:—"Oh God! oh God! my Mary!" escaped from his lips;—'twas not a cry, but a half-stifled prayer; and in heavy agony of spirit, he sank down by his dead wife.

There was then a hushy silence in that place of the dead, through the blue darkening hours of twilight, and through the holy starlight of the night, even until the rising of the morning;—but there are hours (and these were they) when the veil of silence must be thrown over the communion of the spirit with its Maker.

There was no sound heard in that little room, but the footsteps of those who were placing the shrouded and beautiful dead in the deep coffin which was, the next day, to be borne to the turf grave and laid low beneath the dampsod in the churchyard. There were steps heard descending the narrow stair, the door of the cottage was opened and closed again, and all was silent. Henry Trevor saw them depart from the window of the room above where the coffin of his wife lay, and at that moment a cloud passed away from the beautiful sunset, and the rays fell upon the page of the Holy Bible he had been reading, and the words "God is a very present help in time of trouble" shone like light upon his soul; and he felt comforted, and went and sat down by the coffin, and watched and slumbered there through the night. Early in the next morning the sound of footsteps was heard in the passage beyond the little room where he had spent the night, the footsteps approached, and he arose up to hear with calmness any words of hope and consolation from a fellow-christian. There was a slight tap at the door:—it was opened, and a grey-haired old man, the curate of the village, entered with Emily, Mary's sister, leaning on his arm. "My son, be of good cheer, nor mourn as those who have no hope in this vale of tears below," were the words the good old man addressed to the husband upon entering the room, and they all three knelt down, and he prayed aloud that God would suffer this bitter cup to pass from them; there was a silence of some minutes after that prayer was ended, and each heart relieved itself

in sobbing and in tears. They arose from prayer and went out into the little garden, where a few flowers were opening to the morning sunshine, and the old man spoke unto the widower and sisterless words of holy hope and comfort, and blessing them both, he left them.

The hour of sunset was very near when the heavy toll of the funeral bell sounded from the village church-tower over to the distant hamlets, and each one who heard it stopped and listened, as that bell sent sadness into his heart, for each one knew that sound would soon roll over the new-made grave of Mary Trevor: each one had loved and respected her, and all now felt sorrow for the mourners. That bell tolled on, and the funeral train slowly moved out from the cottage with the dark pall and the coffin, and went down the green lane which led to the church-yard, where it was met by a train of the village-girls, who went with it, strewing flowers in the way to the grave. There was a crowd around it, but each one made way when the burial-train approached. The holy words of the burial service were begun by that gray-haired old man, who had knelt down with the mourners that morning in the room where the coffin lay, and as he read, each heart was hushed, each breath was stopped, and nothing was heard but that old man's voice, or the stifled sobbing of the mourners at the foot of the grave; those holy words, "Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," sounded over the church-yard, and the harsh clay rattled upon the coffin, each prayer had been said by that grave, and each heart had answered to them, and the service for the dead was over, the tolling of the funeral bell had died away, and its echoes had floated up to blue evening skies, and over the quiet hush and repose of the brown autumn woods, until they were heard no more. The grave was soon closed up, and the villagers dispersed, one by one, until that burial ground was as silent and as shadowless as before, and the mild light of the evening stars and the rising moon shown down from the skies above, upon the new made grave where reposed Mary Trevor.

From the Keepsake, for 1830.
THE FALSE RHYME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRANKENSTEIN."

"Come, tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around
To sign one moment at her feet."—THOMAS MOORE.

On a fine July day, the fair Margaret, Queen of Navarre, then on a visit to her royal brother, had arranged a rural feast for the morning following, which Francis declined attending. He was melancholy, and the cause was said to be some lover's quarrel with a favourite dame. The morrow came, and dark rain and murky clouds destroyed at once the schemes of the courtly throng. Margaret was angry, and she grew weary: his only hope for amusement was in Francis, and he had shut himself up—an excellent reason why she should the more desire to

see him. She entered his apartment: he was standing at the casement, against which the noisy shower beat, writing with a diamond on the glass. Two beautiful dogs were his sole companions. As Queen Margaret entered, he hastily let down the silken curtain before the window, and looked a little confused.

"What treason is this, my liege," said the queen, "which crimsones your cheek? I must see the same."

"It is treason," replied the king, "and therefore sweet, sweet sister, thou mayest not see it."

This the more excited Margaret's curiosity, and a playful contest ensued: Francis at last yielded: he threw himself on a huge high-backed settee; and as the lady drew back the curtain with an arch smile, he grew grave and sentimental, as he reflected on the cause which had inspired his libel against all womankind.

"What have we here?" cried Margaret: "nay, this is lese majeste—

*'Souvent femme varie,
Bien fou qui s'y fie!'*

Very little change would greatly amend your couplet:—would it not run better thus—

*'Souvent homme varie,
Bien folle qui s'y fie!'*

I could tell you twenty stories of man's inconsistency."

"I will be content with one true tale of woman's fidelity," said Francis, drily; "but do not provoke me. I would fain be at peace with the soft Mutabilities, for thy dear sake."

"I defy your grace," replied Margaret, rashly, "to instance the falsehood of one noble and well-reputed dame."

"Not even Emilie de Lagny?" asked the king.

This was a sore subject for the queen. Emilie had been brought up in her own household, the most beautiful and the most virtuous of her maids of honour. She had long loved the Sire de Lagny, and their nuptials were celebrated with rejoicings but little ominous of the result. De Lagny was accused but a year after of traitorously yielding to the emperor a fortress under his command, and he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. For some time Emilie seemed inconsolable, often visiting the miserable dungeon of her husband, and suffering on her return, from witnessing his wretchedness, such paroxysms of grief as threatened her life. Suddenly, in the midst of her sorrow, she disappeared; and inquiry only divulged the disgraceful fact, that she had escaped from France, bearing her jewels with her, and accompanied by her page, Robinet Leroux. It was whispered that, during their journey, the lady and the stripling often occupied one chamber; and Margaret enraged at these discoveries, commanded that no further quest should be made for her lost favourite.

Taunted now by her brother, she defended Emilie, declaring that she believed her to be guiltless, even going so far as to boast that within a month she would bring proof of her innocence.

"Robinet was a pretty boy," said Francis laughing.

"Let us make a bet," cried Margaret: "if I lose, I will bear this vile rhyme of thine as a motto to my shame to my grave; if I win——"

"I will break my window, and grant thee whatever boon thou askest."

The result of this bet was long sung by troubador and minstrel. The Queen employed a hundred emissaries—published rewards for any intelligence of Emilie—all in vain. The month was expiring and Margaret would have given many bright jewels to redeem her word. On the eve of the fatal day, the jailor of the prison in which the Sire de Lagny was confined sought an audience of the Queen; he brought her a message from the knight to say, that if the lady Margaret would ask his pardon as her boon, and obtain from her royal brother that he might be brought before him, her bet was won. Fair Margaret was very joyful, and readily made the desired promise. Francis was unwilling to see his false servant, but he was in high good humour, for a cavalier had that morning brought intelligence of a victory over the Imperialists. The messenger himself was lauded in the despatches as the most fearless and bravest knight in France. The king loaded him with presents, only regretting that a vow prevented the soldier from raising his visor or declaring his name.

The same evening, as the setting sun shone on the lattice on which the ungallant rhyme was traced, Francis reposed on the same settee, and the beautiful Queen of Navarre, with triumph in her bright eyes, sat beside him. Attended by guards, the prisoner was brought in: his frame was attenuated by privation, and he walked with tottering steps. He knelt at the feet of Francis, and uncovered his head; a quantity of rich golden hair then escaping, fell over the sunken cheeks and pallid brow of the suppliant. "We have treason here!" cried the king: "Sir jailor, where is your prisoner?"

"Sire, blame him not," said the soft faltering voice of Emilie; "wiser men than he have been deceived by woman. My dear lord was guiltless of the crime for which he suffered. There was but one mode to save him:—I assumed his chains—he escaped with poor Robinet Leroux in my attire—he joined your army: the young and gallant cavalier who delivered the despatches to your grace, whom you overwhelmed with honours and reward, is my own Eguerrard de Lagny. I waited but for his arrival with testimonials of his innocence, to declare myself to my lady, the Queen. Has she not won her bet? And the boon she asks——"

"Is de Lagny's pardon," said Margaret, as she also knelt to the king; "spare your faithful vassal, sire, and reward this lady's truth."

Francis first broke the false-speaking window, then he raised the ladies from their supplicatory posture.

In the tournament given to celebrate this

"Triumph of Ladies," the Sire de Lagny bore off every prize; and surely there was more loveliness in Emilie's faded cheek—more grace in her emaciated form, type as they were of true affection—than in the prouder bearing and fresher complexion of the most brilliant beauty in attendance on the courtly festival.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

BY MRS. GODWIN.

[Before the discovery of America by Columbus, among many tokens indicative of the existence of another continent, Dr. Robertson mentions the following:—"Canes of an enormous size had been seen floating upon the waves, which resembled those described by Ptolemy as productions peculiar to the East Indies. After a course of westerly winds, trees torn up by the roots were often driven upon the coasts of the Azores; and at one time the dead bodies of two men with singular features, resembling neither the inhabitants of Europe nor Africa were cast ashore there."]

Ye Dead! of an unknown distant land,
What do ye here on our sea-girt strand?
Have the wild waves torn you from your home
In a world like ours, or do ye come
From Ocean's cavern'd bed?

Is the hope of the venturous seaman true,
That points to a far coast's shadowy blue,
O'er pathless seas, whose billows lie
Dark as the shores of futurity?
Awake, and say, ye Dead!

We have seen the tall, majestic cane
Borne prostrate on the heaving main;
And trees, up-rent by the western blast,
The rolling tides on our isles have cast,—
These shew of verdant bowers.

But yet though your features bear no trace
Of kindred with our fairer race,
Ye tell us of breathing sentient forms
Haunting those groves o'er the ocean's storms—
Of human griefs like ours.

Awake, awake!—But those dusk forms lay
Cold silent things in the sun's warm ray,
Wound in the coils of their long black hair,
In death's dark, dreamless slumber there;
Unwitting that strange men o'er them bent
The gaze of inquiring wonderment:

Nor saw they that isle of their exiled graves,
Nor heard they the hoarse assassin waves
Booming along in their sullen pride,
As the deep sea called back her rebellious tide.

Ye are mute—still mute—but ye are here,
Sad tokens of some existent sphere,
Where never bark our ancient world
Triumphantly her white sails hath fur'd,
Nor seen her peunons stream.

The voices that told in days of yore
Of another clime a far distant shore—
The light of science that then was viewed
As a phantom lamp by fools pursued,
Is now no more a dream.

Written for the Casket.

Clement Meyerfeld and Clara Ismeana.

A TALE.

"Farewell, the youth whom sighs could not detain;
Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
Yet, as thou goest, may every blast arise,
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayest thou see,
Nor griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me."

Oh! let me safely to the fair return,

Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn.

COLLINS.

It was in one of those extended pedestrian journeys which I have made in the wide spreading west, and in October, 1816, as I was slowly wending my way along a narrow path over one of those interminable plains which spread as a southern border to Louisiana, as the western sun shot its oblique rays upon a beautiful line of woods, skirting along the Teche, my eye caught the view of a white cottage, rising slowly and modestly amid a grove of evergreen oaks. On foot, and weary as I was, even the feeling of slow fever could not banish from my mind a relish for the soft and tranquil scene. The oceanic vastness of those grassy, wide spreading meadows, has a something of awful yet delightful aspect as the sun seems to sink into their western bosom.

As my steps neared the cottage, I beheld, in the neatly enclosed yard before its door, a man walking tranquilly backwards and forwards, evidently like myself, admiring the splendid picture of an autumn evening in Louisiana. As I approached the wicket gate I was met by the owner, who, whilst opening it, observed, in good French, though with the tone of a foreigner to that language and pation:—

"Thou art a traveller and welcome to my roof; give me thy burden and walk in."— Astonished and delighted with the open, kindly hospitality which anticipated my wishes, and which sweetened the temporary home; and, whilst tendering my thanks, my eye was involuntarily fixed on the face and figure of my host. His hair and wrinkles bespoke the passage of sixty years, with a skin extremely fair, and, on the taint of which, even the sun of Attacapas had made little impression. His fine but striking blue eyes beamed under a most majestic and ample forehead. His mouth had something sarcastic, whilst the whole countenance expressed sense and good nature. The form was in a peculiar manner well proportioned.— Though not above middle size, strength appeared yet to nerve every limb.

Entering into a small but extremely neat sitting room, I was again welcomed by a female even still more prepossessing than her husband. In appearance, about forty, yet with much that remained from by-gone years. Eyes most sparklingly clear and black, and hair as jetty, were contrasted by skin embrowned by a southern sun. This lady also spoke in French, with the idiom of a foreigner, though different from that which marked the language of her husband.

The supper table was set, and, after ablution

from a basin of pure water handed by my host, I sat down a delighted and welcome stranger. The custom of handing to the traveller water to bathe bespeaks Asiatic and primitive manners. It is one of those sacred customs which oriental nations regard as amongst the highest duties of hospitality. The Sarmatian, Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish nations demonstrate the origin of their moral habits from the practice of this patriarchal rite.

The kind reception I had received, and the surprise of the moment, produced a forgetfulness of my fever, but seated at table a total want of appetite and the flush in my face exposed my condition to the observing host.

'Thou art unwell, friend,' said he, gently, taking my hand and feeling my pulse. 'I have travelled, and necessity has made me something of a physician. Thou hast a fever—I hope—I believe not dangerous; thou needest rest;' and, saying so, he rose and led me into a very clean though plain room, and whilst I was preparing to retire to a bed which invited repose by exhaling that indescribable fragrance inseparable from cleanliness, my host walked out but returned with a most grateful potion as I was placing my pillow.

'Drink this, friend, and peace and rest be with thee,' said he, as I received and swallowed the medicine. Then closing the curtains of the bed, he took up the candle and retired. It was indeed rest I wanted. The fever slowly abated, and I sunk into a sweet sleep, which the strengthening light of a morning sun only broke.

Every thing was still quiet round the cottage, and, whilst waking with renewed health, I beheld some manuscripts carelessly scattered over the dressing table, and within my reach. I picked up one and read the title, 'Memoirs of ————.' It was in French; my curiosity was roused. I opened to the introduction and read what, for reasons yet to be explained, I now give the translation.

'When we have seen pass the thirty last years of the eighteenth century—when we have lived to the present epoch, (1816)—when we have been an eye-witness to the most extraordinary and least expected events, which are described in this little volume, and when we reflect that we have been not only a spectator but often an actor in the varied scenes recorded in its pages; it is impossible to resist the desire to note the principal facts, and to place on paper these glances at past events—these recollections and these observations.

'The struggle between the English colonies of North America and the mother country; this long, doubtful struggle, which terminated by securing the independence of the United States, and taught the people of those states to wrest the acknowledgment of their rights, even from the mouth of force and oppression.'

'The reign of Frederick II., this philosophic king, an author and warrior, who, in turn, was conquered and a conqueror, completed his reign by

giving, at the expense of his neighbours, a wide extension, and secured to Prussia a distinguished rank amongst the powers of Europe. The reigns of Joseph II. and Catharine II., productive of so many reforms, and so many changes in the manner of thinking of the governors and the governed. The two first divisions of Poland, which, after having dismembered the country, was followed by a third and last, which effaced even the name; and, in fine, the re-establishment of the kingdom by the emperor Alexander. The abolition of the monarchical government in France and its transformation into a republic; the evanescence of this new order of things which, after many different modes of administration, merged into a despotism under Napoleon, and was again followed by a constitutional monarchy under the dynasty of the Bourbons.'

'The revolutions in the Netherlands, in Holland, Spain, Portugal, and Naples, in Piedmont and in Greece, are so many memorable epochs, which have succeeded in the space of fifty years nearly, and which have struck, with stupor and astonishment, every observer who can either feel or think.'

My mind, invited by this seductive introduction, was fully prepared to follow the author in his retrospective tour; but was diverted by seeing my door slowly opened, and the unceremonious entrance of my host, who, seeing the paper I held in my hand, smiled, as a sigh rose as if to repress an outward expression of joy unfelt.

'Thou hast rested well, I hope, and thy fever is abated; yes it is gone,' said the kindly old man, as he pressed my hand. I returned my thanks as preparing to rise.

The morning was soft, with fine floating Cirri, and, ushered into a most rural breakfast room, and into which the sun beams were broken by rose and chrysanthium flowers and branches.—I found my host at the head of his table, and entering the room in an opposite direction, a man and woman I had not before seen. The man was tall and muscular, features very strongly marked yet pleasing; his frame extremely well proportioned, and whole contour commanding, though evidently verging towards the meridian of life. His companion was in years yet in the morn of her existence; but on her most interesting features inward sorrow was too deeply felt to be concealed by a placid smile. Their appearance was that of people whose manners had been formed by an intercourse with society in its most polished circles.

With that frankness which marked his whole demeanor, my host addressed me as I entered, by observing, 'It is time we had means of using the common exchange of names.'

'Mark Bancroft,' I replied—'Labanoff Kholheim, has the honour to receive thee at his table, and to introduce to thee his son and grand daughter, Romuald Kholheim and Paulina.' Here he repressed something which rose in his mind, and pointing to our seats, we sat

down to a breakfast, to me delicious, from the fascinations which accompanied the hospitable board.

'I cannot think thou art a common traveller,' smiling, observed the elder Kholheim.

'I am walking over a part of the earth,' I replied, 'to observe nature in its primitive dress; but,' turning my eyes around the room, continued, 'by an unexpected felicity, I have for once to most sincerely rejoice in a disappointment; yesterday's sun met me in a pastoral hut of Louisiana; this morning I find myself transported to the Island of Scheria * and the gardens of Alcinous.'

The name of Scheria, no sooner pronounced than an electric stroke seemed to have shaken the whole little society; but with that genuine command of feeling which I have ever found associated with real politeness and sensibility every one quickly resumed their wonted tranquillity. Romuald Kholheim, however, deeming some apology necessary, observed that 'our recollections often betray us; we have all of us,' continued he, 'been residents of Corfu, and have read Homer where were once the gardens of Alcinous.'

'Homer survives, but the gardens of Alcinous are gone with the genius of Greece,' said, Labanoff Kholheim solemnly, as we rose from the table and entered the sitting room; where, leading me to a window and calling to his son and grand daughter to join us, resumed his observations as he pointed to his fine garden, sloping down to the sluggish Teche.

'Yes! Mark Bancroft! that Lethean river is as much like the Ohio or the Rhine, or this little garden platt to the glowing vegetation of Homer and Tasso, or as my old time and climate-beaten body is to an Alcinous; or,' said he, still more solemnly, 'as are Greece and Poland, like what once were Greece and Poland. But we can preserve at least one resemblance; if thou wilt be Ulysses for a few days or weeks, I will endeavour to be Alcinous.'

Suffice it say I accepted the invitation, because I felt its sincerity, but without a hope or thought of the rich reward in store for the delay. Long before I was initiated into their history, it was evident to my observation that my entertainers were foreigners, that they still possessed considerable wealth; but that their condition in life had been changed by adverse circumstances. Romuald Kholheim was intirely the most perfect linguist I ever have been acquainted with. Speaking either English, French, or German, each seemed his mother tongue; yet, as I afterwards learned, he had never spoken either until upwards of twenty years of age.—His memory was retentive, and his rapidity of conception had employed his powers of recol-

* Scheria, more anciently Drepane, the Corcyra of the historical ages of Greece, and the modern Corfu, is a small island of Europe on the coast of Albania, opposite the ancient Buthrotum, modern Butrinto. In this island were placed Homer's garden of Alcinous.

lection. But the mere collection of knowledge was with this man secondary; once within the circle of his intellect, you forgot, worldly selfishness, and breathed only for the human race. The soul elevating resolves of real patriotism found a living existence almost in every sentence which fell from the mouth of Romuald Kholheim.—Reading history with such a monitor, the actors on the varied drama of worldly revolution assumed their true characters. Though most sincerely attached to each other, the father and son were distinguished by very marked and different characters.

There was a serenity and sweetly pleasing calm diffused over the features and heart of Labanoff Kholheim, over which a cloud sometimes passed and was forgotten. The soul of Romuald, concealed by a cold exterior, was a volcano, from which occasional sparks and inward murmurings evinced the struggling fire beneath.—By a strange contrast, Paulina, the daughter of Romuald, though breathing the sentiments and adopting the opinions of her father, was, in temper and disposition, the exact counterpart of her grandfather; whilst the wife of Labanoff, and step-mother of Romuald, participated all the warmth and high toned feelings of her adopted son.

Between Romuald and his father and daughter passed all the real kindness of kindred affection, rendered interesting in a high degree from the rich lustre of cultivation and polish of manners; but in all those aspirations of exalted sentiment which raise a few and only a few human beings so far above even their kindred, Romuald and Sabina Ismeana seemed to converse in language which rose above the coldness and precision of speech. Their ages were not very different, and I am persuaded angels never met with less of worldly feeling. If no barrier had stood between them, this man and woman would never have loved or sought a closer connexion. If they had been brother and sister their attachment would have been just what it was in fact, the tie of two minds which were sublimed by intercourse, and chastened by vicissitudes of fortune which few could sustain, and fewer still deserved to have encountered. It was in their society, and hearing from their own lips what I am to repeat, that I first felt the benefit secured to mankind from the misfortunes of the truly great. Those exalted beings, if they suffer acutely, they reflect, compare, and remember intensely.

But it is time to proceed with our history, and learn from themselves the causes why such a family had sought another hemisphere from that which gave them birth.

'Thou art travelling over the earth as a bee fieth from flower to flower,' said to me, Labanoff Kholheim, on the morning of my intended departure from his mansion, 'thou hast read the political and part of the moral life of Michel Oginghi; and thou hast seen and mourned over the grave of a Nation. Over that nation, some of my family were more interested, we had to

weep over a mother. Adieu, my friend, we separate this morning, never again to meet on earth. Since thou wert with us, I have embodied on paper the substance of our conversation; I have, at leisure moments, made the sketches contained in these sheets.' Here the venerable speaker put a roll into my hands and continued; 'It was the intention of myself and son to have remained for life in America, but from letters received yesterday, and I take a melancholy pride in the avowal, from that sentiment not to be conveyed by words, from the love of our native soil, we have concluded to return to Europe. In a few weeks the traces of our existence in Louisiana will disappear; if, therefore, you choose to publish the sketches in your own land you can do so. In a country where law reigns, a picture of despotism, even in its best attire, may teach a useful lesson.'

With a regret, I yet feel, I separated from the inmates and cottage of Kholheim and returned to my residence on the Muskingum, from where the subjoined extracts are sent, and which, if you find them of sufficient interest, you can give them a place in your publications. The narration is given by the third person.

Amongst the most illustrious families of that mixed German and Polish province of Posnania, was that of Meyerfield, who, originally Germans from Brandenburg, settled near Rauwitz, and became connected with the noble family of Sapieha. Alexander Count Meyerfield was born about 1740, was educated at the first seminaries on the continent of Europe, spoke several living languages, and choosing the military profession, entered the Polish army, in which in every mental accomplishment he was little if any inferior, and, in elegance of form and manners, was the rival of his relation Stanisbas Poniatowski. An excellent classic scholar, Count Meyerfield became a republican before he left the German schools, and in the army was the steady opponent of the then temporising measures which led to the first dismemberment of Poland. Though, as a relation and friend, most sincerely attached to Stanislas Poniatowski, yet, at the early age of twenty four, count Meyerfield strenuously opposed the election as King of Poland, of a man whose unsteadiness of mind he so well knew unfitted him to meet the coming crisis. All the opposition of which divided patriotism could oppose to treason at home and power abroad was unavailing. Stanislas was elected King in 1764, and, in 1772, some of the finest provinces of the kingdom were severed from it and parcelled between Russia, Prussia, and Austria.

Like many others who wept the ruin they could not avoid, and who were compelled to submission from family affection, Count Meyerfield, who had been some years united to an amiable Polish lady, quit the army and retired to his estate near Rauwitz, where, in 1775, was born a son, who was named Clement, and is now Count Meyerfield. Like Amilcar Barca, Alexander, Count of Meyerfield, inspired his son from the cradle to hate the enemies of his na-

tion, and those who dismembered Poland; and, in doing so, enkindled in the soul of young Clement a holy ardor in favour of civil and religious liberty. He drank from the father's lips draughts which created at once enthusiasm and steadiness of purpose. Years rolled on, and, as Clement Meyerfield was the pupil of his father, the reading and feeling the full inspiration of the Greek and Roman classics went together. It was Madame Meyerfield who first noticed the fact and pointed it out to her husband, that Plutarch's Lives seemed never out of the hands or pockets of their son. The father approved the choice, and left his son to follow his own bent. That influence, powerful as reason and uniform as instinct, exhibited itself at length in so strong a manner, however, as to startle even the firm soul of Alexander Count Meyerfield.

Early in September, 1786, young Clement, then in his twelfth year, had walked to the post office in Rauwitz, at opening morn, and, on his return, rushed into the breakfast room where his father and mother were quietly seated.—The blooming cheeks of their boy were inflamed, his fine blue eyes flashed with indescribable fire, his breast swelled, and trembling with joy, too full to admit many words, threw a packet of papers before his father, exclaiming, with great vehemence, 'The monster is dead!'

'What monster, my son?' demanded both parents, but before Clement could so far conquer his emotion as to speak in reply, his father, glancing his eye on one of the papers before him, read the cause of the emotion of his child. 'Frederick the Great is no more!' and, as the words were read, the parents and son fixing a steady gaze on each other, sat many moments without speech or motion.

'Frederick the Great is no more!' at length, slowly and most solemnly, repeated Alexander Count Meyerfield; and, turning to his son, observed, 'Is the King of Prussia the monster you mean?'

'Was he not one of the monsters who tore the limbs of Poland?' warmly, demanded Clement. Count Meyerfield remained silent for several minutes, whilst his eye passed alternately from his wife to his son. At length, heaving a deep sigh and looking most earnestly on the face of his anxious wife, ejaculated; 'Oh, my family, my Severina, I see the storm I have prepared, I see the mischief I have done, but the worst of futurity is too dark to be penetrated.'

Severina of Kargowa, countess of Meyerfield, had been descended from the family of Sapieha, and inherited the blood and high feeling of the Pospolite of Poland. This mother had no little aided her husband in instilling into the mind of their son, that strong detestation of oppression and oppressors which broke forth on the reception of the news that the great despoiler of their country was dead. It was, therefore, natural, that such a woman, at such a moment, should merge the mother in the patriot. Her penetrating eye passing from her husband to her child, gave the force of inspiration to her

words as she observed:—'Dark and drear as may be futurity, I see a flame rising amid the gloom—a flame which Polish breath may yet raise to a consuming fire.' Each, influenced by their own feelings, silently but thoughtfully took up their respective share of the packet which Clement had brought from Rauwitz, and retired to their apartments. Whatever might have been the presentiment of the parents, no essential change was made in the manner of educating their only child and beloved son.—During the three years which intervened between the death of Frederick II., and the explosion of the French revolution, whilst the ministerial triflers of France, Prussia, Austria, and Great Britain, were disputing for baubles, over a slumbering volcano; whilst the adroit Catharine II. was securing her acquisitions in Poland, and undermining the power of Turkey; the highest principles of republicanism were gaining force in the hearts of Clement Meyerfield, and thousands of his young and ardent countrymen. These sentiments were fermenting, when all Europe was electrified by the burning of the Bastille, on July 14th, 1789. This momentous event roused at once the hopes, fears, and regret of the Poles.

Other attendant events, however, contributed to produce more than a common share of agitation in the castle of Meyerfield. In 1788, on the 7th of October, the Diet, of what was still Poland, was convened at Warsaw, and Stanislas Malachowski was chosen Marshal for the crown and Casimir Sapieha for Lithuania. These high officers, and also the king, being all relations of the count and countess of Meyerfield, young Clement, though born a subject of the king of Prussia, was, with his parents drawn to the scene of gaiety and politics. It was there that an acquaintance and most sincere friendship was formed between Romuald Kholheim and the young Meyerfield. Their ages were nearly the same, they were boys in years, but men in many of the most important attributes of man. They were both only sons, noble by birth and nature, and though educated separately, their opinions were remarkably of accord.—In their future course there was one important difference, Romuald, was entered into the military school of cadets, Clement as a Prussian subject, and not intended for the military profession, remained with his parents.

During the winter of 1788—'89, society at Warsaw exhibited a singular and most deceptive aspect. Under the reign of a monarch whose intentions were not all good, and whose acts misdirected; whose fate it was to be tyrannized over by his own people and by foreigners, and who was at once timid and enlightened; a new generation rose in Poland. The salutary change in manner and means of education, formed a race of men distinguished by their energy and talents; men fitted by serving their country, to raise it once more from abasement, had not a combination of circumstances defeated every moral attribute of the nation.

Unfortunate as he was in the whole course of his reign, Stanislas II. was a gentleman and scholar, perhaps the first man then in Europe east of the Vistula. He consecrated to arts, science, and polished society, every disposable moment; he was surrounded by the learned, whom he encouraged and rewarded. The military and civil schools were organized and filled with a most promising youth. A spirit of instruction and a fine taste were expanded amongst both sexes, and a rare combination was formed between luxury and purity of manners.

The Polish language was studied and refined, and was spoken and written with force and elegance. Polish history was read, and the names of men recalled, who would have given lustre to any country. Military studies and taste, with gymnastic exercises, withdrew the young men from frivolous pleasures, and strengthened at once the physical and moral faculties.

Society was enjoyed under its most desirable forms. Parties were numerous, gay, and lively. It was, again, by these parties infinitely more than by the debates of the Diet, that a national spirit was fostered. The Polish ladies were true to the character of their sex, they were patriotic, and by their costume and conversation, preached with most inflaming influence, to a warm, enthusiastic, and elevated youth. The features of society were dignified and unaffected.

Amongst those female apostles of nationality, both in regard to rank and influence, a distinguished place was filled by Severina, countess of Meyerfield. This lady possessed in a remarkable degree, the coolness of reflection characteristic of the German, with the buoyancy of the Pole, and speaking French, German, and Polish, her society was open to that little world, of which Warsaw was then the centre.

It was in the spring of 1789, whilst the Diet was in full debate, and whilst every measure beneficial to the people was counteracted by foreign influence and domestic faction, but whilst the hopes of the true friends of Poland were still cherished, that one morning very early, Stanislas Soltan, a distinguished noble of Lithuania, presented himself at the hotel Meyerfield. His manner was evidently embarrassed, but after some desultory conversation, he suddenly seemed to recover his presence of mind, when smiling, he observed to the countess Meyerfield:

‘Madam, I have received a most precious gem from Walachia, in Turkey; this fine sparkling jewel was brought from Constantinople, and is now in my possession;’ then pausing a few moments, whilst his hearers regarded him with something of anxious wonder, resumed his playful narrative. ‘By one of those revelations which none know less of than those who produce them, the Hospoder of Walachia has been proscribed with his friends. One of those friends, by the aid of a noble Pole, has sent to my care a most interesting female child, about eleven years of age. With this charge I have received

ample funds for her education and endowment, and would gladly retain her in my own family, and such is the desire of Madame Soltan, but,”—and he again paused and assuming a solemnity of manner, evinced fears, in which many others were compelled to participate, continued:—

‘All is spring time, and smiling here at this moment on the banks of the Vistula. We are debating, singing, and dancing by turns; but Poland is no place to educate a woman.’

The keen eye of Severina caught the falling glance of Soltan, and replied, “We understand your meaning. It is generals and soldiers, and not ladies at the toilet, that Poland will soon demand. If the Turks are beaten into peace, Kaunitz lulled to sleep, and the French court and the Parisians left to enjoy their operas, Poland will!”—‘Pardon me, countess Meyerfield,’ said Soltan, rising, ‘the Turks will be beaten; Kaunitz is not, nor likely to be asleep, unless he falls into an eternal sleep;—as to France and its court, I am greatly mistaken if their operas are not changed to tragedy; and as to my precious charge, Clara Ismeana:’—

‘Will go with us to Rauwitz,’ said the Count and Countess together.

‘I would present acknowledgments in the name of her father and myself, but in this case I cannot so far mistake my friends. When do you return to your residence?’

‘We leave Warsaw to-morrow morning,’ replied the Count. ‘Madame Soltan and myself will have the pleasure of seeing you in the evening, and will bring our casket with us. Good morning;’ and Soltan departed.

Evening came, and Madame Soltan led into the Meyerfield Hall a girl, which, in form and stature, seemed much more advanced, but which was then between eleven and twelve. Hair jetty black, with eyes equally black, but extremely expressive for a child. The contour of her face and the form of her head, a mixture between the Georgian and Grecian orders.

‘What little Goddess is that,’ demanded Romuald Kholheim, of his friend Clement, as they stood together with fixed attention on Clara.

‘It is a youthful Diana, and a sister of mine from the Phanar at Constantinople,’ replied Clement.

‘A sister of yours,’ said Romuald, ‘that is to be; I now know who she is. That is Clara Ismeana, who was driven by the Turks from Valachia, and who is going with your family to Rauwitz. I wish she was my —, no! I would rather she was your sister.’

‘Let her be what she will to either of us,’ replied Clement, ‘she is a fine specimen of Grecian beauty, and her being here affords a complete specimen of Turkish barbarism. We are boys,’ sighed the gallant youth, ‘and before we are men, we may have something more to fight for than Clara.’

‘Take an opportunity to introduce me to your Clara,’ said Romuald. ‘I would do so gladly,’ replied Clement, ‘but it demands a

Knight to dub a Knight, and the honor you request has not been conferred on me, her brother.' Here both were relieved and surprised by a gentleman tapping them on the shoulder from behind. He was Stanislas Soltan, who led them towards his lady and her protegee, when smiling, he observed, 'Here, Clara, is your brother Clement.'

The poor girl remained silent as she clung to Madame Soltan, whilst the two boys with that genuine politeness which no education ever bestowed, bowed very respectfully and retired.

Time passed—the Count and Countess of Meyerfield returned to their castle near Rauwitz. Every attention was paid to the education, health and morals, of Clara. Her ample fortune was placed in security in Berlin. The French revolution soon exploded and shook all Europe. The Count of Meyerfield and his family remained, as regards public affairs, tranquil at their seat, but time had not remained stationary; Clement and his sister, as he called Clara, were advancing to maturity, and every post brought food for the ardent national flame which burned in the bosom of the young Count, and every opening day exposed him to another flame not less intense.

By a singular, but by no means unnatural, effect of the moral atmosphere she breathed, Clara Ismeana imbibed the liberal sentiments of her friends; and, as she advanced in life, connected the revolutionary storm raging to the west, and ready to burst around her, with the future fate of her own country. Her mind richly stored, and powerful in its principles of discrimination and retention, understood the history of Greece and Thrace, and that of the Turks, incomparably better than she would have done had she been educated in her native city. The conversation of the Countess Meyerfield, and still more that of her son, with the unexpected success and reiterated victories of the French armies, excited hopes of a general prostration of despotic power.

The more mature and reflecting Count Meyerfield, though admiring the sentiments, was very far from indulging the fond hopes of his family. He had seen too much of mankind; knew too well the internal divisions and factions of Poland; and, above all, he knew the cold blooded texture of human policy too well to hope ever to see his country really restored to independence.

In these conflicting opinions the family harmony found zest, but no ill-natured opposition rose to mar their mutual affection. Letters were at long and unequal intervals of time received from the father of Clara, who had obtained leave to return and reside in Constantinople. These letters sometimes contained a hint of reclaiming his daughter, but at length entirely ceased, and through the years 1792 and 1793 no tidings came. Long separated from the only relation she could remember, her father, and her affections centered at the castle of Meyerfield, the young Thracian gradually

ceased to regard one part of her nation as more entitled to interest than another. But hearing the names of Tolkieski, Tamoski, Sobieski, &c. and feeling the patriotic association, she remembered also names dear to her own national pride, and often shed a tear at the thought that her native country, whose glories Homer himself had sung, was trampled under foot by a Mahometan horde.

Such reflections and anticipations might have been indulged for a moment, and then forgotten amongst the dreams of waking reverie, had no connecting event gave action to thought. As the French revolution progressed, all rational hopes of aid from that nation for Poland became weakened. The Peace of Varena, between Russia and Sweden, August 14th, 1790, and that between Russia and Turkey at Jassi, January 9th, 1792, left the most powerful enemy of Poland free to secure her prey. The constitution of May 3d, 1791, was more than counterbalanced by the confederation of Targowica, which was consummated by the signature of the king, Stanislas, the 23d of July, 1792. The constitution was torn to fragments and scattered by the breath of a Russian Ambassador.

The intelligence of the humiliating fates of every effort made by the Polish Diet, and the shameful weakness of the elected monarch, had been received, read, and bitterly commented on, at the castle of Meyerfield. The family sat silent and sad at their evening repast, when two strangers rode into the court yard, and with them Romuald Kholheim. The travellers were covered with dust, and introduced into the hall, seemed at once weary, and distressed. One, a man of middle age, but very commanding in appearance, was introduced as Thadeus Kosciusko; the other a young, but noble-looking man, was named as James Jasinski.

The very name of Kosciusko produced restraint and respect. It was already and generally known that, in case of a crisis, he was considered the future leader of the Polish patriots. In those provinces of ancient Poland, already incorporated with the neighbouring monarchies, the presence of Kosciusko was dreaded as exciting a watchful and severe police. Entering the castle of Meyerfield, and before he even accepted a seat, he apologized by observing, 'Count Meyerfield will, I hope, excuse this intrusion when he is made acquainted with the cause.'—'We need no explanation to receive with pleasure yourself and friends,' replied the Count.

After refreshments were served, and after some desultory conversation, Kosciusko with open frankness observed, 'My business in Prussian Poland I wish now to communicate.'—'That may be done in presence of my family,' replied the Count. 'Your very prudent conduct,' continued Kosciusko, while in Warsaw; 'your foresight almost prophetic of what has since transpired, as reported to me, has inspired me to make this visit, and to request a brief reply to this short question: Is there any hope for Poland?'

The eye of Count Meyerfield flashed a momentary gleam, but his brow became clouded as he slowly replied, 'There is no hope for Poland.' It was at once evident that Kosciusko participated the fearful opinion and forecast of the Count, but the Countess Meyerfield, her son, her ward, Romuald and Jasinski, were too strongly impressed with the justice, to doubt the issue of such a cause.

'My last breath shall be breathed before another robber shall despoil my country,' emphatically ejaculated Jasinski as he rose and paced the hall. In a moment, however, every eye was turned on Clement; his face became inflamed; his bosom heaved convulsively; as he rose, and seemingly without reflecting he had auditors, deliberately walked to a picture of John Sobieski, gazed a moment on the canvass, and left the room, repeating, 'would to God such a man was now king of Poland.' Romuald Kholheim followed his friend, and neither returned to the hall that night. Next morning the two strangers and their young attendant left the castle at early dawn.

The effect of this visit was permanent and serious on the circle at Meyerfield. Clement, always serious, though cheerful and mild, became absent, thoughtful and reserved. The fine spirits of Clara were gone, and her clear and harmonious voice, generally attuned to airs of gaiety and joy, now breathed tones of melancholy. The Count and Countess saw the conflict, without daring to name it to each other. It was soon evident and observed by the aged, that this sombre gloom hung over the brows of the youth of both sexes in the whole vast extent of Poland; and it was remarked as becoming more deep and solemn through the whole of 1793. Another very remarkable change was also noticed: marriages became rare, whilst the conduct of the well educated and single of both sexes towards each other became more and more kind and respectful. Gallantry was followed by refinement of paternal regard. It was indeed a year of fearful import over all Europe; but in Poland it was the eve of a death struggle.

It is at such moments that the best and worst traits of the human character appear. It is in such times that appear those sublime beings who soar above the weakness of our common nature. Two, if not three, of those images of the creator inhabited the castle of Meyerfield; but the Countess was a mother who had never been separated one month at a time from her son. Her keen and reflecting mind could not but acknowledge that if Clement obeyed the call which she every moment dreaded to hear, that her own precepts had prepared him for obedience. She saw, and with delight, that an undivided affection existed between her son and Clara, but even the Countess of Meyerfield was unable to comprehend the heroic effects that are sometimes produced in apparent contradiction to the ordinary inclinations of the heart.

Domestic tranquillity, without which human life is a burthen, was now banished from Po-

land. Every ear was opened with trembling anxiety, and yet every heart dreaded to receive the public prints or private letters. It was by one of the latter, and delivered by Romuald Kholheim, that the Meyerfield family learned that the Polish Diet had, on November 23d, 1793, under Russian bayonets, abolished the constitution of 1791, and that the members were scattered, and that the poor degraded king was writhing under the agony of remorse, age and sickness, at the seat of Count Michael Oginski.

'King,' bitterly exclaimed Clement, 'Stanislas Poniatowski has never been king, but he has been a member, and worthy of the place in the confederation of Targowica.'

'He is fallen,' mournfully observed the Countess, and her words were repeated by Clara, whilst both burst into tears. Those tears silenced, disarmed, and softened the fiercely rising passions of Clement, who, embracing his mother, pathetically exclaimed, 'He is indeed fallen.' Count Meyerfield sustained his equanimity of mind as he received a more particular verbal relation of affairs at Warsaw, Grodus and Wilna, from Romuald.

The evening past, and next morning all was confusion, regret and terror, in the castle of Meyerfield. Clement, with his personal attendant, a Greek, and Romuald, were gone, and on inquiry it was found they had passed through Rauwitz, at break of day.

'Rash, inconsiderate, and misguided son,' fell from the Count as he paced his now desolate hall. The shock reached the very heart of Severina, but her native fortitude enabled her to support both herself and husband. After a most painful pause, she enfolded her husband in her arms, and firmly addressed him, 'Alexander, are we not now weeping over what we must, what we really did expect.' The lips of the Count trembled, but as he was essaying to reply, Clara entered the hall. The eyes of the Thracian beamed with a preternatural lustre; her step had the firmness of despair. Both her protectors were transfixed as she sat down and struck with overpowering force the highest notes of Handel's Messiah.

The attention of the distressed inmates of Meyerfield was again suddenly drawn towards a splendid carriage proceeding slowly up the avenue in front of the castle. As the servant advanced to open the carriage door, the Count caught a glimpse of the visitor, when, clasping his hands together, he exclaimed in accents of utter despair, 'My ever beloved Severina, that man is Jerome, Marquis of Lucchesini!* we are ruined beyond hope; my family, my family'

That dreaded visitant entered the room where the once happy owners sat as statues, pale and almost as cold as the marble walls around them. But so far from entering as an angel of wrath, the Prussian minister, with the ease of a cour-

* Jerome, Marquis of Lucchesini, was at the period of which we speak, Prime Minister to Frederick William II. King of Prussia. The estate of Lucchesini lay at Meseritz, near Rauwitz.

tier and the sensibility of a man, came to heal and soothe. Before he spoke he drew from his breast a letter, and then seating himself between the Count and Countess, with great mildness observed, 'Can either of you suppose that Lucchesini could enter the castle of Meyerfield at such a moment to add pain to distress?' 'We did not!' replied the Count, 'but we'—and he paused, 'could not expect good from a minister of state!' The Marquis remained silent a few moments; when, seeing his auditors something re-assured, he resumed his discourse, and recounted to his astonished hearers an intimate acquaintance with their most private concerns; he recounted conversations which had passed, and added, that their family exhibited a picture of nearly every noble house in Poland. He then stated the relation in which Clara Ismeana stood with themselves and son. He farther stated the long and arduous struggle in the bosom of Clement and Clara, and their final parting, and that it was with the knowledge, but such is the human heart, with the outward advice, yes, ever with the advice of that singular woman. 'It is a period,' said the Marquis emphatically, 'when the motives of human conduct seem reversed; but my time presses, be tranquil as to the Prussian Government. You are held guiltless!—and I might say indeed the same of the mistaken men who are plunging into ruin. They are madly seeking ruin, but their acts are natural.—Here is a letter from your son. I myself took it from the Post Office in Rauwitz. The contents I knew before it was deposited. Adieu! peace be on this house!' And so saying, the minister departed.

Clara, who had rushed from the room as Lucchesini entered, returned as he passed out, and placing herself at her instrument, chaunted in a voice which arrested his steps on the threshold, a stanza of an old German hymn, commencing with

"His face is joy, his words are peace!"

Suddenly her voice failed, she pressed her forehead, and was falling from her seat when caught in the arms of the Count. The struggle had been long and bitterly sustained, but nature sunk in the unequal conflict. For many days the soul seemed winged for another sphere, but youth prevailed, and the sufferer slowly recovered health, strength and reason.

A settled cloud now hung over the castle of Meyerfield. The bereaved father and mother read and again read the short and impressive letter of their son. It contained these words:—

'My honored, my beloved parents, I cannot, dare not, either excuse or explain the act of disobedience I have perpetrated. A call from the highest of all power has drawn me from my paternal home. The effects, Good God! of mercy, my very soul shrinks from. But the sacrifice must be made—is made—adieu!

Pray for your own! CLEMENT.'

'Not one word of Clara!' said the Count, on reading this distracted epistle. 'Not one word of Clara,' replied the Countess, 'this silence is

terrible; would to heaven her name, if no more had been mentioned!'

A profound knowledge of the human heart in some of its most mysterious workings, is obtained, perhaps, more from feeling than reflection. In the opinion of his mother the omission of the name of Clara in the valedictory of her son, spoke volumes, and she was not mistaken. The same keen observer noticed with dread, that even in the ravings of mental derangement, Clara had never pronounced that of Clement, whilst she had repeated that of Romuald Kholheim with the utmost execration; this seeming inconsistency the Countess clearly divined. It was evident that Clara blamed Romuald with being the cause of the desertion.—We shall see in the sequel, that, in this secret charge, even, the prescience of love was mistaken.

The best cure for a wounded mind is rapid and powerful excitement, and that cure was afforded to the residents of the castle of Meyerfield. Only a few days after the departure of Clement, the intelligence reached them of the sanguinary revolution in Poland. Early in the spring of 1794, after a demi-war of two years, General Madalinski raised the standard against the Russians in the vicinity of Warsaw; traversed the frontiers of Prussian Poland, met Kosciusko at Cracow, and declared open war with Russia. At Cracow, amid acclaiming thousands, Kosciusko was, on March 24th, 1794, declared generalissimo. The whole nation was in flame. Amongst the young heroes who accompanied Madalinski, were Clement Meyerfield and Romuald Kholheim. In desperate daring, and surrounded by men who regarded life as a mere secondary object, it was observed by every one that Clement was chivalric to a fault; but even the caution given by Madalinski himself was disregarded.

The storm at Cracow was soon followed by another at Warsaw, where, in the night of the 17th and 18th of April, the Russian garrison, amounting to nearly eight thousand men, permitted themselves to be surprised by the inhabitants, and were expelled with the loss of two thousand five hundred men.

The war was now seriously commenced; Kosciusko, well seconded by an enlightened and energetic nobility, did more, perhaps, than was ever done in any other instance under such adverse circumstances, but the effort was vain, and worse than destructive to human life. The energetic Jasinski and Wielhorski, sustained the doubtful conflict in Lithuania, whilst central Poland was inundated with blood and tears.—The campaign was desultory, but extremely active. Prussia joined with Russia, and towards the end of August, the king of Prussia in person, with forty thousand men, invested Warsaw. The fate of the city seemed inevitable, when, in the nights of September 5 and 6, the Prussians broke up their camp and rapidly retreated towards Gosen.

Now occurred one of those mysterious trans-

actions which excite at the moment astonishment, and even stupor. The spirit of insurrection had reached Prussian Poland, and broke forth at Dantzig, Gosen, Kaliz, and Petrican.—These revolutionary movements compelled the king of Prussia to retreat from Warsaw. Yet amid these irritating scenes, and with their son, a distinguished volunteer under Kosciusko, perfect security reigned around the Count and Countess of Meyerfield. An unseen hand was over them. Their exemption from all inquiry and molestation was then and for many years afterwards, a subject of astonishment to themselves.

The retreat of the Prussians from Warsaw so far from aiding, ruined the Polish cause. The empress of Russia now regarded the war in Lithuania and central Poland as her own, and relieved from the war with Turkey, sent an overwhelming force under General Suwarrow. Kosciusko, in a desperate attempt to prevent the junction of the two Russian armies under Suwarrow and Hersen, attacked the latter on October 10th, 1794, and was defeated, wounded, and taken prisoner. Around their General fell or were made prisoners, the pride and glory of Poland. Amongst the victims of this disastrous day, were Clement Meyerfield, and a sacred band of other young men, who, joining Julien Niemciwicz, Colonel Zaydlitz, and several other brave and desperate officers, formed a small but dreadful column of cavalry, which, surrounding Kosciusko, charged and fell, one after another, not one ceding a step, or demanding quarter.—Many were beat down and made prisoners, and amongst these was the illustrious Kosciusko.—Clement was mingled and lost amongst the undistinguished dead.

Well might an English poet exclaim over the field of Macieowice—

"In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleys'd thunder flew:
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from his nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Clow'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career:
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And freedom shriek'd — as Kosciusko fell."

On a wet and cold evening, the 17th of October, 1794, the seventeenth day after the fatal battle of Macieowice, the family of Meyerfield sat silent, each indulging their own dreary reflections. The wretched and bereaved parents brooding over their blasted hopes, for already had they learned that their son lay on the bed of death with Poland. Clara Ismeana maintained that mixture of desperate fortitude and exalted sensibility which marks the conflict of nature and passion combined against moral and religious precepts. Thus were they employed whilst the wind and rain beat a tempest without, one object employing the thoughts of all, when they were roused by the tread of horses entering the court yard, and a moment after by the entrance of Niphon, the Greek servant of Cle-

ment, and with him a noble but venerable man, white with years.

The naturally grave and steady countenance of Niphon, expressed his usual respectful, but manly performance of his duty, when advancing into the hall he introduced Sergius Veccus, the aged stranger, observing that they had met accidentally at Warsaw, and finding each destined to the same place, he, Niphon, performed the duty of guide. The garb of the faithful servitor spoke an intelligible language to the mournful group. As soon as the duties of hospitality were performed to the aged stranger, Niphon produced a letter from Colonel Zaydlitz, countersigned by General Hersen, and again by the Prussian Commander at Gnesna. This letter merely stated that every honor that the nature of the case would admit, was paid to the misguided but fallen Clement Meyerfield, and concluding by a pathetic allusion to the general calamities of the times.

Niphon then produced a casket, containing a very valuable watch, a present to Clement by his mother, and on the case of which was her own portrait, richly embossed and set round with brilliants, and with it a still more costly locket, containing some of the hair and the portraits of the Count, Countess and Clara. This trinket was no sooner exposed than a scream of heart-broken despair burst from the Countess, 'My son, my son! is really gone, if alive, he would never have parted from that treasure.' Tears of anguish fell from the Count as he gazed on the once expressive features of his son. Neither tear or emotion escaped from Clara; her eyes were intensely fixed on the portrait of Clement, which hung in the hall.

During this tide of painful retrospect, the aged stranger sat silent and absorbed. Niphon, after casting a look of respectful sympathy on Clara, retired.

Next morning, after a long interview between Sergius Veccus and the Count, both together entered the breakfast room. The visible agitation of the Count alarmed the females, who dreaded some new calamity; but Clara earnestly looking a moment on the face of the Count, cast a penetrating glance on the stranger, seemed reflecting a moment, sprung forward, exclaiming, my father, my father!

It was the father of Clara, it was Sergius Veccus Phranza, of Ismeana. This noble Greek of Constantinople, a descendant of the ancient Romano-Emperors, and one of the inhabitants of the Phanar, having been educated at Paris, possessed a good relative knowledge of Europe.—He had attended a relation, one of the Hospodars of Valachia, and was for the moment involved in the common revolutions of that dependent and dangerous office. Contracting an acquaintance with, and friendship for, a noble Pole at Bucharest, a member of the family of Sapieha, and elated to that of Soltan and Meyerfield, led to the destiny of Clara. Appraised by a friend at Constantinople of the approaching change, Ismeana had time to dispose

of his child, and of a large sum in gold and silver. The destination of the child and treasure we have already seen. The father, by aid of a friend in the Divan, escaped the storm, and was permitted to return to Constantinople. The unsettled state of Europe, and the dangers of his situation, induced him to leave his daughter in Poland, whilst influenced by a desire to preserve his immense wealth, he continued to lead a precarious life at the Phanar. The affairs of Turkey became more tranquil after the death of Abdul Hamed, in 1789, and the peace with Austria in 1791, and with Russia in 1792. The first years of the reign of Solim III, were disturbed and menacing, but the public mind becoming more calm, Ismeana was encouraged to recal his only child, and which resolution was strengthened by hearing the troubles in Poland. To accomplish this sacred wish, he obtained a Hati Sheriff, and letters from the Prussian, Austrian, and Russian ministers, at Constantinople, and travelling by the route of Bucharest, Jassi, Kaminiec, Lemburg and Warsaw, reached Rauwitz and the castle of Meyerfield as we have seen.

Vain would be the attempt to depict the desolation spread round the castle of Meyerfield when it was known that the second bereavement must be added to the first. All that constitutes the chain, the sacred tie between parents and children united the Count and Countess with their ward. It is a most happy organization of our nature, that the excess of suffering superinduces forgetfulness of self; and it was in obedience to one of the highest laws of human life, that, three persons between whom the most tender affection existed were separated, with no hope of ever meeting again on earth; and who, when thus parting, cast upon each other a tearless, a last, a heart-rending gaze, scarcely breathing Adieu!

(To be Continued.)

A DAY IN AN IRISH FAIR.

Where are you, O Genius of riot?

Where is the yell of defiance—

Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnesses quiet?

What has become of the O'Rourks and O'Briens?

If you wish to witness the humors of an Irish fair, visit neither Ballinashoe nor Donnybrook. In the one you have nothing but sheep and bullocks; and bullock and sheep feeders; and in the other, a very disagreeable and incorrect specimen of Dublin cockneys. Donnybrook is Bartholomew in miniature. Paddy does not come there in his proper apparel; he is out of his element so near to the metropolis, and he loses half his attractions in the neighbourhood of a town. View him in the interior, and if possible, in a country fair. His character then is fully developed; there is no disguise about him in such places; and unless you be very acrimonious indeed, you will be compelled to admit that his good outnumbers his bad qualities.

It was a beautiful morning in June, when I

first stood upon the picturesque banks of the Barrow. To the left, lay the venerable ruins of Dunbrody, mossed and grey, where the wind whistled through the rank grass; and on the right, extended a champaign country, highly cultivated. On the opposite side of the ruin, lay the gently rising hills of Waterford, and through the mist of the morning was seen, with irritating indistinctness, the meeting of the waters of the Barrow and the Suir. A more pleasing landscape I never looked upon; and it would have been difficult to associate misery with such delightful scenery. Fortunately there was no evidence of human suffering about the place.—The ferry boat of Ballinlaw was filled with light hearted and laughing peasants; and the ferry-men were reaping a rich harvest of fares from the passengers. Were they crowding to a *pat-tern*, or on their way to market? No, they were on their way to the fair of Kildacie, and I had no sooner learned their destination, than I made one of their party. There sat beside me a well-set black-visaged ploughman, in his Sunday's best—and he played with a black thorn stick, encumbered with knots between his knees. "Audy," enquired the boatman, "do you think we shall have ere a bit of a fight to-day?" "Plase God," replied Audy; and he looked at his well-seasoned black thorn. Assured of fun, the looks of the company lightened up, and a smart little dairy-maid asked Audy which party he would join. "Troth, I don't know yet," said Audy; and again looked at his black thorn.

Landed on the Waterford side of the ruin, I proceeded towards the fair-green, and as I approached this Leipsic of Munster, the crowd of visitors considerably increased. A drove of sheep now stopped my progress; and the lowing and rushing of herds of bullocks helped to swell the dismal din which was swayed by the unharmonious notes of reluctant swine. Paddy is the only man in the world who can manage a pig: and the difficulties he has to overcome in the employment of pig driver, can be estimated only by those who have seen him on his way to an Irish fair. What an expressive language the Irish must be, for even hogs understand it! and I have often been amused and surprised by the attention they invariably pay to all who can pronounce that word "*Hurish!*" in the proper brogue. On going to a fair, this word is indispensable; and so is a straw strap, [rope.] The latter article is an appendage which the animal drags after him with one of his hinder legs. It serves as a rudder to guide him.

At the distance of a mile the confused sounds of bellowing cattle and braying donkeys were to be heard; and in a short time the booth-signs became visible. Every road and every path now flowed with life, and the tributary streams all tended to fill the fair green, an inclosed piece of ground, devoted to the purposes of rustic traffic. The peasantry seemed to be filled with awe at the first sight of the congregated multitude; and, apprehensive of evil, they piously sought to avert calamity by an act of religion. The men

reverently moved their hats, the women stood still, and all unostentatiously made on their breasts and foreheads

———“that sign,
“By some thought impious, by others deem'd divine.”

While thus spiritually secured against the temptations of the devil, on one hand, they did not neglect to provide against the assaults of the pickpocket, on the other, by buttoning up their pockets.

An Irish fair, at first sight, is somewhat picturesque. The booths form a kind of semicircle—and immediately in the front of this stand the temporary shops of itinerant merchants. Dealers in hard ware, and chapmen from Dublin, display their varied and attractive stores; while the venders of wooden whistles, John Allen's gingerbread, and alli-campaign, are more vociferously engaged in appraising the visitors of the value of their wares. ‘Cheap John,’ takes his stand in an open space, and sells razors ‘fine ground against the walls of Jerusalem;’ while ‘sporting Sally, from the county Down,’ tempts adventurers to try their fortune in an humble lottery by puffs somewhat more pungent than those formerly resorted to by Messrs. Hazard & Co. of Cornhill. Behind this enlivening scene the great business of the fair is conducted.—There are no pens; no order. Each farmer chooses his own ground; and twenty pigs generally form a noisy company, confined by *straps* to a single peg driven into the grounds. Horse dealers show off at a distance; and the more ambitious riders keep up a kind of drag hunt all day, through the neighboring fields.

In the morning all is anxiety; every face wears a look of care; and a dread of being cheated, or of being unable to effect sales, gives to the peasant's aspect an air of doubt and mystery very different from what might be expected in a rustic assembly of Irishmen. Through the busy mass there moves a class of men well-known in Munster—Waterford pig buyers. Their costume is somewhat peculiar. Their coats, of dark blue frieze, reach within three inches of the ground; and their tailors are so prodigal of cloth, that this upper garment is to be retained on the shoulders only by frequent shrugs of the upper part of the person. Their inexpressibles are fabricated out of the same material, but the knees are unbuttoned, the better perhaps to display the variegated garters that confine the blue stockings which ornament the legs. The pig buyer is a man of considerable consequence. To his discretion are entrusted the interests of an extensive establishment, and he buys and pays without any check from his employers. His progress through the fair creates a great sensation; farmers make their stock assume the most attractive attitudes, and affectedly avert their eyes, as if they were ignorant of the approach of the customer. But the buyer is not to be deceived by any seeming device. A single glance informs him of the value of the beast, and with the ease of one accustomed to such transactions,

he pulls out a Spanish dollar, holds it up in the light of day between his finger and thumb, and deliberately lays it in the open palm of the seller, whispering at the same time something very secret in his ear. For the world he would not let the neighboring farmers know the extent of his indiscretion; but Pat is not to be deceived. With a significant psha! he averts his head, and with an indignant contraction of his eyebrows, forces back on the pig merchant his silver coin. The Waterfordian is not to be repulsed: he seizes Pat's hand in his left, exposes its horny palm to the light of day, and with the whole force of his right arm slaps the dollar on it.—Before the ringing sound subsides, he proclaims an advance, and Pat is aroused to action. With a violence fully equal to that of the pig buyer, he returns the money, and proposes to meet him half way. Again the dollar rings on the peasant's hand; the bargain is struck, and they consummate it by a contact of their iron palms which sounds far off amidst surrounding chapmen.

But here comes another character, well-known in Irish fairs. His Tuscan brogue proclaims him a native of Cork; and his greasy boot-tops, and heavy horsewhip, announce the agent of a provision contractor. Bullocks and fat cows attract his attention; and he makes a bargain somewhat after the fashion of his Waterford rival. Another and another still succeeds; the butcher passes hastily through the crowds of calves and sheep, ostentatiously proclaiming his own wealth, by holding in each hand a bundle of bank-notes, in an unsoiled state, fresh from the county bank. The Connaught man, too, is here; his costume betrays his *nation* at once; and the feathers that fly from the sky-blue frieze indicate his occupation—he is a goose plucker. Perhaps he deals in oranges, or exposes for sale a dozen Kerry cows, a little bigger than the squire's greyhound. The harsh tones of the north are heard here in the mellow south, for Antrim supplies Munster with gypsies; they are adepts in palmistry, and like the dark Bohemians, who never visit Ireland, they can strip a hedge, or diminish the tenants of a hen-roost.

About one o'clock, the day's sale had been nearly effected; and the rustic beaux and belles crowded the promenade between the temporary shops of the chapmen. The sun-burnt daughters of industry, solicitous to please, put on their most gaudy gear and attractive smiles, and their Palemons, proud of their partners, tossed back their heads, and sported their new “*Barcelonies*.” Every thing now wore an air of happiness; but the storm was gathering; and in about an hour I was alarmed to find myself between two bodies of men who eyed each other with looks of suspicion, if not hatred. The Dacies were on my right, and the Hogans on my left. Between both, individuals were carelessly passing; and I could not at first divine for what earthly reason they seemed concentrating their respective forces. The more timid portion of the people, however, anticipated the attack: old men and

young boys posted themselves on the adjoining ditches, (Anglice fences,) and the more decent portion of the females hurried from the fair-green. The itinerant dealers were busy packing up their goods, but the impatient factions did not wait their convenience; a Dacie and a Hogan quarrelled; both parties fell in and a fight became general. I never witnessed a more dreadful scene of noise and confusion; the cries of women rent the air, and the conflicting mass of men exhibited a wood of sticks all raised in anger, but raised harmlessly, for the density of the crowd prevented any very considerable execution. The factions kept rolling about like a tempestuous billow, increasing as it moved, and though on the whole frightful enough, there was something extremely ludicrous as it passed over the encumbered ground. The whole stock of a dealer in china-ware made a distressing noise, as if it was crushed into fragments by the feet of the belligerents; and John Allen's gingerbread yielded unresistingly to the pressure of the combatants. The contents of a toy-shop were hastily scattered abroad, and many on this day got whistles without paying too much for them. As the passions of men were maddened, by the contest, resort was had to cowardly missiles: stones, 'two year old ones,' flew about plentifully; and, in defiance of the prayers and threats of publicans, the booths were uprooted by those who could not otherwise provide themselves with weapons than by arming themselves with the poles that supported the canvass.

All was a scene of desolation; the magistrate and the priest exerted themselves in vain, and peace was only ultimately restored by the retreat of the Hogans, who gained the distant hill—where they stood like their ancestors,

'Wan and faint, but fearless still.'

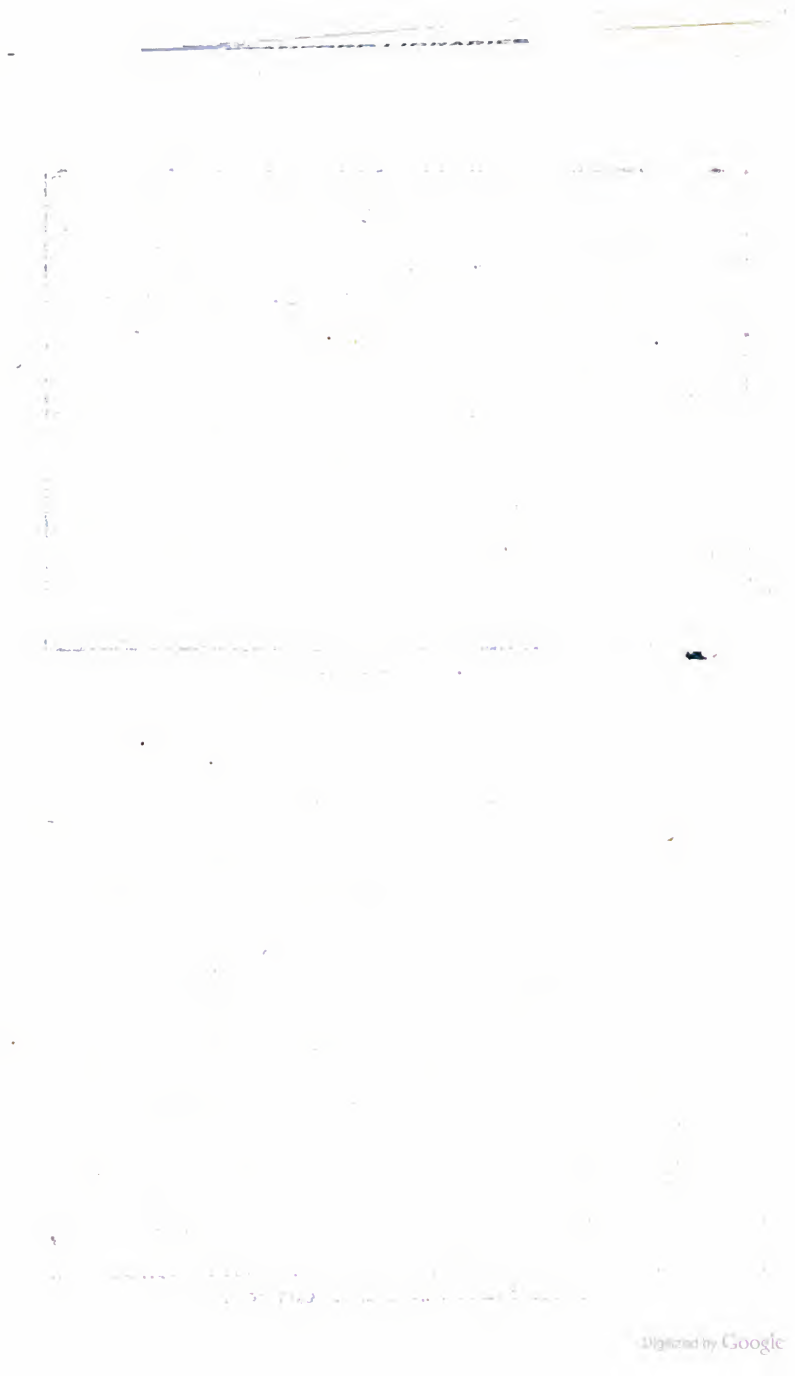
Such was the termination of the fair of Kill-dacie.

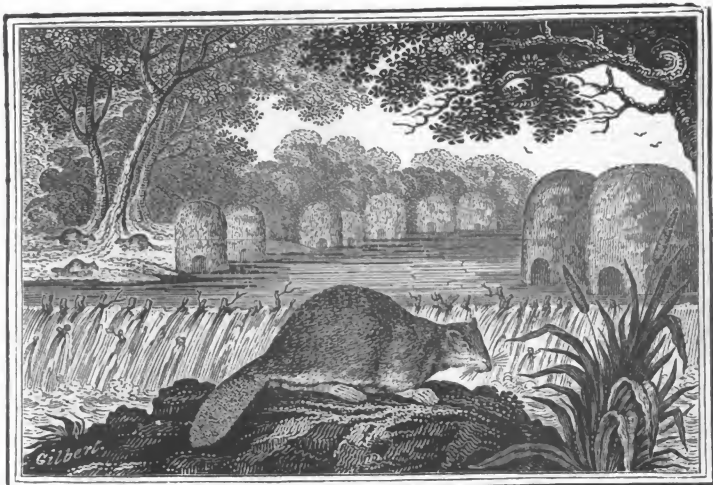
P. R.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

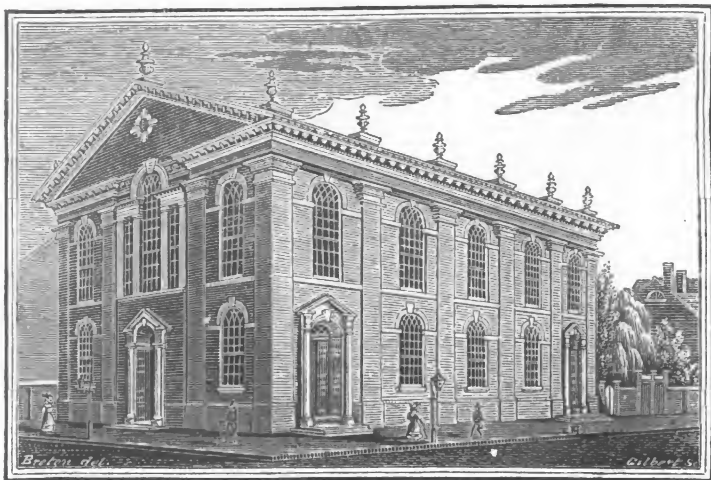
'Raleigh was descended from a family of high antiquity in Devonshire, received his education in the University at Oxford, and, after distinguishing himself in the military expeditions to the Low Countries, and in the discovery and conquest of several provinces of America, made his appearance towards the end of the year 1581, to seek preferment at the court. It has been said that he first attracted Elizabeth's notice by a singular sort of compliment; that, happening to be near her when she was walking abroad, and had met with a marshy spot which she hesitated whether to pass over, he stepped suddenly forward, and taking off his velvet cloak, spread it on the place for her to tread on: whether this really occurred or not, it is certain that Elizabeth now took him under her protection; and, indeed, he possessed all the requisites to captivate her weakness, as well as her deliberate opinion. Upon another occasion, the queen is said to have asked Raleigh, in allusion to the frequent exertion of his interest with her for the service of others, 'When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?' to which he answered,

'When your Majesty shall cease to be beneficent.' In 1592 he sailed again on an expedition against the Spanish settlements in the West Indies, with a strong force, raised by himself and others, to which Elizabeth added two of her best ships of war; and in succeeding years he renewed his enterprises against the Spanish power in that quarter of the globe. These expeditions have been ascribed, perhaps, with little reason, to the envy and jealousy by which he was assailed at home. It is highly probable that his motive was simply the acquisition of wealth, to support his enormous expenses, for no man of his time surpassed him in magnificence. He tilted in silver armor, wearing a sword and belt set with diamonds, rubies and pearls; appeared at court, on solemn occasions, covered with jewels nearly to the value of seventy thousand pounds; and his retinue and table were maintained with additional splendor. In 1616 he was released from a *twelve years'* imprisonment, upon little more than a suspicion of being connected in the plot for placing Arabella Stewart on the throne of James. Stripped of his estate by attainder, the sport of his enemies, and timidly abandoned by his friends, nothing now remained to this great man but his admirable powers of mind and body, and that spirit of boundless activity which had ever distinguished both, and which the severity of his fortune had left wholly unimpaired. He was no sooner at large than he undertook a new voyage to Guiana; and James, tempted by the prospect of boundless wealth, readily granted him a commission of Admiral. Treachery and cowardice, however, combined to blast, together with the success of his expedition, all his future hopes. Betrayed and discomfited by a superior force, Raleigh returned to Plymouth, was arrested on his way to London (James having issued a proclamation, declaring that he had, in his original orders to Raleigh, expressly prohibited any act of hostility against the Spaniards) and after two attempts to escape, was once more closely imprisoned in the Tower. It is unnecessary to stain this narrative with a detail of the monstrous perversions of law, and justice, and humanity, under the pretext of which the blood of this admirable person was shed, for it may be found in every general history of this country. After the solemn mockery of a conference held by all the judges, he was, on the 28th of October, brought to the King's Bench bar, and required to say why execution of the sentence passed on him *fifteen years before*, should not now be awarded; he defended himself with a vigor of argument and beauty of eloquence which astonished all who heard him; and was the next day beheaded in Old Palace Yard, Westminster. On the whole, it is not too much to say that Raleigh was the most eminent man of the age in which he lived—an age enlightened by his talents, and perhaps improved by his example; for he descended to the grave with an exactness of moral reputation, not only unstained, but wholly unsuspected.'





BEAVER DAM.



GERMAN LUTHERAN ZION CHURCH.

BEAVER DAM.

The annexed cut exhibits a very interesting view of the habitations of that class of animals commonly called beavers, known in natural history of the genus *Mammalia*, and order *Glires*. We shall not describe the particular generic character of these animals, of which there are two species. The color of the beaver is generally of a deep chesnut, sometimes entirely white, less rarely completely black. It is about three feet long in the body, and its tail about the length of a foot, and by its peculiarity distinguishes this animal from any other quadruped. It is of an oval form, and flat, with a slight convexity towards the base, destitute of hair, and completely covered with scaly divisions. The ingenuity and industry of the beavers, in the construction of their cabins, have been attested by many respectable eye-witnesses, whose travels have been published to the world and remain uncontradicted. The provident foresight of these animals, and the policy of their colonial government, from no other principle than natural instinct, reflects much credit upon them, while, at the same time, it throws a deep shade over the march of human intellect in several stages of society. The order of their architecture, and the domestic government of their colonies, seem to constitute a model for the rude and uncivilized members of the human family. That uniformity and close adherence to rule pervades in all their movements from which they have never been known to deviate, and affords a moral lesson, upon which also human intellect, properly employed, might be very properly exercised. The Indians have a tradition among them, that beavers once had the gift of speech, but that on account of their superior wisdom, they were deprived of that faculty, lest they should get an undue ascendancy over the human family, and abuse their prerogative. The following interesting account of a beaver colony is from the pen of a learned traveller, who was an eye-witness to what he so feelingly describes:—

It is now about twenty years since I accompanied a trading party on a journey to Detroit—where we were to stay some time to procure furs from the Indians.

We had penetrated far into the interior of the country, and had encamped for the night in the midst of an Indian village, situated on the borders of a clear and swift stream, which emptied into Lake Michigan.

After we had succeeded in gaining the confidence of the Indians, they permitted us to go, one at a time, and watch the operations of the beavers, and, notwithstanding all I heard, I could not but be astonished at the wonderful powers with which our Creator has endowed them.

The river was about a hundred feet wide at this place, and they had constructed across it a solid dam, as much as twelve feet broad at the base. The Indians told us they had laboured in

the construction of this with wonderful perseverance. A large tree, the size round the trunk of a man's body, had been first sawed off by their teeth, in such a manner that it fell across the stream—then they sawed off the branches that it might lie level; many working together with the greatest zeal and industry. Some of them at the same time traversed the banks of the river and cut down smaller trees. These they cut into equal lengths, sharpened them at one end—dragged them by land to the margin of the river, and then by water to the place where they were going to build. Some of them plunged to the bottom and dug holes with their fore feet, to receive the points of these stakes, while others supported them against the tree which had before been laid across. Others brought earth and filled all the interstices between the piles. These piles consisted of several rows of stakes of equal heights, placed opposite to each other, and extending from one bank of the river to the other. The stakes facing the lower part of the river were placed perpendicularly; but these which were opposed to the river sloped upwards to sustain the pressure of the water; so that the bank which was ten or twelve feet wide at the base, is reduced to two or three at the top.

They had taken another precaution, also, against inundation; they had made sloping holes through the thinnest part of the embankment to allow the surface water to escape, that it might act with less force against the dam. When we made our first visit to them, they had already separated into smaller societies, and were making their separate habitations all along the margin of the river. There were about twenty of these parties with as many cabins nearly finished—there were two openings in each, one for going to the land, and the other for plunging into the water. These buildings varied slightly both in shape and size, some being round, others oval; some of them consisted of two or three stories; the walls were about two feet thick, raised upon plank which served both for foundations and floors to their houses. Those houses which were of but one story, rose perpendicularly only a few feet, and then curved in, terminating in a dome or vaulted roof. They were all very solid and neatly plastered both within and without. The beavers were very busy when I first saw them, in completing this plastering, using their tails to mix the mortar, and their feet in putting it on.

One day while I was very busy watching them, a heavy shower came on so suddenly that I had not noticed its approach. The wind blew very tempestuously all the time; and it was not till the storm had considerably abated that I could look about me, and observe the condition of my friends, the beavers. When I did so, I could not but remark, with surprise, how comfortably and perfectly sheltered they had been. They had retreated to the inside of their cabins, where neither wind nor rain could get at them; I observed large trees rooted up, and fragments

hurled from the rocks; but the houses of the beavers stood perfectly firm, and were quite dry on the inside, for by this time I had got familiar enough to take a peep without disturbing them at all.

Different materials, wood, stone, and a kind of sandy earth, were used in the construction of these houses; the wood was principally that of alders, willows, and poplars, which grew on the bank of the river, and were more easily cut, stripped of their bark, and transported, than heavier and more solid trees could have been. The beavers cut them off about a foot from the ground. They do this in a sitting posture, and enjoy at the same time the pleasure of gnawing the bark and wood, which is their favourite food. After the cabins were finished, the beavers employ themselves in laying in ample stores of provisions. This seemed to be done in exact proportion to the size of the cabin and the number of its inhabitants; and the Indians told us that they never pillaged from one another.—Some families consisted of only three or four individuals; the largest cabins contained thirty, but generally there were from ten to fourteen inhabiting one dwelling.

They never quarrel with one another; when danger approaches, they give notice by striking their tails on the water. Some, on such occasions, plunge into the water for security; others conceal themselves within their walls, which no animal will attempt either to enter or overturn.

I was charmed with the neatness of these houses; the floors were spread with the green branches of the box and fir trees, and were always quite clean. The window that faces the water answers for a balcony to receive the fresh air, and for the purpose of bathing. Those windows are made high enough to prevent being stopped-up with ice, which is often two or three feet thick on the river; it is very important to the beavers to keep up a free communication with the water; they often swim for a considerable distance under the ice; and their favourite position, when in their houses, seemed to be sitting on an end at their windows, with the lower part of the body in water.

In September, they collect their provisions.—From this time till the close of winter, they remain in their cabins, enjoy the fruits of their labours, and the pleasures of society. This is their time of repose. In the spring they separate; the males retire into the country to enjoy the pleasures and the fruits of the season. They return, however, occasionally, to their cabins, but dwell there no more. The females continue in the cabins, and are occupied in nursing, protecting and rearing their young, which are in a few weeks in a condition to follow their dams. The beavers do not assemble again till autumn, unless their banks or cabins be injured by inundations, for when this happens, they suddenly collect their forces and repair the breaches that have been made.

ZION CHURCH,

CORNER OF FOURTH & CHERRY STS. PHILA.

The lot on which this building is erected, was purchased in the beginning of the year 1766.—On the 16th of May, in the same year, the corner stone was laid; and this spacious church was consecrated and dedicated to the service of Almighty God on the 25th day of June, 1769.—There were several Lutheran congregations in Pennsylvania at that time, whose pastors attended on this solemn occasion.

The German Lutherans, early in the last century, settled in the lower parts of the State of Delaware, under the Swedes, while the Reformed Church was established in New York, on Hudson river, under the Dutch. The first Lutheran church in Philadelphia was erected in 1743, in Fifth street, above Mulberry street.—The articles of faith in this church are contained in the unaltered Augsburg confession. In the doctrine of the Lord's supper, it professes to adhere strictly to the words of our Saviour in the institution of the sacrament.

Zion's Church, represented in the annexed engraving, is in appearance an antique and venerable building. It is of brick, and the dimensions are as follows:—Length 108 feet, breadth 80, from the basement to the eaves 44. It fronts on Cherry street. The old church was burnt on the 26th December, 1794; the walls remaining, it was rebuilt in 1796. It has a very handsome organ; perhaps the largest in North America.

Written for the Casket.

RICHARD HENRY LEE.

"Why then, why do we longer delay? Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to an American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and to conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us. She demands of us a living example of freedom that may exhibit a contrast in the felicity of the citizen, to the ever increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreas us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering under its salubrious and interminable shade all the unfortunate of the human race. If we are not this day wanting in our duty, the names of the American Legislators of 1776 will be placed by posterity at the side of Theseus, Lycurgus, and Romulus; of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and ever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens."

Such is the eloquent and prophetic conclusion of the speech by which Richard Henry Lee, on the 7th of June, 1776, introduced a motion, "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connexion between

them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved." Of all the debates that could agitate a deliberate assembly, the one which ensued was the most momentous and important. When we consider what was at stake; what was dared; all that was involved in this great question of national existence; the storm and discord of the present, the clouds and darkness that rested on the future; the power defied, the apparent weakness of the arm uplifted to support that proud defiance; the individual hazard, the utter ruin, the ignominious death that would have inevitably followed in the van of ill success, can we possibly feel too high an admiration for the moral courage and patriotic firmness of those who in that hour of peril pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors; and particularly for him who hesitated not to come forward, the ostensible obnoxious chief; the first proposer of a measure so fraught with appalling consequences, and who urged its adoption with a tongue touched with persuasive fire. Can we possibly feel a gratitude too deep, if we reflect, to use the beautiful language of one of our most accomplished orators, that "it was for their children the heroes and sages of the revolution laboured and bled. They were too wise not to know that it was not personally their own cause in which they were embarked. They felt that they were engaging in an enterprise which an entire generation must be too short to bring to its mature and perfect issue. The most they could promise themselves was, that having cast forth the seed of liberty; having shielded its tender germ from the stern blasts that beat upon it; having watered it with the tears of waiting eyes, and the blood of brave hearts; their children might gather the fruit of its branches, while those who planted it should moulder in peace beneath its shade.

Nor was it only in this that we discern their disinterestedness, their heroic forgetfulness of self.*** No intolerable acts of oppression had ground them to the dust. They were not slaves, rising in desperation from beneath the agonies of the lash; but free men, snuffing from afar 'the tainted gale of tyranny.' The worst encroachments on which the British ministry had ventured, might have been borne consistently with the practical enjoyment of many of the advantages resulting from good government.*** But they thought not of shuffling off upon posterity the burden of resistance."

We lose none of our admiration or gratitude for the ability and virtue of Richard Henry Lee, from a recollection of his condition in life, and a minute consideration of his whole career.—Descended from an aristocratic stock, from ancestors high in authority under the crown; possessed of fortune and of influence; receiving his early education in England, to which his warm feelings were doubtless linked by many ties of youthful association; he had much to lose, much to sacrifice, and apparently but little to gain, by a rupture with the mother country. To a narrow, calculating, prudential spirit, there were

few inducements to rouse an attempt at the overthrow of the old system with its distinctions and privileges; few inducements for him to appear as one of the founders of a representative democracy. To such a spirit, his ardent, disinterested exertions, would deserve the epithet of "suicidal;"—the epithet that Burke bestowed with so much indignation on the kindred efforts of La Fayette.

Richard Henry Lee was born in Virginia, on the 20th of January, 1732. His father, Thomas Lee, was President of the King's Council. He sent his son to a flourishing school in Yorkshire, England, where he remained until his nineteenth year, judiciously dividing his time between the town and the country, and pursuing with industry the study of the classics, the belles-lettres, and the productions of eminent philosophical and political writers.

In his twenty-third year, he was called upon to head the volunteers of the county of Westmoreland against the savages. He went with them to Braddock, who despised the assistance of these *Provincials*, and discovered, when too late, that they possessed what he wanted, knowledge of the country, and of Indian warfare.—Mr. Lee was appointed a justice of the peace; a president of one of the county courts, and elected to the house of burgesses.

The first debate in which he distinguished himself was on the subject of slavery. The motion was, "to lay so heavy a duty on the importation of slaves as effectually to stop that disgraceful traffic." Lee supported the motion. The following is an extract from his speech on the occasion:—"As the consequences, Sir, of the determination which we must make in the subject of this day's debate will greatly affect posterity as well as ourselves, it surely merits our most serious attention. If this be bestowed, it will appear, both from reason and experience, that the importation of slaves into this colony has been and will be attended with effects dangerous to our political and moral interests. When it was observed that some of our neighboring colonies, though much later than ourselves in point of settlement, are now far before us in improvement, to what, Sir, can we attribute this strange but unhappy truth? The reason seems to be this, that with their whites they import arts and agriculture, while we with our blacks exclude both. Nature has not particularly favored them with superior fertility of soil, nor do they enjoy more of the sun's cheering influence, yet greatly have they outstript us.

"Were not this sufficient, Sir, let us reflect on our dangerous vicinity to a powerful neighbour; and that slaves, from the nature of their situation, can never feel an interest in our cause: because they see us enjoying every privilege and luxury, and find security established, not for them, but for others; and because they observe their masters in possession of liberty which is denied to them; they and their posterity being subject forever to the most abject and mortifying slavery. Such people must be natural ene-

mies, and consequently their increase dangerous to the society in which they live.

This reasoning we find verified in the Grecian and Roman histories, where some of the greatest convulsions recorded were occasioned by the insurrections of their slaves: insomuch, says a Roman historian, that Sicily was more cruelly laid waste by the war with the slaves, than by that with the Carthaginians. The continuance of this slavish policy at Rome so much increased the number of the slaves, that the Romans were obliged to make for their government laws so severe that the bare recital of them is shocking to human nature."

Be our own opinion on this contested subject what it may, must we not acknowledge the liberality which could dictate such sentiments, at such a period, to a representative of the planters of Virginia, and impel him to breast the opposition of prejudice and self-interest.

The next patriotic service in which we find Richard Henry Lee engaged, was the institution of an inquiry into the conduct of Mr. Robinson, the treasurer of the colony, by which a stop was put to an infamous system of corruption. The public funds had been applied to the purchase of members of the house of burgesses.

But he was now to be engaged in more important duties. The design of taxing the colonies was proclaimed; and the dawning of the revolution appeared. It has been said of Patrick Henry, that he gave the first impetus to the ball of the revolution. Without stripping a leaf from his merited wreath of fame, let us do justice to another. That wreath will not appear the less green, nor fade the sooner for it. The share of Richard Henry Lee was at least equal. He entered as early the lists of controversy; he stepped as fearlessly into the arena of contention; he gave as speedy and as well directed, if not as powerful a blow to the ball of the revolution. A month after the passage of Grenville's revenue act, remonstrances and arguments against it from his pen appeared both in England and America. In a letter of his, written on the 21st of May, 1764, he says, "Poverty and oppression among those whose minds are filled with ideas of British liberty, may introduce a virtuous industry, with a train of generous and manly sentiments, which, when in future they become supported by numbers, may produce a fatal resentment of parental care, converted into tyrannical usurpation. I hope you will pardon so much on this subject. My mind has been warmed, and I hardly know where to stop." He was one of the committee of the house of burgesses appointed to prepare the address to the king, and the memorial to both houses of parliament. He wrote them. In the session of 1765, Patrick Henry proposed his resolutions against the stamp act. Lee arrived in time to give them the efficient support of his eloquence. By his activity and perseverance, the first association of citizens in Virginia to resist that act was formed. We can gather some idea of the spirit of the association from its third article—"As the stamp act

does absolutely direct the property of the people to be taken from them without their consent expressed by their representatives, and as in many cases it deprives the British American subject of his right to be tried by jury, we do determine, at every hazard, and paying no regard to death, to exert every faculty to prevent the execution of the stamp act in every instance within the colony."

The elements of the storm were preparing, and the indications of its near approach became each day stronger and more striking. The suspension of the legislative assembly of New York for not obeying the law relative to the "quartering of the military," was a step most agitating to the public mind. An address was moved in the house of burgesses, and Mr. Lee appointed to draught it. It laid before the King a statement of the grievances under which the colonies laboured in consequence of the laws imposing duties on tea, and for the quartering of the soldiery, and prayed redress. On the twenty-fifth of July, 1768, Mr. Lee, in a letter to John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, recommended a union of counsel and action among all the colonies. He thus writes: "The politician of Italy delivered the result of reason and experience, when he proposed the way to contest by division. How to effect this union in the wisest and firmest manner, perhaps time and much reflection only can shew. But well to understand each other, and timely to be informed of what passes both here and in Great Britain, it would seem that not only select committees should be appointed by all the colonies, but that a private correspondence should be conducted between the lovers of liberty in every province." In the same year he invited Colonel Gadsden, of South Carolina, to become a member of a corresponding society, the object of which was, "to obtain a mutual pledge from the members to write for the public journals or papers of their respective colonies, and to converse with and inform the people on the subject of their rights and wrongs, and upon all seasonable occasions to impress upon their minds the necessity of a struggle with Great Britain for the ultimate establishment of independence." In 1773, corresponding societies were established by the Legislatures of Virginia and Massachusetts.

In the session of the house of burgesses of 1769, Mr. Lee brought forward his resolutions against the assumed right of the British parliament to bind the colonies. He also, as chairman of a committee on internal regulations, brought in a report recommending the improvement of the navigation of the Potomac as high as fort Cumberland. The house of burgesses was dissolved. The members met in a private chamber, and recommended their fellow-citizens to abstain from such of the luxuries, and even of what might be called the necessities of life, as were not the production of their native land.—Non-importation societies were formed, and rapidly increased throughout the colony. The act of 1772, extending the jurisdiction of the courts

of admiralty, called forth the opposition of Mr. Lee, and on the meeting of the house of burgesses he proposed a petition to the King, which concluded with a prayer, "that he would be most graciously pleased to recommend the repeal of the acts passed for the purpose of raising a revenue in America, and for subjecting American property to the determination of admiralty courts where the constitutional trial by jury is not permitted."

The British ministry, willing to conciliate, but determined to preserve the pernicious principle of taxation, modified the duty bill. Incensed at the bold conduct of the people of Boston, they seem to have given up all hope of conciliation, and to have resolved to try the effect of menace and coercion. The harbor of Boston was blockaded; and the resolution of the Virginia house of burgesses to spend as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, the one on which the act authorising this violence was to go into operation, occasioned its dissolution by the Governor. The suddenness of this event prevented Mr. Lee from offering some important resolutions. One of them was the appointment of deputies from the house to meet such other deputies as the colonies should appoint, to consider on ways the most effectual to stop the exports from North America; and for the adoption of such other methods as would be most decisive for securing the rights of America against the systematic plan formed for their destruction. He proposed that the members of the house should assemble, and as representatives of the people, advise the meeting of a general congress. They assembled, and an address was presented by him, of which they approved.

An attack made by the Indians on the frontiers of Virginia, was the alleged cause of the summoning of a new house of burgesses. This assembly, composed of some of the most illustrious individuals of our country, met on the first of August, 1774. The motion for a Continental Congress was carried; and Richard Henry Lee had the honour of being sent as a delegate with Washington and Patrick Henry.

The Congress met at Philadelphia on the fifth of September, 1774. In activity and talent, in earnestness and eloquence, Lee was not surpassed by any member. He was on every leading committee, and wrote several of those papers which drew from Lord Chatham the high panegyric, "In all my reading, and it has been my favorite pursuit, I must declare and avow, that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, I know of no nation or body of men that can stand in preference to the general Congress at Philadelphia." He proposed a resolution, that the Congress apprise the colonies of danger, and urge upon them the necessity of arming and disciplining a militia.—Many quailed at the boldness, and in their opinion the temerity of this measure, but it was partially adopted. The first Congress dissolved itself on the 26th of October, 1774.

Mr. Lee was sent to the next assembly of Vir-

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ginia by the unanimous suffrages of the people of Westmoreland. When Patrick Henry proposed the arming of the militia of the colony, Lee warmly supported him. They were opposed, but they succeeded. Lee was one of those appointed to prepare the plan called for by the resolution.

He was delegated to the second Congress, which met on the tenth of May, 1775. Now the sound of war was heard throughout the land.—Washington had been nominated to the command of the army. His commission and instructions were furnished by Mr. Lee, as one of the committee selected for that purpose. In every debate of interest, in every event of importance, Lee took a prominent part. He was conspicuous on every occasion that required promptness or sagacity. On the tenth of June, 1776, when it was resolved, "that the consideration of the resolution respecting independence be postponed till the first Monday in July next, and in the mean while, that no time be lost in case the Congress agree thereto, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said resolution," an express from Virginia informed him of the dangerous illness of some of the members of his family, and the necessity of his presence there. He obtained leave of absence. Jefferson was elected chairman of the committee. And the declaration of independence, of which Richard Henry Lee was the original mover, and, if present, would most probably have been the author, was transmitted to him on the eighth of July. He received Jefferson's draught, and the amended copy as approved by Congress.

He returned to his seat in Congress in the beginning of August. He was engaged in the preparation of a plan of treaties with foreign nations, and wrote several letters of instruction addressed by Congress to the ministers.

But neither his public services nor his private worth could shield him from the breath of calumny. He was accused of toryism, for receiving his rents in kind, and not in colonial money. He retired from Congress, returned to Virginia, and demanded of the assembly an investigation of his conduct. The investigation took place, and the senate attended. To the discomfiture of the malevolent, and the disappointment of the wondrously perspicacious, he was addressed by George Wythe, in pursuance of a resolution of the house, in such language as this. A tear trembled in the eye of the venerable speaker, and his voice faltered with emotion:—"It is with peculiar pleasure, Sir, that I obey this command of the house, because it gives me an opportunity while I am performing an act of duty to them, to perform an act of justice to yourself. Serving with you in Congress, and attentively observing your conduct there, I thought that you manifested in the American cause a zeal truly patriotic, and, as far as I could judge, exerted the abilities for which you are confessedly distinguished, to promote the good and prosperity of your own country in particular, and of the

United States in general. That the tribute of praise deserved may reward those who do well, and encourage others to follow your example, the house have come to this resolution: That the thanks of this house be given by the speaker to Richard Henry Lee, for the faithful services he has rendered his country in discharge of his duty as one of the delegates from this state in general Congress."

Again sent to Congress, he displayed his usual industry and perseverance. But his health became impaired, and he was obliged to absent himself at different times during the sessions of '78 and '79. He gave his support to a requisition by our government of a right to the fisheries, and the free navigation of the Mississippi. On this subject he generally stood alone in the delegation from Virginia.

When he returned to his home, the ravages of war were spreading in that section of the country. He took command of the militia of the county of Westmoreland, and by his active and skilful defence, materially assisted in protecting it from the incursions of the enemy. In attempting to seize a tender which had been driven on shore, her long guns, and the firing kept up by a detachment on shore, threw his company into some confusion. In an endeavor to rally them, his horse fell within a few yards of the advance of the British troops. He escaped, and succeeded in covering their retreat.

Mr. Lee declined being sent to Congress in '80, '81, and '82, because he considered the business before the assembly of his native State, then occupied in the organization of her government, of such moment and deep interest, as to demand his utmost attention, and to render his services of more importance in her assembly than they could be in Congress. He was against making paper money a legal tender at its nominal value, in consequence of its great depreciation. He was in favor of the payment of British debts, on the grounds of honesty and the dictates of national honour. He urged the great necessity of guarding against the introduction of a laxity of principle, that would sap the only sure foundation of a republic. On both these questions he had an opponent in Henry, his compatriot. He was in favor of "a general assessment for the support of the Christian religion." On this question he and Henry coincided.

On the first of November, 1784, Mr. Lee took his seat in Congress. On the thirtieth he was chosen President. He filled the station with dignity and ability, and received the thanks of the house for his faithful discharge of its duties.

Of the federal constitution he did not wholly approve. He was not a member of the convention by which it was adopted. He thought its tendency was to a consolidation; and he feared the issue. As the first Senator from Virginia under it, he obtained the adoption of certain amendments which operated towards the removal of some of his principal objections. His experience probably taught him, with a celebrated

writer and sagacious political observer, that "no human institution can arrive at perfection, and the most that human wisdom can do, is to procure the same or greater good, at the expense of less evil."

But the public life of Richard Henry Lee was now drawing to a close. He was not over sixty, but his constitution had been injured by his intense application, and his increasing infirmities warned him to retire. The voice of his country's gratitude followed him in his retirement from public service. Though no longer in her councils, the hand of death could alone remove him from her service. The Senate and House of Delegates of the State he had represented, expressed their ardent wish, that he might "in his retirement, with uninterrupted happiness, close the evening of a life in which he hath so conspicuously shone forth as a statesman and a patriot; that while mindful of his many exertions to promote the public interests, they are particularly thankful for his conduct as a member of the legislature of the United States."

Mr. Lee was not permitted long to enjoy a seclusion from public life. He expired on the 19th day of June, 1794, at Chantilly, in Westmoreland, about four years after his retreat from the turmoil of public business.

"Behold him, in the cretude of life,
A life well spent!
By unperceived degrees he wears away,
Ye, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!"

The talents of Richard Henry Lee were of a high order. His mind had been assiduously cultivated; and his manners were those of a polished gentleman. "He possessed a rich store of political knowledge, with an activity of observation and a certainty of judgment, which turned that knowledge to the very best account.— He was not a lawyer by profession, but he understood thoroughly the constitution both of the mother country and of her colonies, and the elements also of the civil and municipal law.— His taste had that delicate touch which seized with intuitive certainty every beauty of an author, and his genius that native affinity which combined them without an effort." He wrote with facility and spirit. His state papers are excellent. They are lucid, dignified, and energetic; worthy of the occasion, suited to the matter in hand, and coming to the point without unnecessary circumlocution. He was not an accomplished orator. He did not possess the fervid eloquence of Patrick Henry, the orator of nature; but he was more correct, more classical, more melliluous; and if Henry was the Demosthenes, Lee has been called the Cicero of America. His person was tall, his forehead high, his nose inclining to the Roman, his countenance strongly marked, and his mouth decisive in its expression. His voice was deep, and his gesture easy and uncommonly graceful. He had lost the use of a hand, which he kept covered with a bandage of black silk, fitted to its palm, and leaving the thumb free. He managed that arm skilfully, and when speaking generally

put it behind him. It is a matter of serious regret, that of his speeches fragments only should be preserved, and those of so few.

Such was Richard Henry Lee. A man of whom any people, at any period, might well be proud. When they consider the illustrious phalanx of virtue and talent, summoned as it were by the voice of providence to protect and support our country in her great exigency; and to lay the foundation stone and to erect the strong column of the republic, many turn with a despondent feeling to those who now fill the stage of public action, and experience an unwilling and painful conviction, that the worthies of the revolution have departed, and left none who, in a time of equal trial, could supply their places, and emulate them in fortitude and well doing.—Many look abroad upon the troubled surface of our politics, and behold in our party strife and sectional animosities the seeds of dissolution.—They fear the experiment must fail. That the fair temple of our Union, though reared with such careful hands, and watched by such anxious hearts, even now trembles in the blast, and must ere long totter and fall. And the only truly popular government on earth pass away like those of the elder time, to afford another instance to the exulting monarchist, of the superior stability of his system.

But I suffer no such gloomy forebodings to take possession of my mind. There is yet virtue, and energy, and patriotism, in the land.—The spirit of '76 is not extinct. We have not lost the remembrance of our fathers. Their deeds cannot pass away. Their "names must not," will not, "wither." Our love for them is a love to which "death has not set his seal." And I hope and believe, that, inspired by their glorious examples; sending back our hearts to the scenes of hardy endurance, of patient suffering, of lofty triumph; to the bloody field, and the agitated council room; conscious of our deep responsibility; feeling that we were surrounded by a cloud of immortal witnesses, who were watching us with eager and imploring eyes; if occasion demanded, the sons of the sages and heroes of the revolution would shew that the spirit of their fathers still lingered, and only required the kindling spark of kindred circumstance, to send forth as bright and strong a flame as ever cheered the darkest night of the revolutionary struggle.

Great exigencies bring out the nerve and excellencies of character, and reveal a mine of intellectual wealth, of the existence of which we were unconscious. We know not what can be done, until an opportunity and a stimulant to effort is presented. Previous to the last war, when our scanty means were considered, who could have prognosticated that our "march upon the mountain wave" should have been so full of triumph? That the constellated banner of our country should have been borne so gloriously by a navy in its very infancy, and when spread in defiance to "the meteor flag" of a power whose frequent successes over every other had induced

them to regard victory almost as a matter of course? But naval commanders started up at the call of their country in the north and in the south, in the east and in the west, and by their genius, activity, and ardor, made amends for their want of experience. So it will be again. In no country—we boldly assert it, without the fear of being contradicted by any liberal foreigner,—in no country is there more native quickness of intellect. All that it requires is, to be duly encouraged, properly appreciated, and judiciously directed. Her resources have heretofore proved equal to her exigencies. May we not indulge the comfortable assurance that they will prove so hereafter?

In every country, not under a purely despotic system, there must be parties; and it is for the interest of the people that it should be so. They keep a sharp eye upon each other, and operate as a mutual check. But though a moderate degree of party zeal be advantageous, and keeps alive a spirit of inquiry into the interests and resources of the country, yet an intemperate display of it is injurious, and ought to be avoided. It is injurious to our present welfare; for it establishes a false test of merit, and men receive offices as the reward of vehement profession and party devotion—oftentimes without ability or principle. It effects our future welfare; for the measures of an unwise administration are not confined in their effect to the present generation. Nor is the acrimonious attack soon forgotten, or easily forgiven. The enmity engendered by personal abuse will long rankle in the breast, and descend from father to son.

Lastly, we have seen the violence of party zeal rise to an irrational degree. We have seen it vent itself in the foulest and falsest aspersion of distinguished citizens: in the grossest vituperation; in the most unlicensed abuse. We have seen the public press prostituted to the vilest purposes—the defamation of high and low; the destruction of public and of private character; with utter shamelessness. We have turned with pain and loathing of heart from the disgusting exhibition. But the deadly strife has ceased—the warfare is over. Long may it be before our country is disgraced by such another! The dawn of peace has returned. Opposition still exists, and should exist; but it has sobered down into something that has reason and principle for its foundation. Preferences are still cherished; but they do not effect the safety of the state.—The waters are still agitated, but the storm has passed. For all that was feared and honestly feared, the existence of the republic is still secure. Though harmony is not entirely restored. Both parties have been much to blame: perhaps equally. They have done more harm than probably either were aware of. They have been the authors of much unintentional mischief.—They have inflicted wounds, and years must elapse before those wounds are healed. But no blow has been struck at the vitals of the commonwealth. The existence of the republic is still we trust secure.

In a country of so wide and diversified an extent, jealousies must arise, local partialities to a certain degree prevail. The interests of one action must sometimes clash with those of another. The voice of controversy will almost swell into anger and crimination, and the violence of the contention appear to menace the ties which bind us together. But can any one for a moment imagine, that the people of any section of our country are so besotted as not to perceive the advantages of a union, or so wilfully blind to their real interests as to fling them away for the mere semblance of a present gain? After all the examples they have had before them, all that reason has taught and experience confirmed, can they be so witless, so destitute of common perception, as not to have discovered how essentially dependent the strength, the prosperity, the political existence, of any particular member is upon the mutual aid imparted by a union of the whole? No, notwithstanding all that we have heard, or may hear of a threatened separation, I do not believe the people of any section of our country look forward to a division of the States, than as something to be dreaded and averted. Intemperate and disorderly individuals may start up, and with noisy declamation and patriotic flourish catch the ear of the ignorant, and produce a transient delusion; or from accidentally filling a station for which nature never intended them, may exercise some influence and produce a more extended sensation for a time. But like a certain Governor, they will

—— strut and fret their hour away,
And then be heard no more.

No,—improper feelings may rise and for a while prevail, but the returning good sense of the people will make them cling to the union. They may be heated by the inflammatory harangues of shallow politicians and designing demagogues, but these can leave no permanent impression. Little jealousies and bickerings may prompt the unkind remark, the unfraternal taunt, but these will have no permanent existence. And let some absorbing question of national interest arise; let external danger appear in any direction and against any part; let any serious attempt to sever reveal its horrid front; and confident am I, that, forgetful of all petty differences, hand would grasp hand with mutual eagerness—heart meet heart with equal ardour—and there would be a calling together and a concentration of the energies of the invincible whole.

But it is with pain that we perceive any attempt to array one portion of our common country in opposition to another—any disparaging comments—any invidious comparisons—anything calculated to kindle an evanescent animosity.—It is with pain that we perceive any critiques on the relative merits of the eminent men of the northern and southern, of the eastern and western states, as if they were not all Americans; all citizens of the same great republic; governed by the same views, animated by the same motives,

directed to the same ends, urged by the same interests, and bound by the same ties,—their same our common inheritance; their intelligence our common property. The sages of the revolution wrote and spoke, the heroes of the revolution fought and bled, for their country, their whole country, and not for a section of it.—Their children have no warrant to draw division lines for them. They left no such dying injunctions. We read nothing of this in the legacy of Washington. It is with pain we perceive the gifted representatives of the east and the south turning the weapons of their eloquence against each other. We admire the talent, but deprecate the peculiar display. It is more than a waste of noble energies. To hear the champion of the south boldly accusing the eastern states of illiberality towards their brethren of the west, and even venturing so far as to draw a comparison between their conduct and the oppression of the mother country; to hear him ask the champion of the east, if his “significant hint” was “like the glare of the weapon half drawn from its scabbard:” to hear the champion of the east warn him “to husband his resources,” and that he would find there were “blows to take as well as give;” to hear them threatening “criminations and recriminations:” all this is revolting to our best feelings. The keen retort, the bitter sarcasm, the civil sneer, the harsh invective, afford no pleasure. It is splendid talent worse than wasted; an empty trial of personal strength; the collision of two able minds, eliciting nothing for the general good, but only the sparks that must irritate, inflame, and alienate. The conclusion of the eastern orator’s speech is worthy of being transcribed: it deserves to be perpetuated. It breathes a pure and holy sentiment that must come home to every true American heart, expressed in language whose lofty and impassioned eloquence must give it force and enduring impression. It appears indeed to have been uttered in the very glow of ardent, patriotic feeling. “I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings. And although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself to look beyond the union to see

what might be hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether with my short sight I can fathom the depth of the abyss below. Nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

"While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced; its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* Nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first and Union afterwards*—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the heavens, that other sentiment dear to every real American heart—*Liberty and Union, now and forever one and inseparable.*"

May he who delivered, never in his conduct militate against this noble sentiment. May his southern antagonist echo its spirit, and act in accordance. May they emulate each other in its support. May this be their honorable rivalry; and may they never forget that they are Senators of the United States; members of the highest body of the National Legislature; whose exertions are for the general welfare—whose aim should be the interest of the whole. Let them remember that the end of wise legislation is not likely to be obtained by fomenting animosities between different sections of the country; by ripping up old sores that time has crusted over; by reviving old topics of abuse; by raising from the grave the rubbish of ephemeral pamphleteers; by replenishing those fountains of bitterness that had done their work and become exhausted. Let them recollect that personal altercations, "criminations and recriminations," may make them individual enemies and lower them in public estimation, but will neither contribute to the strength of the Union, nor to the particular benefit of the States they represent.

Long as this article has become, I cannot

close it without an observation or two more.—That a free press is the palladium of liberty, all real republicans are agreed. On this subject there can be no difference of opinion. It has become an axiom. A maxim so universally acknowledged, so continually sounded abroad, so made use of on all occasions, as almost to appear too trite for repetition. Still it is sometimes a matter of importance to know wherein the true liberty of the press consists; and when its licentiousness, by invading the rights of individuals, by assailing their dearest possession, their reputation in the community becomes a real tyranny. So long as the great mass of the people are so tremblingly alive as they now are to every thing that bears the slightest resemblance to an infringement of the liberty of the press, we need not fear any effectual attack upon it.—To see in every attempt to constrain it within the bounds of decency, a covered plan for its destruction, is a weakness, and one too apt to be exhibited. Those who are conscious of culpability are the first to raise the alarm. They seek to shield themselves by making their cause the cause of the people. They cry out, the press, the press is in danger; and are vociferous in their accusations of a foul design to shackle, to muzzle, to undermine, to overthrow the palladium of the rights of the people. We hear so much of the danger of scanning too nicely the effusions of a bold and undaunted press—the fear that we may stop the course of free investigation by undertaking to restrain its wanton violations of truth and justice—that we had better endure a little licentiousness, a little malicious defamation of character, a little sporting with personal feeling, than by putting a curb upon it, run the risk of silencing the voice of truth itself, and preventing the eyes of the people from being opened to the real characters of those who have or seek power over them. We hear so much of all this, that we are often induced to let a great deal pass without censure, which is worthy of the frown of public indignation. Yes, worthy of the rod of public punishment.

A distinction is attempted between a man's public and private character—that the one may be abused with all prodigality, and the other will remain totally unaffected—as if in fact, a man could be a political scoundrel, and yet a man of virtue: but nothing can be more true than that, "he who abandons or betrays his country will abandon or betray his friend; and he who is prevailed on to act in the departments of public life without any regard to truth or justice, will easily prevail on himself to act in the same manner any where else." Let the measures of every administration be canvassed with all freedom. Let the conduct of our public men be open to all scrutiny. When they have been guilty of any violation of their duty let the press proclaim it; but let not their motives be impeached from no other cause than party difference; let them not be charged with political criminality without the shadow of evidence; let not a battery of abuse and withering allegation be opened upon them, accusing them of the highest offences, and imputing to them the worst purposes, upon the slightest grounds and without the least discrimination; and let not the venal and unprincipled defamer, the unhesitating incendiary, hired for the occasion, or expecting his reward from a served party, be received with credit—much less rewarded with office,

when he should not escape with impunity. The man who would assassinate the public character of another, shows as corrupt a heart as he who would destroy his private character, the end is the same, to destroy his reputation, to lower him in the estimation of his fellow men; but the distinction between public and private character is rather wire drawn—rather visionary than substantial; every man has a public character, that character is his reputation in society; every act of his, done out of the bosom of his own family or escaping the privacy of his own home, conduces to this reputation. He may be known to few or to many, but his reputation is his treasure, a treasure of which no one has a right to deprive him. That reputation does not become the less valuable in proportion as a man's field of action becomes more extended, his conduct more conspicuous and of more general consequence. If he is a depraved man, his guilt is not the less because it affects a community and not a few individuals only; and if he is wrongfully accused of political depravity, his interests are assailed, an attempt is made to rob him of his treasure—his reputation—the respect and esteem of mankind; and is the offence of the slanderer of less magnitude than if he had directed the arrows of his calumny at a lower mark; at an individual of more sequestered life, whom he sought to injure in his narrow and obscure circle—in the walks of his business, in his commercial dealings, in his general intercourse with other men?

What we lose in sectional, may we gain in natural feeling. Let us do every thing in our power to increase the true sources of the national strength. Let us encourage native genius, enterprise, and intelligence. Let us recollect that "the honor and glory of a nation consist in the illustrious achievements of its sons in the cabinet and the field; in the science and learning which comprise the knowledge of man, in the arts and inventions which administer to his accommodation, and in the virtues which exalt his character." The departed benefactor to his country from whom these words are extracted has also said, and his words should fall upon our ear like the kind reproof of a dying friend, that a fault, common and humiliating to us, is an idolatrous veneration for the literary men of Europe. This intellectual vasalage has been visited by high toned arrogance and malignant vituperation. Harmless indeed is the calumny, and it recoils from the object like the javelin thrown by the feeble hand of old Priam; but it ought to combine with other inducements to encourage a vernacular literature, and to cause us to bestow our patronage upon more meritorious works of our own country. We have writers of genius and erudition who form a respectable profession. Some have ascended the empyreal heights of pöcay, and have gathered the laurel wreaths of genius; others have trodden the enchanted ground of fictitious narrative, and have been honored by the tears of beauty and the smiles of virtue. While several have unfolded the principles of science, literature, philosophy, jurisprudence, and theology, and have exalted the intellectual glory of America; let us cherish the hope that some at least will devote their faculties to improve those arts and sciences on which the substantial interests of our country so greatly depend. I refer particularly to agriculture, civil engineering, and naval architecture. Let us also trust that some vigorous minds will apply their powers to the illustration of our history." If we are faithful to our trust and true to ourselves, we have nothing to fear and every thing to hope for. The auspices of our country are most animating, and proclaim its future greatness. Its rapid and unparalleled increase calls upon us for new zeal and augmented efforts. It will be our own fault if those auspices are not fulfilled; if it does not become all its friends desire, and its enemies fear; if it does not attain to that degree of intellectual eminence and physical strength which can look down upon all competition. It may be true, as a European politician has said, that "the best instituted governments, like the best instituted animal bodies, carry in them the

seeds of their destruction, and though they grow and improve for a time, they will soon tend visibly to their dissolution. Every hour they live is an hour less that they have to live. All that can be done, therefore, to prolong the duration of a good government, is to draw it back, on every favourable occasion, to the first good principles on which it was founded. When these occasions happen often, and are well improved, such governments are prosperous and durable. When they happen seldom, or are ill improved, these political bodies live in pain or in languor, and die soon." But this should only make us the more wary and circumspect; vigilant in observing, and active in taking advantage of every opportunity of infusing a fresh vitality into the system. Our government may last until the prediction of an English prelate is accomplished, and

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."

J. B. S.

LIEUT. HARDY'S TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

Lieut. Hardy, of the Royal Navy, having been engaged as Commissioner to a "Company," which in the high plethora of English wealth sought an issue for a fraction of the superfluous, proceeded to Mexico, in May, 1825, with a declaration of submarine war against the Oysters of California. Alarmed probably by the approach of the British Tar, the cautious shell-fish, it seems made themselves scarce; and the gallant Lieutenant returned to England in 1828, "*re-infected*." It was not, however, the fault of the indefatigable Commissioner that "no effects" crowned the rational speculation of "The General Pearl and Coral Fishery Association of London;"—but he promises a "Statement" to elucidate these mysteries.

The volume before us has been the produce of Lieut. Hardy's Three Years' Wanderings; and however the "Company" may be inclined to demur, WE are perfectly satisfied with the *return*. His book is, in fact, exceedingly entertaining, abounding in miscellaneous information and anecdote, and written just in the rattling, unaffected style which identifies the writer with his subject, and gives popular currency even to "metal" not "attractive." Abstracted from his highly amusing personal narrative, the statistical and commercial details incidentally furnished by Lieut. Hardy, though not pretending to the scientific precision of a Humboldt or a Ward, appear to be ample, judicious, and suited to the general reader.

Our Commissioner brings us into such familiar contact with the natives and localities of the Mexican Provinces, that we feel, we fear, less respect for either, than when we were less intimately acquainted. We positively prefer our own fogs (and what can we say more?) to a "climate doubtfully good, varying from 30 to 105 of Fahrenheit!" The country is in fact parched and intolerable at all points while the summer heats continue; the roads, or rather mule-tracks, are execrable, and the scenery of the plains is wearisomely monotonous, though its mountain-tracks exhibit some of the most striking and romantic scenes in nature.

The people, a mixed and mongrel race, appear to be fixed in nothing but bad habits; ver-

min without, and vice or vacuum within. While affecting to have emancipated themselves from regal bondage, the Mexicans crouch to any "petty tyrant," and appear to revel in exemption from social security or political stability and protection. "Conversing," says Lieut. Hardy, "with one of the natives respecting the state of the country, he observed, speaking of independence, that the only benefit which he derived from it was, that formerly he used to pay three rials duty upon certain articles, for which he now pays four; 'but,' added he, 'the benefit is to come, I suppose.'"

Mr. Hardy found the northern provinces involved in a servile war, and unable to put down or even to make head against Yaqui Indians, who had followed their masters' example and revolted from their despotic fraternity. After a two years' struggle, the Yaquis, under their enterprising Chief, Banderas, gained their point, and have returned, with a full amnesty, to their peaceful occupations; all the operations of industry being still exclusively carried on by the aboriginal possessors of the soil. If the Spanish expedition to Tampico should be prosecuted with anything like vigour, and re-action should result from the protracted anarchy of the Mexican provinces, it is possible that these Colonies may ultimately be re-united to the mother-country. They certainly cannot be worse governed than at present.

However languid or exhausted the gallant Lieutenant may have found the Mexican mines, his own vein of pleasantries is not the less "*in bonanza*" and inexhaustible. He flings us anecdotes in vastly greater profusion than Californian pearls, nor are we so swinish, as to reject the former because they may sometimes be accounted a little hard of digestion. To all which our bold seaman advances upon his proper authority we lend implicate credence—but the tough yarns which the Dons imparted to him, we are bound to take "*crum grano salis*." Don Pablo's interview with the Tinterero (shark) is a somewhat startling specimen of this class, particularly as regards the time required for the subaqueous evolutions of the Don—but the whole is nevertheless not irreconcilable with fact. This anecdote, and the other incidents connected with the Lieutenant's own essay in diving an essay of the oysters, are given with graphic force, and excite breathless interest. The vocation of an empiric, which was rather thrust upon him, by a popular notion that all strangers are versed in the healing craft, than voluntarily assumed, was practised with a simplicity and success not at all incredible to those who appreciate the power of imagination in such cases. The ladies of Mexico, it appears, are as prone to "a complication of diseases" as our fair ones in Europe. Our Doctor's female patients were numerous; amongst a variety of cases, "A young lady came over from a great distance 'to be cured,' and when I asked her what was her complaint, she replied, 'As to that matter, I believe there is not a single com-

plaint under the sun which I have not got. There was a fine catalogue of disorder! I asked if she were married or single; 'single,' was the answer. I then told her, that so many complaints as she seemed to have could only be cured by a husband! At which observation she was exceedingly exasperated; but her anger terminated in a proposal to marry me! I never was more surprised, and looked quite stupid."

In the course of his practice, our *Æsculapius* learned a mode of curing hydrophobia, successfully employed, as he had reason to believe, by the natives—amongst whom, however the knowledge of this remedy appeared to be extremely limited. He obtained and has given the recipe in his book. The process is sufficiently simple: a dose of the powder of an indigenous herb, resembling hellebore, is administered in water; a death-like stupor ensues, broken after a lapse of twenty-four hours by the violent effects, emetic and cathartic, of the nostrum; on the cessation of which the patient finds himself relieved from all symptoms of the disease, and conscious only of debility. The writer had also heard of an Indian who possessed an antidote to hydrophobia, to be injected into the wound made by the dog's bite—but the man refused to sell his secret, preferring to live by its application—and our author could hear of no one case in which he had employed it in vain. We need scarcely observe, that any suggestion connected with the discovery of an antidote to this most dreadful and hopeless of human visitations demands attentive consideration: he who should succeed in establishing a specific remedy for hydrophobia would indeed be a benefactor to the human race.

The following traits are given of one of the heroes of the revolution, the famous, or infamous, Vincente Gomez:—"This wretch was so atrocious in his cruelty that he spared neither sex nor age. At that period he had a thousand men under his directions, all as ferocious as himself. He is still a half-pay colonel in the Mexican army! His station, before his exile, was chiefly about the Penon and San Martin, between Puebla and Mexico. At first he made war only against the old Spaniards; but when these became scarce, he turned his hand against his own countrymen, by way of keeping up his practice! And there are living instances at Puebla which attest the success of his skill. He once took a prisoner whom he ordered to be sewed up in a wet hide, and exposed to the sun, by the heat of which it soon dried and shrunk, and the wretched victim died in an agony which cannot be described. Another he ordered to be buried in the sand up to his chin, and then directed the manoeuvres of two hundred cavalry over his head. A priest fell into his power, without knowing him, and expressing a hope that he was not a captive of Vincente Gomez. 'Why, father?' said the latter. 'Because he is cruel and so sanguinary, and it said that no spectacle is grater to him as the sight of human blood!' Gomez dissembled, and having lured the friar to the spot where his banditti were assembled, shut him up in a large

chest, and as Gomez himself drove in the last nail, he taunted his wretched victim, saying, "Father, you shall now be convinced that Vincente Gomez does not like to see human blood shed;" and then left him to his miserable death.

The perils of travel in Mexico are tolerably divided between the agency of wild men and wilder beasts. "A number of lions are met with among the hills of California, and they are said to be very ferocious. A former commandant of this province, in 1821, was travelling near the gulf of Molexe, by the western side of which passes the road from San Diego, whence he had come: and finding it impossible, from the lateness of the hour, to reach Loreto before morning, he resolved upon sleeping in one of the valleys near the shore. His two sons, youths of sixteen and eighteen years of age, accompanied him. The father, being apprehensive of lions, which he knew to be plentiful among the mountains, slept with a son on either side of him, charitably supposing that if one of those animals should approach the party during the night, he would certainly attack the person sleeping on the outside. About midnight, a wandering lion found out the retreat of the trio, and without his approach being perceived, he leaped upon the father, in whose body he inserted his teeth and claws, and with mane and tail erect proceeded forthwith to devour him. The two boys, moved by the cries and sufferings of their parent, grappled the lion manfully, who finding his prize contested, became furious: the combat was most bloody. After being dreadfully lacerated, the two brave youths succeeded, with a small knife, in killing their ferocious enemy, but, unhappily for them not soon enough to save their father. They both, with difficulty, survived; and are, I understand, still living in California, although dreadful objects—the features of one of them being nearly obliterated."

Amidst the savage hills of California, the chase of the wild bull, which is hunted, as in South America, for its fat, is full of excitement and romance. The hunter, mounted always on a strong, bold, and well-trained horse, having driven the bull at full speed into a ravine, which the animal penetrates until its narrowness impedes his farther progress—"No sooner does the pursuer, who is usually not far behind, see the dilemma of the bull, than he dismounts, and rapidly taking off his long leather jacket, and drawing his knife from the side of his right knee, the manfully advances towards the animal, who, when he sees his adversary approach, turns round and makes a furious attempt to destroy him with his horns. This the sportsman, assisted by his coat, evades, with a dexterity truly wonderful. And now commences a most bloody fight: spurred up to his utmost fury by the wounds which he is continually receiving from his adversary, the efforts of the bull are tremendous; but the huntsman avoids all his thrusts, and upon each occasion inflicts a fresh wound. There is here no crying "craven," one or other of the combatants must inevitably perish. The carrion-crow,

and other carnivorous birds, who always attend the huntsmen, from the period when the affray commences, set up their horrid croaking. The conflict seldom lasts longer than a quarter of an hour; sometimes it is terminated in a few minutes, if the hunter makes a successful stab; and when the bull has lost a great quantity of blood, his head sinks, his huge body begins to totter, and at last, down he drops on his forelegs, as if praying for mercy, which his relentless conqueror refusing to grant, he gives him the *coup de grace*. But not always does the hunter come off victorious. From childhood trained up to the desperate occupation, he cannot live, or reflect, as other men do; and few of them die a natural death. When engaged in the chase, no human eye besides his own beholds the combat, and if he fall a victim to his temerity, there is no friend at hand to close his eyes, or to bear the fatal tidings to his family."

But there is a portion of this volume which claims a higher merit for Lieut. Hardy than that of having produced a very amusing book: his discoveries in the upper part of the Gulf of California entitle him to a place amongst those who have thrown light upon obscure or supplied deficient points in geography and hydrography. In a small vessel, which the Pearl Company had placed at his disposal, Lieut. Hardy, with characteristic enterprize, explored and laid down, as correctly as his means permitted, the coast and channel from the Bay of Guaymas in Sonora to the Rio Colorado at the head of the Gulf a space of about four degrees between 28 and 32 North. As far as the Island of Tiburon, his MS charts, though defective, had been found useful; but beyond that point the navigator had no other guide than his own skill and experience. He gave British names to his discoveries. His sketches of the Axua Indians, inhabiting the banks of the Colorado and the wild tracts of Upper Sonora are curious.

But it is time we should lay down this lively Journal, which, possessing in a remarkable manner the grand requisite—action, teems with desultory sketches and information, and offers to "all hands," wherewithal to pick and choose from.

YOUTH.

'Tis the spring day of youth, 'tis the morning of life,
The orient sun of existence is shining;
Oh, shroud not its brightness with sorrow or strife,
Nor cloud o'er the young day with gloomy repining.
'Tis life's half blown bud changing fast to a flower,
Emitting its fragrance, displaying its hue,
Oh, beware, or the cankering worm will devour
Its beauty, and leave black decay in its lieu.
'Tis a spring clear as crystal, from earth's green bed
oozing,
And winding its way to eternity's sea;
Then dam not its path, lest, its qualities losing,
It stagnates, gets putrid, and ceases to be.
While endures the short season, while life is still young,
Enjoy the blithe moments, let nature direct;
Oh, yield her thy heart, but give prudence thy tongue,
And let reason sit judge, and thy errors correct.

WILL.

THE SLAVE.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught! And though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art not the less bitter on that account.

STERNE.

In the fertile and pleasant island of Martinique there lived about thirty years ago, a rich planter, named Monsieur Haima. Possessed of a princely fortune, gifted with a polished address and a mild and friendly character, he was one of the most influential colonists on the island. His plantations were numerous and flourishing, and he was master of many hundred slaves, whom he usually treated with humanity and gentleness.

To one of these, a young colored man, he accorded the most implicit confidence. Antoine (for that was his name) was a slave in nothing but the name. He had but to express a wish, and it was gratified. His master made him general overseer of his property and manager of his affairs; and Antoine might be seen mounted on a superb charger, with silver bit and spurs, the adopted son it seemed, rather than the servant, of the opulent planter.

M. Haima's possessions consisted, besides his landed property and slaves, in large droves of mules, and numerous herds of oxen. He had been, for a long period, fortunate in his stock, which increased year by year. At last a mortality appeared among his mules and he lost a considerable number, both of these and of oxen.—A few of his negroes, too, died suddenly, and the nature of the disease which carried them off did not appear to be understood.

The next year the mortality continued, apparently with increasing virulence. The negroes died in numbers, and among the rest the parents and most of the relations of Antoine fell victims to an unknown disorder. The ablest physicians on the island were consulted, and several of them gave it as their opinion that the mortality was caused by poison.

The third year it raged to a frightful extent. Men, women, and children, as well as cattle of every kind, died daily, until this mysterious calamity seemed to threaten M. Haima with the loss of his entire property. The symptoms of poison were now too evident to be mistaken; but who could have conceived and executed so frightful a revenge remained unknown, and even unsuspected. M. Haima had always lived on the most friendly terms with his neighbours; scarcely any man had made fewer enemies than he; and no one could imagine the cause of an animosity so persevering and so fatal.

One day when the mortality was at its height, several friends of M. Haima called to consult and condole with him. "Let me advise you," said one of them, "to apply to the sorceress who lives at the foot of the mountains."

"What?" said Haima in surprise, "old Catiche? You surely do not suspect me of lending credit to the foolish stories which are circulated and believed among the slaves, of her supernatural powers?"

"By no means. But a character like hers is seldom acquired without some foundation.—Do not imagine that I give her more credit than yourself for powers of witchcraft. But for shrewdness and sagacity I do give her credit.—By her spies or otherwise, she obtains information regarding even the most secret doings of her neighbours; scarce a whisper can be spoken but it comes to her ears; and if any one can inform you who is your secret enemy, it is old Catiche."

Haima recurred next day to his friend's advice. "I shall be a beggar," thought he, "if this mysterious mortality continues much longer.—And after all a wise man may profit, even by the superstitions of fools. At all events, I cannot lose much from the trial." So he mounted his horse, and rode unattended to the hut of the sorceress.

She sat in its furthest corner, muffled in a huge blanket, and muttering unintelligibly to herself, and did not, by word or gesture, intimate her recognition of the planter as he entered. He seated himself by her, and enquired if she could throw any light on the cause of his late misfortunes.

"How should I?" returned the hag in her sharpest key, "how should a poor old creature like me know any thing of such doings?"

Haima repressed his impatience while he replied: "I do not suppose, as many do, Catiche, that you have other means to obtain information than any one else might have with the acquaintance and opportunity. But you do get to know almost every thing that passes in the Island."

"And if I cannot speak with spirits, why do you come to me when you have your own eyes and ears, and can use them as well as I can?"

The planter was little accustomed to be teased or contradicted; but this was not a moment to resent the old woman's peculiar temper. He drew a couple of gold pieces from his pocket, and as he put them in her withered hand, he said, "Catiche, I have not time to argue with you. Tell me, if you can tell me, who it is that poisons my slaves and my cattle."

The old woman looked at the gold, cast a searching glance round the room, and then, approaching her lips close to the planter's ear, she pronounced, in a low whisper, the name of—"Antoine!"

"How!" said Haima, out of all patience, "him whom I have treated as a son and loaded with benefits! You rave.—What are your proofs?"

But Catiche remained obstinately silent; and not another word could the planter draw from her. So he was forced to take his leave, very little satisfied with his visit.

"I told you how it was," he replied to his friend's enquiry regarding his success. "The old fool knows nothing of the matter; and, out of envy, for aught I know, or for want of some one else to accuse, she lays the blame on poor Antoine. But I merited no better answer for my folly in going to consult the sorceress."

"Be advised," rejoined his friend. "Catiche

is well informed regarding all that passes on our plantations; and she would not hazard such an assertion without good reason. You have unlimited confidence in Antoine, but see that it is not misplaced; he has opportunity enough, if he be so disposed, to do you this injury."

"But how should he be so disposed? I have shown him more favor than to any one else on the plantation. He has whatever he asks or wishes for. Interest, if not gratitude, would make him regard my welfare as his own."

"Well," said his friend, "do not trust too much to probabilities. Order Antoine to be seized; tell him that all his villainy is discovered, and see how he will conduct himself."

M. Haima was exceedingly loath to agree to a proposal which seemed to cast an unjust imputation on his favorite; but at last his friend's repeated representations induced him to adopt it.

Antoine was manacled and brought before him. He uttered no word of complaint; yet neither did he evince any signs of trepidation or guilt. His master already began to repent the course he had adopted; and as he looked on Antoine's steady eye and collected demeanour, he found no little difficulty in acting the part he had so unwillingly consenting to assume.

"It is you, then," at last he said, "who have been my secret enemy, who have wantonly destroyed my property, and all but effected my ruin?"

"I, Monsieur Haima?"

"Yes, you. Disguise is no longer necessary. All your plots are discovered. Every thing is known to me, except the motive that could have induced one on whom I had conferred such benefits, to act the serpent towards his protector and benefactor."

Antoine was silent; but a slight, scarcely perceptible, yet contemptuous curl of the upper lip, aroused his master's suspicions, and determined him to follow up the examination, in a similar tone.

"I treated you with the care and confidence of a father. I distinguished you above all your companions; and you have abused my favor—repaid my kindness with the blackest treachery.—You have plotted, and but too successfully effected, a revenge, such as the cruellest mind conceives against its bitterest enemy.

Antoine still remained silent; but the kindling, almost exulting expression of his eye, confirmed all Haima's surmises.

"Antoine," he continued, with increasing emotion, "have I merited this at your hands? Have I given cause for such deadly revenge? Interest, if not gratitude, might surely have secured your fidelity. What was wanting to your comfort and happiness? Say! what could you wish for, that you did not possess?"

"My liberty!" said the African, in a tone of mingled pride and bitterness.

"And did I not grant you more than every thing which liberty could have afforded you?"

"I was your slave." And Antoine drew up his tall and handsome form to its full height, and

clenched the manacles that bound his hands, as if he would crush the iron chain in his grasp.

"Wretched man!" said his master, as a conviction of the truth at last settled on his mind.

"These, then were your motives! But your own father and mother—your nearest relations?"—

"Had I not poisoned them, I should myself have been suspected."

"Good God!" exclaimed the planter. "And this is the man I had treated as my own child, and to whom I had confided all I possess?"

"He was but a part of your property," said the slave with a scornful smile.

"Do you feel no compunction—no remorse for the multiplied and ungrateful crimes you have committed?"

"None."

"Had I ever given you the shadow of a cause to complain of my conduct towards you?"

"Never."

Antoine was forthwith conducted to prison, tried, and executed. He died tranquilly.

Haima's fellow planters, as the story circulated among them, moralized on the danger of evincing partiality to a slave; and bade their overseers double their vigilance and increase their severity. While the philosopher and the friend of freedom thence deduced, with greater reason, a striking argument against slavery itself, be its form or disguise what it may.

I have not related a tale of fancy. I hold the above facts from a French gentleman who resided on the island at the time they happened, who was personally acquainted with M. Haima, and, who had seen the high spirited and misguided Antoine in the height of that favor and prosperity, which could not weigh with him against the name of—SLAVE.

POETRY.

A FRAGMENT.

Poetry is peculiarly and emphatically the language of feeling. It is a language with which all, however illiterate, are acquainted; (for all have its constituent—the heart;) a language originated with existence, and universal as the mind of man. Its birth-day was the advent of creation, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy;" and though time shall have developed the wonderful secrets of the universe, and earth shall have passed away into her primeval nothingness—though the planets, whose glorious pathway is the heavens, and the burning sun, beneath whose gorgeous raiment smiles, as in a garb of beauty, worlds beyond the finitude of comprehension, shall have melted into oblivion, still shall it live, bright emblem of hereafter, steadfast as the godhead, and undying as eternity!

Poetry!—there is music in the sound! What charms does it not exhibit; what feelings can it not picture? It comes to us in the memory of by-gone days; recalling to our affections the tender recollections of childhood, the fond parent, the beloved sister; and awakening to our

holiest sympathies, as if from the slumbers of the grave, all the dear objects whose sanctuary has been the deepest chambers of the heart. It comes to us on the wings of hope, kindling into lambent beauty and activity the lethargic energies of mind; rousing, by its exhilarating influences, the passions of the soul, and meliorating, by pleasing anticipations of futurity, the disquiet of the present, or the sorrows of the past.

Poetry! thou source of all that is delightful in the harmony of nature; thou parent of devotion and offspring of felicity! what were earth without thee, and without thee what were heaven, but a wilderness of sweets, and its pleasures but an altar devoid of sacrifice? Where is the land that hath not owned thy supremacy, nor kindled with rapture whilst worshipping at the shrine of thy divinity? Show me the nation that hath not felt thy loveliness, nor looked upon thee with an eye of adoration, and I will point you to barbarity! Show me the man that dares despise thy blandishments, or listen with an inattentive ear unto the melody of thy numbers, and I will point you to a wretch in feeling, a monster in his principles! Aye, where is the bosom that hath not thrilled with enthusiasm, or been lifted up in high-souled admiration, at the lofty stanzas of the sacred bard of Israel?

The heart that hath not throbbed with emotion—the soul that hath never bowed to thine eloquence, nor ever been borne aloft upon the wings of thine inspiration, Oh spirit of Poesy! belong not to humanity, for they have never shared the common sensibilities of its nature!

* * * *

SENEX.

Philadelphia, March 23, 1830.

VISIONS OF BLAKE THE ARTIST.

To describe the conversations which Blake held in prose with demons, and in verse with angels, would fill volumes, and an ordinary gallery could not contain all the heads which he drew of his visionary visitants. That all this was real, he himself most sincerely believed; nay, so infectious was his enthusiasm, that some acute and sensible persons who heard him expatiate, shook their heads, and hinted that he was an extraordinary man, and that there might be something in the matter. One of his brethren, an artist of some note, employed him frequently in drawing the portraits of those who appeared to him in his visions. The most propitious time for those 'angel-visits' was from nine at night till five in the morning; and so docile were his spiritual sitters, that they appeared at the wish of his friends. Sometimes, however, the shape which he desired to draw was long in appearing, and he sat with his pencil and paper ready and his eyes idly roaming in vacancy; all at once the vision came upon him, and he began to work like one possessed.

He was requested to draw the likeness of Sir William Wallace—the eye of Blake sparkled, for he admired heroes. 'William Wallace!' he exclaimed, 'I see him now—there, there, how

noble he looks—reach me my things!' Having drawn for some time, with the same care of hand and steadiness of eye, as if a living sitter had been before him, Blake stopt suddenly and said, 'I cannot finish him—Edward the First has stepped in between him and me.' 'That's lucky,' said his friend, 'for I want the portrait of Edward too.' Blake took another sheet of paper, and sketched the features of Plantagenet, upon which his Majesty politely vanished, and the artist finished the head of Wallace. 'And pray, Sir,' said a gentleman, who heard Blake's friend tell his story—'was Sir William Wallace an heroic looking man? And what sort of personage was Edward?' The answer was; 'there they are, Sir, both framed and hanging on the wall behind you, judge for yourself.' 'I looked, (says my informant,) and saw two warlike heads of the size of common life. That of Wallace was noble and heroic, that of Edward stern and bloody. The first had the front of a god, the latter the aspect of a demon.'

The friend who obliged me with those anecdotes, on observing the interest which I took in the subject, said, 'I know much about Blake—I was his companion for nine years. I have sat beside him from ten at night till three in the morning, sometimes slumbering and sometimes waking, but Blake never slept; he sat with a pencil and paper drawing portraits of those whom I most desired to see. I will show you, Sir, some of these works.' He took out a large book filled with drawings, opened it, and continued, 'Observe the poetic fervor of that face—it is Pindar as he stood a conqueror in the Olympic games. And this lovely creature is Corinna, who conquered in poetry in the same place. That lady is Laïs, the courtesan—with the impudence which is part of her profession, she stepped in between Blake and Corinna, and he was obliged to paint her to get her away. There! that is a face of a different stamp—can you conjecture who he is?' 'Some scoundrel, I should think, Sir,' 'There now—that is a strong proof of the accuracy of Blake—he is a scoundrel indeed! The very individual task-master whom Moses slew in Egypt. And who is this now—only imagine who this is?' 'Other than a good one, I doubt, Sir.' 'You are right; it is the devil—he resembles; and this is remarkable, two men who shall be nameless: one is a great lawyer, and the other—I wish I durst name him—is a suborner of false witnesses. This other head now?—This speaks for itself—it is the head of Herod; how like an eminent officer in the army!'

He closed the book, and taking out a small pannel from a private drawer, said, 'this is the last which I shall show you: but it is the greatest curiosity of all. Only look at the splendor of the coloring and the original character of the thing!' 'I see,' said I, 'a naked figure with strong body and short neck—with burning eyes which long for moisture, and a face worthy of a murderer, holding a bloody cup in its clawed hands, out of which it seems eager to drink. I never saw any shape so strange, nor did I ever

see any coloring so curiously splendid—a kind of glistening green and dusky gold, beautifully varnished. But what in the world is it?' 'It is a ghost, Sir—the ghost of a flea—a spiritualization of the thing.' 'He saw this in a vision then,' I said. 'I'll tell you all about it, Sir; I called on him one evening, and found Blake more than usually excited. He told me he had seen a wonderful thing—the ghost of a flea! And did you make a drawing of him? I inquired. 'No, indeed, said he, I wish I had, but I shall, if he appears again!' He looked earnestly into a corner of the room, and then said, 'here he is; reach me my things—I shall keep my eye on him. There he comes! his eager tongue whisking out of his mouth, a cup in his hand to hold blood, and covered with a scaly skin of gold and green;'—as he described him so he drew him.

These stories are scarcely credible, yet there can be no doubt of their accuracy. Another friend, on whose veracity I have the fullest dependence, called one evening on Blake, and found him sitting with a pencil and a pannel, drawing a portrait with all the seeming anxiety of a man who is conscious that he has got a fastidious sitter; he looked, drew, and looked again, yet no living soul was visible.—'Disturb me not,' said he in a whisper, 'I have one sitting to me.' 'Sitting to you!' exclaimed his astonished visitor, 'where is he and what is he?—I see no one.' 'But I see him, Sir,' answered Blake, haughtily, 'there he is, his name is Lot; you may read of him in the Scripture. He is sitting for his portrait.'—*Family Library, No. X—Lives of the Artists.*

SICKNESS.

They may talk as they will of the blessing of health,
But there's more real joy in enduring its stealth;
For a bed of decline is a bed of repose,
And that is a blessing health seldom bestows.

The glow of the cheek, the bright shine of the eye,
The tone of the voice, when the spirits are high,
May prove a light heart is contained in the breast,
But I cannot believe them the emblems of rest.

Oh no! there is something far dearer to me
In the look of the perishing forms that I see,
With their colour departing, and smile in decay,
Than the rosiest hue on the face of the gay.

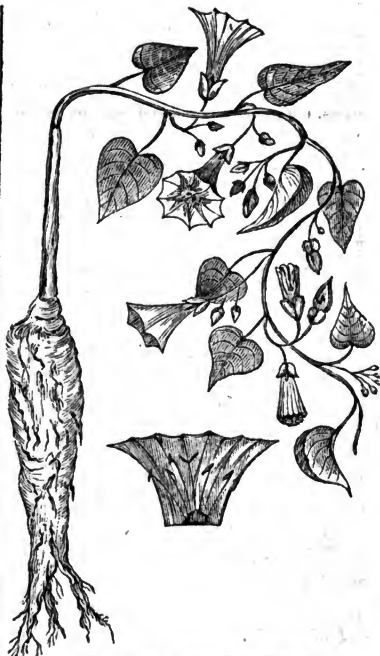
And when I look round on the many in life,
Whom health forces to tread in the pathways of strife,
I envy the beings that sickness restrains
From rising to mix in its troubles and pains.

The day, when the hour of evening comes on;
The sea, when the swell of its waters is gone;
The air, when the breezes have fallen asleep;
The night when no clouds o'er its summer sky creep—

Are things that we love to contemplate and why?
Can it be for the pleasure they yield to the eye?
No, it is that the soul takes a holier vein
When communing with Nature in stillness and wane.

'Tis so with disease—whilst the frame keepeth strong,

In passion and noise we are hurried along;
But when on a sick bed we quietly lie,
We grow purer in feeling, and fitter to die.



SCHOOL OF FLORA,

From the Medical Flora of the United States.

[COPY RIGHT SECURED.]

CONVOLVULUS PANDURATUS.

ENGLISH NAME—Meecham's Bindweed.

VULGAR NAMES—Wild Potatoe, Wild Rhubarb, Meecham's, Wild Jalap, Man in the Ground, Meacoacan, Potatoe Vine, Kussander, Kassader, &c.

Genus CONVOLVULUS.—Calix five parted, segments unequal imbricated. Corolla bell or funnel shaped, limbus equal, nearly entire, with five folds and teeth. Five unequal stamina on the corolla. One pistil surrounded by a glandular disk, one style, stigma bifid, or bilobe.—Capsule bilocular, few seeded.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, very large, cylindric or fusiform, from two to four feet long, as thick as the arm, yellowish outside, whitish and milky inside, with many fissures, often branched below and attenuated above. Stem procumbent or climbing, round, purplish, from three to twelve feet long, sometimes branched.—Leaves cordate at the base, broad, alternate, petiolate, margin entire or undulate, or lobed on the sides like a fiddle, very sharp, but hardly acuminate, smooth, deep green above, pale green below.

Flowers in fascicles of two to six, on long peduncles, longer than the petioles, and axillary, pedicels unequal. Calix with five unequal segments, ovate obtuse, concave, mutic, two smaller opposite outside. Corolla large, funnel shaped, about two or three inches long, and as broad above, base tubulose, color white or incarnate, or purplish. Stamina white, filaments filiform, unequal, inclosed, anthers oblong. Style white, filiform, stigma

bipartite, segments linear. Capsule oblong, with two cells and four seeds.

HISTORY—A great botanical confusion had arisen in this genus, and the natural tribe of VOLVULIDES or *Convolvulaceae*, of which it is the type. The genera of this family had not been well fixed, and *Ipomea* particularly was so little distinguished from *Convolvulus*, that many species were considered as belonging to both!

The true jalap of commerce has been ascribed to several plants, and a controversy exists on the subject.—This plant is one of the false jalaps, the others are the *Ipomea macrorrhiza* of Michaux, found from Georgia to Yucatan on the sandy shores, and several Bind-weeds growing in South America. The true *C. jalapa* appears to grow on the Andes of South America and Mexico.

Our *C. panduratus* has also been mistaken for Scammony, Rhubarb and Mechoacan. The native name of Mechameck ought to be given to it as a distinctive appellation. It blossoms in summer, from June to August. It was named *panduratus* by Linnæus, because the leaves are often lobed on the sides like a fiddle; but this does not always happen, and some plants have all the leaves cordate and entire.

The cathartic properties of this plant and of *Ipomea macrorrhiza* have been denied by Bigelow, Baldwin, &c., and even the latter considered as edible; but it appears that all the species of these two genera, having milky roots, are more or less cathartic, particularly when fresh.

They both belong to *PENTANDRIA monogynia* of Linnæus. *Convolvulus*, like *Evolvulus*, derives from the twining habit of the genus.

LOCALITY—Common all over the United States, from Canada and New England to Florida and Missouri, in poor and loose soils, sandy and slaty fields, gravelly hills and alluvions, open glades and thickets; but seldom in shady woods.

QUALITIES—The taste and smell of the root approximate to Scammony and Jalap; but are less nauseous and acrid. This root may be known by its size, yellowish color, and crevices. It is milky when fresh. The extract from it resembles Scammony, and possesses the same properties.

PROPERTIES—Cathartic, diuretic, and pectoral. It acts like jalap, rhubarb, briony and scammony, at a larger dose, when given in substance; but the extract from the fresh root is more efficient, and is a mild cathartic at a small dose of ten or twelve grains. It is seldom used by physicians, but often by Indian doctors. It is a safe substitute for the more costly roots above mentioned, and as a root often weighs twenty pounds, it might be made an article of trade. As a diuretic it is useful in gravel, strangury, dropsy, &c.; it enables to evacuate small calculous granulations, and may be taken in substance or decoction. As a pectoral it has been used for consumptive coughs and asthma; a syrup is made of it with Skunk cabbage, for that purpose.

REMARKS—It is asserted that the Indians can handle Rattle-snakes with impunity, after wetting their hands with the milky juice of the root of this plant, or of *Arum triphyllum*.

The root must be collected at the end of summer, and if to be dried ought to be cut in slices.

If idleness be the root of all evil, then is matrimony good for something, for it sets many a poor woman to work.

VIRTUE, like fire, turns all things into itself; our actions and our friendship are tintured with it, and whatever it touches, becomes amiable.

WHAT a difference between mere civilities and acts of real friendship; how easy to obtain the former, and at times, how hard to get the other.

20*

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

'Am I to blame, mother?' said a young lad the other day. The lad joined a Temperance Society. His father and mother, (probably temperate drinkers) appeared to be displeased with him. The mother openly chided. After a long silence the boy broke forth—'Am I to blame, mother? Sister Mary has married a drunken husband, who abuses her every day. Sister Susan's husband was intemperate, and has gone off and left her, and you are obliged to take her home and take care of her children. Brother James comes home drunk almost every night. And because I have joined the cold water company, and you are likely to have one sober person in the family, you are scolding at me! Am I to blame?'

DISCRIMINATION.—A country friend of Sir Robert Walpole hearing the celebrated Mr. Pitt, (afterwards Lord Chatham,) speak, after he had taken his seat in the House of Commons, he being at that time a cornet, observed to Sir Robert, that it would be worth his while to make that young man a captain. 'My dear sir, replied Sir Robert, 'make him my friend, and I will give him a regiment.'

MUTTON-Y.—A gentleman at one of the N. York boarding-houses, after retiring to bed one night, had his nose strongly assailed by the smell of roasted mutton. He turned upon the other side; but still the same fleshy odour followed him. He buried his head under the bed-clothes, but the smell grew stronger. He brought his nose to the free air once more; but the whole room seemed to be more or less impregnated with the same odour. From whence could it proceed? He surely had not taken lodgings in the pantry, instead of the bedroom. And yet the mutton-ous smell almost persuaded him that such a mistake was possible. He however managed, after various turnings and shiftings, to get into an uncomfortable drowse, in which he dreamed all night of carrying a sheep on his back, and hearing it cry, baa! baa!—Arousing from his dreary state as soon as it was light, he got up to reconnoitre the premises, and ascertain the cause of the deadly smell.—He looked into a closet attached to his bedroom, he opened the drawer of his dressing table, he peeped under the bed—but all to no purpose.—At last, he bethought him of looking in the bed itself, when, lo, instead of finding a quarter of roasted mutton, he found he had been quartered between two table-cloths, which, with the greasy collections of a whole week, were placed on his bed to serve their turn in the capacity of sheets.

EPITAPH ON MR. MILES.

This tombstone is a milestone—Hah! how so?
Because beneath lies Miles—who's Miles below;
A little man he was, a dwarf in size,
But now stretch'd out, at least Miles long he lies.
His grave though small, contains a space so wide,
It has Miles in breadth, and Miles in length beside.

Frederick William, father of Frederick the Great of Prussia, painted, or fancied he painted, but his works were mere daubs. Such, however, was not the language of his courtiers, when descanting on the merits of the Royal Appelles. On one occasion his Majesty favored them with the sight of a new specimen.—‘Suppose,’ said the King, ‘that some great painter, Rubens, or Raphael, for instance, had painted this picture; do you think it would fetch a considerable price?’ ‘Sire,’ replied the Baron de Polnitz, who passes for the most practised and the most obsequious of his Majesty’s courtiers, ‘I assure you that a connoisseur could not offer less for such a picture than 25,000 florins.’ ‘Well then, Baron,’ cried the gratified monarch, ‘you shall receive a proof of my munificence. Take the picture for 5000 florins, which you shall pay me in ready money; and as I wish to render you a service, you have my permission to sell it again.’ ‘Ah, sire,’ cried the Baron, (who was fairly caught in his own snare,) ‘I can never consent to take advantage of your Majesty’s generosity.’ ‘No reply,’ said the King; ‘I know that I make you a handsome present, by which you will gain 15,000 florins or more. But your zeal for my interest has been proved, and I owe you some recompense. Your love for the arts, as well as your attachment to my person, entitle you to this mark of my esteem.’

REFORMING A SCOLD.—In the early period of the history of Methodism, some of Mr. Wesley’s opponents, in the excess of their zeal against enthusiasm, took up a whole wagon load of methodists, and carried them before a justice. When they were asked what these persons had done, there was an awkward silence; at last one of the accusers said, “Why, they pretend to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night.” The magistrate asked if they had done any thing else? “Yes, sir,” said an old man, “an’t please your worship, they converted my wife.—Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! and now she is as quiet as a lamb.” “Carry them back, carry them back,” said the magistrate, “and let them convert all the scolds in the town.”

The National Intelligencer after repeating a statement in a Vermont paper that a man had raised a little short of three bushels from a single potatoe, and which the Intelligencer disbelieves, tells the story of a farmer near Washington who planted 80 bushels of seed potatoes and gathered from them, a crop of less than fifty bushels. This latter agriculturist was hardly as successful as an old fellow of our acquaintance in Connecticut. He insisted upon it that he could always tell to a single potatoe, the amount of his crop. “That Wicks, is a very improbable story,” says one of his neighbours. “Not at all,” replies Wicks, “I always raise just as many as I plant, for I’ll be darned to darnation if my land is strong enough to rot em.

BOASTING.

A man boasting of his honesty, is generally a rogue—of his courage, generally a coward—of his riches, generally not wealthy—of democracy, generally an aristocrat—of his intimacy with great men, generally despised by those who may chance to know him—of his wit, popularity, and high standing—always a fool.

A loungee at a tavern, seeing a gentleman ride up to the door, rose and accosted him; “stranger, don’t your face ache?” “No, why do you ask that question?” “It looked so ugly, I thought it must hurt you.”

The Buck’s County Patriot says:—“Our woods, fields, and orchards,—nay, our very streets, have been inundated with pigeons;” and gives the following anecdote of a religious neighbour:—

One Sunday morning a flock of pigeons alighted in his orchard—it was a noble one.—How could he help it? He was a sportsman—his gun was charged—time—opportunity, and two hours till meeting time. To cut a long story short, he killed twenty-two. The story went abroad. What could he do? He did the best thing possible. He took for his text, the next Sunday; the fourth commandment, and urged the necessity of keeping holy the seventh day. “Certain cases,” he said, “are excepted, my hearers, and among them I would class the chance of getting a score of pigeons at a shot.”

The following lines, composed by the celebrated Irish Patriot, Arthur O’Connor, were distributed by him, in hand bills, on his way to confinement in Fort George, in Scotland, 1798.

The pomp of courts, and pride of kings,
I prize above all earthly things,
I love my country; but the king,
Above all men his praise I sing:
The royal banners are display’d,
And may success the standard aid.

I fain would banish far from hence,
‘The rights of man and common sense;’
Confusion to his odious reign,
That foe to princes—Thomas Paine
Defeat and ruin seize the cause
Of France, its liberties and laws.

To one unacquainted with the clue of this piece, it would appear to be a full renunciation of those chimeras of liberty which he had long been assiduously laboring to establish; but to understand correctly the real object of the writer, the first line of the second verse should be read immediately after the first line of the first, and thus continuing throughout to connect the corresponding lines of each verse.

“Wealthy people should make it a point to encourage, and pay particular attention to encourage persons at labor. A false shame of being seen at work has been the ruin of many. Times should be changed. People should be proud of being made usefully employed. All honest labour is meritorious.”

FIRST COINAGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

Every thing relating to the history of a truly great man must be of importance to posterity, and especially to the succeeding generations of his own countrymen. There is a circumstance in the history of General George Washington, known hitherto to a few individuals only, but which the kindness of a friend enables us now to lay before the public. Shortly after Washington was placed in the Presidential Chair, the impressions of several new coins were transmitted to him, and submitted to his examination. The fac similes of these coins we have caused to be engraved, and they will be found below, accompanied by an extract from a letter from Mr. Frailey, which serves further to illustrate the matter. By this letter it will be seen that Washington immediately ordered the dies to be destroyed, and the present impression on our coins to be substituted—thus declining the honour of having his image treated with that distinction which is usually allotted to monarchs and chief potentates. This act of magnanimity is truly characteristic of Washington, and deserves to be recorded as an instance of that disinterested patriotism, which, to "the father of his country," should not be less glorious than his military achievements.—*Editor Casket.*



Extract of a letter to the Editor of the Casket, from a friend in Baltimore.

In one of your late Nos. I saw a fac simile of the Penn Medal, and believing that in point of value as a relic, and of importance as noting a political epoch in the history of our country, the first coinage of the United States Mint is not inferior to the Medal, I enclose you several impressions of a cent and half dollar, struck under the administration of General Washington; the former in 1791, and the latter in 1792.

History is ominously silent on the subject of this coinage, and out of this city there are not perhaps a hundred persons who possess any knowledge of the fact; but tradition, handed down by a respectable and well-informed citizen, now deceased, (who owned the silver coin, and held it in great estimation,) informs us that very few in number were struck; that specimens were transmitted to President Washington, for his inspection and approbation, and that he promptly directed the dies to be destroyed.

It would be unnecessary now to state the precise reasons for this noble act of republican virtue and simplicity, if we were in possession of them. It was the act of the most pure and disinterested statesman and patriot of ancient or modern times, who preferred the effigies of the American eagle and of liberty as the emblems of our coinage, to that of the man, who might, perhaps, from adventitious circumstances, be placed at the head of the nation.

The execution of these dies, when compared with those of the present day, affords a very striking proof of the rise and advance of the fine arts in our country; and I have been induced to believe a fac simile of these coins are worthy a place in your valuable periodical; and that they would be highly acceptable to your patrons, if the expense of having them cut would not be onerous. There is a great resemblance between the effigy on the coins and the statue on our Washington Monument, in the whole contour of the face.

Pretty Marian the Oyster Girl.

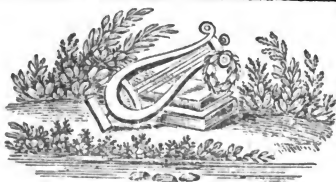
WRITTEN AND SUNG BY A YOUNG LADY.

Siciliano

Ma - ny a knight and la - dy gay, Will stay me as I
cry, While roam - ing thro' the streets each day, My na - tive Oys - ters
buy; I'll please you well, with what I sell, Then mark my lov'd arch'd
eye, pray buy of me, I all ex - cell, my York bank Oys - ters
buy. Oysters, Sir, Oysters, Sir, Oys - ters, Sir, I
cry, The fi - nest na - tive Oys - ters That ev - er you did
buy.

2.
My Father was a seaman brave,
No care did us annoy,
Until he sank beneath the wave,
Then farewell ev'ry joy:
Then I got bold, and Oysters sold,
And rais'd a cheerful cry;
Who'll buy of pretty Marian,
My native Oysters buy.
Oysters Sir, &c.

3.
They squeeze my hands as they pass by,
And call me pretty maid,
To this I only do reply,
According to my trade:
I'll please you well, with what I sell,
And many an arch reply,
My Oysters they are fresh and good,
Will you be pleas'd to try.
Oysters Sir, &c.



THE POET'S DREAM.

As a poet who dwelt in a parlour on high,
In that room of the house which is nearest the sky,
Was on his straw bed soundly sleeping;
The moon through the broken roof smiled on his face,
Displaying his sunk cheeks and many a trace,
That told of indifferent keeping.

His yellow locks waved as the wind gently blew,
In concert he snored to the sound of it too,
And the music prevented him waking:
Around him lay papers with ink scribbled o'er,
And stumps of old quills were strewn over the floor,
That once had been used in verse making.

He dreamt, (for e'en poets themselves sometimes dream,
That is, when they sleep, for when waking I ween,
A natural knack they've of dreaming.)
That Fame in the blue sky arrayed in pure white,
A crown in her left hand, a scroll in her right,
A halo around her head gleaming,

Appeared in the west, on a cloud tinged with gold,
Of many composed, and rolled fold over fold,
Bright light from it suddenly flashing;
Heavy clouds underneath black as tartarus hung,
And through them quick lightning its sharpest streaks
flung,
Loud thunders among them were crashing.

And thus towards earth in slow grandeur she drew,
But scarcely arrived ere her votaries flew
In myriads, the goddess surrounding;
They offered up prayers, sang hymns to her praise,
Composed, on her ladyship, flattering lays,
Created a clamour confounding.

Our poet, 'mongst others, approached, bending low,
In faltering accents desired to know
If his most obscure name black'd her scroll;
The ribbon untied, and the parchment unrolled,
Above Homer's it was in large letters of gold,
Quirks and flourishes, 'neath it a roll.

He stared, startled, trembled, looked lost in surprise,
Scratched his head, op'd his mouth, and gaz'd with
both eyes,
And stood for a time without motion;
Then burst the loud laugh, and the tears in streams fell,
He felt as if sorrows had bid him farewell,
And he floated in ecstasy's ocean.

And thus Fame addressed him, "Beloved of the nine,
Thou bold son of genius, and favorite of mine,
Thy hard labors I've come to reward;
I have watched thee at midnight, in ink to the eyes,
Have seen thy brain foam, and thy fancy arise,
Carving ideas as 'twere with a sword.

I've seen thy bold flights to the regions on high,
Beyond where the stars stud the bright azure sky,
As if space's end thou wert seeking—
I've seen thee descend into Pluto's dark cave,
And list to the grim visaged prisoners rave,
As they lay on their fiery beds reeking.

I've seen thee with Mars through the battle field stray,
And weep o'er the wounded and dying, who lay
In bloody robes, careless of glory;

With Cupid, too, viewing his sharp-pointed darts,
Or watching his manner of transfixing hearts,
Or hearing his soul-stirring story.

I've seen thee spend health and content in my cause,
And now shalt thou have the long wish'd for applause,
Deserved by thy labors untiring."

He knelt, and she, placing the crown on his head,
Gave a sign, and a shout that would startle the dead,
Broke forth from her followers admiring.

The lightning's blue blaze, round his head form'd a
wreath,
Loud thunders growled praise from the black clouds
beneath,

The graces a circle formed round him;
Then showered the muses their poetic fire,
Apollo hung round him his song-breathing lyre,
And joy in her ruddy arms bound him.

And long with the transport, on high heaved his breast,
And longer he'd fain with the feelings be blest,
For he ne'er knew such pleasure before;
But Fame waved her hand, and, lo, silence was there,
She spoke, and the vision straight vanished in air,
To be seen by the poet no more.

Deep darkness came on, but was soon chased away
By light far exceeding the brightness of day,
That out of earth suddenly broke;
'Twas Fame's golden temple, with diamonds arrayed,
To the eyes of our hero its splendor displayed,
And smiling the goddess thus spoke—

"Come enter my temple, see heroes and sages,
And great men of every clime and all ages,
For the profit of mankind reserved;
See each in his place, with his actions beside him,
Receiving the praises his nation denied him,
And so well by his virtues deserved.

He entered, the door closed, the curtain Fame drew,
He started, for grandeur and wonders, so new,
E'en his fancy had never created;
Scarcely breathing, he gazed on all history has said,
On the deeds of the mighty, and long buried dead,
By the chisel of sculptors related.

High columns of silver the blue dome sustains,
They carved and cut over with most worthy names,
A sun in the centre revolving;
The walls with rich tapestry deck'd gaily o'er,
With all coloured curtains that reach'd to the floor,
In most tasteful rollings devolving.

In the midst, on a square of white marble high seat'd,
The red sons of battle in scarlet appeared,
In the most noble acts of their daring;
Kings and Princes in bands stood on pedestals round,
And hosts of old worthies lay stretch'd on the ground;
The smile of Fame's countenance sharing.

Chiefs, Statesmen, and Patriots, collected in groups,
Saints, learned men, and Artists divided in troops,
Quite covered the Mosaic pavement;
Our hero at length crowds of poets discovered,
On huge piles of books, and with dust nearly covered,
And all clad in ink-colored raiment.

With rents, tears and holes profusely embellished,
The smile, or the tear, or the passion most cherished
In life, strongly mark'd on their faces;
Some bow-legged, and knock-kneed, and deaf, lame,
and blind;
Some marked on the brow, "Aberration of mind,"
With thousands of similar graces.

Some few held their heads up like Homer and Shak-
speare,
But most with their eyes bent to earth sad appear,
Shedding tears on their works scarce extant;
Some said to our poet, "that niche shalt thou fill;"
Indignant he answered, "the devil I will!"
He awoke, and repeated, "I sha'n't."

[TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

Aye, thou cloud-cleaving minister,
Well may'st thou sweep so near me.—BYRON.

Lord of the lofty sky,
In whose undazzled eye
E'en the bright sun loves his image to see;
Emblem of mightiness,
Where is thy dwelling place?
Oh! to take heavenward one proud flight with thee.

High on the thunder cloud,
When it roars long and loud,
Is thy fire-fostered throne, whence lightnings flash
bright;

Where, on thy mighty wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Winging away through the wide fields of light.

O'er rock and rapid rude,
O'er the sea's ample flood;
High o'er the sunbeams that pour forth the day;
Thro' yon bright cloudy glen,
Far out of mortal ken,
Bird of the mountain, hie, hie thee away!

Then high on the Cairngorm,
Rock'd by the thunder storm,
Quench'd in dark slumber thine eyeball shall be;
Lord of the lofty sky,
Bird of the piercing eye,
Oh! to take heavenward one flight with thee.

Green Row. H. IRWIN.

SONG.

Thy winning form, my peerless fair!
Thy inexpressive charms
Fill ev'ry tender, captive breast
With thrilling, soft alarms.

At thy approach the lily bends
Its bright and dewy head,
And by thy side, the fragrance of
The blushing rose is dead.

The lily and the rose, tho' sweet
And beautiful they be,
Their beauty and their loveliness
Are far excelled by thee.

CARLOS.

LINES,

INSCRIBED TO SUSAN.

"There is something so silent, so calm, and so holy
in the close of a spring evening in the country, that I
love to linger in the melancholy twilight, and mark the
crimson of sunset growing fainter and fainter, and
fading away, like the hue of the withering rose."

'Tis evening hour! the sun's last ray
Rests faintly on the mountain's brow,
The moon, succeeds the orb of day,
And all is quiet now.

This is the hour I love to break
Off from all scenes of toil and strife,
To seek some favourite haunt—and take
A retrospect of life.

'Tis evening hour, 'tis sweet to dwell
Upon the joys that memory brings;
This is the happy time to swell
The heart's remembrings.

This is the hour we think with joy
On the rewards of heaven—our god,
When we shall tread, without alloy,
The star-embossed road—

The day is past, and evening brought,
Thus human life seems but a glance;
Soon we will fade away—there's nought
Of long continuance.

JUVENIS.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love—at summer's early dawn,
When budding nature swells,
To leave the cities fancied joys,
Its gaudy shows, its gilded toys,
And crowds of beaux and belles—
To seek the country's vernal groves,
When music fills each tree;
The forest oaks, now rob'd in green,
Forgot dismantled they have been,
'Mid breathing melody.

I love—to rove, as erst I've rove'd,
In childhood's happier hours,
Along the clear and glassy lake,
Thro' tangled copse or mossy brake,
'Mid wild and op'ning flow'rs.
To meet, at ev'ry rod or two,
Some scene of mimic fame;
Some stately beech, upon whose butt,
In former years full deep I'd cut,
Each letter of my name.

I love—when from the tow'ring cliff,
I've watch'd the cataract fall,
Each grot explor'd, or trod each glade,
Where evening o'er the forest shade
First spreads her murky pall—
To seek my blest paternal home,
Its antique records trace—
To share my brother's merry glee,
His guileless heart so pure and free,
My sister's fond embrace.

ALPHA.

ODE TO MINERVA.

BY LAMBERT A. WILMER.

From where thy marble turrets smile,
Above the wild and stormy Nile,
Where rolls the dark majestic Nile,
Whose streams the shores of Delta lave—
O, Goddess, from that sacred fane,
Around whose strong foundations play
The oozy monsters of the main;
O, come and aid the lowly strain
That strives thy glories to portray.

What time the power of ocean strove
With thee for right to name that land,
Which by thy help and that of Jove,
Did long the spacious world command,
While Neptune cleaved the earth,
Which gave the foaming courser birth;
The sacred olive bough by thee was given,
Symbol of peace, the darling child of heaven.

The gods approved;—divine Athena rose
The queen of cities; hither science came,
In Academic bowers to repose;
Here bards and sages hailed thee with acclaim,
Adored thy altars and invoked thy name.

Beneath thy arm proud Ilium fell,
That did the Argive force repel—
For ten long years, Greece strove in vain,
The sacred citadel to gain;—
But thou, O Goddess, badeest the flames aspire,
And wrap her painted domes in sheets of fire,
Till falls each palace, with a thund'ring sound,
And smoking ruins cover all the ground!

For the adulterous Spartan dame,
These woes on wretched Ilium came;
So hateful, Goddess, in thy sight appears,
Whate'er the form of vice and folly wears.
O, heaven-born wisdom, by whatever name,
In Pagan lands or Christian climes adored,
No more, O Goddess, shall thy altars claim
The vile oblations of the slaughtering sword!
The trumpet's sound that winds the blast of death,
The barbarous triumphs of the field shall cease;
Science for thee shall weave the laurel wreath,
And with it twine thy olive branch of peace.

TO SPRING.

'Tis but the changing season's doom,
That treads upon dread winter's gloom,
And wakes thee with thy verdant bloom,

Mild breathing spring;
To scatter flow'rs in fancy's loom.

She weaves them with a magic spell,
O'er ev'ry hill, in ev'ry dell;
And where the purling streamlets dwell,

She'll fondly bring
The bloom that zephyr loves so well!

O'er perfum'd flow'rs he'll spread his wings
With the first dawn Aurora brings,
And fan the lark that sweetly sings

His morning praise,
While ev'ry grove with rapture rings.

And in thy verdant garment drest,
Nature awakens to be blest,
For winter's storms are hush'd to rest,

And all thy days
With beauty and with hope are blest.

CORDELIA.

I will not grieve that thou art gone—gone from
A world that had no charms for thee—a cold,
A desert-world, whose ev'ry fancied joy
To thee, was but, as 'twere, a meteor's glow,
That gleams an evanescent ray upon
The 'nighted wand'rer's path, to leave him dark
And cheerless as before.

Pure, happy being! thou hast early 'scap'd
Full many of life's sorest, bitterest ills;
Thy stainless spirit early pass'd away—
Yet hope shone brightly on thy youthful hours,
And virtue fixed thy guileless heart on Heav'n.
And tho' no tears bedew thy hallo'd shrine,
Still, still, shall mem'ry linger round the spot,
Where all that once was lovely, matchless, fair,
Lies, wrapt in peaceful and eternal sleep.

CARLOS.

*On the Author's being asked what Qualities
she would admire in a Wife.*

Since you ask me what female desert I'd require,
To relish the conjugal life—
Neither titles, nor beauty, nor wealth I'd desire,
To bias, my choice in a wife.

For titles, be honor her portion assign'd,
For beauty, bright health's rosy bloom,
Let candor and justice ennoble her mind,
And cheerfulness sorrow consume.

Could riches, or honors, or noble descent,
Bring comfort wherever they fall,
Could these add a drop to the cup of content,
I'd gladly partake of them all.

How transient the pleasure that wealth can bestow,
Or the raptures that beauty imports,
To soften the painful reflections of wo,
Or banish distress from our hearts.

The charms of a face may occasion a sigh—
The costly allurements of art
May yield a short moment of joy to the eye,
But gives no delight to the heart.

Then give me the temper unclouded and gay,
The countenance ever serene,
To cheer with sweet converse as life wears away,
And dissipate anger and spleen.

Thus form'd, would she share with me life's little store,
Its mixture of pleasure and smart;
She'd ever continue till both were no more,
The joy and delight of my heart.

AGNES.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE I.—TO COOPER, THE NOVELIST.

"Mæcenas atavis editæ regibus," &c.

O, Cooper, sprung from honest stock,
Altho' thy fathers 'scaped the block;
(There's much affinity, 'tis said,
Between the block and royal head,)
No noble ancestors were thine,
Thou cam'st not from a kingly line,
But sure alike of fame and pelf,
Carv'st thy own glories for thyself.

Some folks delight to make a splutter,
And kick up dust along the gutter,
With chariot wheels steer clear of stones,
And posts, and sometimes break their bones;
And some just fit to carry hods,
By such like tricks are tu'nd to gods.
One courts the mob to get a place,
Nor deems its favor a disgrace:
Another loves to lay up grain,
And pities those who tempt the main.
Some like at Kenshaw's board to dine,
On turtle soup and claret wine;
Others on Schuylkill's banks delight
To walk with girls by day or night;
And some, (heav'n help their taste, I say,)
Love deadly strife and war's array:
But Pat, averse to shedding blood,
Confines himself to arms of wood;
And with his tough shilleagh tries
The fiercest quarrels that arise.
The huntsman, venturing bones or life,
Reckless of his dissuading wife,
Through the cold air pursues his course,
And hunts the fox without remorse.

But if the town to me allow
A wreath of ivy for my brow—
If Clara her piano play,
To aid and ornament my lay—
Or even if Cuff will not refuse
His fiddle to assist my muse—
Pleased will I raise the classic sound,
While Schuylkill's shores my notes rebound—

While sweeping the Horatian lyre,
If you should listen and admire,
Proud as the soldier of his scars,
My head sublime shall touch the stars;
Just praise my rhymes and say they're fine,
That all perfections here combine,
And tho' the critics may declare
Your "*Wish-ton-Wish*" a vile affair,
I'll take your part, my author brother,
For one good turn deserves another.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

BY JOHN SIDNEY TAYLOR, A. M.

"On Nebo's hill the Patriarch stood,
Who led the pilgrim bands
Of Israel through the foaming waves,
And o'er the desert sands.

"How bounteous is the scene that spreads
Before him far and wide,
Beyond the fair and fated bourne
Of Jordan's glorious tide.

"Stretched forth in varied loveliness,
The land of promise smiled
Like Eden in its wondrous bloom,
Magnificent and wild!

"He look'd o'er Gilead's pleasant
A land of fruit and flowers,
And verdure of the softest green,
That drinks the Summer showers

"He saw fair Ephraim's fertile fields
Laugh with their golden store,
And far beyond the deep blue wave
Bathed Judah's lonely shore.
"The southern landscape led his glance
O'er plains and valleys wide,
And hills with spreading cedars crown'd,
And cities in their pride.
"There Zoar's walls are dimly seen,
And Jericho's far towers
Gleam through the morning's purple mist,
Among their palmy bowers.
"Is it the sun! the morning sun!
That shines so full and bright,
Pouring on Nebo's lonely hill
A flood of living light?
"No—dim and earthy is the glow
Of morning's loveliest ray.
And dull the cloudless beams of noon
To that celestial day.
"Is it an angel's voice that breathes
Divine enchantment there,
As floating on his viewless wings
He charms the balmy air?
"No—'tis a greater, holier power
That makes the scene rejoice;
Thy glory, God! is in that light,
Thy spirit in that voice!
"The patriarch hears and lowly bends,
Adoring his high will,
Who spoke in lightnings from the clouds
Of Sinai's awful hill.
"Now flash his eyes with brighter fires
E'er yet their light depart:
And thus the voice of prophecy
Speaks to his trembling heart—
"The land which I have sworn to bless
To Abraham's chosen race
Thine eyes behold— but not for thee
That earthly resting-place.
"With soul of faith, the Patriarch heard
The awful words, and lay
A time entranced, until that voice
In music died away.
"Then raised his head, one look he gave
Toward Jordan's balmy shore—
Fixed was that look, and glazed that eye,
Which turned to earth no more.
"A beauteous glow was on his face—
Death flung not there its gloom;
On Nebo's hill the Patriarch found
His glory and his doom.
"He sleeps in Moab's silent vale,
Beneath the dewy soil,
Without a stone to mark his grave,
Who led the hosts of God.
"Let marble o'er earth's conquerors rise,
And mock the mouldering grave;
His monument is that blest Book
Which opens but to save!"

THE YOUNG POET.

Upon the mountain, with thy glowing cheek,
And soul outlooking from the lifted eye,
As if it glanced the beauty of a thought,—
Why, who art thou, undaunted by the storm
In rolling anthems round thee gather'd? Clouds
Swell black, and underneath the Ocean roars
As though her waves ere all to whirlpools lash'd!

Yet canopied with thunder, there thou stand'st,
Until the storm of genius whelms thy soul,
And trembles through thy being! Art thou not
A Spirit tempest-born, and on the rock
Enthroned, to parley with the thunder-peals?

Thou wert not moulded for the selfish world;
Too lofty and too full of heavenly fire
E'er to be measured by ungifted minds,
Whom glory hath not raised. Ambition rock'd
Thy cradle, genius all thine infant soul
Etherealized, and in the rich-orb'd eye
The rays of thought and inspiration pour'd;
Before the tongue a budding thought reveal'd,
Imagination dallied with thy mind,
And sent it playing through her airy realms;
But when the man upon thy forehead beam'd,
Impassion'd creature, then thy race began!
Feelings of beauty and of deep delight
Flow'd from the countenance of this fair earth
Into thy soul, wherein a second world
Was shirined: for thee inspiring Nature glow'd
And warm'd thy fancy, like a dream from heaven.—
Thou lov'st her mightiness, her glorious mien!
Whether she loose her ocean zone, and let
The waves abroad, or hang the sky with storms,
Or hail thee in her thunders!—or at eve,
When vocal breezes sound, like viewless birds
Of melody, call thee to witness how
The marshall'd clouds attend th' imperial Sun
Unto his throne of waves,—alike divine
She seems.—And not alone does Nature 'trance
Thy senses into wondering awe; but all
That men admire, by genius or by art
Created, swells the homage of thy heart.
Music—the breathing of a soul! will thrill
Thy being till it ache with rapture, as
The eye of Darkness, when by light o'erwhelm'd;
A living picture, like a passion pour
Delight into thine eye; and Poesy,—
It stamp'd thy mind, and colours all thy thoughts!

To have thy glory map'd upon the chart
Of Time, and be immortal in the truth
And offspring of a lofty soul; to build
A monument of mind, on which the World
May gaze, and round it future Ages throng,—
Such is the godlike wish, for ever warm
And siring in thy spirit's depth; and oft
Beneath the mute magnificence of heaven,
When wandering at the radiant hour of noon,
Ambition dares, and Hope secures thee all!—

Romantic boy! ambition is thy curse;
And ere upon the pinnacle of fame
Thou stand'st, with triumph beaming from thy brow,
The grave will hold thee, and thy buried hopes.
The path to glory is a path of fire
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore:
The wear of passion, and the waste of thought,
The glow of inspiration, and the gloom
That like a death-shade clouds the brightest hour,
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all these cunning pangs,
With agonies that mock the use of words,
Thou can'st not bear—thy temple is a tomb!

DEFINITION OF A DENTIST.—The following epigram
is extracted from the Gem for 1830.

A dentist, love, makes teeth of bone,
For those whom fate has left without;
And finds provision for his own,
By pulling other people's out.

J. Bach

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.





THE CASKET FLOWERS OF LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

'Tis knowledge gives
The power to call fair nature's beauties forth;
It chastens fancy, and with judgment true,
Checks her luxurious growth, that else would spread
Diffusive, and choke up the generous soil
From whence the birth of genius is derived.

No. 6.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JUNE.

1830.]

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

A PAINTING BY RUBENS.

The original picture, of which the annexed engraving is a copy, is now in possession of Mr. Joseph Sansom, of this city. It is one of the master pieces of Rubens, and was painted for the private cabinet of the abbot of Dunes, at Bruges, about the year 1620, when the painter was in the full possession of all his astonishing powers. The subject of this picture is taken from the 22d chapter of Matthew, where the Pharisees attempt to ensnare our Saviour by demanding of him whether it were lawful to pay tribute money to Cæsar. Next to Jesus appears the countenance of an aged disciple, who regards the money with an expression of curiosity. In front are seen several of the Pharisees, one of whom appears to be turning away with an air of affected indifference; another exhibits in his countenance all the bitterness of disappointed malignity. Most of them appear to be scrutinizing his words and actions with great severity; and the majestic benignity of the Saviour's countenance is no less remarkable. We subjoin a short biographical sketch of the celebrated painter:

Peter Paul Rubens was born in Cologne, A. D. 1577. The day of his nativity was the feast of St. Peter and St. Paul, and from thence he received, at the baptismal font, the names of these two apostles. From his infancy he exhibited superior talents, which were carefully cultivated by his parents. When his education was completed, he was placed as a page to the Countess of Lalain—a situation not likely to be agreeable to a mind like that of Rubens. In a short time after, he obtained the permission of his mother, who was his only surviving parent, to pursue the bent of his inclinations, and became a painter. He became a disciple of a landscape painter of some note at that time, but soon left him to study historical painting under Adam Van Ort. As the vulgar and brutal department of that artist was little congenial to

the elevated mind and gentle disposition of Rubens, he shortly quitted him also, and then entered the school of Otho Venius, who possessed qualities, both as a man and an artist, far more suited to his taste, and he became attached to this his last preceptor in the warmest and most respectful degree. When Rubens had attained his 23d year, Otho had the candor to tell him that he could no farther promote his progress, and advised him to travel to Italy, and gather the rich fruit of higher cultivation in art at that fertile nursery of taste and talent. This kind and parental advice was gratefully accepted by the pupil, and he accordingly set out for Mantua, where he received most marked attention from the Duke, who was no less pleased with his polite accomplishments than his skill as an artist. Rubens now advanced rapidly in wealth and celebrity. He was distinguished by the most flattering attentions from some of the chief potentates in Europe. Being sent on an embassy to the English court, Charles, the reigning monarch at that time, conferred on him the honour of knighthood. Rubens continued to enjoy his well-earned fame and honour, with uninterrupted success, until he arrived at his 58th year, when he was attacked with strong fits of gout, which debilitated his frame, and unfitted him for great exertions. He abandoned, therefore, all larger works, and confined himself to easel painting. Yet he continued to exercise his art until the year 1640, when he died, at the age of 63. He was buried with great pomp and magnificence, and a monument was erected to him by his wife and children, with an epitaph in Latin, eulogizing his talents and virtues, and displaying their success. His paintings are numerous, and are distinguished for their force of expression, their exquisite coloring, and powerful combination. The picture entitled "The Tribute Money," is on pannel, measures nineteen inches by twenty-four and three-fourths, and contains nine figures. It is one of the specimens of art which the wars of Napoleon have transferred from their former depositories in

Italy, to the cabinets of the curious in various parts of the world. This painting has been skillfully copied on canvas by Mr. Thomas Sully, an ingenious and talented artist of Philadelphia.

The last days of a Profligate Princess.

An Abstract from the unpublished Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon.

The Duchess de Berri (daughter of the Duke of Orleans) made so much noise during a very short life, that her history is particularly worthy of attention. She was endowed with superior talent, and her person was dignified and agreeable, though latterly it acquired too great a degree of *embonpoint*. She had a graceful manner of expressing herself, a sort of natural eloquence which charmed all with whom she conversed; yet these advantages were blighted by the most odious profligacy, ungovernable violence of temper, boundless pride, and mean duplicity. Her furious temper and abandoned habits betrayed themselves at the very commencement of her marriage with the Duke de Berri. Though her depravity was notoriously public, she could not endure that it should be spoken of. She boldly alleged, that no one had a right to speak of the conduct of persons of her rank; not even to censure what might be bad in their most public actions, much less to notice any part of their private conduct. She conceived that a sacred right of royalty had been violated in her person, and that she had been treated with the most criminal want of respect.

Shortly before her death, the Duchess de Berri was living in her usual way, alternately enjoying the splendor of her rank, and descending to the lowest degradations—sometimes subjecting herself to conventual austerity among the Carmelites of the Faubourg St. Germain and at other times partaking of suppers profaned by low company, impious discourse, and disgusting intemperance. She was also extremely indignant to find that her misconduct was known—she was angry that the world should know what she took no pains to conceal. Riou and De Mouchy lived on a footing of perfect familiarity, and laughed at the Princess, who was their dupe, and from whom they got all they could. In short, they ruled her and her household, and with such insolence that even the Duke and Duchess of Orleans stood in awe of them.

Riou was a younger brother, and though of good family, he possessed no fortune. He was the grandson of a sister of the Duke de Lausun, whose adventures with Mademoiselle, who wished to marry him are so well-known. This similarity between his nephew and himself suggested to Lausun the idea of effecting a marriage between Riou and the Duchess. This idea delighted the uncle, who saw himself revived in the person of his nephew. The absolute ascendancy which Riou possessed over the imperious Duchess de Berri,—the horror of the condition to which she had lately been reduced emboldened both uncle and ne-

phew in the prosecution of their plan. Lausun advised Riou to treat the Princess as he himself had treated Mademoiselle. His maxim was, that the Bourbons must be kept in subjection, and, as it were, in fear of the rod, without which there was no doing anything with them. Madame de Mouchy, of whose affections Riou was master, was of wonderful use to him in his designs, which, indeed, tended to their mutual interests: Riou would enjoy inconceivable good fortune by prevailing on the Princess to marry him, while de Mouchy had no reason to fear that that union, if it took place, would be any interruption to her intrigue. The Duchess de Berri became alarmingly ill, owing to the dissipated life she had led. Madame de St. Simon went to her as soon as she heard there was danger; but she would not yield to the entreaties of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, who wished her to sleep at the Luxembourg, where an apartment had been prepared for her; she therefore returned home at night. She found the Duchess de Berri in a little chamber, in which were Mouchy, Riou, and one or two female attendants. To this chamber neither the ladies of honor, the first *femme de chambre*, nor the doctors, were allowed freedom of access; and the Duke and Duchess of Orleans were only admitted occasionally, and for short intervals. Their Royal Highnesses, who knew but too well the cause of the Duchess de Berri's illness, sent every now and then to enquire how she was, and Madame de Mouchy half opened the door, and delivered an answer. This ridiculous farce, which was kept up in the face of the household of the Luxembourg, and of every one who came to enquire after the Duchess, soon became the general topic of conversation.

The Duchess's danger increased; and Languet the *Cure* of Saint Sulpice, spoke to the Duke d'Orleans of administering the sacrament. The first difficulty was to obtain admittance, and to propose it to the Duchess de Berri. But there was soon found to be a still greater difficulty. The *Cure* declared that he would neither administer the sacrament, nor suffer it to be administered, as long as Riou and de Mouchy remained, not merely in the chamber but the Luxembourg. He made this declaration aloud before every body, and on hearing it, the Duke d'Orleans appeared less shocked than embarrassed. He took the *Cure* aside, and endeavored to prevail on him to yield; but, finding him inflexible, he proposed to refer the matter to Cardinal de Noailles, who was Archbishop of Paris. To this the *Cure* acceded, and promised to submit to the decision of the Cardinal, provided he were allowed to explain the grounds of his refusal. But the case was urgent, and the Duchess de Berri, in the meanwhile, confessed to a Franciscan friar, who was her confessor. The Duke d'Orleans hoped to find the *Diocesan* more tractable than the *Cure*; but in this way he was deceived.

Cardinal de Noailles arrived; the Duke

d'Orleans took him aside with the *Cure*, and they were engaged in conversation for upwards of half an hour. As the *Cure's* declaration had been public, the Cardinal conceived that his ought likewise to be so. Therefore, drawing near to the door of the chamber, he said aloud in the hearing of all in the adjoining room, he desired the *Cure* not to administer the sacrament to the Duchess de Berri as long as Riou and Madame de Mouchy were in the Luxembourg; and exhorted him not to allow himself to be deceived on this important point. It may easily be imagined what effect this unavoidable scandal produced on the Duks of Orleans. The news was immediately circulated about, and no one, not even the most violent enemies of Cardinal de Noailles blamed his decision.

Next came the question between the Regent, the Cardinal, and the *Cure*, who should communicate the resolution to the Duchess de Berri, who looked for nothing of the sort, and who being confessed, every moment expected to see the Holy Sacrament brought in. After a short colloquy, the Duke d'Orleans went to the chamber door, and called Madame de Mouchy. She held the door a-jar while the Duke informed her of the orders of the Cardinal. De Mouchy, who was greatly astonished, and still more indignant, assumed a lofty tone, talked of her own merit, and what she termed the insolence of the hypocrites, to whom she said the Duchess would never yield. De Mouchy, however, communicated to the Duchess the Cardinal's message respecting the sacrament, with all the additions she thought proper to make to it. The Duchess' answer, which was her refusal to dismiss her two favourites, was delivered to the Duke by De Mouchy from the half-opened door. The *Cure*, on hearing the answer, merely shrugged his shoulders; but the Cardinal observed, that Madame de Mouchy being one of the two persons whom he required to be turned off, was not the fit one to bring the Duchess to reason. He urged the Duke, her father, to go and speak to her, and endeavor to bring her to a right sense of her duty as a Christian, when she was so near being summoned to the presence of her God; but the Duke, who stood in fear of his daughter, knew very well he could have but little influence over her.

On the Duke's refusal, the Cardinal resolved to go himself to speak to the Duchess de Berri; but the Duke, who dared not prevent him, and yet feared the effect which such an interview might produce on the patient, begged permission to go and prepare her for it. He accordingly went to hold another dialogue with De Mouchy at the door, but with no better success than before. The Duchess de Berri flew into a rage against the two bigots, as she termed them; she said they abused their office for the purpose of insulting her, and blamed the folly and weakness of the Prince, her father, who, she said, ought to kick them both out of the palace. The Duke d'Orleans returned in great

trouble, not knowing what to do between his daughter and the two pastors. He told them that she was in such a feeble state that they could not see her at that moment, and begged they would wait a little.

Cardinal de Noailles staid upwards of two hours, and at length finding he could not obtain access to the Duchess without a degree of violence which he was not disposed to exercise, he determined to go away. On his departure, he recommended to the *Cure* to take care that the sacrament was not clandestinely administered, which there was reason to believe would be attempted. He then approached Madame St. Simon, related to her all that had passed, and they both regretted the unavoidable publicity that had been given to the affair. The Duke d'Orleans immediately pronounced to his daughter the Cardinal's departure, which was a great relief to him. But, on leaving the chamber, he was astonished to find the *Cure* stationed near the door, and still more astonished at his declaration, that he intended to remain there, and that nothing should induce him to quit his post, lest any deception should be practised in administering the sacrament. In fulfilment of this resolution he remained there four days and nights, except in the short intervals necessary for taking food and rest when he went to his abode in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg, leaving two priests to keep guard during his absence. At length the Duchess being pronounced out of danger, he raised the siege.

The Duchess de Berri during her confinement refused to see anybody, except her two favourites, with whom she became more and more bewitched. She continued furiously indignant against the *Cure* and Cardinal de Noailles, whom she never forgave.

The Duchess, having partly recovered from her confinement, made a premature journey to Meudon, and the agitating circumstances that had occurred were not calculated to restore one who had so recently been on the very threshold of the tomb. Her wish to mislead the public respecting the real cause of her indisposition, and even to deceive her father on that point, induced her to give the Duke d'Orleans a supper on the Terrace of Meudon. In vain was she warned of the danger of exposing herself to the evening air in her yet feeble state of health. She persisted in her design, conceiving that this supper would banish all possible idea of her recent delivery, and would lead to the belief that she was still of the same terms as ever with her father, the Duke d'Orleans, the rarity of whose visits to her had been remarked. The supper was given, but that very night she was seized with an intermittent fever, from which she never wholly recovered. Her death, which took place shortly afterwards, presented an extraordinary spectacle. She was soon reduced to such an extremity, that her medical attendants were wholly at a loss what course to pursue; mention being made of an Elixir, invented by a doctor named Garus, which was very much spoken of at the time, and of which the

King afterwards purchased the secret. Garus was sent for, and he immediately arrived. The remedy was administered, and, as it succeeded beyond all expectation, it was determined to continue it. Above all things, Garus desired that the Duchess should take nothing except what he gave her; and express orders were given to the same effect by the Duke and Duchess d'Orleans. Meanwhile the Duchess continued to improve, and got so far better that Chirac began to fear lest he should lose his credit. He accordingly watched an opportunity, when Garus was sleeping on a sofa, to present to the Duchess de Berri some medicine which he made her swallow, and the two nurses who were in attendance did not dare to interfere. From that moment the Duchess began to grow worse than she had been before she took the elixir. Garus was awakened. On examining the patient he immediately declared that she had taken something which was as bad as poison, in the condition in which she was. He wished to go away, but he was conducted to the presence of the Duke and Duchess d'Orleans. The greatest uproar now ensued. Chirac attempted to deny having administered the medicine; but his assertion was contradicted by the testimony of the two nurses. The Duchess de Berri lingered out the rest of the day, and did not expire till midnight. Chirac, seeing her in the agonies of death, walked up to the foot of the bed, the curtains of which were open, and, making an insulting bow, wished her a good journey. He then immediately set off for Paris. The wonder is, that he should, after this, have remained on the same footing with the Duke de Orleans as before.

From the MS. notes of a Detenu.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT

When the French, under the command of Dumourier, had completely defeated the Austrian army at Jemappes, they found among the heaps of dead and dying a female child, about three years of age. In what manner and by whom she had been brought into the field of slaughter no one could tell. The little innocent was guarded by a large black poodle, who would not readily allow the soldiers to approach; to this faithful animal the care of the child appeared to be entrusted. The partiality of the French military for dogs of this species is well known. After much enticement he consented to partake of some nourishment, and allowed his charge to be taken by one of the soldiers, who placed her upon his knapsack; he belonged to the 40th regiment of Infantry, and it was unanimously agreed upon among the men of his battalion, that both child and dog should be adopted by the regiment.—The poodle they called Felix, and the young girl was christened by the title of "La Fille du Regiment." By turns she was carried upon the backs of the soldiers, who were delighted with the little creature, and she accompanied them to Holland. Upon several occasions she was in the midst of the battles in which the regiment was engaged, yet the roaring of cannon did not

intimidate her; but her heart was ready to break when in a skirmish that took place on the banks of the Rhine, her favourite and faithful attendant, Felix, was wounded by a gun shot, and died in her arms. The regiment, after three years severe service, were ordered into garrison at Mons. Their protegee was now six years of age when, by the advice of the colonel and officers, they determined on placing her in a respectable boarding-school to receive her education; and the sum of four thousand four hundred francs was collected in the regiment and delivered to the Mayor of the town, who was appointed her guardian. Having received sudden orders to march to some distant place, nearly all the men of the regiment came to the school where their beloved child was dwelling, tenderly embraced and bid her farewell for ever, as in the course of a few years probably not an individual of the regiment remained alive—they perished in those sanguinary contests that took place in Italy.—In 1803 I had an opportunity of seeing the young girl at Tournay, whither she had been removed by permission of the Mayor of Mons, who had obtained for her the situation of governess in the family of Count de L.—She was beautiful, of extremely amiable disposition, and highly accomplished. I have heard her say that the recollections of the time she spent in the regiment were quite fresh and fraught with pleasing associations; she had not even forgotten the names of those persons who were more particularly kind to her, and she expressed herself with the deepest feelings of gratitude for the education she had received by their bounty. She often made enquiries of the officers, who were continually arriving from the scene of warfare in Italy, whether they had met with any of "her dear Fortieth" but alas! they had all disappeared from the earth. Her birth continued involved in mystery, and I never heard that she was able to ascertain who her unfortunate parents had been. In 1809, she was married to Baron de L., the colonel of a regiment, and also holding a situation in the Imperial Court. About this period I frequently used to see her going to the Palace of the Thuilleries, of which she formed one of the most brilliant ornaments; her amiable manners, her beauty and virtue, were the theme of universal admiration; and even at a time when so elevated in rank, she was not ashamed of acknowledging herself as 'the daughter of the regiment.' A young Englishman, who had been acquainted with her when she resided in the family of Count de L. was, in consequence of attempting to effect his escape from Valenciennes, ordered by the minister of the police to be confined in Bitch; from this fortress he contrived to get away, but was taken on the frontiers of Holland, tried by a Court-Martial as a spy, and sentenced to the galleys for life. Hearing that this lady possessed much influence at Court, he wrote and informed her of the dreadful situation in which he was placed, on the eve of being transferred with one-hundred-and-fifty felons to the Bagne of Rochefort. The lady did all in her power to

save the unfortunate youth; and at length obtained from Fouché an order to have him sent to the Citadel of Valenciennes, where he remained until the allied armies entered France. The sojourn of this amiable woman upon earth was but brief; her husband appears to have been acquainted with the mystery of her birth, but probably never made known to her the circumstances. Upon the marble-slab that covers her tomb is inscribed—"Cy git Madame la Baronne De. Son epoux la vit naître et mourir."

From the London Court Journal.

LADY MARABOUTS SYSTEM OF VISITING.

"Mr dear mamma!" exclaimed Lady Mary, "we shall positively die of extinction, unless you do something to remind the world we are alive. Here we have been returned three weeks from Brighton, and no soul has been near us. I took care that we should be properly announced among the "fashionable arrivals"—*et à quoi bon?* The Lievens have had several *soirées*—Lady Francis Leveson, a ball. Princess Esterhazy, and the little Duchess, have been at home *en petit comité*,—and we are as much overlooked as if we were dowagering at Bath!"

"Very true, my dear; but what would you have me do? If I send round my cards now, I shall have the same trouble to repeat after Easter. Before people come to town, one's tickets only serve to make cotton-winders for their porters' wives."

"Let me at least look over your visiting book, and make out a list of available people, who do not paper up their furniture and dismiss their cook during the winter-months."

"No personal reflections, Lady Mary, if you please."

"Letter A.—Ah! here is Lady Abraham Ansley." "Put her down! With all those ugly daughters, I am sure she will understand the policy of insuring partners for the season by an early ball."

"Lady Hercounette?"

"She is always in town early for her annual *ac-couchement*. Mark her for a card; her *ecarte* parties are better than nothing."

"Mrs. Cardomum?"

"Has a son in the Life-Guards—gives excellent suppers—has an opera-box, and no daughter! Put a cross against Mrs. Cardomum; I have a great respect for her, and will call, instead of sending my name."

"Countess De Dolomieu?"

"A tiresome old lap-dog-and-parrot-dowager. She settles herself in Grosvenor Square before Christmas;—but we will have nothing to say to her, for the temperature of her rooms is ten degrees higher than the steam-incubation exhibition."

"Mrs. Robert Egremont?"

"Oh! fie, my dear! Do not you remember that little awkward story we heard at Brighton?—At all events we will wait till we see what other people do about her."

"But mamma, I know she was at Madame Lieven's, and her brother is one of the few men who can dance the Mazurka!"

"Oh! very well—mark her for an early visit. It is a very illiberal thing to judge harshly of our own sex!"

"What shall I do with Lady Fitzmaurice?"

"On account of her country-quarrel with your sister?—It is no affair of ours! She certainly behaved infamously; but my daughter is old enough to fight her own battles; and Lady Fitzmaurice has half promised to get us to Devonshire House. She is a near relation

of the Duke's, and it is a Cavendish fashion to keep up old family connexions."

"And Lady Grace Gosier?"

"I had quite forgotten her! we will call to-morrow, for she is one of my oldest friends."

"Mrs. Haletante?"

"Pray mark her down! I would not omit Mrs. Haletante for the world! I do not know so good a cook as hers; and she is herself so eminent a bore, that few people put up with her, and one is secure of frequent invitations. Lady Jenison, too, my dear Mary, take care that her name is on the list. She gets her things weekly from Paris by the Ambassador's bag, and perhaps will oblige us with patterns."

"Lady Karmichael Brown?"

"Her set is shocking *mauvais-ton*, quite a Zoological society; but her vulgar husband and son are both in Parliament, and are always delighted to get rid of their franks."

"Shall I mark Mrs. Lorimer, mamma?"

"No, my love, certainly not! Her attempts to inveigle your eldest brother for her daughter, last season, perfectly disgusted me. The Lorimer property is a mere mining affair, and extremely precarious."

"But the uncle who died at Madagascar in the autumn, has left Susan Lorimer £50,000."

"Then of course we must call on them; but I dare say they will be too cunning to think of John now."

"Then there is the Dowager Duchess of —."

"Hush, my love!—I hear a carriage. Who is it?"

"Only my aunt Creepmouse! Tiresome woman! I will stake my existence she is going about for subscriptions for some of those absurd 'Houseless Poor Associations!'"

"Well, ring, and say we are not at home. My sister Creepmouse, is a tax upon one's patience and one's pocket, worse than all the rest of the parochial rates put together. Martin!—John!—Thomas!—not at home to Lady Creepmouse!"

"The carriage is driving off. *Graces à la Providence*, my aunt Creepmouse would as soon suspect us of picking a pocket, as of denying ourselves. Dear unsophisticated soul!—she would send Martin a bundle of tracts this evening did she suspect him of the lie-reflective!"

"Well! mamma—the Dowager Duchess of Maldon?"

"Oh! book her of course,—strawberry leaves cover a multitude of sins; but she is really very tiresome with her opodeldoo, and cajaput oil, and all the rheumatic instruments of 'that dear thoughtful creature, Sir Henry II. who looks in upon her so kindly every day.' To have lived to the age of seventy-two without learning to estimate kindness that may be had at a guinea an hour, is to be dense indeed!"

"The O'Donnells?"

"I hear there is a younger daughter out this season, who is a perfect beauty—quite in the Sheridan style. She will probably form some brilliant connexion—yes, my dear Mary, mark the O'Donnells."

"And Lady Priscilla Primrose?—Pray let us call upon her! for she is just come from Ireland, and will give us a genuine edition of that extraordinary piece of scandal. It will please the Morton family if we go about saying we know, from the best authority, that it is devoid of foundation; and when we have ascertained that it is true, mamma, why we shall know exactly *what* to contradict. The Baronne de Querouailles?"

"Of course: one always visits those Foreign Mission people,—good or bad, or *mediocre*. To be attached to an Embassy is to be exempted from taxes, duties, and moral scrutiny. Well, Mary?"

"Mrs. Vincent Robinson?—pray let me scratch her out altogether, mamma! even the double name does not atone for the flagrant vulgarity of hers. Lady St. George?"

"She is a very good sort of person, my dear, but rather of the new-light school,—I think we will have nothing to say to her."

"My dear mamma! how strange that we should forget!—do not you remember that she was burned to death last year?"

"Ah! so she was!—poor dear Lady St. George. Well! she was very fit to die, poor soul! and it will put an end to our dilemma. Draw a line through her name, Mary. Who next?"

"Miss Tradescant—that sky-blue old maid, with her museum, and her lectures at the Royal Institution, and her growlings over the degeneracy of modern servants! Let us pass her over, for she is a horrible bore."

"By no means, Mary!—you judge people's merits in a very frivolous, superficial way. Whenever one's horses are sick, she is ready to take one shopping all over the town, and does not mind having her equipage seen at the door of the advertising and bargain-shops; besides, whenever I am pestered about any little subscription or charity affair, which happens to come at any inconvenient time,—at quarter-day, or after settling for my opera-subscription, I have only to apply to Miss Tradescant;—I am sure of her guinea, and that saves my own. I inscribe A. B. in the list—a subterfuge that passes for humility. Pray put down Miss Tradescant for an early visit."

"*Cela va sans dire!*—Then Lady Uttoxeter: I need not raise a question on her account; she is the most delightful little creature in the world; and her *petits soupers* are the very head-quarters of flirting. I hear she has quite turned off Lord Castleville, and has been going on in a very strange way at Paris with young Latouche."

"But that is no business of ours; *c'est l'affaire de Monsieur son mari*. I really detest that species of title-tattle; it is only fit for a back-shop in Regent-street; *les cancons* serve to disorganize the whole machine of well-bred society."

"Well, mamma,—I tell the tale as 'twas told to me; I repeat only what I hear."

"Pho! child—you hear nonsense. Who next?"

"Lady Venables?"

"I really hardly know what to say about her! She is a charming woman, and quite irreproachable; but then Lord Venables so often drops in at my whist parties, that, separated as they are, it might be disagreeable to them."

"Our parties are so very small and select, mamma, that they do not enable people to overlook each other. I will skip Lady Venables; for we cannot afford to lose him,—he is the most amiable *roue* in town. *Un mauvais sujet du bon ton, c'est tout ce qu'il y a de mieux!*"

"Ha! ha! ha! I wish my sister Creepmouse could hear you! But pray, my dear Mary, be cautious *how* and *where* you advance such opinions; you have very little idea how disadvantageous they might prove to a young person of your age. Lord Clanmore, for instance, who paid you so much attention at Brighton, is supposed to be rather serious."

"So they say; and on our first acquaintance I always used to talk to him about Infant Schools, and the Debates on the Slave Trade. But I have left all that off now—he is really not worth the sacrifice; for I find the Clanmore estates do not average four-thousand a year."

"Is that all? Then pray lose no time about him,

Mary; for he is a mere stiek! Well, my love, who stands next on our list?"

"The Duchess of Wiltshire. I have already marked her for to-morrow—a personage not to be neglected, for she clings to etiquette like a drowning martyr."

"Liresome woman! with her reminiscences of the Prince, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Fitzpatrick, and all the other tame eagles of old Devonshire House!"

"Mrs. Ximenes?"

"The wife of the Jew banker? To be sure, my dear! Her ball-suppers are like the banquets of fairy land; the chickens' wings and prawn salads are iced; and the soups and asparagus kept hot with *cas-solletes* of saudal and cedar wood."

"Lady Yeovil; she is my father's first cousin—we must call on her."

"Stop a moment, Mary; I will inquire about her. First from Lady Creepmouse; for I have a sort of a notion that I heard the Yeovils' Irish agent had run away, after embezzling all their property; and in that case, you know, a visit would only distress her—poor woman! But you have turned the last leaf of my visiting-book; Z, I perceive! I am sure we can know no one among the Zeds!"

"Pardon me, dear mamma—a legion! The letter S will not hold half our Smiths; so I always register them as Z—oologicals."

THE MONEY DIGGERS.

An opinion prevails among many persons, that immense sums of money were left buried in this country, by the arch-pirate, Captain Kidd. Every where, within fifty miles of the coast, from Maine to Florida, he is supposed to have buried gold and silver, in pots brim full, the smallest of which would render a man of moderate wants, independent for life. What a prodigiously rich fellow this Captain Kidd must have been, if a tenth part be true of what is believed of his hidden treasures! Why, they would fill the largest meeting-house in the country, full to the very top. But alas! of all this buried wealth, how little have the firm believers in its existence ever set eyes on! Repeatedly has the search been made, and acres of ground have been dug, three fathom deep, for its discovery. In various places may be seen large pits still yawning, as proof of the prevalent belief in this buried treasure, and as mementoes of the credulity and the avarice of mankind.

But unluckily for all these enterprises, two circumstances, very wayward in their nature, are believed to be opposed to any successful issue—the one is the utter uncertainty of the precise spots in which the money is concealed; and the other, that the devil, or some other evil spirit, like the dog in the manger, keeps watch over the buried treasure. The latter however is supposed to be the greater difficulty, for it is believed the spot may be detected by means of the hazel rod; but the sole chance of securing the money depends on catching the evil one asleep, or off his guard. On this account, therefore, the most perfect silence is believed to be requisite during the operation of digging; for if but a word be spoken, the evil spirit is alarmed, and in the twinkling of an eye, whisks away the precious treasure; or in common parlance, "the pot of money vanishes." And hence it is that many an hour of toil and watching have come to nought, and that, too, at the very instant when the fondest hopes were about to be realized. For such is the weakness of human nature, such is the proneness to break out in exclamations at the sight of good fortune, that the requisite silence is seldom or never observed by the adventurers in search of buried money.

Among the believers in these buried treasures, was a man residing in the Bay State, by the name of Christopher Colewort, commonly called Kit Colewort. This man was by occupation a farmer, and owned a hundred acres of hard, hilly and thankless soil. On this he had been toiling for about twenty years, and yet was as far from getting rich as when he began. It was not, however, altogether the fault of the land, but in some measure the effect of bad management. For Christopher Colewort was much like a man who should attempt to draw a hemlock tree, bristling with knots, little end foremost. He took hold of the wrong end of the work, and did a great deal of labour to no purpose. Besides, for want of a little care, the fruits of his labour were often destroyed by unruly cattle, by vagabond swine, or exposure to unfavourable weather.

Sick of the vain efforts he had made to mend his pecuniary condition, it was very natural that Kit should cast about in his mind for some more successful mode of filling his coffers. He had often heard tell of the vast quantities of silver and gold buried up and down the country, and of the many potsful, which, if not absolutely obtained, had at least been seen by the money-diggers, and only vanished in consequence of some informality in the operations, or some imprudence in the conduct of those concerned. It was possible there might be one of these pots of money on his own farm. Why not? The surface of the ground was sufficiently unproductive to warrant the conclusion that there might be something better beneath. At any rate, it was by no means a matter of impossibility, and Colewort lay awake many a night, pondering upon the subject. He also had dreams, but they were rather of a vague nature, and the particular location of the buried treasure was not very satisfactorily defined.

In this state of doubt and desire, Christopher Colewort had recourse to one of those men who profess to discover the hidden treasures, both of water and of metals, beneath the earth's surface, by means of the hazel rod—and are denominated water-wizards, or money finders. This man was a pettifogger by education, a strolling preacher by profession, and a jack of all tricks by practice. He was the oracle of well-diggers, and the guide of money-searchers, and it was verily believed that he could see as far into a millstone as the man that picks it. Nevertheless, with all his abilities, and especially that of finding money, it does not appear that he grew any the richer; and no one, judging from his dress and appearance, would suspect him of being a peculiar favorite of fortune. But it did not occur to Christopher Colewort, that if the money-finders could actually discover where hidden treasure was buried, they might go and secure it for themselves, and no thanks to any body.

It was early in June, in the year '93, that Christopher Colewort, accompanied by Jeshuran Hook-the-gudgeons, the money-finder, set out to explore the golden prospects that had filled so large a space in his imagination. A hazel twig of a forked shape was procured, and the bark peeled off, as a certain pill-bearer of our acquaintance says, "according to *secundum artem*." The rod was held in the hands of the wizzard with the forks downward, as it always must be to work to advantage. Various parts of the farm of Christopher Colewort were explored, but the hazel twig would not stir. Hill and dale, woodland and bog were traversed over, but still the obstinate hazel would not budge, and Christopher began to despair of ever mending his fortune. As last, however, as they approached an out-of-the-way corner of the farm, the knowing little twig began all at once to exert itself, and to change its position so as to point with its head or: undivided part to the earth.

"Now it begins to move," said Jeshuran Hook-the-gudgeons.

"Are you sartain of it?" said the enraptured Colewort.

"Don't you see how it moves?" said the wizzard, "I can't keep it still to save my soul. Don't you see how I grip it with all my might? and the faster I hold it, the more it moves!"

"So it does, by jingo!" said Christopher, looking on with astonishment. "Strange it should do so in some folks' hands, and not in others." Now I'll lay any money it wouldn't stir a hair in my hands, if I should hold ever so tight."

"No, I'll be sworn it wouldn't," said Hook-the-gudgeons. "But look! look! friend Colewort: see it move—here's the spot!" As he said this, the head of the rod pointed perpendicularly to the earth, close to the foot of a large granite rock. "Here's the spot!" repeated the wizzard.

"Then I'm a made man!" exclaimed the farmer.

"You may well say that," rejoined the money-finder; "don't you see how perseveringly the rod points to this spot?"

"I were blind indeed not to see what is so perfectly plain," said the believing Christopher; and the devil fly away with me, if I ever put plough in the earth again. Hurra for the pot of money!"

"Hush! hush!" said Jeshuran Hook-the-gudgeons, "the devil is always at one's elbow, and may balk our hopes yet, unless we are particularly careful."

"I'm mum," said the farmer, and taking special note of the rock, and the precise spot to which the knowing little rod had pointed, they left the place.

Christopher Colewort would have engaged the man, who had been so successful in detecting the spot where the money was hid, to help dig and secure it—offering him a very tempting share of the booty. But the honest man of hazel, not wishing to deprive his employer of so large a portion of his expected wealth, or possibly entreating some lurking doubts of the certainty of the said treasure, very modestly declined the offer, assuring Mr. Colewort that wealth was not his object; and that he would be satisfied with a very moderate compensation. Christopher had laid aside the sum of twenty dollars to pay his taxes and his doctor's bill, which on the present occasion he thought he could do no less than divert to the rewarding of his benefactor, as he considered the wizzard of the hazel rod. He accordingly gave him the money, and Jeshuran Hook-the-gudgeons went his way.

But Christopher Colewort could not think of undertaking to unearth the treasure all alone, inasmuch as the pot was supposed to be too large for the strength of one man; and, besides, as it was contemplated digging for it in the night, when it was supposed most likely the devil would be asleep, an assistant would be necessary to hold a light to enable the digger to work to due advantage. But if the truth must be told, there was a still stronger motive for desiring company, viz. the fear of evil spirits, which Christopher, much as he desired to be rich, would not have run the hazard of encountering alone for the wealth of the Indies. Roger Heel-tap, a shoemaker by trade, a man as full of faith in buried money as his neighbor, was easily drawn into the scheme.

Nothing now remained but to get possession of the treasure. Christopher Colewort had kept the project a profound secret from his wife, lest she should blab it to the neighbors, and the treasure should be stolen away. It was one night therefore, after every soul was in bed, that he stole silently from his dwelling, and arming himself with pickaxe and spade, was soon joined by his coadjutor, the trusty Heel-tap, bearing a lantern;

and both proceeded with all commendable despatch to the place where their fortunes were to be made.

They commenced operations, and laboured alternately, each assuming the mattock and spade as often as the other began to be weary or out of breath. And in fact it was necessary to recruit their breathing faculties pretty often, for, besides the eagerness with which the desire of sudden riches impelled them to labor, the fear of evil spirits almost deprived them of respiration. But hope urged them on—unbounded wealth was beneath them, and happiness all before. They even now in imagination beheld the glittering treasure, and fancied themselves fingering the broad bits of shining dust. But while thus husily digging for the root of all evil, and tickling their fancies with the future enjoyment, they could not divest themselves of the idea that the devil stood at their elbow.

To add still more to their fears, an alarming noise was heard, issuing from behind the rock—a sort of thick, husky breathing, and ever and anon, a low, hollow, half-suppressed groan. They trembled and looked at each other, but dared not utter a syllable, as they valued the success of their undertaking. The noise ceased, and the money diggers persuaded themselves that what they had heard was merely the wind, or that they had been deceived by the force of imagination. The digging was plied with renewed energy, and though the same noise was repeatedly heard, it did not deter them from their labors.

They had now arrived at a pretty good depth, and in striking the mattock deep into the earth, it was heard, or fancied, to ring on something which sounded much like a piece of cast iron, and which our adventurers flattered themselves was no other than the lid of the great pot itself. A mutual glance of satisfaction took place at this discovery; the heart of the enraptured farmer began to swell like a piece of boiling pork, which has been killed in the new of the moon; and that of the shoemaker waxed exceedingly warm within him. But neither spoke a word; indeed, they almost held the little breath that fear and over-exertion had left them, lest it should betray them into the utterance of a syllable at so unseasonable a moment. They moreover set their teeth firmly together, like a child resisting a dose of ipecac, not however like the child, to keep a disagreeable matter out, but to shut an important one in.

The spade was not idle for a moment, and in a very short time, the adventurers beheld, or verily believed they beheld, the glorious object of their desires, the big pot itself. Now was the crisis of their fortune. Now was the time when entire command over the "anruly member" was absolutely indispensable: now was the true time to keep guard on the lips, and fortify the avenues of speech. But who is equal to these things? Who can answer for his tongue at such a moment! Alas for our adventurers! as soon as they set eyes on the pot, they exclaimed, as it were with one breath, "The money is ours! the money is our!"

"Not as you know on!" said a gruff voice, apparently from behind the rock.

The money-diggers dropt their instruments, as if they had been shot. Their first impulse was to run; but retaining sufficient presence of mind to know that an evil spirit could very easily outstrip them in a race, or being chained to the spot by fear—we never could ascertain which—they simultaneously fell upon their knees, and as if addressing the ghost of the executed pirate whose money they had been digging for, piteously began: "Oh, g-g-good Ca-Ca-Captain K-K-Kidd!"

"Don't call me Kidd!" said the same gruff voice, "I'm the Old Goat himself:" and with that a horrible

figure on all fours, with a large pair of horns, and all over as black as the ace of spades, came hurt against Roger Heeltap, and in such a direction as to drive him headlong upon Christopher Colewort, who was kneeling in the pit. This attack was followed by an overwhelming flood of a strong smelling liquid poured upon the two adventurers, as they lay grovelling together, in the very intimate scene of their late hopes. At the same time their light, from some cause or other, found it convenient to go out, and Christopher Colewort and Roger Heeltap were left in total darkness.

They were, nevertheless, found the next morning at their respective places of abode—but, alas! how altered! They were as blue as an indigo bag, and every body, who saw them, believed they had in very deed received the contents of some good lady's dye-pot. And so indeed it proved; for the plain truth of the matter was, that Christopher Colewort's secret though concealed from his wife, was betrayed—ay, most villainously betrayed—and that, too, by the same man of hazel, to whom he had given his last twenty dollars. The wizzard had told the story to a couple of wicked wags in the neighbourhood, who, keeping watch of the motions of Kit Colewort, and having got the loan of Mrs. B-u-berry's dye-pot, followed the money-diggers to the destined place; and while one, in the garb of his horned majesty, butted the kneeling shoemaker upon his equally kneeling companion in the pit, the other dashed the odoriferous contents of the dye-pot upon them both together.

Written for the Casket

CONTINUATION OF THE TALE OF
Clement Meyerfield and Clara Ismeana.

The battle of Maceioewice, and the capture of Kosciusco and his brave surviving companions in arms, closed all serious resistance against the Russians in Poland. The fervid and generous Iasinghi perished in a redoubt near Praga. In reality all attempts of the Poles, after that decisive day, was the madness, of desperation, an idle waste of human life. Praga was stormed on November 4th, and most of the inhabitants involved with the garrison in a common massacre. The next day Warsaw surrendered by capitulation. The wrecks of the different Polish corps laid down their arms, whilst those of the nobility who were obnoxious to a victorious enemy, or who, stung by generous indignation, no longer regarded Poland as their country, fled to foreign climes.

Every slumbering hope gradually expired.—The peace of Basil, April 5, 1795, between France and Prussia, was signed without containing the name of Poland. Events now rapidly followed each other of the most important consequences to all Europe. Whilst preparations were making for the third and last partition of Poland, the Empress of Russia compelled Stanislas to abdicate the throne of Poland, 25th November, 1795. Surrounded by Generals of the first order, Napoleon Buonaparte rose, and the eagles of Austria cowered before him. After a series of victories, this young conqueror dictated the peace of Campo-Formio, the 17th October, 1797, in which the frontiers of France were extended to the Rhine, and the Cisalpine republic formed in northern Italy, but Poland was again forgotten.

The previous year, November 17th, the arch enemy of Poland, Catherine II., had closed her long and successful reign, and had been succeeded by her only son, the naturally generous but misguided Paul. The successor to Frederick the Great, Frederick William II., lived only to hear read the articles of the Treaty of Campo-Formio: he died the 17th November, 1797. By a singular caprice of human fortune, Poland was trampled in the dust, and France now placed the terror of Europe.

In the list of expatriated Poles, very few families had so severely suffered as that of Labanoff Kholheim. Similar to that of Count Meyerfield, the family of Kholheim were enclosed in Prussian Poland, by the division of 1772; but having an estate near Warsaw, removed there, and was enveloped by the revolution of 1794. Romuald, like almost every other young Polish nobleman of that time, became deeply imbued with that patriotic spirit which led to efforts so destructive to themselves and relations. Labanoff Kholheim was a Nuncio in the Diet who formed the constitution of 1791; voted for it, and spoke for it, and yet expressed his opinion to a few confidential friends, that the instrument could never be carried into effect. This prescience saved the Kholheim family from utter ruin, as the father, dreading the future, remitted large sums of money to the banks of London and Venice.

The acquaintance of the youthful Meyerfield and Kholheim was formed as we have seen, and in the minds of the parents of Clement and of Clara Ismeana, Romuald was regarded as the agent who seduced his friend to the field. The contrary was, nevertheless, the fact. Though burning with national ardor, Romuald had much more than Clement attended to parental foresight and admonition. In their private interviews, Romuald set before Clement, what he certainly had to lose, his parents, Clara Ismeana; and what both, however disregarded, fortune; and then depicted to him what dangers awaited a very doubtful attempt. But the fire of Clement consumed all prudence, and added heat to the flame already burning in the bosom of Romuald. Even on the morning of their departure from Rauwitz, Romuald made a last effort to induce the young Count to return, but in vain. Madalinski and Kosciusko both disapproved the course Clement had pursued, but that lofty young Pole closed even their remonstrances, by firmly observing, "Poland is my country, as well as it is that of any General in this army."

From the hour of pronouncing this energetic appeal to the day before the battle in which the Polish eagles perished forever, the two friends were together; their swords scarce ever out of their hands. For so young and inexperienced a man, Clement had a remarkably acute military eye—and viewing the position of both armies on the evening of the 9th of October, rode to the quarter where the elder Kholheim was stationed, and addressed him thus: "General, I have play-

ed a trick on Romuald; I have managed to have him despatched on a command to Warsaw.—To-morrow we are to have a battle, in which we cannot, without a miracle, prevail." Here he ceased a moment, while drawing from his valise a packet, then continued—"If we are defeated, whether I fall or not, I wish my parents and Clara to think me dead. In such a case, in fact, I must be to them worse than dead. To your care I confide these trinkets. They can be sent by Nippon to your castle, as I wish that faithful servant also, if we are unfortunate, to consider and believe me dead. If we lose the battle, and I survive, it is my intention to fly to Turkey, if possible. Nippon has positive orders, in case of my fall, to return at once to Meyerfield."

Without inquiring farther into his motives, his desires were complied with, and Nippon, very much against his will, sent to Sokolow.—The battle was given, and terminated as has been already related. The field was one scene of blood, and it was on this bed of honour that Kosciusko was accidentally found and saved. A body of Cossacks were advancing towards where he lay, when a wounded Polish officer, forgetful of his own danger, exerted himself and called out, "Save Kosciusko." The Cossacks no sooner heard the name than one sentiment of respect burst from them. They made a litter with their lances and cloaks, and bore him tenderly to the quarters of General Fersen, who, to his immortal honor, paid every humane attention to his illustrious prisoner, and indeed to all his prisoners. [It is but justice to General Fersen to annex the following note. It is a literal translation from the Memoirs of Count Michel Oginski, one of the principal Polish patriots, who was at his seat at Sokolow, a few miles distant, when the battle of Maciejowice was fought, and who very narrowly escaped, as stated in the tale; and who, from the loss of an immense fortune, and many years of exile, if for no other reasons, could not be a friend to the Russians:—"Among the prisoners made by the Russians was the inseparable companion of Kosciusko, Julien Niemcewicz, who was wounded; Major Fischer, aid-de-camp to Kosciusko; Generals Sierakowski, Kniaziewicz, and Kaminski; Colonel Zaydlitz, and many other officers distinguished by their talents, their bravery, and their patriotism.

"Kosciusko was accidentally found amongst those who covered the field of battle, and who were regarded as slain. Notwithstanding his wounds and the simplicity of his dress, he was recognized, and the moment his name was pronounced, several Cossacks, who were advancing to despoil him, could not suppress an emotion of respect for the gallant and unfortunate General. They made a litter with their lances to transport him to the quarters of General Fersen, who gave immediate orders to have his wounds dressed in his own presence, and treated him, as indeed he did all his prisoners, with every due respect."—*Memoirs of Michel Oginski on Poland and the Polonese, Vol. II, Page 35.*]

The humanity of General Fersen was, however, a gleam of light amidst the fearful darkness which now hung over Poland. Winter was closing, and the season was cold, wet, and stormy. To provide for their re-union on the occurrence of any sinister event, the two Kholheims, father and son, had appointed a place of meeting; that place was Sokolow, the seat of Count Oginski, between Grodno and Warsaw. Their own seat at Rozania was already beyond their reach. With much difficulty both reached Sokolow separately, and both were impressed with the belief that Clement had been slain at Macioewice. Nippon set out, as ordered, for Meyerfeld; and that guardian spirit which seemed to watch over that family, followed their servant. Nippon passed unmolested through every post; the name of those he served was his passport. General Fersen made the most earnest inquiries, and had a very diligent search made over the field of battle, to find and pay every honour to the body of Clement, but the search was vain.

Search of another kind was made after the Oginskis, Kholheims, and other surviving patriots. Count Oginski and his guests were on the point of falling into the hands of a body of cavalry. Hotly pursued, they reached and passed through Warsaw, and joined the wreck of their national army, but every thing there was despair. The whole army dispersed in a few days afterwards, and the fugitives, with very great difficulty, reached Venice in the middle of December.

We may now pass over the intermediate space and time, and imagine ourselves in the magnificent Hotel de France, at Pera, on the anniversary of Christmas, 1796. The French ambassador was Aubert du Bayet, the representative of a republic at the seat of the most despotic of European governments. With the subtlety of an Italian and the gaiety of a Frenchman, combining the dignity of a republican and the affability of an accomplished courtier, with the commanding air of a consummate soldier. In the immense saloons were assembled, with the different foreign ministers and suits, all that wealth and accident had thrown together in that little demi-republic, Pera. The whole seemed a fairy scene. Artificial fountains playing in gardens blooming in vernal splendor, whilst without the weather beat a storm. Without, the clouds swept black and heavy over the Bosphorus; within, the visitants felt as if awaking in the gardens of Armenia.

Rambling through these fountains, gardens and mirrors, which doubling the apparent extent, and giving a picturesque effect to the varied costume, were seen the mercurial Frenchman, careless and observing; the subtle Greek, and solemn Armenian. Here was seen a group of Germans, and beyond, in a recess, the Englishman, wrapt in profound reflection on himself and London. In brief, the Christian world seemed as if represented at the capital of the Mahometan faith; whilst, though separated only by a narrow

creek from that capital, no trace of the religion, manners or dress of the Turk was to be seen.—Paris seemed to be removed, and set down beside Byzantium.

Seated as a goddess, and, to appearance, in thought, raised far above the gaudy crowd, sat a very young and most exquisitely beautiful Greek lady. Her dark eyes shot rays of keenest observation, but her look seemed cold, abstracted, and even stern. To the marked attention she received, a formal return was made. There was, nevertheless, a fascination in her demeanor, which drew towards her, and then froze the votary. To the fluent conversation and ready manner of Aubert du Bayet, and the more pompous but less finished expressions of admiration from Prince Ypsilanti, she gave returns which evinced, though so young, an extensive knowledge of what such incense is worth.

Of the noble expatriated Poles scattered from their native soil, several were present; and of these, one in an especial manner attracted attention. About thirty years of age, upwards of six feet in height, not very muscular, but well proportioned. His face was pale and sad; no smile escaped from him, nor did he speak but seldom. Observing that he had arrested some attention, and evidently desirous to avoid notoriety, he retired to a rather shaded seat, by a large column, but not far from the young Greek lady, towards whom the Prussian ambassador advanced, and after some nothings, to which she merely nodded, proceeded to make remarks on the little world around them. His remarks were sensible, and seasoned with considerable liveliness and spirit. His auditor was very attentive, but replied not until he introduced the Poles. The name of Pole changed her manner; her face, before rather pale, was flushed, and again became more deadly pale. The voluble ambassador placed the change to the credit of his own eloquence, and proceeded to observe, "that the Polish exiles wandered like spirits driven from Paradise."

The flush both of cheek and eye returned to the face of the young Greek, and with a manner which abashed even the ambassador, she demanded, in elegant Polish, "How he knew whether or not she herself might not be one of those Periz?" The ambassador stood for a moment, as if thrown into a perplexing train of reflection, but regaining some more self-possession, he bowed very respectfully, and observed, "Have I not the honor to stand before Clara of Ismeana?" Speaking again in Polish, she replied, "I am Clara of Ismeana; and more, I am one of the exiled from the land of every human worth."

Pronouncing the latter words her voice was raised, and though harmonious in its tones, it reached the heart of the young Polish officer, and the very soul of the Prussian ambassador.—On the latter her name seemed to have an overpowering effect, utterly inexplicable to the object. His manner became respectful to adulation, though his worship was paid to a deaf

deity. Unrepulsed, however, by the coldness, and even disdain of Clara, the ambassador persevered, and in a very insinuating manner continued: "The longer we are in search of a gem, and the higher its price, the more we estimate its value. Since my arrival here, there is a sparkling sapphire, for which a high reward is offered."

"To send it to Siberia, to sparkle on the finger of a Samoid," replied Clara.

"To place it in a ground of gold, where no rude eye can scan; or rude hand tarnish its lustre," said the ambassador.

"Was it lost on the field of Maceioewice?" sarcastically demanded Clara; and before he had either time or presence of mind to reply, she resumed, in the same strain, "If it was lost there, perhaps it may be found in possession of some of the plunderers of the dead!" As she pronounced the last words a venerable man came forward, to whom Clara pointed, and addressing the ambassador of Prussia, introduced him as her father, and concluded by observing, "There is a mystery in your expressions, which can be explained to my father, if necessary." Ismeana paid his respects to the ambassador, and led his daughter from the scene—a scene in which it was very evident her feelings had nothing of accord.

"That is a very extraordinary young lady," said Aubert du Bayet to the Prussian ambassador, as Clara and her father departed. "Strange! strange!" ejaculated the abstracted ambassador, who also soon left the gaudy halls and retired to his own hotel.

Every thing in and near Constantinople has always been a mystery since the reign of Constantine I. At the latter end of 1796, there resided at Pera a man who could, by language and manner, pass for any one of half the nations of Europe, and who seemed to have gained a personal knowledge of every eminent character it contained. This man was a christian of all forms of christianity, and a follower of Omar at Constantinople, and of Ali at Ispahan. Ibrahim, for such was his Mahometan name, was one of those who overheard the conversation between the Prussian ambassador and Clara Ismeana. Though schooled in cold-blooded hardness of heart, by seeing the odious part of the human character so often displayed, the national feelings of Ibrahim were generous, humane and just; and in a region where the air was polluted by the breath of spies, this singular man often counterworked the most practised of that abominable tribe.

Whilst Clara and her father left the Hotel de France in one direction, Ibrahim and the Polish officer we have mentioned departed at another door. They were no sooner in the street than Ibrahim, without speaking, seized the arm of his companion, and led him to the lodging of the former, and into an inner apartment. They were seated several minutes before either spoke, but Ibrahim at length broke silence. "So, Colonel Kaminski, you have at last seen Clara Ismeana."

"I have," replied Kaminski. "And is such a woman to be lost in Turkey?"

"She is not to be lost in Turkey," replied Ibrahim, emphatically, "unless some cursed Bashaw should seize her by stealth. But, Kaminski, do you know aught of Clement Meyerfield?"

"That gallant young man fell by my side, in the field," mournfully said Kaminski. "And is now alive, and in good health," smiling, said Ibrahim. "It is only a few days since I myself returned to this place from Scio, where he now resides, in the family of the exiled Prince of Mourouzzi."

"Clement Meyerfield alive!" rapturously exclaimed Kaminski. "Yes," replied Ibrahim, "he is alive, and is destined to a happier fate than he himself at this moment can hazard to hope."

Both were now interrupted by a knocking at the outer door, and both were greatly relieved by a message from the Prussian ambassador, desiring Ibrahim to come to the Prussian Hotel immediately. "Is that all?" exclaimed the renegade; "I expected to sleep to-night in a sack at the bottom of the Golden Horn," said he, with a grim smile, as he met the furious north-west wind.

Arrived at the Prussian Hotel, he found the ambassador violently agitated, walking backwards and forwards in his hall, into which Ibrahim no sooner entered than he sat down, and sighed, "My king, Frederick William II. is dangerously ill, and there is one thing he is most anxiously desirous to know before his death, which heaven avert." The unexpected address for a moment struck to silence the ready Ibrahim, but quickly recovering himself, responded, "Frederick William is dangerously ill."

"Ibrahim," impressively said the ambassador, "do you know aught of Clement Meyerfield?" "That is a question," replied Ibrahim, "which I have myself put this very night." "And can answer," said the ambassador, "if any man in the world can answer."

"If I was to answer," replied Ibrahim, "that the young Count Meyerfield was alive and well, what then?" "That I have received not only permission for his return to his home, but positive orders to use every diligence to induce him to return.—But is he living?" very seriously demanded the ambassador.

"I know you are a man of honour," replied Ibrahim, "and of course of humanity; therefore I venture to say that Clement Meyerfield is alive, but more I cannot say. I am under a sacred promise to conceal his residence from every one but one of his most intimate friends, who has been named to me by himself, until his own permission is given; nor would I have gone so far, but as you assure me the proscription against him is revoked, he may rise from the dead to his parents and to"—"Clara Ismeana," smiled the ambassador. "Oh! my king, my friend, Frederick William, may yet have the happiness to see and consummate the reunion

of Clement and his parents! Against Clement no proscription was ever enacted."

"That re-union is not yet consummated," sighed Ibrahim; "remember we are in Turkey; nor am I certain how far he may trust the clemency of an offended government." "With the utmost security," replied the ambassador; "the clemency extended to young Meyerfield arises from motives over which even politics have but little influence; motives, the beneficence of which may indeed survive the heart in which they were conceived."

Measures were now concerted to reveal to Clement the happy change in his prospects; but all the address of the ambassador was foiled by the adroit Ibrahim, in regard to the place of concealment of the young Pole. It was also agreed that no hint of the existence of Clement should be conveyed to either his parents, or to Clara Ismeana or her father, until the young Count was safe with the ambassador, and his own consent obtained to further proceedings.—This caution, though taken from the very most generous motives, involved all parties in a series of misfortunes portending their entire ruin.

To superintend the many mercantile transactions in which he was engaged, it was often necessary for Phranza Ismeana to make voyages to Scio, Smyrna, and many other ports of the Levant. Whilst his daughter was in Poland less difficultly attended these voyages; but young, wealthy, and beautiful, the daughter was too precious, and exposed to too much danger to be left under any protection but that of her father. At the moment when the splendid fete was given by Aubert du Bayet, Ismeana was making preparations to sail to Smyrna, where he intended to remain with his daughter until the spring of 1797. We must now, however, trace the steps of the supposed lost Clement, and take leave of Ismeana and his family, and return to the field of Maccioewice.

The immense superiority of force on the side of the Russians, rendered unavailing every effort of the Poles. Kosciusko and his officers, seeing all lost, came to the desperate resolution to cut their way through the Russian cavalry.—To effect this object a column was formed. The charge and shock were dreadful, but numbers and discipline prevailed. Kosciusko was borne down and trampled under foot. Clement Meyerfield fell also, close to his General. Both were recovering their reason from the blows of Russian sabres, when a troop of Cossacks approached. Meyerfield had merely strength to raise himself to one knee and make the appeal which saved Kosciusko, when he fainted and fell again, with his head resting on the breast of one of his dead companions in arms. He was himself regarded as dead by the Cossacks, and passed by as such; but not having received any vital wound he soon regained recollection, and had presence of mind sufficient to know that his chance for escape depended on remaining undiscovered until after dark.

Bruised and weak as he was, Clement, as soon

as sheltered from the view of the prowling enemy, rose and painfully attempted to seek a place of safety. About a league from the field of battle was a small village, which had, a few days before, been saved from pillage by the timely aid of Clement and Romuald Kholheim. With great exertion he reached this hamlet, and found all silent. It was with much difficulty that he procured the opening of a door, but at length one did open. An old and very kindly-looking man appeared with a taper, but started back at the view of the apparition before him. That spectre was in form of a man covered with blood, his clothes torn or cut, and visage haggard in the extreme. The uniform bespoke him a Pole, and no sooner did Clement make known his name than a welcome and benediction were afforded. The old man was the cure of the village, and whose grey head Clement had saved by cutting down the raised arm of a Russian marauder. The reward was now given. His wounds were dressed, and himself laid on a good bed, his grateful host watching by him with unremitting care.

Speaking in Latin, to conceal his intentions from the servant, Clement disclosed to the cure who he was, and the precautions he had taken to impress his family and friends with the belief of his death, and disclosed also his future views.

"Proscribed by an insulting conqueror," said Clement, "I am in reality dead to every thing dear to me on earth. Thousands of my countrymen are flying into France, but that ungrateful nation shall never have the use of my sword. If I must be a slave, why am I here? I shall endeavor to reach Turkey. My life has been so reclusive as to leave me personally known to but a few. Alas! most of those few who did know me, and whom I loved, are at rest. I shall now assume the name of Spielman, and pass as a German."

So strict was the discipline maintained by General Fersen, that in one week after the battle of Maccioewice, the inhabitants of the country round his camp were following peaceably their ordinary occupations, and in an especial manner the persons and houses of the clergy were held sacred. It was to the latter honorable and truly politic conduct that Clement stood indebted for his escape. The first question that General Fersen made to the captured officers was, if there was not amongst them the son of Alexander Count Meyerfield, of Ramvitz. "There was," replied Julian Niemcewicz, "but he fell on the field." "And died to save my life," pathetically ejaculated Kosciusko.

Fersen sighed deeply, but in respect to the feelings of his prisoners, made no farther remarks, except to inquire in a particular manner what part of the field the young Count had fallen; and next morning a long, minute, but of course a fruitless search, was made for the body. All hope of his life and doubts of his death being abandoned, the Count, Countess, and Clara, were apprised of their loss as we have related.

Clement being merely bruised, recovered rapidly, and in a few days took an eternal and affectionate leave of his protector, and with great fatigue, danger and difficulty, reached Bucharest, in Wallachia. The reader may demand, why conceal his existence from his friend Romuald Kholheim, and from Nippon, his faithful servant? The answer is simple, and may be given in his own words as regards Kholheim—"The fewer who know a secret the better it is kept, and I cannot stand in the way of that family being restored to their country and fortune." This magnanimous devotion was founded on Clement being then ignorant of the secret and saving hand extended to himself and friends, and that at the time he was almost naked at Bucharest, his presence at Warsaw, and request made to the Russian commander, would have restored whoever they were exerted to restore. But such is the fate of man.

Clement again concealing himself from Nippon, was the consequence of his being one of those who knew the real relation between that young man and Clara. Nippon was about thirty-five years old, was the natural son of Phranza Ismeana, and of course the natural brother of Clara. This fact was known only to Ismeana, the father, to Nippon, and Clement. Clara was entirely unconscious that the unremitting and watchful attention of Nippon to her welfare and every wish was paternal regard. When Phranza Ismeana sent his daughter into Poland, Nippon requested to follow her; the father gladly acceded, and Nippon procured the place he so long and worthily held. Clement naturally concluded, that if Nippon knew of his being alive, that his brotherly feelings would induce him to reveal to Clara a secret of such importance.

Nippon followed his father and sister back into Turkey, whilst Clement became a wanderer under the name of Spielman, and reached Bucharest as we have seen. Seated near the stove, his hat over his face, and silent in a crowd, Henry Spielman listened to the jargon of tavern loungers on the evening of the third day after his arrival at Bucharest. As a noisy Wallachian was showing his scars, and fighting his battles with his crutch, a very prepossessing man sat down by Clement, and addressing him in excellent German, made some passing remarks, and then continued by observing, "There is not one other person but ourselves in the room who understands German; we may, therefore, converse freely, M. Spielman. You will pardon me, sir, when I say your appearance has interested me very greatly, and has also excited the respect of another man of more consequence than myself." Here the stranger put into the hand of Clement a note of invitation from prince Morouzzi, to visit him at his palace the ensuing evening. Whilst Clement held the note in his hand, and was pondering on the singularity of the circumstance, his new friend eyed him attentively, and at length rising, whilst repeating the respectful interest he had before professed, and concluded by saying, "I will have the plea-

sure to meet you and be your drogoman on this verge of two religions, where you find all the vices of both, and little of the virtues of either."

Reflecting seriously on his situation, whilst fearing some evil design, Clement concluded, however, to accept the invitation of the Hospodar,* though he could not account for why it was given. Evening of the next day came, and the stranger was true to his appointment, and in a few moments the young Count was ushered into a splendid room, where sat a very intelligent looking man, and one upon whose features sat a benevolent smile. Addressing Clement in German, he welcomed him to Bucharest, but hinted politely that M. Spielman might naturally dread disguise, as he must himself be more than he pretended."

"I am what I pretend," replied Clement; "I am an exile." "Of which you may find many in every island of the Archipelago," said Morouzzi.

Here refreshments were brought in, and Clement finding himself for a moment restored to the enjoyment of polished society, and his eye filled by the picture of magnificence which custom had made requisite to enjoyment, became more elevated than he had been for many months. There were but the three persons in the room,—the Hospodar, Clement, and the stranger. The conversation became very animated, and naturally turned on the great events of the times, and especially on the revolutions of France and Poland. Towards the latter the Hospodar artfully drew Clement, and the young disguised Pole was no little astonished to find each of his entertainers minutely acquainted with Poland. The characters of the monarchs, ministers, and conspicuous European Generals, passed in review. Clement was all attention, and was thrown completely off his guard, when, after a short silence, the Hospodar, looking earnestly in his face, asked him, "If he had ever travelled in Poland." Clement could not deny but he had been in that country. "And at Rauwitz, in Posen," continued the Hospodar. "Perhaps you may have known the Count and Countess of Meyerfield?"

Clement could command himself no longer; his lip quivered with indignation and at the treachery he supposed had been practised upon him, and rising, observed in Polish, "I am betrayed."

The Hospodar and the stranger, by whose means Clement had been brought to the palace, both smiled at his emotion; but the former, kindly taking his hand, reseated him, as he addressed him thus—

"We are correct; you are Clement, son of Alexander Count Meyerfield and Severina, of

* A title given to the princes or other Turkish viceroyants of Wallachia and Moldavia. Except in not having military authority, the Hospodars are Pachas. They have generally been chosen from the Greeks of the Phanon, and since the reign of Selim III. confined to four families; those of the two Souzzos, Callimachi, and Morouzzi.

Kargowa; but you are not betrayed; you are safe and amongst friends."

"The moment I saw you enter the city," now observed Ibrahim—for it was the same every where present renegade whom we have already introduced—"your strong resemblance to your excellent mother enabled me to recognize her son. To that son I can now pay a heavy debt; not one of gratitude, but of money actually advanced. I am," continued Ibrahim, "by nation a Frenchman, but was by an accident, not necessary to mention, thrown early into Turkey. I was a soldier in their army when the Turks were defeated by the Russians. I was unhorsed and on the point of being massacred, when I was saved by a very pleasing looking young man, whom I afterwards learned was only a volunteer under ———. He was a Pole, and your father—it was Count Meyerfield. By his means I was taken to Warsaw, subsisted, and supplied with means to return to Constantinople."

Clement now, at their joint request, gave a recital of the events which had contributed to reduce him to his present condition. It would be injustice to say his narrative was heard with attention—it was heard with the most intense interest. As Clement closed, Morouzzi, whose hatred to the Russians was as national and more durable, exclaimed, "That tigress never sleeps." Both then promised to Clement what they religiously fulfilled,—inviolable secrecy as to his name, or his being yet alive. But Ibrahim went farther. He, with great adroitness, induced Clement to accept pecuniary aid, as payment of money advanced by Count Meyerfield. In fine, Morouzzi, under various pretences, retained Clement in his family, and in the spring of 1795, they both, with Ibrahim, removed to Constantinople.

In that city Clement learned the return of Clara and her father, who were, he found, residing near the palace of Morouzzi. This intelligence imbittered his residence. He explained frankly to Morouzzi the relation between them; avowed his unchangeable affection, but declared that in his adverse fortunes no earthly evil could be so distressing as to have his existence revealed to that devoted woman. He stated that, known as he was to both Clara and Nippon, his discovery was certain if he remained either at the Phanar or at Pera. Ibrahim was then consulted, and by his advice Clement was removed to the island of Scio. There, secluded from the world, and hopelessly separated from his almost adored parents, and from her whom life was less precious, the balmy gales, the orange and citron groves, the richest vineyards on earth bloomed in vain; his soul recoiled upon itself. In some moments of peculiar despondence he mentally exclaimed, "I must return home, throw myself at the feet of my parents." But recollecting himself, would again mentally reject the alternative. "I am dead to them, mourned, and if not forgotten, time will soften

their regrets, and why should I bring ruin on my father's house?"

But whilst the heart of the exile was thus praying on itself, and youth wrestling with cankerous care, events were in train to restore him to his home, his country, and the beloved of his inmost bosom.

January 13th, 1797, Phranza Ismeana, with his children, sailed from Constantinople on their voyage to Smyrna, and by a freak of fortune Ibrahim was a passenger in the same vessel.—The intention of the renegade was to visit and prepare Clement for the change in his fortunes; and as at that season vessels leaving Constantinople was rare, he was compelled to go by the route of Smyrna. Sailing slowly down the Marmora and the Hellespont, Ibrahim put his powers of insinuation once more to the trial, in procuring the confidence of his fellow-passengers, and succeeded. He found by their conversation that the memory of the family of Meyerfield was vividly and gratefully cherished. With that deep caution which so many cover under levity, but concealed by Ibrahim under the apparent phlegm of a Turk, he gained all he desired to know from the Ismeana family, without exciting in any of the members of that family the smallest suspicion that he ever knew Clement or his parents personally. He discovered that of all possible discoveries, the most welcome to them would be the re-appearance of Clement.

The voyage, from contrary winds, was rather tedious, though, for the season, not otherwise unpleasant. It was the fourth day, in the morning, before the vessel cleared the Dardanelles, and entered the open Archipelago; and the fifth, in the afternoon, before the high promontory of Cape Signi, in the island of Mytilene, was descried. Passing that cape, the course was changed to south-east, in order to reach the Gulf of Smyrna.

The two last days had been uncommonly fine, but the afternoon of the last evinced to the practised eye of Ibrahim and Ismeana, that a north-east gale was threatened; nor was the menacing aspect of the heavens the only enemy they had to dread; the Grecian and Asiatic islands, always infested with pirates, were so at that time in an extraordinary degree. In 1792, by the instigation of Russia, and from the national hatred of the Greeks to the Turks, the famous rover, Lambro Cazzioni, ravaged many of the Turkish towns in the Archipelago, captured their vessels, and excited universal terror. Finally abandoned by the Russians, and overwhelmed by a superior force, the fleet of Lambro was destroyed, his companions slain, and himself driven from the sea to the mountains of Albania. The maritime daring of Lambro did not perish with his power, for many of his most intrepid officers escaped, and without his grandeur of soul or humanity, possessed with profound seamanship a most accurate knowledge of the intricate navigation of Greece and western Asia.

Nearly opposite Porto Caloni, in the island of Mytilene, as their barque was slowly borne

along, Ibrahim, whose glass was constantly in his hand, called to Ismeana, and pointed out a low vessel coasting towards Cape Petra. "That villain," observed Ibrahim, "is a pirate, from whose fangs the coming storm may save us, for I fear nothing else can." Ismeana, naturally brave, but feeling as a father, remained silent, whilst trembling with anxiety. "I have made that stupid blockhead drunk," said Ibrahim, speaking of the captain, "in order to save him and ourselves. If he is caught by any of Lam-bro's disciples, impaling may be a mitigation of his fate."

The storm and the pirate came together, and night soon followed. Happily the wind raged from the north-east, and Ibrahim, who now conducted the vessel, laid her to the southward, with a view to reach the small group of Spalmadori, between the peninsula of Tchesme and the island of Scio. This was effected as if by a miracle, and next morning discovered their pirate enemy about a quarter league, bearing down upon them. The captain now, as senseless from terror as he was from wine the day before, left the command to Ibrahim, who made every effort to reach Porto Delfino, in the island of Scio, about three leagues distant, but the superior sailing of the pirate defeated the exertions of the merchant vessel.

"We may as well die with arms in our hands as be massacred by those monsters," said Nippon, as his weeping, terrified sister, who had been made acquainted with the relation between them, hung on his arm.

"Our resistance," replied Ibrahim, who with steady eye was viewing the approaching horde of cut throats, "will only exasperate their ferocity."

There was little time to deliberate: the pirate ran alongside, and grappled the merchantman, and instantly upwards of twenty armed blood-suckers were on her deck. Their commander, with the body of a Hercules and the look of a demon, seized on the shrieking Clara. A blow from her brother was returned by another, and Nippon was hurled into the waves, and all resistance ceased.

In the confusion of the moment, the pirates paid no farther regard to Nippon, who, an excellent swimmer, was but little stunned by the blow, and, recovering his presence of mind, threw himself on his back, and keeping his face only out of the water, slowly floated towards the shore of Scio. The storm of the day before had abated, and a gentle south-east wind was blowing from the coast of Asia. When he thought himself beyond the notice of the pirates, he turned and swam in hopes to be able to make Scio, which he effected, though nearly exhausted. In part wafted into a small cave to the north of Cape Delfino, the almost distracted Nippon was observed by a man from shore, who had been witness to the capture, though at too far distance to see the struggling victim until he came near the land. No sooner discovered,

however, but the impulse to give assistance was followed by haste to receive the unfortunate.

Nippon was rising to his feet as the stranger met him with open arms. A scream of maddening astonishment burst from both. The succoring stranger was Clement Meyerfield. The first impulse was to rush into each other's arms; but Nippon, recollecting his father and sister, raised his hands towards the two vessels, and in a voice choked with rage and despair exclaimed, "My father and my sister Clara are in the hands of that infernal crew."

Zimmerman, in his Essay on Solitude, has long since recorded an observation of Count Lippe Buckeburg, that the extreme of safety and danger has the same effect on the human mind. In the present case the truth of the observation was fully sustained. Two men, whose whole earthly happiness was at stake, were restored to instant calmness. Clement had rode from the city of Scio that morning, and had an excellent horse, on which both mounted, and in less than an hour reached the city again. The distance was about ten English miles. Happily there was a French sloop of war in the harbor, which had come in a few days before. Clement had made some acquaintance with the young captain, who, light of heart, was as brave as—as any Frenchman. Without seeing the astonished citizens, who beheld Clement and his companion passing through the streets at full gallop, both reached the harbour, and hailed the "Aigle Jaune"—Yellow Eagle. Their gestures and cries gave alacrity to the active Frenchman, and they were in a few moments on board.

"For God's sake, my friend," exclaimed Roselle, the French captain, "what is the accident or danger?"

In a few but impressive words, Nippon explained the case to Roselle, and in a very few minutes more the wings of the Yellow Eagle were before the wind. For once the wary pirate was in a fair way to fall an instant victim to his contempt of Turkish navigators. Roselle exposed no colors, and as the Yellow Eagle came up the strait she was at first mistaken for a Turkish vessel, but her superior sailing undeceived the pirate. The valuable effects and prisoners had already been secured, and the merchantman set on fire. The dread that the prisoners might be exposed to a terrible death saved the pirate from instant capture, as Nippon insisted on himself visiting the burning vessel. Clement was restrained by main force from being of the party.

This examination gave time to the pirate to gain the pass between Spalmadori and Scio, but no sooner was it ascertained that Ismeana, and his daughter, and Ibrahim, were borne away, than every feather of the Yellow Eagle was again set, and it now became a chase for life. The pirate no sooner cleared the northern coast of Scio but he tacked to the south-west, and standing between cape St. Nicholas and the islands of Ispera and Anti-Ispera, sailed directly for the strait between Punto Dailo and Cape Guardia.

As the day advanced the wind freshened from the south-east, and the rapid sailing of both vessels may be estimated, as they passed the strait between Andros and Negropont before mid-day, a distance from Cape St. Nicholas, in Scio, of seventy English miles; and when darkness separated them from each other's view, they were off Cape Skyileo, in the Morea, having made nearly one hundred and fifty miles; and if their wanton thirst of blood could have admitted abstinence, the pirates might have escaped. But though sailing for their lives, as Roselle had hoisted the tri-colored flag, and let them know the enemy they were to encounter or escape, as their vessel was passing between Cape Colonna, in Attica, and the island of Zea, a random shot was aimed at a defenceless fishing boat, which killed two men, and left a third struggling in the waves. Anxious as Roselle and his officers and friends were to seize the ruthless villains, their humane feelings could not admit their passing a fellow creature, who, indirectly, was exposed to the peril of death by their agency.—The sails were slackened, and the fisherman was brought on board. The humane act was amply rewarded; the rescued Greek was a very intelligent seaman, and informed Roselle that, if he was not mistaken, the pirate they were in chase of was Cara of Vostizza, and if so, he would attempt no harbour before reaching the Gulf of Arta; and that to secure him, the best plan would be to press on directly, and if possible to reach that gulf before him.

The advice of the Greek was so evidently correct that it was adopted, and the Yellow Eagle kept before the wind, and cleared the island of Cerigo early next morning. Both the ensuing days were hazy, but towards evening of the second day the wind shifted to the north-west, the mists and rain ceased, and as the air cleared, the Yellow Eagle was found off the northern point of the island of Cezaloma, and with the distant hills of St. Mauro reflecting a beautiful evening sun; but a far more welcome sight was the pirate, issuing from the strait between St. Maura and the two opposing islands of Catalonia and Ithaca. It was afterwards ascertained that the rover had taken the inner passage, whilst, by the advice of the Greek pilot, the French ship was navigated westward of Cephalonia and St. Mana.

Escape was rendered impossible: the two ships were within point blank shot when they were discovered to each other. Roselle made the conflict short and decisive. He avoided the use of his cannon after a single broadside, from fear of destroying the prisoners on board the pirate, but bore directly down upon his enemy, who, knowing the desperation of their situation, made a determined resistance. The Yellow Eagle was laid alongside, and with severe loss boarded the pirate. Clement and Nippon were amongst the foremost on deck. They were warned by the Greek pilot, that Cara of Vostizza would probably blow up his vessel rather than be taken, and that catastrophe was only

prevented by the desperate bravery of Nippon, who, rushing down, cut the arm from the shoulder of the desperado, whilst stretched to apply the match; a second blow terminated his career. Roselle had given orders to show no quarter; and, indeed, none was demanded. The pirates either fought to the last or cast themselves into the sea.

Roselle and Clement were both slightly wounded. The Greek pilot and several of the crew were severely wounded, and eight were slain. Shall we describe the meeting between Clara and Clement, or will not the heart of the reader participate the overflowing raptures which, on one side, was receiving a treasure long consigned to the grave?

The beauty and innocence of Clara, and the white hairs of her father, had made some impression on the hearts of even their nefarious captors; but the ultimate safety of the prisoners was secured by the pressing danger from the French cruiser, and the presence of mind of Ibrahim. The renegado, schooled by a life of incessant change, was equally collected in safety or danger. Whether in the saloons of the French ambassador at Pera, or a captive on the deck of Cora of Vostizza, he was ever ready to take advantage of the characters by whom he was surrounded. His own preservation and that of his two fellow-sufferers, and also the poor captured Greeks, depended indeed on his exertions.—Subdued by indescribable terror, the father and daughter clung to each other. The ruffian Cara advanced to separate them, when Ibrahim, with ever smiling composure, stepped before the ferocious commander, and observed, "Noble captain, we are thine; to thy bravery we submit; but oh! do not tear asunder the child and parent. I fear much, if thou do'st, that maiden cannot survive."

Avarice, the mother of so many crimes, was for once arrayed to protect the innocent and feeble. One of the crew whispered to Cara, "Remember, Halil, if we can save this diamond our fortunes are made. By the Holy Star, the Grand Seigneur would make terms for such a prize."

They had but little time to parley. The Greek captain and his men were secured in the hold; their vessel rifled and set on fire. Ismeana, his daughter, and Ibrahim, were confined in the cabin. It was apparent from the slowness, and, in some respects, carelessness of their proceedings, that the pirates apprehended no immediate danger, and were completely surprised by the Yellow Eagle.

Ismeana and his child were too much occupied by the greatness and bitterness of their fate to observe aught around them, but Ibrahim was cool and attentive; and, to his own astonishment, was called into counsel. He was ordered on deck as the canvass of the Yellow Eagle swelled and cleared the coast of Scio, sweeping before the wind towards the Spalmadori. With every alacrity the pirates were getting under way, as Ibrahim, with the sword at his throat,

was ordered to examine the approaching vessel, and give his opinion of what she was.

With the utmost composure Ibrahim examined the *Yellow Eagle*, and knowing the folly of any deception, told Cara Vostizza that, in his opinion, the vessel before them was a French cruiser. This accorded with the ill-concealed fears of the pirate crew, and now all sail was made to clear the strait and gain the open *Ægean* sea. Ibrahim remained on deck, and had full leisure to behold the chase. As the pirate coasted along the northern shore of Scio, there were strong doubts which course to pursue, but the direct one to their ultimate strong hold was adopted and both vessels made, perhaps, the most rapid voyage ever performed from the island of Scio to the coast of the *Morea*. As the day declined, the spirits of the pirates rose; and as the sun sunk into the bosom of the deep, a long, hoarse, and demoniac laugh, mingled with the winds over the sea of Greece. Darkness and death were the least evils which hung over the heads of Clara and her father.—The most dreadful of all—slavery—seemed the fate of one of the most finished beings in Europe. In her ravings of regret, the peaceful castle of Meyerfield seemed a paradise, from which she was forever driven, to be plunged into a yawning gulf. The spirit of Clement seemed to beckon from the heaven of heavens, but he seemed enthroned immeasurably beyond her reach. The mournful shade of her brother invited to regions of peace, but he also appeared to soar far from earth.

Ismeana, as his breaking heart yearned over his lost children, the most poignant regret added to his almost unbearable misery. "Why did I remove my children from the sun of civilization?" groaned the old man—"why did I expose this angel in these regions of darkness, horror, and crime? Oh my Clara, my Nippon!"

In those days of anxiety, hope and fear, Ibrahim was by far the most collected person in either vessel. As the darkness of night increased, he observed the pirates keeping their course, and next morning, whilst passing between Cape Saint Angelo and the island of Carigo, a vessel was descried at the far distant south-west, which was, no doubt, the *Yellow Eagle*. The pirate slackened sail, and did not pass Cape Metapan until after mid-day. This precaution of prudence was the ultimate cause of their capture, as, if the pirates had continued their press of sail, they must have reached the Gulf of Arta before the *Yellow Eagle*.

The forenoon of the last day of the chase the wind blew almost a gale from the south-east, as if to aid these enemies of man; and their joy became boisterous, and for the first time insulting to their prisoners. Rude and obscene jests were bandied along deck, and their anticipated frolics on shore hailed with great glee. But their joy was doomed to a rapid and fatal interruption. As their vessel was clearing the very narrow strait between Cape St. Mamo and Cephalonia, the wind at once changed, and came with

great force from the north-west. The little island of Ithaca lay behind them, and before them, bearing down with loud shouts and full sail, their terrible enemy, the *Yellow Eagle*.

Ibrahim always afterwards expressed his opinion, that, if a moment of reflection had been permitted them, their prisoners would have been massacred; but the danger came too rapid and overpowering, and the issue of the contest already related.

Clement and Nippon burst into the cabin together, where, interlocked in each other's arms, sat the trembling father and daughter.—"Receive our souls, thou God of mercy," fervently breathed Ismeana, as he pressed his child and hid his face from the expected stroke.

"My father, my sister," exclaimed Nippon, throwing himself at their feet, "you are safe, you are free!"

"We are safe and free," replied Ismeana.—"Oh, my son—can that be my son?"

"It is your son, both your sons," rejoined Nippon; "here is Clement raised from the dead."

"Oh, I am indeed in the heaven of the blessed," sighed Clara, wildly, raising her head and gazing around her. "I hear the voices of my father, brother, and my Clement."

"Yes, my Clara, you do hear the voice of your Clement," and once more she was enclosed to his bosom, as Ibrahim with most heartfelt joy surveyed the group.

Whilst this too joyous scene passed in the cabin, captain Roselle was enacting a high part on deck, laughing, singing *Ca Ira*, and jeering the poor liberated Greek captain and his crew, as they were introduced to day light from the hold of the pirate.

"My good friend, I am sorry to raise you from Styx, so far from home," roared Roselle to the bewildered Greek captain. "You have had a fine passage through the Cyclades, and half round the Peloponessus; where do you suppose you are now?"

"In the land of the living," replied the Greek, with more naivete than could be expected.

"Yes," replied Roselle, and for which the Grand Seigneur will never be sufficiently grateful, I fear; but here is a swift sailer to carry you back to Constantinople, from where, if you take my advice, you will remain until—until you learn to go to sea."

Whilst these arrangements were made on deck, the party in the cabin had regained a small share of their senses, and by aid of Nippon and Ibrahim, their effects and money were removed from the pirate vessel to the *Yellow Eagle*; and the former, with all she contained, abandoned to the poor plundered Greeks, who made out, in the course of the winter, to reach the Bosphorus.

The wounded men dressed, and the dead consigned with due honours to the deep, with every other necessary order given, Captain Roselle stood in and rode out the heavy sea of the night after the battle, in a small harbour of Capalonia. The next day the wind shifted to

the south-west, and Roselle, addressing Ismeana, observed, "I have to visit Corfu before my return to France, and, as I am so near, if not inconvenient, I would prefer doing so now."

Ismeana replied, "I have some mercantile concerns to settle at that place, and have therefore no objections to such a course." It was then agreed to, and the wings of the Yellow Eagle once more expanded, and next morning they were safely moored in the harbour of Corfu.

Ibrahim had informed Clement of the interest taken in his fate by the Prussian ambassador; that his return to Poland was open, and that for reasons he could not explain, the Prussian agents were anxious for his return. To these unexpected changes of fortune Ibrahim sat before him the joy of his parents, and the happiness of bearing to them such a daughter as Clara. A long, and we need not say, interesting conversation took place between Clement, Clara, and Ismeana and his son. Who had most influence on Clement it is not necessary to determine, but before they arrived at Corfu, it was settled that Roselle was to convey them to Smyrna, from whence they were to proceed to Constantinople, and concert farther measures with the Prussian ambassador.

On a soft winter morning the Yellow Eagle was at anchor before the town and harbour of Corfu, and preparations making to land the Ismeana family, as Roselle facetiously called his passengers. A pilot conducted them to shore, where they were met by an officer, who escorted them to the government hall, where, amongst a crowd which had been attracted by the intelligence of the arrival of the Yellow Eagle, and the interesting events of her cruise, entered a foreign officer. Their eyes met. Clement—Romuald—were exchanged. "Was it my beloved friends," most earnestly breathed Romuald, "who were thus snatched from ten thousand deaths?"

"They were your friends," replied Clement, "and here is their gallant deliverer," presenting the really noble-looking Roselle, who, blooming in youth, embrowned by exposure to the sea, and now animated by a well deserved inward joy. It was seldom, indeed, in the history of human vicissitude, that a more attractive group was ever formed. The venerable, tall, and still graceful Ismeana;—his exquisitely beautiful daughter;—the manly and martial appearance of Clement, Romuald, Roselle, Nippon, and Ibrahim, under the novel circumstances of the case, for the moment silenced all other subjects of discourse at Corfu.

The ceremonies of public reception being finished, Romuald, bowing to Ismeana and his daughter, smilingly observed, "My friend Clement and myself have to settle which of us are to sustain the heavy charge of—" here he paused, and then resumed, "While the dispute is pending, there is another person to consult—my father."

Romuald now led the wondering party to the skirts of the town, where, embosomed in an orange grove, rose a rustic but elegant little seat, into which they were led, and in which advanced to receive them Labanoff Kholheim.—Here, in a recess of the island of Corfu, the events of the past years were recalled, and a more smiling futurity opened to one family, whilst clouds and lengthened exile hung on another.

The Kholheims had made arrangements to remove to the United States, and after the departure of their guests, only a few weeks intervened until they had passed the herculean gates and the shores of Europe were lost to their view. Let us now follow the family of Ismeana and their friends.

After a few days repose at Corfu, the French captain sailed for Smyrna, where he anchored safely in the latter end of February, and where he received the most valuable of all rewards—the gratitude of those worthy to be grateful; and in a few weeks heard of their safe arrival at Pera.

Clement and his now betrothed Clara were received in the open arms of the Prussian ambassador. "You have led us all a fine chase, young man," said the ambassador, "and have much to repent of; but we may hope this gem (pointing to Clara) will be your ransom from future exile. And Ma'lle Ismeana, what do you think of the gem you have received from the field of Macicewice?"

To this retort, so long delayed, Clara blushed and was silent; but her father, with tears of gratitude, pressed the hand of the ambassador, saying, with strong feeling, "Let my child be once in safety in the castle of Meyerfield, in christian, civilized Europe, and my grey hairs will go down to the grave in peace, and my heart will, to its last pulse, bless the king and people who have given her protection."

The next day after this happy interview, Clement and Clara, in the Prussian chapel at Pera, and in the presence of the ambassador and suite, her father and brother, and Ibrahim, were united to no more separate in life. Enjoying safety, hope, and cultivated society, let us leave them a few weeks, and once more revisit the desolate castle of Meyerfield, and the still disconsolate parents.

The spring of 1797 was far advanced, and the third year was nearly closed since the fatal news reached them that their sweetly beloved son lay cold and unburied on the field of death. The afternoon was balmy, as the countess, with an unusually cheering smile, invited her husband to a seat in the porch, commanding a distant view of Rauwitz, and the fine lines of trees between the city and castle.

"I know not why, my husband, but all this day my heart has been remarkably light and joyous," said the countess. "I can even think without a tear on Clement." "Is not that a carriage?" interrupted the count. "It is, my Severina, and it is the carriage of—yes, I may

call him our friend—the marquis of Lucchesini. Your spirits have been infused into my bosom, Severina, but I hope no new calamity may check our lightness of heart.”

Here Lucchesini advanced, and was received and ushered into the hall. Sweeping his eye round the sable curtains, and other indications of mourning, he playfully observed, “My friends, why this preservation of painful remembrances? are our joys to be fleeting, and our griefs lasting as life?”

“Is there not often the highest enjoyment,” mournfully observed the countess, “in the indulgence of some sorrows?”

“There may be such an enjoyment,” replied the marquis, “but for my part, if I had lost a child, and was mourning over the bereavement, would very willingly give up the joy of grief for that of seeing my restored son.” As the last words were pronounced with a marked emphasis on son, the marquis fixed his look searchingly on his auditors, whilst taking from his servant a very richly encased casket, which he placed before the astonished countess, handing her a gold key. “Please open that case, madam, and let us see its contents.”

The countess opened the casket, and, as the lid fell back, a scream of unutterable surprise escaped her. The first object which presented itself was a very richly set miniature of herself, which had been lost at a ball given in Berlin, by Frederick William II. when prince royal. The second was an envelop of vellum, on which, in the hand writing of the king, was a full pardon to her son, and an invitation to return to his paternal home, and a promise of future honours, promotion and protection.

“What meaneth all this?” earnestly demanded both the count and countess.

“I could never boast,” smilingly replied Lucchesini, “of being very clear in verbal explanations, but one will soon be here who can better supply my awkwardness; and this evening away be the minister and courtier, I will for once be a man.”

The very rapid advance of two carriages drew them all to the porch. The foremost carriage dashed forward to the steps of the castle, and Clement and Clara were at the feet—in the arms of their parents.

Ismeana, his son, and Ibrahim, were unseen. But why say more? That reader who would prefer any description to the picture involuntarily formed in the mind, deserves not to revel at castle Meyerfield on such an evening.

Though restored to their son and to happiness beyond hope, still mystery hung over the conduct of the king. That mystery was dissipated by his death, in the same year. Lucchesini then explained that, when prince royal, Frederick had seen, admired, and loved, Severina of Kargowa. It was him who picked up, and, against the rules of all codes but one, retained her portrait. Difference of rank forbade an honorable, and the heart of the prince conceived no other connection. Severina was to

him a sister, and when the revolution took place in Poland, and when Clement joined the army, positive orders were given to leave unmolested the count and countess; and when Clement was supposed to be slain, instructions were sent to the ambassadors and consuls of Prussia, to protect him, if by any happy chance he should be found amongst the fugitive Poles. The *denouement* we know.

Frederick William II. lived to receive at his court the count of Meyerfield and his children, and to see restored to every bliss that earth can give, Severina of Kargowa. His days were few after this happy consummation. On the 17th of November, of the same year, the nephew and beloved *protege* of Frederick II. ceased to live.

MARK BANCROFT.

From the United Service Journal for February.

THE MAROON WAR.

The histories of detached corps and isolated vessels, and the personal narratives of individual officers and men, of which we are enabled to give so many interesting specimens in the United Service Journal, have all the elements of the old heroic tales, with the addition of the humanity and regulated feelings of civilized life, and with that high spirit of military gallantry and pride, which is justly to the glory of the present age. The partizan warfare in the revolutionary contest of America, is replete with interest, but the attention of Europe has been more recently absorbed by the Guerilla exploits of the Tyrol and the Peninsula. There is, however, upon record, a war sustained by savages against disciplined troops, in a manner more extraordinary than any with which we are acquainted. We allude to the Maroon war of Jamaica. The Maroons were totally ignorant of combined movements and discipline; they were not commanded by men of education, capable of imparting the latter and comprehending the former; nor were they stimulated by patriotism, or made enthusiasts by religion. In all these respects they were totally different from the Guerillas. Their war was produced solely by a love of plunder, and of a life alternating between the most torpid indolence and the most daring enterprise, to obtain the necessities of existence. They had no cannon, nor cavalry; their arms consisted of swords, and muskets without bayonets, but with these they effected what is almost incredible.

The white and slave population of Jamaica formed a mere belt, extending round the coasts. The interior of the island is a mountainous scene of wild and savage nature. It abounds with immense rocks, with rugged acclivities, and often with sides absolutely perpendicular. In these rocks there are numerous fissures and small glens of luxuriant herbage, presenting, perhaps, the most romantic and sublime scenery in the world. The whole interior of the island abounded in immense forest trees, or was covered with

brushwood, and with a gigantic herbage, capable of concealing any number of men. The thorny brambles often rendered whole tracts of country impassable, except to the Maroons, who cut narrow passages through them, or who, upon their hands and knees, could travel underneath them for miles. These sub-labyrinths, intricate, tortuous, and dangerous in the extreme, had been made by the wild hogs, and through them the Maroons travelled upon all-fours, until, coming to an opening, their unerring muskets picked off our videttes and sentries, and totally destroyed our outposts, without our men seeing the enemy by whom they were sacrificed.

It is obvious that no country could be more favorable to savage warfare. In the centre of the island, from east to west, ran three parallel lines of glens, called cockpits. In each parallel, these natural basins were bounded by stupendous rocks, and communicated with each other by fissures, irregular, narrow, steep and rugged. The rocks fencing the cockpits to the south were almost inaccessible in every place, whilst those to the north were absolutely perpendicular.—Most of these cockpits abounded with majestic trees, and the soil, watered by innumerable rills, was luxuriant in the extreme.

The Maroons were the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, and of negroes who had fled from their Spanish masters into the interior, when we captured the island in 1655. Their numbers had been increased by runaway slaves of every description, but particularly by the restless, brave, and ferocious African tribe of the Coromantees. Among the Maroons was a class with jet black complexions and regular handsome features. The whole tribe of Maroons however, were tall, well made, and athletic; and when the Duke of Kent, after their surrender and shipment to Halifax, inspected them, he pronounced them the most extraordinarily fine body of men he had almost ever seen. Their feats of strength and agility surprised our officers. They could climb trees like monkeys, and could ascend rocks, and bound from crag to crag, where our most active soldiers could not approach. Their keenness of eye was most extraordinary; and so acute was their sense of hearing, that, with their ears to the ground, they could detect our movements at a distance at which theirs to us were totally inaudible.—Patient of hunger and fatigue, they could select nutritious roots and herbs from the many which in that climate were deemed poisonous; whilst our ignorance prevented our discriminating the one from the other, and consequently deprived us of the use of all. Almost every man possessed a rifle, fowling piece, or musket, and their accuracy at fire was proved by the sequel to be superior to any thing on record.

Their first Chief, Cudjoe, had carried on a regular war against us, until his name became the vexation of our officers and the terror of every white inhabitant. At length we obtained from the Musquitoe shore, a body of semi-savages,

Mulattoes, Indians, and Africans, called Black Shots. These men, under an English adventurer, named James, fought the Maroons in their own style, but with very inferior success. The ferocity of the war, and the cruelties practised upon the white inhabitants, are incredible. At length by the aid of these Black Shots, and at an enormous expense of lives, we penetrated to the vicinity of Cudjoe's fastnesses. Upon a high table land of several acres, called Flat Caver River, we built a set of barracks, with four bastions and high walls. In these we kept our stores of provisions and ammunition, with a considerable body of militia and regulars. The fatigue of bringing up supplies from the coast, by which, in that climate, our troops had suffered great mortality, was now spared, and the predatory excursions of Cudjoe were considerably checked.

The Government now thought the Maroons were in their power, especially as they had been quiescent for several weeks, when they suddenly learned that Cudjoe and his whole tribe had decamped from their scene of operation in the south-east of the island, and had moved to Trelawney, near the entrance of the great line of cockpits to the extreme north-west of the island. The first and largest of those cockpits was called Petty River Bottom. It contained about seven acres of verdent soil, and the inaccessible sides were covered with the largest forest trees. The entrance was a mere fissure, passable only by the most vigorous and agile of mountaineers, and from the sides of which a few riflemen might have defended the defile against any numbers, or any species of attack.

Under these circumstances did a few hundred savages keep the whole island of Jamaica in terror, baffle our military force, and oblige us at last to offer terms of peace. Col. Guthrie was sent to make the overtures, and the scene between him and Cudjoe was characteristic in the extreme. The daring savage suddenly became a timid slave. The negotiation took place in one of the wild fastnesses of the mountains, to which Col. Guthrie had advanced to offer terms. Cudjoe was rather a short man; uncommonly stout, with very strong African features, and a peculiar wildness in his manners.—He had a very large lump of flesh upon his back, which was partly covered by the tattered remains of an old blue coat, of which the skirt and sleeves below the elbows were wanting.—Round his head was a scanty piece of dirty white cloth; he had a pair of loose drawers that did not reach his knees, and a small round hat without any rim. On his right side hung a cow's horn, with some powder, and a bag of large cut slugs. On his left was a knife, three inches broad, in a leathern sheath, suspended under the arm by a narrow strap that went round his shoulder. He had no shirt, and his clothes and skin were covered with the red dirt of the cockpits. Such was the chief; and his men were as ragged and dirty as himself; and all had guns.

and cutlasses. This treaty, signed in 1738, was as if between regular belligerents, but it stipulated that in future the Maroons should be registered, and have two white agents residing amongst them. From this period to the last and most serious war of 1795, the relation of the Maroons to the whites became totally different. Their connection was friendly, and the planters had created in them both a contempt and a hatred of the negroes, whom, when fugitives, they always caught and restored to their masters.—In this war it was proved that all the movements of the different chiefs or leaders of gangs had been isolated and independent; there had been no communication between them, and the effect is therefore the more astonishing.

By this treaty, the Maroons at Trelawney Town, their principal seat, had 1500 acres of land allotted to them. A white superintendent, with four assistants, resided there. They became attached to the planters, and rendered them all homage and very essential services.—On one occasion, when a large body of Coromantee negroes had risen upon their masters, and were successfully contending with our troops, murdering all that fell into their hands, the Maroons attacked them in the woods, killed two thirds of their number, and brought the rest back to subjection. A Major James was the principal superintendent of the Maroons.—He was the son of the celebrated leader of the Black Shot men; and the superstitious terror which the Maroons had entertained towards the father, they transferred to the son, accompanied, however, with veneration and affection. Major James was certainly an extraordinary person. With the education of a gentleman, and the science of a soldier, he possessed all the instincts and every corporeal quality in equal perfection with the Maroons. He could beat the fleetest of them in their foot races, could foil their wrestling matches and sword fights, and could wear them out with fatigue in the dangerous chase of the wild hogs in the mountains.—He was unerring with the rifle; and such was his influence among the tribes, that he could stop the ferocious conflicts, subdue their feuds, and punish the turbulent in the most summary manner. Upon this man the Government depended. Major James was possessed of a private fortune, and would occasionally absent himself from his duty to attend to his estates.—A law of compulsory residence was passed, which he refused to obey, except upon an increase of salary; and he was dismissed from his employment. The Maroons were chagrined in the extreme at this circumstance, and did all they could do to get Major James again amongst them. The authorities were inexorable. Other circumstances occurred to irritate the Maroons; the Negro insurrection in St. Domingo unsettled their minds, and finally a very questionable act of severity, not to say of cruelty, was practised upon them at this unfortunate juncture. Two Maroons had been taken up for some offence in

the town of Montego Bay, and the magistrate had them flogged by a runaway negro, before the slaves of the town. The antipathy and contempt of the Maroons for the negroes, we have already noticed. This indignity was not to be borne, and it led to a most fatal war. Gen. Palmer and the local authorities, with some of the principal proprietors of the north side, wrote to the capital, advising that Major James might be restored to his office, and that concessions might be made to these people. These requests were unattended to, and immediately after the war broke out. Lord Balcarras, the Governor, deemed these men so formidable, that he directly proclaimed martial law throughout the island, and detained the expedition about to sail for St. Domingo. The Success frigate was in the offing, having on board the 83d Foot, Col. Fitch, a regiment in the finest order; and, what is extraordinary for the West Indies, mustering a thousand rank and file on the parade. The Success was recalled by signal, and made to disembark the troops.

Lord Balcarras proceeded immediately to Montego Bay, where he published a violent philippic against the Maroons, telling them that their town was surrounded by troops, resistance was in vain, and that he had set a price upon the heads of all who did not surrender in four days.

This impolite proclamation struck terror into the hearts of the inhabitants, and roused the Maroons from equivocal submission to the most determined resistance. A similar circumstance of an unfortunate nature had just occurred.—Col. Gallimore, who had been sent to negotiate with the Maroons, had, during a conference, contemptuously taken from his waistcoat-pocket a handful of musket-balls, and shaking them in the faces of the chiefs, declared that those were the only arguments they should have from him. The Maroons shortly after attacked his house, and wreaked a signal vengeance upon his family. Gen. Palmer had given passports to six Maroon captains, to proceed to the Governor in the capital. Midway these men were seized by the commanding officer of the militia, and, notwithstanding their passports, were ordered into irons by Lord Balcarras. The General expressed himself highly incensed at this breach of faith.

On the 8th of Aug. Lord Balcarras sent his despatch, commanding the surrender of the Maroons, on pain of setting a price upon their heads. On that day Col. Sanford, with one hundred and thirty of the 18th and 20th Light Dragoons, took post about four miles north of the Maroon town. Lord Balcarras, at the head of the 83d regiment, established himself at Vaughan's Field, a mile and half from the Maroon town, whilst several thousand militia were at Kensington estate, in his rear, to protect the convoys of provisions. The regular troops amounted to about 1500. The Maroon town lies twenty miles south-east of Montego Bay,

and eighteen miles from Falmouth. The road from Montego Bay for the first nine miles is good, after which it is steep, rugged, and affording facilities of defence against any hostile advance. The same may be said of the last four or five miles of the road from Falmouth. The Maroons, terrified by this military array, on the 11th of August sent their chiefs and seventeen leading men to offer submission and fealty to Lord Balcarras, who however put these men in irons, and sent them on ship-board. Of all things, the Maroons had a horror of being shipped from the island. One of the Chiefs committed suicide by ripping open his bowels, and this experiment of surrender taught the Maroons what little clemency they had to expect from Government. Two of the chiefs who had come to the out-posts to parley about pacification, on their return found that the Westmoreland militia had destroyed their town, burnt the provision grounds, and ill used their families. The sword was now drawn and the scabbard was thrown away. Lord Balcarras had with him one hundred and fifty of the 13th Light Dragoons, dismounted; detachments of the 17th Light Dragoons under Captain Bacon; and one hundred of the 62d Foot.

So far from surrendering on the 12th, the Maroons were so incensed that they attacked two of our detachments on that day and severely handled them. Lord Balcarras ordered Col. Sanford to make a forward movement, which, in conjunction with the 83d and of the militia, was intended to surround the Maroon town. The Maroons allowed Col. Sanford to advance into a defile, when they opened a tremendous fire upon him from ambushes on his right and left, and killed him and almost all his men. Not a single Maroon was hurt. The whole plan had been badly contrived.

It was now resolved to surround both towns, and to destroy all their provision grounds. A track was cut through the thick brambles and brushwood, the line being guided by the bugles of the 17th Dragoons. After infinite toil in the rainy season, a light field-piece was brought up through this track, and both towns were taken possession of. But to the astonishment of Lord Balcarras, they were found abandoned; the Maroons, as might have been expected, had retreated to the cockpit with all their valuables. Into this cockpit our troops were made to fire repeated volleys, the echoes of which were succeeded by loud bursts of laughter from the Maroons, who rejoiced at our waste of ammunition. Lord Balcarras now retired to Montego Bay, and left the command of the troops to Col. Fitch, of the 83d.

More wisdom now guided our measures, but, from unavoidable circumstances, almost all our outposts were surprised, our working parties were destroyed by ambuscades and our convoys and detachments generally cut to pieces. In but one instance could we ascertain that a single man of the enemy had been killed. Many parleys took place, but the horror of the Maroons at

being sent on ship-board, prevented any favorable conclusion.

Col. Fitch employed a strong working party of slaves, supported by several flanking companies of regulars and militia, to cut a line through the brush wood and thorny brambles, that he might communicate with some corps on his right. They had scarcely worked half a mile from head-quarters, when the party fell into ambush, the troops suffered severely, and the Maroons massacred a great number of the Negroes. About a mile and a quarter from head-quarters, in another direction, there were between thirty and forty men, commanded by Capt. Lee, of the 83d, who had secured himself with palisades and a breast-work, but had reported that his post might be commanded by the Maroons from the heights. On the 12th of September Col. Fitch, at nine in the morning, went to visit the post in company with the Adjutant of the 83d and many other officers. We may judge of the nature of the country from the fact, that Col. Fitch was obliged to make use of a compass, and to set his watch by that of Lieut. Dixon, of the Artillery, at head-quarters, who was desired to fire a field-piece precisely at twelve o'clock. Three hours were thus occupied in traversing one mile and a half. Col. Fitch found the post untenable, and he proceeded with a small party a few hundred yards in advance to determine upon a better position. Coming to two diverging paths, he hesitated a minute which to take, when a sudden volley from the Maroons in the brush-wood killed or wounded almost every man in the party. Col. Johnson was unhurt, but seeing Col. Fitch sitting desperately wounded on the stump of a tree, and hearing some Maroons cock their muskets, he endeavored to make him lie down, but in this even hurried effort another ball killed him on the spot. Of a return before us of ninety three killed and wounded, we find seventy killed and only twenty-three wounded, so accurate was their fire.

Col. Walpole, of the 13th Dragoons, was now appointed Commander-in-Chief, with the rank of Major General. He declared that the Island would be lost if the troops suffered another defeat. While maturing his plans, an attack was made on a strong outpost, commanded by Major Godley and Capt. White of the 83d. One of the sentries had declared that he saw a Maroon passing in the dark. The men were turned out, and formed into two parties, and advanced at daybreak. No vestige of an enemy appearing they returned, and Major Godley entering his hut, ordered his negro boy to bring him his coffee. At the instant, the boy was shot through the head, and a volley from the Maroons did great execution amongst our men. The post was bravely defended, but at last abandoned with considerable loss.

Gen. Walpole resolved to act on the defensive during the rainy season. He trained his men to light infantry manœuvres and bush-fighting; he selected some of the best rifle-shots, harass-

ed the enemy by false alarms, and made feint attacks to draw off their attention, whilst he cleared the country around him of the brush-wood and high grass. At length making a feint attack at a distance, he pushed a strong body of troops with a howitzer and field piece, up a hill, and at day-break began to pour shells and grape-shot into the cock-pit. The Maroons, terrified at this novel mode of attack, precipitately fled to the next cock-pit, from which they were driven by similar means. They were thus driven from post to post, and cut off from their supplies of water. The measles broke out amongst them, and they became greatly distressed. Still, however, they were able to send out numerous skirmishing parties; and notwithstanding we were often able to attack them with greatly superior numbers, in no one instance could we obtain complete success.

Thus were parties situated when Lord Balcarras, contrary to the advice of the gallant Walpole, resolved to send to Cuba for a pack of the hounds used in that island to chase outlaws and runaway negroes. These dogs, on coming up with a fugitive, merely growl at him till he stops, when they continue barking until the chasseurs advance and secure their prize. Each chasseur can only hunt with two dogs; they are never unmuzzled but for attack, and are always accompanied by one or two small dogs of excellent scent, called finders. The larger animal is the size of a very large hound, but with the nose much more pointed. His skin is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the whole structure, as the severe beatings they undergo in training, would kill any other dog.

The chasseur's only weapon is longer than a dragoon's sword, and twice as thick, sometimes like a flat iron bar, of which about eighteen inches at the lower end are as sharp as a razor. The activity of these chasseurs no negro can elude, and such is their temperance, that with a few ounces of salt, they can support themselves for months on the vegetable and farinaceous food of the woods. They drink nothing but the water supplied by the wild pine, by the black and grape withes, and roots of the cotton tree. Their greatest privation is that of the cigar, which they must not use in the woods, where the scent would betray them. The dress of a chasseur is a check shirt, open at the neck, and displaying a crucifix; a white pair of check trowsers, a straw hat, eight inches in the rim; his sword-belt, and his cotton ropes for his dogs. In the woods, he kills the wild hogs, and having skinned the thighs and hocks, he thrusts his foot into the raw hide, and with his knife trims it and makes it a tight boot, to protect his legs from the intricacies of thorns and brush-wood which he has to penetrate.

Forty of these chasseurs were received by General Walpole at Seven Rivers, and each of them had two hounds besides the finder. The General impressed upon them the necessity of carrying muskets, which, however, they resolv-

ed to throw away as soon as a fight commenced; and, secondly, he would not allow them to go out in chase, but obliged them to keep in the rear, till occasion might require their aid. How far these restraints and alterations of their accustomed mode of fighting might have destroyed their efficiency, was never proved. To us it appears that nothing could be more contemptible than such an ally, and that in the very first rencontre every chasseur and hound would have been shot.

But opinion in war, as in all other things, is omnipotent. The Maroons, who had braved our bayonets, our cavalry, and cannon, and overcome the error they had entertained of our name, now succumbed beneath the fear of this worse than ludicrous species of force. General Walpole took advantage of their terror to negotiate, and a treaty was signed, to one article of which General Walpole swore—"that the Maroons should not be sent off the island."

No sooner had this handful of brave men, less than five hundred, surrendered, than they were shipped to Nova Scotia, and thence to Sierra Leone. It must be observed, that this memorable conflict took place with only one (the Trelawney) tribe of Maroons. The other tribes were neutral, or often either secretly or openly acted in our favor.

The House of Assembly voted seven hundred guineas for a sword to Lord Balcarras, which his lordship declared he would transmit to his posterity, as a testimony most glorious to his name and family. The House of Assembly passed a similar vote of five hundred guineas to Gen. Walpole, but that noble minded officer contemptuously refused their present, and desired permission to give evidence at the bar of the House, of the spirit in which the treaty had been negotiated, and of the sense in which it had been drawn up by himself and the Maroon Chiefs—a sense diametrically opposite to that which the House was determined to put upon it. This being rejected, he insisted that the Maroons should have their arms restored to them, and placed *in statu quo ante factus*. He even declared his conviction, that in another campaign he would reduce them to entire submission by force of arms.—Gen. Walpole, in addition to the high feelings of a soldier, and to the established principles of good faith, felt a shame at his having used so contemptible, and in every respect so obvious a means of terror, as the Cuba blood hounds. The talent and courage he had displayed had saved the island, and indignant at the pusillanimity of the local authorities, he refused the vote of the sword in such terms of contempt of the Assembly, and of indignation at their perfidy, that the House expunged his letter from their journals. From his being the palladium, the god of their idolatry, he sank at once into an object of their vituperation, and was, in their eyes, even worse than a Maroon.

**SERTORIUS;
OR, THE ROMAN PATRIOT.**

A TRAGEDY—BY DAVID PAUL BROWN.

When a modern author produces a drama, without the incentive of a ticket in any of the fashionable tragedy lotteries, and gives it through his friends to the world, it may be supposed that he looks for his reward to that honorable price said to be paid by after-times to sterling mental labor. If this is the hope of the author of "Sertorius," it is certainly an honest ambition; but to say that it is sagacious and sure, would be to hazard a prophecy, which, though we would willingly see it fulfilled, we do not intend to be responsible for. We may, however, safely venture a wise-acre prediction, when we say that Mr. Brown's "Roman Patriot" will be found upon this goodly earth long after our present notice of it shall have perished. We will briefly give the author's story; and after extracting some of the passages from his tragedy, give our impressions of its deserts and its defects.

History tells us that Sertorius was an illustrious Roman General, who lived in the century before the Christian era; and who, from his opposition to the cruelties of Marius and Cinna, being obliged to fly to Spain, gained in his exile there, great favor by his valor and his virtues. The Romans became jealous of his reputation, and sent Pompey and Metellus to oppose him; and both these he victoriously repulsed. But his triumphs and popularity at length gained him deadly foes; the chief of whom was Perpenna, one of his officers; he, with other confederates, at a banquet, rose upon and destroyed Sertorius with many wounds. Sertorius, for the drama's sake, as well, we think, as for some of the author's success, is made to love, and be beloved by Marcia, living in the Capitol of Lusitania, where all the scenes of the tragedy are laid.

We will give some extracts, in the consciousness that we shall omit many of equal merit. When Sertorius is solicited to accept of proffered aid, and march against his country, he says:

"Talk not of hazard—I dare hazard all
But that, without which, all is penury;
The cherished, priceless, peerless jewel—honor.
When on the borders of the rapid Rhone,
Arm'd cap-a-pie in massy mail I stood,
While the huge billows thundered for their prey,
I passed not to appreciate the peril,
But plunged at once, like Curius, in the gulf,
Haply to live or die. 'Twas for my country!—
But when you ask, that to destroy that country
I should shake hands with her inveterate foe,
And sell myself to shame, immortal shame,
I tremble—and profess myself a coward.
I cannot do it!—shuddering nature dare not.

Pharos.—"Yet noble Quintus—

Sertorius.—"Urge me no more—my resolution's deaf
And cannot hear you."—Page 18.

When Sertorius sees Marcia with her father, Marcus, he says:

"Ever gentle Marcia! the rude, unsparing blasts
Of savage war have blanched thy maiden cheek;
Cheer up, my fair one—for the spring of peace
Shall pluck the lily from that faded brow,
And plant its roses there; why shouldst thou droop?
No cankerous cares corrode thy youthful heart,
Or trace thy channels through these vestal veins.

Marcellus.—"If flowers fade upon her virgin cheek
'Tis not for want of dew!" &c.—Page 30.

The author is happy in his sentiment of fervent love ignorant of its reciprocation—

"While all unconscious of this world of beauty,
Like fair Narcissus, he enamoured grows
Of his own charms, and covets what he has."—Ibid.

There is life and vigor throughout the scorn expressed by Sertorius for the clamor of the mob against him. We select these examples:

Sertorius.—"But what care you for life's vicissitudes?
The mighty storm drives harmless o'er your heads—
None but the great, the good, the godlike feel it;
You are below its fury.

Mucius.—"We are the freemen of the soil, Sertorius.
Sertorius.—"Peace, magpie!

Say rather that ye are the soil of freemen—
The rank foul compost whence sedition springs," &c.

[Page 35.]

When Sertorius encourages Perpenna on the field of battle, after the latter has been repulsed, he says:

"The Gods are ever with the brave, Perpenna,
Till we diffuse in them: our doubts are traitors
To heaven and to us, and antedate our doom.
The craven heart that shuns impending peril,
Expires on its own spear, while dauntless courage
Grapples with death, and sends its terrors from him.
Had I a thousand lives, and each immortal,
I'd jeopard all for the last hour of honour."—Page 57.

The author has looked on the setting sun with a poet's eye and mind when he says—

"But see, my Marcia, where the golden day
Gilds our sky-helmed mount with purple hues
Like fabled dolphins, varying as it dies."—Page 70.

At the banquet where Sertorius is killed, the conspirators, to insult his strict and grave virtue, indulge in licentious conversation; when he is made, we think, beautifully, to say—

"Quote not the vices of philosophy,
To justify indulgence of your own;
But emulate her virtues if you can.
The love which twines most closely round the heart,
Disdains the use of words, and shuns the eye
Like truth, despising outward ornament,
In native worth. The God you worship, bends
A feeble bow, and dips his shaft in wine—
The wound soon heals."—Page 74.

We can only in this form of notice, cite the preceding passages; but the reader will find many more than we have given, to interest and please him with "Sertorius." The author occasionally sacrifices to *alliteration*, and sometimes amplifies his sentiment to repetition; but who shall speak of a *first* tragedy, with any aim at justice, and not tell of faults both in words and style? If haste be our author's apology for these, then we unceremoniously add such "haste" as another and the greatest of his faults; for it has probably been the cause of all.

MOUNT CARMEL.

No part of the promised land creates a deeper interest in the traveller than the rich and extensive bosom of Mount Carmel; while barrenness spreads on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient excellency of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. The scenes in its interior are often bold and romantic in the highest degree; deep and verdant precipices descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly—the shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his numerous herds in Carmel. There is indeed a character peculiarly pastoral about the scenery; few grey and naked rocks, or sublime but useful cliffs, are here, as in the mountain of the Temptation, or on Pisgah. And this fertility and vivid verdure, on so sultry a soil, is deeply welcome and refreshing; more especially so



FLAT-ROCK BRIDGE, OVER THE SCHUYLKILL.



the woods that wave over the summit and sides. It is beautiful to stand beneath their shelter on the brink of the mount, and look far on every side, where nought but a forsaken and shadowless land meets the eye. On the banks of the ancient river, on which the strength of the mighty was broken, and the power of Sisera swept away, no solitary tree spreads its shade; the stream rolls between its green and naked shores; these are so low that the river overflows to some extent on each side during the rainy season, and is so deep and rapid as not to be fordable. It was most probably during this season that the army of Sisera, in its flight, was in part destroyed by the waters, for in its usual narrow course the stream is not of sufficient width and power to be dangerous. Wishing to cross it one evening after sunset, and mistrusting the depth, we called to two young Arabs, who were seated on a green knoll on the opposite side, and asked if we could pass with safety. They replied doubtfully; and, on the promise of a reward, one of them stripped to the skin, and with a long pole in his hand, entered the river till it reached his chin and he felt his footing grow unsteady when he was obliged to retreat. We turned disappointed from the spot, and the Arab youth, chilled and dripping, gained the bank again without his reward, which it was impossible to pay. Just above, on the side of Carmel, is the spot pointed out by tradition as having been the scene of Elijah's slaying the prophets of Baal. There is much of the picturesque about the place; the soil is strewed with several masses of grey stone, around which are many fine trees. It is a pleasing and lonely spot, such as the imagination would hardly have selected for so ruthless yet necessary a deed. But if tradition should err here there can be no illusion with respect to the scene of the memorable descent of the fire from heaven. When "all Israel was gathered together unto Carmel," it was clearly on this side the mountain, where it descends gradually into the noble plain beneath. The spot was finely chosen by the prophet for the spectacle of his sacrifice: since the multitude of people, coming from the regions of Samaria, might stand with perfect convenience in the splendid and open area of Esdraelon, which is here terminated at the foot of Carmel. The declivity of the mountain, its brink dark with woods, and its sides covered with the richest pasture, looks over a vast extent of country on every side; from the hills of Samaria, Cana, and Gilboa, the miracle might have been beheld; and to the eager gaze of the Israelites in the plain the prophets of the groves, their useless altars, and the avenging messengers of God, were as distinct as if the scene had been acted at their feet. This, too, is the only face of the hill beneath which the Kishon flows. What a noble subject would this be for a painter! the sun going down on the mountain declivities, while the eye of despair as well as faith was fixed in maddening suspense or triumph on the fading sky; the hushed myriads gazed on each dazzling

beam and caught every passing sound as if the coming of the God was there; the infidel king, also, with his chariots and armed men, waiting, moveless, from morn till eve. It was an impressive spot, from which we turned with regret, as the fading light warned us to depart, for the neighbourhood was not altogether safe. It is one of the unhappy features of this land that the richest feasts of the memory and fancy are often followed by the pressure of real evils. It was in vain to think of regaining our quarters on the sea-shore that night; we were at too great a distance; and we thought with regret of our comfortable quarters in the home of the Syrian, when we entered and looked around on the squalid hut and its lawless inmates where we were doomed to repose till morn.—*Carne's Travels.*

FLAT ROCK BRIDGE.

The beauty of the scenery on the banks of the Schuylkill is almost proverbial. We have on several occasions procured engravings of this scenery, in the more immediate vicinity of Philadelphia. A view of Flat Rock Bridge, situated about seven miles from this city, accompanies the present number. The bridge consists of one arch, on a similar plan to that of the upper ferry bridge, near Fairmount, though not so large as the latter. About two miles from the bridge is located the flourishing little town of Manayunk, where are several manufacturing establishments, on a tolerably extensive scale. To those who are fond of the exercise of riding, a visit to Flat Rock Bridge and Manayunk would doubtless be an agreeable excursion, provided they have not yet seen those romantic and beautiful places.

BIOGRAPHY OF GEORGE IV.

The history of a living monarch can seldom be depended on for its authenticity, as he is likely to be misrepresented both by his friends and his enemies. Those who are placed near his person, and are therefore supposed to be best qualified to furnish the materials for his biography, are generally influenced both by the hopes of preferment and the fears of giving offence; and thus many virtues are attributed to him which he does not possess, and censure is often withheld when it might be applied with the greatest propriety. In this brief sketch, however, we will endeavor to avail ourselves of such sources of information as are not liable to the charges of prejudice or partiality. Yet it must be premised that this course will reduce our observations to a very narrow focus; but although our narrative may discover a paucity of incident, we hope its unimpeachable veracity may atone for that defect.

George IV. was born August 12, 1762; and five days after his birth, letters patent passed under the great seal for creating him Prince of Wales. He was baptised on the 18th of September, in the same year. A writer remarks that his father was always particularly delight,

ed with this ceremony; a predilection which deserves as little observation as many other of that monarch's affections and antipathies. George the Fourth, in his youth, is said to have exhibited some marks of superior talents: it is further observed that he made great and early proficiency in his studies, especially in the classics. He soon became so excellent a critic in the Greek language as to puzzle one of his tutors, to the great amusement of the court. The poor man was so mortified at this circumstance, that he immediately made a resignation of his office. Notwithstanding the preceptive and exemplary care of his father, (whose moral character was certainly good, whatever may have been his intellectual deficiencies,) George the Fourth became a young man of many vicious propensities, associating with the most depraved characters, and frequently abandoning himself to every species of profligacy. There is a strong resemblance between his conduct and disposition and those of Charles II.; the same reckless levity, the same fondness for illicit pleasures, characterised these two branches of the unequal houses of Stewart and Brunswick.

On the 8th of April, 1795, the nuptial ceremony between the Prince of Wales and his cousin, Caroline Amelia, was solemnized with great magnificence. This marriage, which subsequently proved so unfortunate, afforded the greatest satisfaction at the time to almost every member of the royal family. But the charms of a courtesan soon drew off the Prince's attention from his bride; and he began, in a short time, to treat the latter with the most mortifying neglect.—When a venerable old gentleman took the liberty to expostulate with the Prince on this subject, he received an answer which is not fit to be repeated, and which discovers a brutality of disposition that would be disgraceful to any man in any station. When we consider the former life of the Prince of Wales, we need not be at a loss to account for this conduct towards his wife; for men who have given themselves up to certain modes of dissipation, are entirely unfit to enter into the matrimonial engagement. We are unwilling to believe that any misconduct on the part of the Princess at that time could have warranted such treatment. Imprudent she certainly was, but never overstepped the bounds of decorum until she had received repeated provocations from her husband.

In 1814, her royal highness embarked for Italy. On her way she visited her brother, at the court of Brunswick, and was every where received with the honours due to her rank. She afterwards travelled in various parts of the continent of Europe, and also in Asia, visiting Jerusalem and other cities of Palestine, as well as different places in the Mediterranean. On the accession of her husband to the throne, her majesty's name was erased from the liturgy, and she was informed that, if she returned to England, judicial proceedings would be instituted against her; but that fifty thousand pounds would be allowed her if she consented to live abroad.

This proposition was rejected with disdain.—These circumstances gave rise to the following epigram:—

"How can old England then forbear
So good a queen to own,
Who, for her suffering country's care,
Leaves fifty thousand pounds a year,
And asks but half a crown."

The Prince of Wales was installed in the office of Regent on the 5th of February, 1811, and took the following oath—"I do solemnly promise and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to his majesty, King George." He also took another oath to execute his high office agreeably to the act of Parliament in that case provided. The conduct of George the Fourth, during his regency, was better than could be expected from his private character.—He ascended the throne January 31, 1820, under very inauspicious circumstances, the policy of the other nations of Europe being then opposed to England. His domestic situation was not more tranquil. Queen Caroline now arrived in England, and was greeted by the acclamation of the populace. On the day of her arrival the King sent a message to Parliament, requesting that an enquiry into the Queen's conduct might be instituted, which request was complied with. During the Queen's trial the public mind was greatly agitated, and party spirit was extremely violent. She was accused of improper familiarity with a menial whom she had taken into her service, and whom she afterwards raised to rank and honour. A very small majority of the Lords having declared the Queen guilty, the bill was formally withdrawn. Her death shortly afterwards relieved the King from any further embarrassment on her account.

The coronation of George IV. in Westminster Abbey, took place on the 19th of July, 1821.—It was celebrated with much splendor, and London never before contained such an assemblage of rank and fashion. As the high office he holds is not requisite of any extraordinary virtues or abilities, the King has continued to discharge its duties without incurring much censure or eliciting much praise.

Having stated these particulars, our limits oblige us to conclude. To place the character of George IV. in all its lights and shades before the public, must be the task of some future biographer.

(From Captain Dillon's Voyage.)

A NEW ZEALAND PRIESTESS.

This Priestess presented a noble figure; she appeared to be of a middle age; her complexion brunette, with sparkling black eyes; and her jet-black hair, which was of a considerable length, gently flowed in ringlets over her shoulders, waving gracefully in the air as she walked. She was attired in the states' robes of her country, and conveyed to the mind a forcible idea of savage royalty. She had not been long seated be

fore she remarked that the day was rather cold, and demanded if there was any rum on board, and if so requested that some might be produced and given her. I told her that we had some, and ordered a decanter of brandy to be placed before her. After significantly eyeing it for some time, and not liking the colour, she observed, "This is not rum; I have never seen such as this before; let me have such rum as the whalers have on board." With this request I immediately complied: she filled a tumbler nearly, and, without hesitation quaffed it to the bottom. She then called for a seegar, and having smoked a little, soon became very talkative. The person who most attracted her notice was an elderly gentleman named Richardson, the surgeon's assistant. She inquired of me who he was. I made answer that he was our doctor and priest. With this information she seemed much pleased, saying that she herself was a priestess and physician: and added, "Will not my brother salute me according to the custom of New Zealand?" that is, gently to incline the head, and touch noses. On the lady's request being communicated to Mr. Richardson, he with much gallantry complied; but, unfortunately, on stooping, his wig fell off, and exhibited a huge bald pate. It is more easy to conceive than express her highness's alarm and terror at this preternatural mode of salutation, for she verily believed that he had taken off his scalp by the aid of magic. She screamed most dreadfully, having, for the first time, seen a real proof of that skill in the black art which she pretended she was possessed of. All her female companions joined in yelling most piteously on witnessing this phenomenon, and scampered with their mistress as speedily as they could out of the cuddy, screaming out in the native tongue, "A witch! a wizard! an enchanter!" During the alarm Mr. Richardson recovered his wig and placed it on his head as before, to the no small astonishment of some of them who ventured to peep slyly at him during the process. After much trouble I succeeded in allaying the fears of her highness and suite, who once more ventured to sit down; not, however without casting many a terrified glance at our priest and doctor, whom she did not require to salute her a second time. She, with much anxiety, inquired if it was

not by the aid of magic that he had disencumbered himself of his hair, and wished to know if he could with equal facility take off his head, which I did not altogether deny. This intelligence caused her to eye the doctor with profound reverence, and she requested I would inform her how many evil spirits he had influence over, and if he could also shake the hair and skin from the back part as from the front of his head. I replied, that, with regard to the number of spirits over which he had control, it was out of my power to inform her truly; but as regarded his hair, I assured her he could dismember himself from head to foot, with the greatest facility. During our conversation, one of the nymphs attending on the priestess, a girl of about fourteen years, slyly approached Mr. Richardson, and mistaking a tuft of his natural hair for its moveable substitute, determined by a good pull, to ascertain if the virtue lay in the hair or in its owner; but the hair holding fast, she was compelled to make a precipitate retreat, lest the magician should metamorphose her into a hog, those people believing in transmigration. This incident, no doubt, tended to confirm their belief in our priest's power, and caused a hearty laugh, at the expense of the female casuist. At her next visit the priestess was still more alarmed by a good sailor's joke. The draughtsman and officers had prevailed on the surgeon's assistant to "submit the bald part of his head to the draughtsman's art, who in a short time metamorphosed it in such a way, that had he been in ancient Greece or Rome during the sway of Pagan superstition, he might have obtained worshippers as did the god Janus, who had in pity to men condescended to pay them a visit. His head presented the perfect appearance of an additional phiz, most hideously portrayed on the bald part of the cranium. Vancathai, with her numerous female friends and attendants, being seated in the cuddy, begged as an especial favour that I would send for the magician, and prevail on him to shake the hair and skin from his head, as he had done yesterday. She stated as her reason for this request, that those to whom she had mentioned the circumstance, would not believe that so wonderful a thing could be done by any man, and that she had brought the most incredulous with her to day, that

they might be eye-witnesses of the miracle. Mr. Richardson, with much politeness, consented to give a repetition of it, and approaching her highness, made a most graceful bow, and in a moment cast off his artificial hair, when, instead of an inoffensive bald pate, behold a horrible double face met the eyes of the astonished priestess and her companions. Dreadful indeed was the confusion which immediately succeeded this display of even supermagical power. The caddy was in a moment cleared of the visitors, and the magician left in peaceable possession of the apartment. Infidelity itself was now convinced of his magical powers, and there was not a native unbeliever in the ship.

IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES.

The following anecdote will prove that the conduct of the Emperor Nicholas acts as a stimulus to the other branches of the imperial family, and that the same attention to discipline is paid by the highest as by the lowest in the service. Immediately after the coronation of his Majesty, the Count Tolstoy was appointed chef de l'Etat-Major, when it became the duty of the general officers to attend his Excellency for the purpose of receiving the orders of his Majesty. On the morning following the appointment of the Count, the Grand Duke Michael, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army, waited upon him in common with the other Generals. His Excellency, on seeing him, immediately rose and begged his Imperial Highness would allow him to send the orders of the Emperor to his (the Grand Duke's) palace every morning, as he could not think of allowing the brother of the Emperor of Russia to wait on him. The Grand Duke smiled, and replied, "What do you imagine, General, would be said by the Emperor if I were to do so?—Besides, how could I expect to maintain the necessary discipline among the troops which I have the honour to command, were I to be the first to set so bad an example? *Je ne suis que General, comme mes amis qui m'entourent.*"

At one period of my residence at St. Petersburg, a short time previously to the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas, there was a general mourning, in consequence of the death of the late Emperor Alexander and his Empress; and all amusements were postponed till the arrival of the imperial family at Moscow. The theatres were closed, and a general tristesse pervaded the whole town and its environs, excepting on the occasion of any very particular *fete*, which was always allowed to be enjoyed by the lower classes. The Public and Imperial Gardens were thrown open and illuminated for them, where the Emperor very kindly ordered a number of

bands from different regiments to be stationed for their amusement, and where he invariably mixed with the people. Indeed, so little does Nicholas like pomp and parade, that, were it not for his majestic deportment, you would scarcely imagine him to be the Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias. He is constantly to be met unattended, wrapt up in his military cloak, like any other officer, sometimes on foot; sometimes on a *drojka* drawn by a single horse, and occasionally, when with the Empress, in an open carriage drawn by four fine black horses, with beautifully long manes and tails, reaching nearly to the ground, and a single servant behind, in the plain uniform worn by all officers' servants. If there be any difference between the Emperor and others, it is in the extremely elegant neatness and simplicity which is to be remarked in his equipages and appointments. The same good taste is evinced by the Empress, and the Grand Duke Michael and his Duchess.

The discipline of the Russian Service is extremely severe, as well for the officers as the privates in the military. They are not allowed on any consideration to quit their uniform, nor to deviate in the most trifling degree from the regulation, under pain of severe punishment—of which I witnessed an example at the ball given by the Countess Orloff to the Emperor and Empress, immediately after the coronation of their Majesties. A young friend of mine, an aid-de-camp to General Benkendorff, was what in England might be denominated a dandy; and, whenever an opportunity presented itself, without a probability of its being discovered, he would encroach upon the orders, such as shewing the collar of his shirt above the stock, &c. which is strictly forbidden. For the ball in question, he had ordered a new uniform, and wishing to appear particularly gay, purchased a new Aiguillette, considerably thicker than the regulation. He had not been long in the room when his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael approached, and lifting the Aiguillette in his hand, after looking at it some time, demanded "Of what General are you the Aid-de-Camp?"

"Of General Benkendorff, your Highness."

"Does he allow you to wear an Aiguillette so large as this?"

"Your Highness——"

"Retire, and change it; do not be seen again with a similar one, or you will be put under arrest."

On my visit to the Hermitage, I was shewn the room in which the Emperor Paul was assassinated, and the secret door by which he endeavoured to escape, by means of a subterraneous passage, but was prevented by his assassins entering the room before he had time to find the spring. This room recalled to my mind the singular and horrible anecdotes that are related of him, and which serve to convince me that he was certainly more fit to be the inmate of a madhouse than of a palace.

The following anecdote was related to me by

the gentleman himself to whom it refers,—an English merchant, with whom I had the pleasure of being personally acquainted while at St. Petersburg.

The Emperor Paul had, among other ridiculous mandates, issued an order that all persons meeting him should descend from their carriages and stand bareheaded until his Majesty's carriage was out of sight. My friend was one day driving a short distance out of the town, when seeing the carriage of Paul coming in an opposite direction, and not wishing to descend in the mud, and expose himself to a violent shower of rain which was falling at the time, desired his coachman to drive out of the road up a side-lane. Immediately on his return home, Paul learned whose carriage it was, (which may always be learned in Russia by application at the barriere, as at that time the passport was shewn by every person passing in or out of town,) and sending for the Englishman, asked him why he had behaved so disrespectfully towards him. The Englishman, not daring to confess the truth, excused himself by saying, that his sight not being good he had not the honour to see his Majesty; with which answer Paul appeared satisfied, and dismissed him. On the following morning he was waited on by one of the superior officers of the police, who informed him he had orders to conduct him again to the palace. On entering the room in which Paul was, he was not a little surprised at seeing the table covered with spectacles of all sizes and colours. His Majesty received him very graciously, and addressing him, with apparent great good humour, said, 'It grieved me *brat* (brother) to hear from you yesterday that your sight was defective, which caused you to neglect the orders I had issued; and as I perceive you have not provided yourself with spectacles, I beg you will accept a pair from me, in order that you may see better another time; had you been one of my own subjects with a bad sight—instead of a foreigner, you would most assuredly have been at this moment on your road to Siberia. Choose, sir, from those before you, the pair which best suits you, and if your inclination be not to visit the interior of the empire, (meaning Siberia,) never from this moment be seen without them.' Then turning to the general of police, who was expressly in attendance, he said, 'General, let this my order be attended to;—look to it.' The poor Englishman was obliged to wear the Emperor's present until the death of the donor, when he wished to do without them, but custom had rendered them necessary, and he continues to use them until this day.

Anna and Eudisia...or the Cousins.

A POLISH LEGEND.

Related by Princess Lichtenstein.

The Zamoiski are one of the noblest and most powerful families in Poland. The last Count Zamoiski ruled over ten thousand vassals, and was beloved and respected by all of them.

He married a daughter of the proud and noble house of Czartoriski, whose love for her husband was only equalled by her extreme beauty. After some months the Count had the prospect of soon being a father; but alas! his days of happiness were over. The Countess of Zamoiski died in giving birth to a daughter. The wife of one of the vassals, whose son was born the same day as Anna, was immediately established at the castle as an attendant on the young Countess, whom she nursed at the same time with her son. The foster brother and sister were brought up together. A cousin of Anna's, named Eudisia, left an orphan when only seven years of age, became the companion of their youthful sports and studies. Young Jean displayed so much talent that the Count allowed him to share the lessons of his daughter, and even sent him three years to Wilna to finish his education. On his return he was entrusted with the administration of the Count's immense estates. Jean was so well fitted to command, his bearing was so noble and lofty, his notions and ideas so completely those of a gentleman, that, proud of the title of Anna's brother, he had entirely forgotten his own mean extraction, having lost his parents while still very young. On another account this title of brother was all-sufficient; for he fancied that he only loved the cousins as sisters; if he felt the least preference for Anna, he ascribed it to their having been nourished at the same breast. As to the Count, he loved Jean as a son; he felt that his good qualities and high acquirements were due to his fostering care, and spoke of them with real pride. The two cousins first discovered that the affection they bore to Jean was not the regard one feels for a brother. Their characters were vastly different. Anna was lively, volatile, high spirited, and unused to contradiction. Her father had, unknown to himself, encouraged her impetuous disposition, by indulging all her whims and caprices. Accustomed to see every thing yield to her wishes, Anna would have been amazingly astonished by any opposition to them; for if even in their plays she became offended and looked sulky, her brother and cousin would instantly give up their opinions and wishes, and endeavour to restore her to cheerfulness. Eudisia, though tenderly beloved by her uncle, had early learned that she was but an adopted daughter. More timid and more refined than her cousin, she grew absent and even melancholy as she grew up. Handsomer than Anna, she attracted less attention at first, but on better acquaintance attracted longest. When Jean was gay and happy, he always sought Anna; when depressed, Eudisia was his companion. But as Anna was more affable and more encouraging in her manner at first sight, one would have imagined this her favorite. When Eudisia first noticed this, her melancholy increased; but Jean instantly redoubling his attentions to her; Anna became silent and depressed; and Jean's attentions were again bestowed on Anna. Yet neither of the cousins understood thoroughly the nature of their feelings for Jean. If Count Za-

moiski had ever had any doubts or fears on the subject, his impartial friendship for both cousins must have satisfied him. The Count's determination with regard to his daughter and Jean, were still unknown. He could not bear to part with them, and adjourned this important subject to some distant period, when he was suddenly obliged to leave home on business. He took Jean with him, and was absent about a month. The day on which they were expected to return, the ladies planned a little festival to surprise him. Some friends assembled on the occasion, were seated at the window with Anna and Eudisia awaiting the arrival of the travellers. It was sundown before they were seen; anxious to get home, the Count and Jean galloped on leaving all their suite behind. Almost all Polish villages are built on the side of a mountain, below which is a placid lake, over which is a narrow causeway. Along one of these narrow bridges the impatient Count, having spurred his Ukrainian horse, and Jean were galloping. Towards them a herd of oxen were slowly and quietly approaching. Suddenly a large ox, startled by the rapid motion of the travellers, threw himself on the Count's horse, and gored him so terribly, that the wounded animal, rearing in agony, fell with his rider over the side of the causeway into the lake. Jean sprang from his horse and plunged into the water to rescue his benefactor; but that was both difficult and dangerous. The Count's foot being still in the stirrup, he was dragged on by his horse, who, in spite of the blood he was losing, swam rapidly on. Jean encumbered by his clothes, could not keep up with the horse. At last, after many hurried attempts, he succeeded in disentangling the Count, and kept his head above the water till a boat was sent to their assistance. Meanwhile the most dreadful confusion reigned in the castle; nothing was heard but weeping and sobbing. Anna fainted in the arms of her cousin, and both were borne apparently lifeless from the window. Anna recovered her senses only to learn the extent of her misfortune. After bleeding the Count twice, the physician declared him past recovery: his days were drawing to their close; and though he still breathed, there was no hope for him! His friends left the castle to prepare for his funeral,—for, until then, they were intruders. After some hours' repose, Jean, still pale and feeble from his violent exertions and hopeless grief, joined the two cousins to mingle his tears with theirs. Towards midnight the Count revived for a few minutes and gazed wildly around him, and faintly articulated the names of Anna, Eudisia and Jean. He was made to swallow a cordial, and was then raised and supported in the bed. Taking Jean by the hand, and pointing to the two orphans, he said: "My son, thou wilt soon be their only protector!" His three children fell on their knees by his bedside. He put Anna's hand in Jean's—blessed the kneeling group, and then calmly expired.—Anna threw herself on her father's body, and force was necessary to remove both the weeping girls from the chamber of death.

In every room they found garlands and bouquets which that very day they had tied up in the happiness of their youthful hearts; and these flowers only made the mourning and gloom, which surrounded them, seem deeper. Jean repressed his grief with a manly courage, and, having caused all the appearances of the intended feast to be removed, he arranged and superintended the funeral of his kind and ill-fated benefactor. For more than a year after the death of the Count, the cousins lived perfectly secluded, without seeing a soul. To Jean's eyes Anna appeared the most unhappy; and his consolations and kind attentions were principally addressed to her. He thought he preferred her, and Anna fancied herself the favorite; interpreting, as she chose, the dying words of her father, she considered herself as Jean's betrothed, and sought no longer to conceal her passion. Eudisia, on the contrary, lost all hope of ever being his, at the very moment she had discovered that, like her more fortunate cousin, she, too, loved Jean! She suffered in silence, all the torments of an ill-requited passion, and alleged her uncle's death as the cause of her depression; but suddenly the gloom and melancholy, which had for so long time overwhelmed Eudisia, disappeared—and again she smiled, and seemed to share the happiness of others. Since Anna's open declaration of regard for Jean, Eudisia had avoided the latter; but now, again, their intercourse was renewed; and even in Anna's presence she would gaze upon him, as if to say—"Yes, I am happy." This sudden change excited Anna's suspicions, and soon her jealousy. Too proud to complain, she carefully concealed her suspicions from all but Catherine, her faithful waiting-maid, whom she directed to watch the conduct of her lover and cousin. She learnt that they were to meet the next morning, before day-light, in a secluded part of the garden.—"Madam," said Catherine, "you are betrayed!" "What proof canst thou give?" "Jean threw himself at Eudisia's feet, and implored her pardon: she raised him in great agitation, and he tenderly embraced her!" Grieved to be thus betrayed and deceived by those she loved best on earth, Anna watched for an opportunity to punish their perfidy and ingratitude. This opportunity soon offered itself. For many days Eudisia's servants had been busily engaged in preparing their lady's travelling coach, and fresh horses had been ordered at several stopping places. These, however, were the only indications of her resolution to leave the castle. In the course of the evening she sought Anna, and said to her, timidly, while her eyes filled with tears, "My dear cousin, I must leave you to-morrow! I hope it will be but for a short time—though, at present, I can fix no time for my return. Countess Sophia Dalgouriska, who is my only remaining relation, beside myself, is dangerously ill, and wishes to see me—perhaps for the last time! I must hasten to fulfil this sacred duty, and shall therefore leave you to-morrow at day-light: I shall only take one of my wo-

men. Jean has promised, during my absence, to take charge of my other domestics. Farewell, forget not your Eudisia, who, believe me, will love you to her latest hour.' At these words she threw her arms round her neck, and clasped her to her heart. Such violent agitation and such a solemn farewell, for so short a time, confirmed all Anna's suspicions. She imagined that Eudisia and Jean had planned their flight, and that this feigned journey was but a pretext to insure the execution of their plan. Eudisia was too much agitated to notice Anna's cold and restrained manner. The Countess shut herself up in her apartment with her confident, Catherine. 'It is too true,' she exclaimed, 'those ungrateful creatures mean to abandon me, and to repay mine and my dear father's numerous kindnesses by breaking a heart whose only fault was too great a reliance on their affection. Fly, Catherine, lose not a minute; follow them; discover their plan, and return and tell me what thou hast heard. Catherine obeyed; and Anna, overwhelmed with grief and jealousy, threw herself weeping on a sofa. There, thinking over all the proofs of Jean's devotion and tender friendship of her cousin, she endeavoured to dispel the cruel idea, that she was betrayed by persons so fondly beloved. But the return of her messenger renewed all her doubts and fears. 'Speak, hast thou seen them?' 'Yes, this instant have I left them.' 'Where? when?' 'In the same arbour where I before told you they met every morning.' 'And what didst thou hear?' 'They had probably been there some time before I discovered them. Jean was at Lady Eudisia's feet, and held in his hand a paper which she had probably given him, and which he wished to return. 'Nothing can change my determination,' said your cousin, 'it is irrevocable. Be prudent, you have promised me and I rely on you. In three days we shall have nothing to conceal.' 'In three days,' repeated Anna, with a sigh. 'At the altar,' added Eudisia, 'I will relieve you from your oath; but until then, keep our projects still a secret from my cousin.' Jean still kneeling, entreated her to defer her departure, if only for a day. 'My dear Jean,' replied Eudisia, 'to-morrow, at day-light, we will both have done our duty.' And their tears flowed in abundance. At last they left the arbour, and Jean said, 'My dear Eudisia, I have placed that paper on my heart; it will remain there with your secret and the affection I swear to you.—They will remain there till death.' 'Farewell, Jean,' replied Eudisia, 'do not allow Anna to be awakened to-morrow morning. I have not fortitude enough to keep our secret, and I would willingly avoid an explanation distressing to us both.' They then parted, and I hastened back to tell you all, for it is nearly day-light.'

Anna no longer doubted that she was sacrificed to a rival; and a bitter contempt, for a moment, smothered her indignation: but, determined to confound the two traitors, she threw herself, all dressed, on her bed, to be ready by daylight; but, entirely exhausted, she fell asleep: and, after

many agitated and painful dreams, she awoke just in time to witness the departure of her cousin. She ran to the window and saw Eudisia snatch herself from Jean's arms, after giving him a box, which he pressed to his lips! She then threw herself in her carriage and drove from the castle. Anna furious at this sight, rushed from her room and ran down stairs to reproach her with perfidy, but Eudisia was gone! and Jean alone, remained, gazing with tearful eyes on the road which the carriage had taken. At last he became conscious of Anna's presence. 'My dear Anna,' he said, 'I am sorry to see you here. Eudisia and I had determined to spare you the pain of a last farewell.' 'Your plan was indeed well arranged,' said Anna, with an ironical smile —'but it is not yet too late to defeat your perfidious designs, which have filled me with horror and contempt, and those are henceforward the only sentiments with which you can inspire me.' 'Anna,' exclaimed Jean, in a tone of surprise and grief, 'are you speaking to me?' 'Yes, to you, Jean Ivanowitch, to you; and I command you instantly to give me the box and papers you received from my cousin.' 'Anna, dear Anna, you are angry and unreasonable. Recollect that we are surrounded by servants. Come with me —this is no place for explanation.' 'The only proof of my want of reason was being so completely your dupe. But I am now undeceived, and I command you a second time to give me those papers. Dare you refuse me?' 'Your mode of asking for them, Anna, would alone preclude the necessity of obeying it, even if I were not bound by a solemn oath.' 'That is too much. Give them to me instantly, I say.' And then rushing towards Jean to snatch the papers from his bosom, she fell and struck her head violently against a stone. She was instantly raised; but the pain and violence of her fall exasperated her to fury. 'Jean Ivanowitch,' she exclaimed, 'you have betrayed me, you are a traitor, your perfidy deserves the punishment of a slave, and you are but a slave.' 'A slave,' repeated the astonished Jean —'a slave! Anna?—Your father's kindness has made me your equal.' 'Insolent slave! how dare you speak thus to me?' replied the Countess, show me the deed of your manumission; you are a vassal still. You are a rebellious vassal, and as such shall receive a slave's punishment. Seize him,' added she to the peasants that surrounded her, 'tear from him those papers—those papers he has refused to give me, and then let him be scourged. One hundred gold pieces to the one who executes my orders, and first brings me those papers.' One must have witnessed the servile obedience of Russian and Polish peasants, and have seen them at the command of a subaltern tyrant, unhesitatingly inflict the punishment of the knout upon women, and even on their own relations, to comprehend the promptness with which were executed the orders of the enraged and almost crazed Countess Zamoiski. Besides, men of all classes delight in humbling those whose superior merit has excited their envy, and the promised reward

was irresistible. Jean was therefore forced to submit to the most degrading of all punishments. His natural high spirit would, in any rank of society, have ill brooked this cruel treatment; but the liberal education which he owed to his benefactor, and which had promised to embellish and enliven his existence, only made him more bitterly alive to his dishonor. Anna's passions were always dreadful, and, when convicted of injustice, her remorse was always proportionate. She shut herself up in her room, and gazed in an agony of shame on the picture of her father, whose stern glances seemed to reproach her with cruelty.—But who can describe her feelings, when she opened the long contested package! She recognized the box as one which she had formerly given to Eudisia, with her picture and a lock of her hair. It merely contained some deeds and a letter to herself from Eudisia. Anna hastily opened it, and found that Eudisia, after vainly endeavoring to overcome an unhappy and ill requited affection, had determined to take the veil: that, wishing to give her friends a last proof of her attachment, she had left all her fortune to Jean and her cousin, on condition that they would liberate and provide for all her servants, who had been with her since her birth. Her letter finished with the following words:—'Farewell, my dear Anna, May you be as happy as Eudisia prays for; and may Jean's love console you for my loss. If I restore your picture and hair, it is to prove to you that I have bidden adieu to all earthly ties, and mean to think only of another world; and where one day I think we all shall meet.' Who can describe Anna's despair! 'Oh seek him,' she exclaimed to such of her vassals as claimed the promised reward, 'bring him to me, let me ask his forgiveness and then die at his feet. He who finds Jean shall be free.' The peasants dispersed in search of Jean with as much eagerness as they had executed the cruel orders of their lady. But their search was not successful, and nothing was seen of the unfortunate victim. Enraged by his degrading punishment, and his love entirely smothered by a burning thirst for revenge, Jean had fled with shrieks of rage and despair into the neighboring forest. Three days he wandered about, penetrating into the thickest parts of the woods, even to the habitations of wild beasts. The third night was approaching, and the rain which fell in torrents, drenched his clothes without calming the fever by which he was devoured. 'I will rid myself of this burdensome life,' he cried, 'and my death, my only refuge from misery and dishonour, shall fill with remorse the futurity of that one who has so cruelly insulted me. To make her remorse more bitter, I will die in her presence.' He walked towards the castle. The lightning guided him through the dreary forest. At last he perceived the turrets of the Castle, and he heard the clock strike one. He gained the garden without being discovered. A single light glimmered in the darkness, and it came from Anna's room. 'Ah, he exclaimed, 'sleep has fled from her eyes,

and I will banish it forever by dying at her feet.' He entered the Castle, ran to his room, seized a pair of richly mounted pistols, given him by the Count, which he hid in his bosom, and then repaired to Anna's apartment. His footsteps made her start. 'Ah,' she suddenly exclaimed, 'have you found him? Is it he?' 'It is he,' replied Jean, presenting himself to her in the deplorable condition to which three days and two nights of despair had reduced him. 'It is he, come to let you enjoy a sight worthy of you.' As he spoke he put one of the pistols to his head, but Anna arrested his arm with the rapidity of lightning. 'Seek not to save me,' said Jean, 'for you have dishonored me. I avenge myself, for your life is in my hands, but I disdain to take it. Live to reproach yourself with the death of one who only lived to love you.' Anna threw herself at his feet. 'Jean, dear Jean,' she said, 'forbear for one instant; one word, one single word, and I will die with thee.' 'My heart is still too soft to refuse your request,' replied Jean, who could not resist her solemn appeal. 'Jean,' said Anna, 'in the sacred name of my father and of the mother who united us both, abandon this dreadful project; your sister—your betrothed acknowledges her crime, and implores your pardon. Pity her tears and her despair.' 'Did you think of the memory of our parents, Anna, when, on a slight suspicion, you condemned me to a life of ignominy? were I coward enough to survive!' 'I will share that ignominy, by becoming your wife.' 'What, I give a dishonored man to the daughter of Count Zamoiski: that is worse than slavery, Anna. Your father forgot to enfranchise me because he thought his friendship rendered such formality useless, particularly to his daughter, whose love to me was a title of honor. I absolve you from your oath. One day you would blush to be the wife of a slave. I come to spare you those blushes, and to die at your feet! At these words, having lost his reason from grief and fury, and three days' wandering without food in the woods, he pushed the young Countess from him: she fell senseless to the ground. The report of a pistol roused the whole household—Jean was dead! Meanwhile Eudisia's resignation, as she fled from Jean and her cousin, was fast giving way. 'Alas!' said she, as she gazed for the last time on the noble castle; 'I feel I have bidden adieu to happiness forever.' She endeavored to console herself by thinking of their felicity; but, alas! it is painful to sacrifice ourselves even to those we love—and that is why such a sacrifice is called virtuous and heroic. Who could blame Eudisia's regrets? During her journey she met a number of peasants whose master had allowed them to be free and happy for one day; they were celebrating a wedding, and Eudisia turned faint when she beheld the happy couple. 'It must be because they recal Jean and Anna,' she thought. 'Have I undertaken a sacrifice beyond my strength?' Ah! I fear I never shall have courage to gaze on her happy face. I will live with the unfortunate, and forget that there is

happiness in the world.' When she arrived at Wilna, she determined to devote her time to some hospital. 'For a year and longer, if necessary,' she said, 'I am determined that no one shall know my retreat.' When I am separated from all worldly objects, then will I ask 'if Jean and Anna enjoy that happiness, for which I was not destined.' She dismissed her servants and gave them their liberty on condition that, for one year, they would not return to Zamoiski Castle, and then repaired to the chapel where she prayed to be cured of her unfortunate passion. A little relieved by this prayer, she went at the close of the evening, entirely shrouded in a large veil, to an abbey which she had remarked on the road to Wilna. She rung, and the door was opened. She asked for an asylum, and was told that this was a Mad-House, founded by a rich Polander whose daughter had been crazy for a long time. 'God himself inspires me,' exclaimed Eudisia. 'I am come to devote myself to the unfortunate of this establishment.' She was presented to the superior, and begged as a favour to be admitted among the sisters of charity, to whom the care of the insane was committed. She soon became a favourite among her companions, and who admired her patience and gentleness. Her care and kindness to the patients committed to her charge were such as to check the paroxysms of several, and one was returned to her family. A year had expired, and the cell of Eudisia's patient still remained vacant. At last it was filled by a young girl found in the streets of Wilna, one who, from her unconnected complaints, was supposed to be crazed from love. Sister Eudisia ran to the cell with her usual zeal and alacrity, and, at the first sight, she felt much interested in this new comer, and she explained this unwonted feeling by some points of resemblance between this ill-fated girl and a well-known and beloved countenance. 'Good God!' she cried, 'I thought first it might be — —, but no, that is not the sweet, sweet expression of Anna's eyes. How wild she looks; that dreadful sneer bears no resemblance to my cousin's soft and happy smile.—Anna is happy with her husband, and if my absence sometimes clouds their mirth, poor Eudisia is soon forgotten by Anna and Jean.' 'Jean!' This name, pronounced aloud, attracted the attention of the maniac, who had hitherto hung gazing on her with a vague mistrust. 'Jean,' repeated the unhappy girl, rushing up to Eudisia, 'Jean! what name did you pronounce? Where is he? seize him—scourge the traitor! an hundred pieces of gold for the papers in his bosom!'—'Heavens! that voice—who art thou? Speak!' said Eudisia. 'Who am I? that is my secret.—Jean has cursed my name—my name, which, noble as 'it is, he would not share; that cursed name you wish to learn, and I wish to forget it; for it has been my pride and has been my misery—Jean prefers that of Eudisia because she is not so haughty.—Eudisia liberates her slaves, but I—tremble if you are not free—I have them scourged.' These words

were articulated with a dreadful laugh, which a few minutes before Eudisia had compared to the sweet and well remembered smile of her cousin. But her doubts were banished. It was indeed Anna she beheld; Anna, deprived of her reason by Jean's death, had escaped from her castle, where, for a year past, she had been tenderly and carefully nursed. Some of her vassals who were in pursuit of her, arrived at the abbey the next day, and told the deplorable story to Eudisia, who thought that henceforward she should hate her cousin; but her heroic friendship got the better of this feeling. She devoted herself to Anna, and her pious cares were rewarded. The Countess' paroxysms became less violent and soon less frequent; but during her lucid intervals she was so miserable, that Eudisia almost regretted the skill she had acquired in the hospital of Wilna.

Princess Lichtenstein here finished her story and our tears bore witness to the interest it had excited. The personages of the story gave rise to many observations, but I spare my readers the reading of them, and with their leave will return to Paris.

ADMIRAL SIR ISAAC COFFIN.

Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, Admiral of the White, M. P. for Ilchester, and a Member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. The Coffin family is of ancient origin. The direct ancestors of Sir Isaac, was Tristram Coffin, Esq. of Brixton, in Devonshire, who emigrated to America in 1642, taking with him the widow of his brother, who had been killed in battle, and settled in Salisbury, near Newburyport.

Admiral Coffin was born in Boston, May 16th, 1759. His father was Nathaniel Coffin, Esq. Cashier of the Customs in Boston, and his mother Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Henry Barnes, merchant, also of Boston. He entered the Navy, in 1773, under the patronage of Admiral John Montague, who confided him to the care of Lieutenant Hunter, then commander of the Gaspee brig, on the American station. He served as midshipman on board the Captain, Kingfisher, Torrey, Diligent, and Romney. In 1778, he obtained a Lieutenantcy, and commanded the Placentia cutter, and afterwards the Le Pinson armed ship. In this last vessel, owing to the negligence of the Sailing Master, he was wrecked on the coast of Labrador. In the account of the awful scenes which occurred in the night after the disaster, the sea breaking furiously over the crew, who were holding on by the quarter-deck, the aft of the vessel being under water, it is said Lieutenant Coffin's presence of mind never forsook him. He continued to cheer up the men, and they were taken off the wreck the next morning. He was of course tried for the loss of the vessel, but was honorably acquitted. In 1779 he was appointed to the Adamant, of Liverpool; and in executing the impress warrants directed to him, he encountered many conflicts with the seamen, who were furnished with

arms by the merchants, and was seriously wounded on the head, his skull fractured, and many times roughly handled.

He afterwards convoyed the trade of New York, and was transferred to the London, 98 guns, commanded by Admiral Groves; from her to the Royal Oak, Admiral Arbuthnot, and was signal Lieutenant in the action of March 16th, 1781, with the French fleet, off Cape Henry. In July, 1781, he was promoted to the rank of Commander; and was appointed to the Avenger sloop and afterwards to the Pocahontas. He then proceeded to the West Indies, and served as a volunteer on board of the Balfour, 98 guns, bearing Sir Samuel Hood's flag, and participated in the memorable events which ensued. He was in the splendid battle of April 12th, 1792, which resulted in the capture of the celebrated Count de Grasse. In this action one of the most destructive balls fired by the French ship, passed close by the person of Lieutenant Coffin, and killed an unusual number of men, while at the moment he was directing the arrangement of the guns. While at Jamaica on board of this ship, his exertions in a barge to tow a large store ship which had taken fire, clear of the fleet, were so conspicuous, that he received the thanks of Lord Hood for his eminent services.—About the same time when the Monarch of 74 guns, got aground on a reef, Capt. Coffin being an excellent swimmer, dived under her bottom, to ascertain the state of her keel, at the imminent risk of being devoured by the sharks.—While in command of the Shrewsbury, he was brought to a Court Martial by order of Lord Rodney, commander of the fleet, for disobedience of his orders, in refusing to receive three officers appointed by his Lordship, but who were not qualified agreeably to the general printed instructions of the Admiralty. He was acquitted, and his conduct approved of by the Admiralty.

This incident is copied to record the independence manifested in resisting an illegal order issued by an Admiral, at the moment of his brightest naval renown, acquired by his defeat and capture of Count de Grasse. In 1791, he received the flag of Admiral Cosby, at Cork, and proceeded in the Alligator to America, and returned the ensuing autumn with Lord Dorchester and his family as passengers.

At the commencement of the French Revolutionary war, Captain Coffin, after having visited Sweden, Denmark and Russia, was appointed to the Melampus frigate. Whilst at Liverpool, to obtain his crew, he saw a man fall overboard from a flat, and instantly plunged after him, and saved his life. His exertion on this and other occasions, brought on a double rupture, which obliged him to quit his ship, and for four months he remained literally a cripple.

On his recovery he was appointed to the regulating service at Leith, and in 1795 resided in Corsica, as commissioner, until 1796, where he twice escaped assassination. In one instance, returning from a ball, he was attacked by two

men, and beat them both soundly, taking the pistol from one of them.

From Corsica he sailed for Lisbon, where he continued actively employed for two years, at the head of the naval establishment and had several hairbreadth escapes from the Portuguese braves.

In 1798, Commissioner Coffin was appointed to the superintendence of the Arsenal at Port Mahon, the Island of Minorca having fallen into the possession of the British. Afterwards, being at Gibraltar and the French feet having passed into the Mediterranean, he rode to Lisbon, with despatches, through the enemy's country, in eight days—without resting. He afterwards returned to England, and proceeded in the Venus frigate to Nova Scotia and continued to perform the arduous duty of a President Commissioner of the Navy, first at Halifax, and subsequently at Sheerness, till April 1804. In this year he was advanced to the rank of Rear Admiral, and hoisted his flag at Portsmouth. He was soon raised to the dignity of a Baronet of Great Britain, as a reward for his unremitting zeal and good services. In 1808, he was promoted to the rank of Vice Admiral, and has not since been employed. He became a full Admiral in 1814; and at the General Election in 1818, was chosen Representative in Parliament for the borough of Ilchester. [His votes have usually been given with the opposition.] He was married in 1811, to Elizabeth Brown Greenly daughter of T. Greenly Esq. Sir Isaac is proprietor of the Magdalen Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He has crossed the Atlantic no less than thirty-three times.

For the principal facts contained in the following sketch, we are indebted to a gentleman recently from Smyrna, where the story was well authenticated.

SUPERSTITION AND CRUELTY.—Whether we confine our observation to Crisendom or not, superstition and cruelty will often if not generally, be found inseparable companions.—The following sketch of a horrid transaction is no fiction; but it will afford some satisfaction to the philanthropic, to learn that the person who caused the death of an innocent wife, (as will appear in the sequel,) is gradually throwing off the trammels of superstition, and will probably introduce a policy more enlightened than that which has so long obscured and blackened the character of the Turks.

A distinguished German traveller, who spent considerable time in Constantinople, about four years ago, received very kind treatment from the Sultan. All the rights of hospitality, and all the offices of friendship, were bestowed with a spirit of frankness, and a cordiality of feeling, which would do honor to the most enlightened Christian ruler.—Nothing was omitted by the Sultan which could contribute to the comfort and happiness of the traveller, or enrich his store of information on the various subjects to which his researches were directed. And as gratitude is one of the most pleasing emotions

that warm the human bosom, favors so distinguished from the Sultan did not fail to awaken in the heart of the German, the most lively and most grateful sentiments.

After the traveller had finished his oriental tour, and returned again to Germany, he was desirous of transmitting to the Sultan some tokens of affectionate remembrance for the polite and generous attentions he had received. But it is a principle with the Turks, when they receive a present, always to return one equal in value, and often far superior. This principle the German wished to evade—he did not wish to send a present of the value of a few hundred dollars to one to whom he was under so many obligations, and receive one in return of much greater worth. He had made arrangements to send his present by an Englishman, who commanded a brig then in one of the ports of the Baltic, and which was bound to the Black Sea. The German enjoined it upon the bearer of his present not to receive a present in return from the Sultan.

When the English Captain arrived at Constantinople after an interview with the Reis Effendi,* he was introduced to the Sultan, to whom, by an interpreter, he communicated his message from the German traveller. But so fixed is the sentiment in the mind of a Turk, that presents must be reciprocated, that the Sultan appeared hardly to understand it as a thing possible, to receive the gift of his distant friend without making a splendid return. But after further explanation, adverting to the many favors the German had formerly received at the hands of the Sultan, he consented to accept the present, not however without insisting that the Captain who had brought it should receive one on his own account, if he could not receive one to carry back to the German. The Sultan was then informed that the Captain had been rewarded for bringing the present, by him who sent it;—still, he could not be satisfied without making some return to the Captain.

As the Sultan seemed to be determined that the Captain should have some remuneration, the latter requested, as a very important favor, to see the favorite wife, or one of the favorite wives, of the Sultan. With much apparent willingness the request was granted; and a female was soon introduced into their presence, her face entirely concealed by a veil, and she approached the Sultan and kneeled. He extended his hand and took hers, and with his other hand raised her veil. As her eyes fell on the Englishman her countenance changed and her whole frame trembled. This, to the Captain, was altogether unaccountable; being ignorant that the Sultan's wife in the estimation of her superstitious lord, would be defiled by looking on a Christian and would forfeit her life by this act of obedience to his mandate. Well may the wife of a Sultan shudder when unveiled in the presence of a Christian, knowing that she will be imme-

diately led to the scaffold to expiate the offence. Soon after the interview which cost an innocent woman her life, the Englishman had some business to transact with the Reis Effendi; and when he remarked that he had just received a favor perhaps not unfrequently granted to foreigners, that of seeing the Sultan's favorite wife, judge of his utter astonishment and horror, when the Reis Effendi replied—"I knew before that you had seen her, and for polluting herself by looking on you, her head was cut off fifteen minutes ago!" Shocked with the horrid atrocity, he regretted, but in vain, that his curiosity had led him to ask a favor which produced a result so despotic, inhuman, and tragical.

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.—His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination; but sure in conclusion. Hence it was the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously. But if deranged during the course of action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in re-adjustment. The consequence was, that he often failed in the field, and rarely, against an enemy in station as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining, if he saw a doubt, but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible. I have never known any motives of interest, or consanguinity, or friendship, or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath. His heart was not warm in its affections; but he exactly calculated every man's value, and gave him a solid esteem proportionate to it. His person you know was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age; and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although, in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas, nor fluency of words.

In public, when called upon for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed.

* Secretary of State for foreign affairs.

Yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing, and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors. On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect; in nothing bad, in few points indifferent; and it may truly be said, that never did nature and fortune combine more perfectly to make a great man, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man, an everlasting remembrance. For his was the singular destiny of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war, for the establishment of its independence; of conducting its counsels through the birth of a government, new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down in a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of its career, civil and military, of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.—*Jefferson*.

THE REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.—On the morning on which the oath of allegiance was to have been administered to the troops at St. Petersburg, several regiments, to the number of seventeen thousand men, were stationed in the large square called 'La Place d'Isaac,' with their muskets loaded, and each man having in his possession a certain number of rounds of ammunition. It had been previously arranged by their commanders, and orders issued to them (the Russian soldier knows no duty but that of the most implicit obedience to the commands of his officers) that they were not only not to swear allegiance to the Emperor Nicholas, but they were to destroy the whole of the imperial family and all who supported them. The Emperor having obtained a knowledge of this fact, rode immediately to the square, attended only by a few devoted friends, who would willingly have sacrificed their lives in his service, and suddenly presenting himself to the soldiery, he demanded what they required; expressing himself willing to die, if by his death he could render any benefit to his country; but calling on them not to destroy his wife and child. Such unexpected and unexampled heroism paralyzed the insurgents; not one had the courage to reply. At that moment a regiment of artillery, with loaded pieces, which had been sent for by the Grand Duke Michael, arrived; when his Majesty commanded the conspirators to lay down their arms, expressing his determination, in the event of their refusal, to order the artillery to fire. Having repeated this to no effect, the dreadful order was given, and upwards of four hundred were killed on the spot—the rest were taken prisoners, and marched off to the different fortresses. During the parley, and

previously to the firing, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, the Count Miloradowich, seeing a young man in the crowd with his hand in his bosom, as if searching for a weapon, while his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the Emperor, stooped down (being on horseback) to arrest him, when the monster drew forth a pistol, and shot the General through the heart. The murderer was shot almost immediately, but lived long enough to confess that he had carried the pistol for the express purpose of destroying the Emperor, but that his Majesty's noble conduct had entirely disarmed his vengeance. The Count Miloradowich had long been the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, and, by his kindness and urbanity, had gained the affections of all classes. The Emperor on the following day sent for some of the insurgents separately, when he received them in his private cabinet alone, and asked them what their intentions had been, desiring them to speak fearlessly, assuring them that no person was within hearing—that whatever they might say could not injure them, as they would be tried by a special commission on what had already transpired, without reference to any subsequent confession. He could get no answer, however, except from one, the leader and originator of the conspiracy, (Pestel,) who replied, "I have only to inform your Majesty that, if I should be liberated to-morrow, I would do the same thing again." The Emperor calmly answered, "Rash man! I wish to be of service to you, but you put it out of my power." Of the sincerity of that observation there can be no doubt, as, of the whole number, (nearly two hundred) who were condemned by the tribunal to the punishment of death, five only of the principals suffered; some of the others being banished to Siberia for various periods, and some confined in different fortresses. Thus the courage of the Emperor Nicholas saved the Empire.

The statement recently published in a periodical work, setting forth that a great number of those traitors were beheaded is decidedly incorrect, as decapitation is a punishment entirely unknown in Russia; and I can vouch for the truth of my assertion, that five only were executed. These five were *hanged* on the plain outside of the wall of the fortress, and the others were degraded at the same time. Such, too, was the Emperor's clemency, that, in order to avoid publicity, and by that means to avoid unnecessarily wounding the feelings of their friends, the execution took place as early as three o'clock in the morning. I should not be thus positive on the subject, nor venture to contradict the respectable work I have referred to, but that I happened to be returning from a party at the time, and had an opportunity of actually witnessing the distressing scene. The ceremony was indeed an awful one. The troops were drawn out, forming a large circle, in the interior of which was an immense fire; the prisoners, nearly one hundred and seventy, were then brought out handcuffed, in their full uniforms,

wearing all their decorations, medals, swords, &c. Being arranged in order, in a single line, the executioner and his assistant approached each separately, and drawing his (the prisoner's) sword—which of course had been previously prepared—broke it over his head; he then deprived each man of his epaulettes, stars, decorations, &c. the whole of which were thrown into the flames and consumed. The principal executioner then inflicted a blow on the cheek of each of them, which degraded them, and rendered them unworthy to wear the uniform of the Emperor; he then deprived them of their military coats, and gave to each in their stead a loose great coat, made of coarse grey drugget.

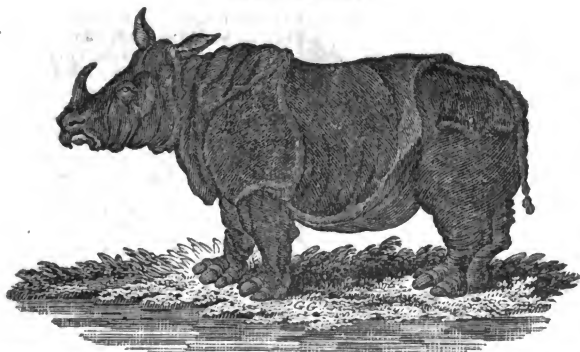
Thus the ceremony ended; and they were conducted back to prison to await the orders for their departure for Siberia.

LAVALETTE'S DREAM WHEN IN PRISON UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

We are indebted for the following striking relation to the *Foreign Literary Gazette*, in a Review of Lavalette's Memoirs, just published upon his death in Paris, and which, if we may judge from this journal, is an extremely interesting work:—"The gentle firmness of his manner during the trial might lead to the supposition that he was resigned; but no sooner had he returned to his solitary dungeon than the soldier shrunk from the contemplation, not of his death, but of the mode of his intended execution. He had a friend, an old companion in arms, who at that time possessed some influence at court. To him he addressed a letter, imploring a melancholy favour, soliciting that a soldier might be spared a felon's death. A cold refusal was the only answer. With a view to steel his heart against this cruel injustice—to familiarise himself with the idea of an ignominious punishment, at which his soul revolted—he daily questioned his jailers on the subject, and exacted the most minute details relative to the hideous and humiliating preparatives of a public execution. The sinister ideas with which his mind was occupied filled his days with agony, and agitated his slumbers with fearful visions. One dream in particular with which he was visited appears so remarkable, that we make no apology for quoting it precisely in his own words:—"One night," says M. Lavalette, "I had sunk into a torpid slumber; the clock struck the hour of midnight, and the slow monotonous sound awoke me. I distinctly heard the iron gate opened, and the heavy tread of the sentry advancing to relieve his comrade from his post. I fell asleep a second time. In my sleep I had a dream. I thought myself in the Rue St. Honoree, near the Rue de l'Echelle; the scene was enveloped in profound and dismal obscurity; all was still, save that from time to time a low, inarticulate sound was heard. All at once, from the bottom of the street, a troop of fleshless men and horses approached me. The riders were armed with flambeaux, whose light glared redly

on their bleeding sinews, their sunken eyes rolling in their large orbits, their mouths opening from ear to ear, and helmets of flesh hanging from their hideous heads. The horses dragged their hides after them in the kennel, which overflowed with blood to the houses on each side, at the windows of which appeared for a moment, and then disappeared, a band of pale, dishevelled females, all silent as the grave. Low, inarticulate moanings were heard in the air; I was the only living being in the street, where I remained motionless with terror, and without even strength to seek safety in flight. The fleshless troop pushed on at full gallop, and as they passed, other riders succeeded and petrified me with their appalling gaze. For upwards of five hours they filed past. At last they disappeared, and were succeeded by a quantity of artillery wagons laden with mangled, palpitating corpses; an infectious odour poisoning the air. On a sudden, the iron gate was shut with violence, and I awoke. I struck my repeating watch—it was no more than twelve! Consequently, the horrid phantasmagoria scene had lasted only two or three minutes—the time necessary for relieving the sentries and closing the gate. The night was piercing cold: the sentinels were quick in passing the watchword; and, besides the jailor next morning confirmed my calculation. However, there is no one incident of my life the duration of which I can recollect with more certainty, or the details of which are more deeply engraved on my memory."

A DANGEROUS RECONTRE.—We left the village at four o'clock in the afternoon; and the horse on which I rode being in better condition than the others, I was considerably in advance of the rest of the party, when the animal made a sudden halt, and all my endeavors were inadequate to make him proceed. There he stood like a block of marble, keeping his eyes riveted on something that was approaching us, and I had scarcely time to consider what it could possibly be when a fine antelope bounded before me with incredible swiftness, and in the next moment two huge lions, with mane and tail erect, crossed the path but a couple of yards from the horse's head, almost with equal speed, and covered with foam. A tremendous roar, which made the forest tremble, informed me in another minute that the lions had overtaken their prey; but the sudden and unexpected appearance of those ferocious animals startled me as much as it had intimidated the horse before, and I hastened back to the party, my poor beast trembling violently all the way. Fortunately the lions, which were male and female, were so eager in the chase, that both the horse and the rider were unobserved by them, otherwise it might have gone hard with me, for I saw not the slightest chance of escaping. We halted in the woods that night; but fancying every sound I heard was the roaring of a lion, I could not compose myself to sleep.—*Lander's Records.*



THE RHINOCEROS, OR UNICORN.

The Boston Traveller contains a very particular account of a Rhinoceros, recently brought to that city, from Calcutta, from which we extract the following:—

This Unicorn or one-horned Rhinoceros, is yet scarcely fifteen months old, having been taken when quite young, and is four feet three inches in height, a trifle more than seven feet in length, and weighs upwards of two thousand pounds.—Animals of this class when full grown measure generally about twelve feet in length, nearly as much in circumference, and from six to seven feet in height, thus approaching that other unwieldy animal, the Elephant, in bulk and mass, though apparently much smaller, from the circumstance of their limbs being comparatively much shorter. We are told of this animal, what we believe, naturalists allow of the species generally, that its only distinct organ of touch, is the upper lip, which is very flexible. The under lip is like that of an ox, but the upper more like that of a horse; and he uses it as that creature does, to gather up hay from the rack or grass from the ground, but with this superior advantage, that the rhinoceros has the power of extending this lip to six or seven inches in length from the nose and then drawing it to a point.—With the lip thus extended the animal is able to grasp a stick or any small substance and hold it extremely fast.

The horn is brownish, very hard, and solid throughout, and when full grown, sometimes measures three feet in length and eighteen inches in circumference at the base. In the present instance it is just emerging from a large, bell-form protuberance which forms its basis, and was not at all discernible when leaving Calcutta.—The skin is one of its most valuable characteristics. It is of a blackish or deep brown hue, very tough, thick and naked. It is covered with large callous tubercles or granulations, reminding one of the ancient coat of mail; and lies about the neck in large plaits or folds. There is another fold from the shoulders to the fore-

legs, and another from the hind part of the back to the thighs. The incrustations of the skin mentioned above, are smaller around the neck, and largest of all on the shoulders and hips. Though the skin generally appears to be entirely unelastic and impenetrable, the cuticle that is left bare between the folds, is soft and easily penetrated.

The head is larger in proportion than that of the elephant, with a very short neck, the ears are moderately large, broad and thin, and in this instance, one has received some injury and is withered to a size much smaller than the other; the eyes are very small, dull and sleepy, and so situated the animal can only see objects which are nearly in a direct line before it. It is worthy of notice too, that the eyes are situated nearer the nose than those of any other known quadruped. The shoulders are thick and heavy; and the back, instead of rising, as in the elephant, exhibits a considerable depression; the belly is somewhat pendulous like that of the hog; and the legs are very short, thick and strong, with hoofs divided into three parts, each pointing forwards.

The keeper feeds it at present with gram, a kind of pea, brought from Calcutta, milk, green vegetables, &c. It besides drinks from fifteen to twenty gallons of water per day. Though not of a ferocious nature, it appears to be quite untractable; and we are told is sometimes liable to paroxysms of rage. During the first month it was scarcely the size of a large dog, and is now not much above half the full grown size. Notwithstanding the shortness of its limbs, it exhibits great activity and is capable of running with great swiftness. As a compensation for imperfect vision, it has an attentive ear; and will listen with surprising steadiness to any kind of noise. Its sense of smell likewise is very delicate.

These are the sights most detestable—a proud priest giving his blessing—a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers—and a false patriot making an harangue.

EXTRACTS

From the 2d Volume of Sir Walter Scott's HISTORY OF SCOTLAND, in Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.

BORDER SKIRMISHES OF THE SCOTS AND ENGLISH.

A small body of three hundred men were assembled, unequal, from their inferior number, to do more than observe the enemy, who moved forward with their full force from Jedburgh to Melrose, where they spoiled the splendid convent, in which lay the bones of many a heroic Douglass. The Scots were joined in the night by the Leslies and Lindesays, and other gentlemen from the western part of Fife; and apparently the English learned that the Regent's forces were increasing, since they retreated towards Jedburgh at the break of day. The Scots followed, manœuvring to gain the flank of the enemy. They were joined near the village of Maxton by Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleugh, with his followers, by whose knowledge of the ground, and experience in irregular warfare, the regent was counselled to simulate a retreat. The English halted, formed, and rushed hastily to pursue, so that encountering the enemy unawares, and at disadvantage, they were totally defeated. The two leaders fell, and very many of their followers; for the victors showed little mercy; and the Liddesdale men, who were come with the English as friends, flung away the red crosses which they had brought to the battle, and made a pitiless slaughter among the troops whom they had joined as auxiliaries. Many prisoners were taken, on whom heavy ransoms were levied, particularly on an Alderman of London, named Read, whom Henry VIII. had obliged to serve in person in the wars, because he refused to pay his share of a benevolence imposed on the city, it appearing that though the king of England could not invade a citizen's property, he had despotic power sufficient to impress his person. King Henry was greatly enraged at the loss of this action, and uttered threats against Angus, whom he accused of ingratitude. The Scottish Earl little regarded his displeasure. 'Is our brother,' he said, 'angry that I have revenged on Ralph Ewers the injury done to the tombs of my ancestors? They were better men than he, and I could in honour do no less. And will he take my life for that? Little knows king Henry the heights of Cairntable. I can keep myself safe there against all the power of England.'

BATTLE OF PINKIE.

The English army occupied the crest of a sloping hill, on the southern side of the Esk, above Pinkie; that of Scotland, arranged in three large bodies, chiefly consisting of spearmen, having crossed the river, began slowly to ascend the acclivity. The English cavalry charged with fury on the foremost mass of spearmen, but were received so firmly by the Scottish phalanx, that they were beaten off with considerable loss. It is said that this commencement of the battle appeared so ominous to Somerset, that he called for guides, and was about to order a retreat. His secret rival, and, as he afterwards proved, his mortal enemy, Dudley,

Earl of Warwick, entertained better hopes, and directly commenced a flank fire with the cannon of the army and the arquebuses of the foreign mercenaries on the thick body of spearmen. Angus, by whom the Scottish vanguard was commanded, endeavoured to change his position, to avoid the cannonade. About the same time some Highlanders of the second division had broken their order, to hasten to the spoil, so that their irregular appearance, with the retrograde movement of Angus, communicated a panic to the rest of the Scottish army, who thought they were routed. At this decisive moment the Earl of Warwick, who had rallied the English cavalry, brought them again to the charge, and introduced among the disordered forces of the Scots that terror which he had failed in producing upon these masses while they maintained their ranks. The numerous army of the Scots fled in total and irremediable confusion. Thus ended the battle of Pinkie, without either a long or bloody conflict. But the English horsemen, incensed at the check which they received in the first onset, pursued the chase almost to the gates of Edinburgh with unusual severity; and as many of the fugitives were drowned in the Esk, which was swelled with the tide; the loss of the Scots in the battle and flight amounted to ten thousand men. The whole space between the field of battle and the capital, was strewn with dead bodies, and with weapons which the fugitives had thrown away in their flight.

ARRIVAL OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, IN SCOTLAND.

Mary set sail for the country in which she was to assume a crown entwined with many thorns. Elizabeth had refused her a safe conduct; and it is said that the English ships of war had orders to intercept her. The widowed queen of France took a lingering and painful farewell of the fair country over which she had so lately reigned, with expressions of the deepest sorrow. A mist hid her galleys from the English fleet, and she arrived safely at Leith on the 19th of August, in the aforesaid year. Her subjects crowded to the beach to welcome her with acclamations; but the preparations made for her reception had been too hasty to cover over the nakedness and poverty of the land. The queen, scarcely nineteen years old, wept when she saw the wretched hackneys, still more miserably accoutred, which were provided to carry her and her ladies to Holyrood, and compared them in her thoughts to the fair palfreys with brilliant housings which had waited her commands in France. Upon her landing, her subjects, softened with the recollection of her early misfortunes, charmed with the excellence of her mien, the delicacy of her unrivalled beauty, the vigour of her blooming years, and the acuteness of her wit, were almost enraptured with joy. Some part of the reception afforded by their loyal zeal was well meant, but certainly ill chosen. Two or three hundred violinists, apparently amateur performers, held a concert all night below her windows, and prevented her getting an hour's sleep after

the fatigues of the sea. Mary, though suffering under the effects of this dire serenade, professed to receive the compliment of these 'honest men of the town of Edinburgh' as it was intended, and even ventured to hint a wish that the concert might be repeated. But when, on the Sunday after Mary's landing, preparations were made to say mass in the royal chapel, the reformers said to each other, 'Shall that idol the mass again take place within this kingdom? It shall not.' The young master of Lindsey, showing in youth the fierceness of spirit which animated him in after life, called out, in the court-yard of the royal palace, that 'the idolatrous priest should die the death according to God's law.' The prior of St. Andrew's, with great difficulty, appeased the tumult, and protected the priests, whose blood would otherwise have been mingled with their sacrifice. But unwilling to avow an intention so unpopular, he was obliged to dissemble with the reformers; and while he allowed that he stood with his sword drawn at the door of the chapel, he pretended that he did not do so to protect the priest, but to prevent any Scottish man from entering to witness or partake in the idolatrous ceremony. It was immediately after this riot, and the display of the insulting and offensive pageant before mentioned, that the young queen had the first of her celebrated interviews with John Knox, in which he knocked at her heart so rudely as to cause her to shed tears. The stern apostle of presbytery was, indeed, unsparing of rebuke, without sufficiently recollecting that previous conviction is necessary before reproof can work repentance; and that, unless he had possessed powers of inspiration, or the gift of working miracles, he could not have, by mere assertion, converted a Catholic from the doctrines, however false, which she had believed in from her earliest childhood.

DESTRUCTION OF DARNLEY.

Mary and Darnley left Glasgow in company, and reached Edinburgh on the 31st of January. The King's illness was assigned as a reason for quartering him apart from the palace where his wife and child resided. A solitary house, called the Kirk of Field, in the suburbs of the city, where the college is now situated, was appointed for his reception. Mary regularly visited him, and sometimes slept in the same house. On the Monday before his murder, she passed the evening with him until it was time to attend a masque which was to be given in the palace, on the occasion of a wedding in the royal household. About two in the morning of Tuesday, Bothwell, with a selected party of desperate men, opened the under apartments of the Kirk of Field by means of false keys, and laid a lighted match to a quantity of powder which had been previously placed beneath the king's apartment. After a few anxious moments had passed, Bothwell became impatient, and dispatched one of the ruffians who was present to see whether the match was still burning. The accomplice did not hesitate to obey the commis-

sion, and returned with information that the light was still burning, and the fire would presently reach the powder. After this the party waited calmly till the house blew up, when Bothwell retired, satisfied that, as the price of this enormous crime, he had purchased a title to the hand of a queen. There is reason to believe that several of the principal nobles and statesmen were previously acquainted with the bloody purpose.

EVIDENCE AGAINST MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The documents contained in the silver box are the only direct testimony tending to involve Mary in Darnley's murder; and setting these aside for the present, there remains little which can directly implicate the queen. At a later period, indeed, Morton, an unprincipled and fierce man, who, according to his own account on the scaffold, was privy to the whole bloody scene, says, that being invited to join Bothwell and Leighton in a scheme against Darnley's life, he refused to engage in the plot unless Bothwell would obtain an injunction upon him to that effect from the queen herself. But he proceeds to declare that Bothwell never was able to produce such a warrant. Here, therefore, the chain of direct evidence is broken, and the positive proof of Mary's guilt is not to be found. Laying Morton's direct oral testimony aside as being inconclusive, we come next to the celebrated casket and papers. These letters and writings produced, would indeed prove a great deal more than enough for conviction, if they stood unimpeached as authentic documents. But great and serious suspicions attach to their authenticity. The internal evidence is unfavorable, according to our ideas, of the style of a sovereign expressing her attachment. They are described with suspicious variations, sometimes as being written by the queen's own hand, and sometimes as being only subscribed by her. Above all, though their authenticity was challenged, and though the regent and his associates had in their power the persons through whose hands they were said to have passed, yet no care was taken, by examination of any of these persons, to ascertain or corroborate the faith of documents so important to the cause of the accusers. The obvious and legal inference is, that where that is not proved which ought to have been verified, it must have been for want of the means of probation.

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

It may be said of Elizabeth, that if ever there was a monarch whose conduct seemed according to the speech of the old heathen, to be governed alternately by two souls of a very different disposition and character, the supposition might be applied to her. Possessing more than masculine wisdom, magnanimity, and fortitude, on most occasions, she betrayed at some unhappy moments, even more than female weakness and malignity. Happy would it have been for both queens had Mary's request for counsel and assistance reached Elizabeth whilst she was under the influence of her better planet. The English

sovereign might then, with candour and good faith, have availed herself of the opportunity to conciliate the genuine friendship and to acquire the gratitude of her youthful relation, by guiding her to such a match as would have best suited the interests and assured the amity of the sister nations. Unfortunately, Elizabeth remembered with too much acuteness Mary's offensive pretensions to the crown of England; pretensions which were founded on the defect of her own title and the illegitimacy of her birth, and she already regarded the queen of Scotland rather as a rival to be subdued than a friend to be conciliated. Besides, as a votress of celibacy, queen Elizabeth was not generally disposed to forward any marriage, more especially that of a princess who stood to her in the painful relation of a kinswoman possessing a claim to her throne, and a neighbour of her own sex and rank, between whom and herself comparisons must needs be frequently drawn, with respect to wit, beauty, and accomplishments. The line of conduct prompted by these jealous feelings impelled queen Elizabeth to embrace the opportunity afforded by Mary's desiring her opinion upon her marriage, to cross, baffle, and disconcert any negotiations which might be entered into on that topic. For this purpose, after observing a great deal of oracular mystery, in order to protract matters, Elizabeth gave it as her advice, that Mary would do well to choose for her husband the Earl of Leicester as a person on whom she herself would willingly have conferred her own hand, but for her resolution to live and die a maiden queen.

EXECUTION OF THE REGENT MORTON.

It is remarked by historians, that Morton, with the credulity of that age, had an anxious recollection of an ancient prophecy, which declared 'that the bloody heart should fall by the mouth of Arran.' This the regent interpreted to mean the downfall of the Douglasses, designed, as was usual in such vaticinations, by their well known cognisance, and that by means of an Earl of Arran. This, it is said, was the reason for his pressing the unfortunate family of Hamilton, who were the legitimate proprietors of that title, almost to their total destruction. When, therefore, he heard that the earldom of Arran was conferred upon his accuser Stewart, he replied, with a surprised and desponding expression, 'Is it even so? then I know what I must expect.' When Morton was brought to his trial at Edinburgh, large bodies of men were drawn up in different parts of the city, to overawe the friends of the accused. The records of the trial are lost, but there is evidence that the assize consisted in many instances of the earl's personal enemies; and that, although he challenged them on that score, his remonstrances were not attended to. His servants were also put to the torture in no common manner; for Arran thought it necessary, after the earl's execution to sue out an immunity for the violence to which they had been subjected. When Morton heard the indictment read he did not show surprise or

emotion; but when the verdict of the jury brought him in guilty of concealing, or being art and part in the murder of Henry Darnley, he repeated, with considerable vehemence, 'Art and part! art and part! God knows it is not so.' In his conferences with the clergy he more fully explained what he meant by this exclamation. He confessed to them that upon his (Morton's) return from England after his exile, for accession to Rizzio's death, the Earl of Bothwell had proposed to him, both personally and through the medium of his kinsman, Archibald Douglas, to be concerned in the death of Darnley, assuring him it was a deed which had the queen's approbation. Morton stated, that he had replied to this proposal, 'that having been so lately released from a state of exile, he would not be implicated in such an important matter unless Bothwell would produce to him the queen's sign-manual in warrant of the deed.' 'The Earl of Bothwell,' he said, 'promised to produce him such an assurance, but never did so; and, therefore, he remained a stranger to the conspiracy, excepting that he knew generally that such an action was meditated by Bothwell and others.' The condemned earl was naturally asked by his reverend visitors why, having become privy to so horrible a conspiracy, he did not take measures for unfolding the plot, and preventing its execution? 'To whom,' replied the earl, 'should I have made the discovery? if to the queen, she was herself at the bottom of the deadly plot; if to Lethington, or other statesmen of the time, they were accomplices to the execution; if to Darnley, he was a creature of so weak and fickle a temper, that he would have communicated it to his wife; and, in any case, I should have been inevitably ruined.' Thus far the apology seems reasonable, though it gives us a horrible idea of the court and councils of Scotland at the time. But Morton had less to answer when his ghostly assistants demanded of him why he continued to show friendship and favour to Archibald Douglas, who had acted on this occasion as the confidant of Bothwell, and was generally averred to have been personally present at the murder, and whom, notwithstanding, he created a judge of the court of session! nor was any satisfactory reply, which could be consistent with Morton's pretended abhorrence of the tragedy of the Kirk in the Field, ever returned to this question.

JOHN GRAHAME OF CLAVERHOUSE.

This remarkable person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish privy council in executing the merciless severities of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James VII.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie

and by his own death in the arms of victory. It is said by tradition that he was very desirous to see, and to be introduced to a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron being a staunch whig, was rather unwilling to see Claver's'e, (as he was called from his title,) but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that, having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. 'Hout na, sir,' said Lady Elphinstoun, 'the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' with his *clavers*, and now I am ganging out, there is one Claver's'e deaving us a' with his *knocks*.' *Clavers* signifying in common parlance, idle chat, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old.—*The Waverly Novels*, No. X.—*Old Mortality*.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

EASY TRAVELLING AND A BRIEF VISIT.—*A Scotsman en passant*. He slipped, says the legend, off the roof of a habitation sixteen stories high; and when mid-way in his descent through the air, he arrived at a lodger, looking out at a window of the eighth floor, to whom (as he was an acquaintance) he observed, *en passant*—'Eh, Sandy, man, sic a fal as I shall hae!'

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN. Two eminent members of the Irish Bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled, some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man, (at fists at least,) knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence—"You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Yelverton rising, answered with equal indignation.—'No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!'

"How many boarders have you, Madam?" said a militia officer recently to the keeper of a respectable boarding house in Washington street. "Why," said the good lady, "I have a number in the city and several who make short visits from the country." "But how many steady boarders have you?" "Why out of the ten now in the house there are not more than three I can call steady."

PULPIT INGENUITY.

A preacher in the neighborhood of Blackfriars, London, not undeservedly popular, had just finished an exhortation strongly recommending the support of a certain very meritorious institution. The congregation was numerous, and the chapel was crowded to excess. The discourse being finished, the plate was about being handed round to the respective pews, when the preacher made this short address to the congre-

gation:—"From the sympathy I have witnessed in your countenances, and the strict attention you have honored me with, there is one thing that I am afraid of, that some of you may be inclined to give too much. Now it is my duty to inform you, that justice, though not so pleasant, should always be a prior virtue to generosity; therefore, as you will all be immediately waited upon in your respective pews, I wish to have it thoroughly understood, that no person shall think of putting any thing into the plate who cannot pay his debts." I need not add that this produced a most overflowing collection.

LENGTH OF NIGHTS IN VARIOUS PARTS.—The longest night at Cayenne and Pondicherry is twelve hours; at Hayti, thirteen hours; at Ispahan, fourteen; at Paris, Dijon, and Carcassonne, fifteen; at Arras and Dublin, sixteen; at Copenhagen and Riga, seventeen; at Stockholm, eighteen; at Drontheim, in Norway, Archangel, &c. twenty; at Ulea, in Bothnia, twenty one; and at Thornes, twenty-two. At Enoute-kies, the total absence of the sun endures forty-five days consecutively; at Wardhuns, sixty six; at Cape North, seventy-four; and lastly, Melville Island is totally destitute of light for one hundred and two days.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

A few weeks ago a "sporting character" looked in at the Hygeia Hotel, just to see if he could fall in with any subjects, but finding none, and understanding from the respectable proprietor, Mr. Parks, that he could not be accommodated with a private room wherein to exercise the mysteries of his craft, felt the time begin to hang heavy on his hands; so, in order to dispel *ennui* he took out a pack of cards and began to amuse the by-standers in the bar room with a number of ingenious tricks with them, which soon drew a crowd around him. "Now," said he, after giving them a good shuffle and slapping the pack down upon a table, "I'll bet any man ten dollars I can cut the Jack of hearts at the first attempt." Nobody seemed inclined to take him up, however, till at last a weather-beaten New England skipper, in a pea jacket, stump him by exclaiming, "Darned if I don't bet you! But stop let me see if all's right." Thea taking up the pack and inspecting it as if to see that there was no deception in it, he returned it to the table, and began to fumble about in a side pocket, first taking out a jack knife, then a twist of tobacco, &c. till he produced a roll of bank notes, from which he took one of ten dollars and handed it to a bystander: the gambler did the same, and taking out a pen-knife, and literally cutting the pack in two through the middle, turned with an air of triumph to the company, and demanded if he had not cut the Jack of hearts?—"No, I'll be darned if you have!" bawled out Jonathan, "for here it is safe and sound." At the same time producing the card from his pocket.

et, whither he had dexterously conveyed it while pretending to examine the pack, to see if it was "all right." The company were convulsed with laughter, while the poor "child of chance," was fain to confess that "*It was hard getting to windward of a Yankee.*"—*Norfolk Herald.*

‘THE NAUGHTY PLACE.’—A Scotch pastor recognised one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little fuddled. ‘Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?’ said she, as he stopped.—‘Fie, fie, Janet,’ cried the pastor ‘to see the like o’ you in sic a plight: do you know where all drunkards go?’ ‘Ay, sure,’ said Janet, ‘they just go whar a drap o’ gude drink is not to be got.’

MARRIAGES OF KINGS.—The practice of Kings marrying only into the families of Kings, has been that of Europe for some centuries.—Now take any race of animals, confine them to idleness and inaction, whether in a sty, a stable, or a state room, pamper them with a high diet, gratify all their animal appetites, immerse them in sensualities, nourish their passions, let every thing bend before them, and banish whatever might lead them to think, and in a few generations they become all body and no mind; and in this too by a law of nature, by that very law by which we are in the constant practice of changing the characters and propensities of the animals we raise for our own purposes. Such is the regimen in raising Kings, and in this way they have gone on for centuries. While in Europe, I often amused myself with contemplating the characters of the then reigning Sovereigns of Europe. Louis XVI. was a fool, of my own knowledge, and in despite of the answers made for him at his trial. The King of Spain was a fool, and of Naples the same; they passed their lives in hunting, and despatched two couriers a week one thousand miles, to let each other know what game they had killed the preceding days. The King of Sardinia was a fool. All these were Bourbons. The Queen of Portugal, a Braganza, was an idiot by nature; and so was the King of Denmark; their sons, as Regents, exercised the powers of government. The King of Prussia, successor to the great Frederick, was a mere hog in body as well as in mind. Gustavus of Sweden, and Joseph of Austria, were really crazy; and George of England, you know, was in a ****. There remained, then, none but old Catherine, who had been too lately picked up to have lost her common sense. In this state Bonaparte found Europe; and it was this state of its rulers which lost it with scarce a struggle.—*Memoirs of Thos. Jefferson.*

DRINKING TOASTS.

It has been remarked that vice is more ingenious than virtue, and has numerous stratagems, by which she attacks and too often vanquishes her simplicity. Among these the custom of pledging during meals, and drink-

ing toasts, afterwards, is certainly the most dangerous; being customs which seem to promote social intercourse, and are accounted marks of friendship. The inventor of toasts in particular, may justly claim a niche by the side of any hero whoever deluged the world with slaughter; and if the pestilence had been a human invention, he might certainly be stationed by the side of its great founder.

Formerly, indeed, not only stratagems were used, but even compulsion. It was not uncommon to have a great goblet, called a *constable*, placed upon the table, *in terrorem*, which he who flinched from his glass was *obliged* to drink, however unequal to the task. So that, sooner, or later, intoxication was unavoidable. But the case is now greatly altered, even in countries of old the most addicted to intemperance." The constable was formerly usual in other countries beside Ireland, though it is said to have originated in that hospitable country.—There was formerly a most detestable custom at Edinburgh, of *saving ladies*, as it was called, on St. Cecilia's day, or striving who could drink the greatest quantity of wine to the health of different beauties, and she, to whose health the greatest quantity was drunk, was "the belle" of the season.

Some require no compulsion, and are hardly every intoxicated, but are what Dr. Trotter calls *sobber drunkards*, drinking a great quantity every day, but never to the pitch of intoxication.

PRINTING IN GOLD.—The art of printing at the present day bids fair to be carried to the highest degree of mechanical excellence. On the ornamental improvement of the art, skill and ingenuity have been lavished in various ways. Printing in gold has been successfully tried on some small productions, but the first attempt at executing a large standard work in that expensive and luxurious mode is just now undertaken by Messrs. Harvey & Lowe. The work on which they have made their essay is indeed worthy of being written in letters of gold—it is "Milton's Paradise Lost." We have seen one sheet of it, and if the whole should be equal to the sample, it will be a splendid and unique specimen of English art. It is printed on fine drawing paper, and for elegance of type, and clearness and beauty of impression cannot be surpassed. The cover will be printed in crimson gold. We hope this curious and costly specimen of the noblest of mechanical arts will meet with the encouragement it deserves.—*London paper.*

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.—Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art, the art of being easily happy. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the duke's: free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle. I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of ragged urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks, or oyster shells; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed fellow of four or five years old, who sits with a large rusty knife and a lump of bread and bacon at his father's door, and might move the envy of an alderman.—*Ulster Pleb.*



HYOSCIAMUS NIGER.

ENGLISH NAME.—Black Henbane.

VULGAR NAMES.—Henbane, Poison Tobacco; Stinking Nightshade, &c.

Genus *HYOSCIAMUS*.—Calix persistent, urceolate, with five unequal teeth. Corolla funnel shaped, with five unequal lobes. Stamina five, unequal. Pistil oval, style filiform declinate, stigma obtuse. Capsule two celled, many seeded, operculate.

Species *H. niger*.—Viscid hairy, leaves clasping, lower oval oblong, acute, sinuate or undulate; flowers unilateral, sessile, calix with sharp teeth, corolla reticulate, with rounded lobes.

DESCRIPTION.—Root biennial, fusiform, whitish.—The whole plant glaucous, hairy, glutinous, luscious, and fetid. Stem one or two feet high, stiff, round, branched. Radical or first year leaves spread on the ground, oval or oblong, undulate, contorted, acute, sessile, sinuated by large acute unequal teeth, nerve thick and branched. Lower leaves of the stem similar, crowded, alternate, clasping; upper leaves smaller, narrower, nearly entire.

Flowers forming unilateral rows on the branches, extra axillary and opposed to the leaves. Calix urceolate with five short acute and stiff segments. Corolla irregular, funnel shaped, with five unequal, spreading, rounded and entire lobes, with acute sinuses: this corolla is of a dingy yellow, with a pretty net work of purple veins. Stamina inserted in the tube of the corolla; filaments filiform unequal; anthers oblong, large, yellow. Style slender, longer than stamina, with an obtuse stigma.—Capsule rounded, invested by the calix, two celled, opening by a circular lid. Seeds numerous, unequal, small, oblong, brownish.

LOCALITY.—In the northern and eastern states only, from Nova Scotia to Rhode Island, and extending west to New York and Canada: very rare in Ohio and Pennsylvania; unknown in the south. It is supposed to be a naturalized plant, being found merely near houses, roads,

rubbish, in old fields and gardens. It is properly an European plant, scattered all over Europe, and extending to Asia.

HISTORY.—This genus belongs to the natural order of *Lurides*, and family *Verbasceides*, having irregular corolla or stamina, and capsular fruits.

It was known to the ancients as a violent narcotic poison; horses, cattle, deer and swine eat it with impunity, but it poisons rats. The appearance is lurid, the smell offensive and disgusting: there is therefore little danger of using it inadvertently. The whole plant, roots and leaves, produce the usual effects of narcotics. It blossoms in June and July. The seeds are said to have the property of keeping long under ground, and germinating whenever brought to the light.

QUALITIES.—The taste is insipid, slightly acrid and mucilaginous, but the smell is viscid, rank, strong, fetid, pernicious, and narcotic; which, however, is lost by exsiccation. When burnt it smells like tobacco. It contains resin, mucilage, extractive, gallic acid, nitrates and other salts; besides *Hyosciam* an alkaline and crystalline active principle, which does not decompose by red heat. Yet decoction is said to destroy the narcotic power of this plant; water and diluted alcohol extract it.

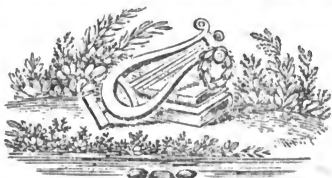
PROPERTIES.—Narcotic, phantastic, phrenetic, anodyne, antispasmodic, repellant, discutient, &c. The whole plant may be used, but the seeds contain more *Hyosciam*. Externally the bruised leaves are employed in cataplasm, or an ointment made of them; while internally the extract and tincture are chiefly used. The extract ought to be made with the inspissated juice, without boiling; the doses are from one to ten grains.—This plant operates as a powerful narcotic, and if taken in large doses, it produces drowsiness, intense thirst, anxiety, head ache, irregular hard pulse, vertigo, intoxication, delirium, dilatation of the pupil, difficulty of breathing, aphonia, trismus, coma, a falling sensation, risus sardonicus, double vision or blindness, convulsions, apoplexy, loss of speech, cold extremities, blue

face, typhomania, carphologia, gangrene, and death.—A single dose of one grain has even produced delirium in nervous persons. The root having been mistaken and eaten for Parsnip, has caused many of these alarming symptoms: the remedies are vegetable acids, sulphate of iron, &c., which neutralize the poison, and emetics, which discharge it.

The internal use of this poison has been recommended in epilepsy, hemoptysis, colica pictorum, rheumatism, hysteria, mania, melancholy, trismus, palpitations, spasms, arthritis, glandular swellings, obstinate ulcerations, asthma, spasmodic coughs, tic douloureux, &c., by many physicians, and deemed a good substitute to opium and stramonium in most cases; but it is not so safe nor certain, and far less uniform in its operation: the smallest doses are apt to produce nausea, head ache, laborious sleep, confusion of ideas, and even delirium. The stomach is inflamed and evinces dark gangrenous spots when death follows overdoses, therefore it must be considered as one of the most dangerous narcotics. It ought to be handled by experienced physicians only, and always begun by minute doses gradually increased. It may be preferable to opium in some cases, as it is rather laxative than constipating, and does not stimulate the body. It has often failed in epilepsy and convulsions. It acts better in spasmodic coughs; the leaves are directed to be simmered in olive or almond oil, and the oil used in emulsions. It is highly praised in Tic united to Valerian and Oxide of Zinc. It has been found useful in some puerperal complaints, &c.

The external use of Henbane is more safe, and equal to that of Stramonium. It may be safely employed in painful swellings, schirrus or scrofulous or cancerous ulcers, inflamed piles, indolent tumors or milk indurations of the breast, wandering rheumatic pains, inflamed eyes, spasms of the bowels; inflammation, &c.; in blind piles, and all painful external affections, as a very efficient topical anodyne. The fresh or powdered leaves are used as well as poultices with bread and milk, or linaments in wax and oil. Injections of it for bowel complaints ought to be given in decoction of milk. The extract has been used to prepare for ophthalmic operations, by dilating the pupil, contracting the iris, and diminishing sensibility. The smoke of the leaves and seeds, directed by a funnel to a carious tooth, is said to cure odontalgia; but the practice may be deleterious and attended with danger.

AFRICAN SUPERSTITION.—We were honored with a visit from the Kroo king, who is a jet black of goodly stature, of simple but prepossessing manners. On his head the sable monarch had a European hat, and across his loins was fastened a plain piece of cotton cloth purchased from the English. He wore a necklace of *gris gris* (charms or amulets) made of leather, in the merits of which he seemed to repose implicit confidence, believing himself the most fortunate of men in having it in his possession; and as long as that was the case, he asserted neither demon nor human being could hurt him. One of his Majesty's attendants, as blindly superstitious as his sovereign, to put the virtues of his amulet to the test, entreated me several times to discharge a musket loaded with ball at him, at the distance of only a few yards, which, when I refused to do, he appeared to be considerably chagrined and disappointed, and went away muttering that the English were the most unconvincing people in the world.—*Lander's Records.*



"Gay, laughing fancy, following in the train,
Sports through the song, and holds the flowery rein."

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA. ODE II.—TO PRESIDENT JACKSON.

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ," &c.

We've had enough of hail and snow,
Tho' little sleighing I'll allow;
The winter's gone we all may know,
And joyful spring is coming now.

By learned seers it is foretold,
That wond'rous comets shall appear,
With tails portentous to behold,
Enough to fill our souls with fear.

A comet's an unwelcome guest,
His aspect is as red as blood!
Such signs, by sages 'tis confess'd,
Whyloome foretold Deucalion's flood.

Suppose old Delaware should roar
And foam and overflow our city,
Or Schuylkill overleap his shore,
And drown us all—la, what a pity!

O, Sir, how greatly would we need
A "Telegraph," our woes to mark;
'Twould be, I think, a christian deed,
To save us all in "Noah's ark."

Perhaps these comets may presage
Another ink and paper war,
Where politics, with deadly rage,
May turn to feathers and to tar.

To save us from this shocking fate,
What god or goddess shall we call?
Shall vestal virgins supplicate?
Alas, dear Sir, there's none at all!

Virgins are very scarce at least,
And prayers are very hard to frame,
Address'd to gods so long deceased,
Who now "are nothing but a name."

The heathen gods no aid can yield,
Unless the fierce old captain Mars,
Has ta'en thy form to take the field,
And help us in all kinds of wars.

If so, and time should prove your worth,
And charm us all with number seven,*
We hope you may remain on earth,
Until prepared to go to heaven.

* That is, with our seventh President.

HUMAN DESIRE.

Why do we sigh for winter's reign
Of storm and tempest dire—
Why sigh to hear the winds again
Around the crowded fire?

Man, like the seasons, seeks for change
From spring to winter grim,
And even Nature's widest range,
Is not enough for him.

When spring trips forth enwreath'd with flowers
And her delicious fruits,
Man sighs for summer's warmer hours,
And summer's warm pursuits.

Nor sooner summer comes, with all
Her fertile fields to please,
Than comes his wish for autumn's fall,
And her luxurious ease.

He sees her glories all expire,
And point him to the tomb;
And in his heart springs up desire,
For winter's weary gloom.

Man, fearing time's too quick decay,
And trembling at his fate,
Still wishes moments, years away,
Nor ceases till too late.

To gain one toy desire endears,
Or fancy gives a charm,
He oft annihilates whole years,
Nor thinks of death's alarm.

But when possessed, the value flies
Anticipation gave;
Tears fill his dim and aged eyes,
He ponders on the grave.

Fain would he give the gaudy toy,
All, all its pleasures down,
But to regain that soul-felt joy,
His youthful years had known.

MILFORD BARD.

TO MISS H. E. M.

ON HER BIRTH DAY.

Since all to beauty's rip'ning bloom
Their cheerful homage pay,
Be not displeased that I presume
To hail thy natal day.

Though careless joke and empty mirth,
My thoughtless hours employ,
I'll greet the day which gave thee birth,
With undissembled joy.

And while the muse's softest strains
In artless numbers flow,
That smiles may recompense her pains,
The fervent wish shall glow.

Fresh flowrets shall unfading blow,
Fresh verdure deck the green;
The meads their choicest beauties show,
To honor beauty's queen.

The roses that thy cheeks adorn
Shall hast'ning youth prolong—
Shall yearly grace thy birth day morn,
And witness to my song.

Or if by time's all conqu'ring hand
Their bloom should wear away,
The roses of thy mind will stand,
And never know decay.

CAROLUS.

TO CLARISSA.

In imitation of Moore, by L. A. Wilmer.

It is not in those eyes that I look for delight,
Tho' beaming with lustre so radiant and clear,
Tho' your eyes are so languishing, humid and bright,
And seem to debate 'twixt a smile and a tear.

It is not on that cheek with red roses impress'd,
Which the blush of young morning surpasses by far;
It is not on that cheek I would take up my rest,
And exchange luscious glances, in amorous war.

It is not on that bosom I would wish to repose,
Tho' a lovelier bosom the world never saw;
That breast, which with love and with liberty glows,
No pen can describe and no pencil can draw.

Like two little hillocks of pure, spotless snow,
Which the gale, in its sport, has most charmingly
driven—

It reminds us of heaven to which we would go,
For the snow, we all know, is descended from heaven.

It is not to those lips where the bloom of the peach
And its nectarine juices so sweetly combine,
It is not to those lips that I gladly would teach
Love's sympathies felt by a touch most divine.

But pure as the skies is the flame you inspire,
I saw you and worshipped as something above
The objects of earth and of earthly desire,
And I caught from your glances celestial love.

While I kneel to Clarissa, and gaze on her charms,
As a goddess I view her, I reverence, adore;
But I wish not to clasp the sweet girl in my arms,
So modest and bashful a youth is Tom M—e.

TO MY SWORD.

By the late Col. W. T. Washington, of Greece.

Bright sword, I sigh that o'er thy steel,
That sparkles now like Rosa's eyes,
The dew drops soon must trickling steal
And dim thy clear and brilliant dyes.

For soon thy scabbard must be thrown
To rust upon the mountain's side;
Thy blade, that erst so brightly shone,
With dew—perchance with blood, be dyed.

Already bears thy hilt a stain,
But not of blood or dew or rain;
A stain still more that thee endears,
Since it has sprung from Rosa's tears.
Far, far is Rosa distant now,
The wild waves roll 'twixt her and me;
But were this all not long I vow,
Should she and I so distant be.

In vain, in vain, my lot is cast
Afar from her and home to live;
In other love will she be blest,
And I my heart to thee will give.
Yes, she is lost—but with thy steel
I'll win me maids as softly fair;
But ah, alas! I'll never feel
For them the love I've felt for her.

In wild ambition's mad career,
I have not gold to buy my way,
Nor potent friends nor kinsmen near,
On whom ambition's cares to lay.

I need them not—for all thou'tt serve
Ambition's fire my arm shall nerve—
I need them not—with thee alone
My way to fame and wealth be won.

My only friend while life remains,
And in this land of war I roam,
When cease to throb my feverish veins,
They'll bear thee to my distant home.

But not to Rosa's hands thou'tt go,
For other love will warm her breast;
Nor long for me her tears would flow,
Nor oft on thee her lips be prest.
Still lives my sire beyond the main,
And if on battle-field I'm slain,
My comrades here in arms have sworn,
Thou shalt to him be safely borne.

Be thou when I in death lie low,
The sign to him that I am gone—
And he shall by that token know,
That like a soldier died his son.

THE SEA BIRD.

Bird of the wild and stormy home!
 Stay, stay, thy flapping wing!
 Why, ocean's rocks and tide-ways roam,
 In wayward journeying?

Tho' thou may'st sit on coral stems,
 That branch from out the rock
 When billows o'er thee, shower in gems
 At every bursting shock;

Rude tempests howl, the cloud-girt sun
 Rolls darkly veiled on high,
 Thou'rt tossing wild 'mid storm-cloud's dun,
 Dark billows of the sky.

When trees are green, and linnets sing,
 And bright suns gild the day,
 Far, far away, thou'rt revelling,
 'Mid o'cean's foaming spray.

When billows wage tumultuous war,
 They've magic, it is true;
 Yet in our streams, 'twere better far,
 Thy floating form to view.

Ah! why not dwell in shady bowers,
 And plume thy snowy breast,
 There perch 'mid odour-breathing flowers,
 And rock thyself to rest.

"Oh! can I roost in shady grove,
 Or perch on leafy tree,
 When my form is fram'd o'er waves to move,
 And stem the surging sea?"

"I love to cleave the stormy air,
 When winds and billows sweep,
 And rush, where frenzied tempests war,
 And rage-foam crests the deep."

Then away, pursue thy giddy ring
 Over the roaring sea,
 Away, for there to wave thy wing,
 Great God hath destined thee. H. IRWIN.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE III.—TO THE STEAM BOAT,
*In which my friend Tom Spriggins had embarked for
 Baltimore.*

"Sic te divi potens Cypri," &c.

O lovely boat, so nicely painted,
 With streamers all so gaily flying,
 May every saint, by christians sainted,
 Preserve you while your course you're plying.

That man was sure as bold as thunder,
 Who first essay'd the navigation
 Of such a puffing, paddling wonder,
 As now I have in contemplation.

'Twould seem that here the Roman Flaccus
 Would frown upon all kinds of sailing,
 And in one country heap and pack us
 Like herrings, meant not for retailing.

"Audax," says he, "humanum ruit
 Genus," in every kind of knavery,
 Venture their lives, and then stand to it,
 'Twas done in animo of bravery.

Prometheus stole from heav'n a flambeau,
 For which to hell he went off hand, sir,
 And there was burnt as black as Sambo,
 I think, by Jupiter's command, sir.

A vulture gnaw'd upon his liver,
 While he lay stretch'd upon a rock, sir;

Such things may make your flesh to quiver,
 And Miss Matilda's feelings shock, sir.

But 'tis a fact—at least I have it
 Plainly set down in Roman letters,
 By my old prototype—I leave it
 To be disputed by my betters.

And this deponent saith, moreover,
 That Dædulus attempted flying,
 Awhile he took a charming hover,
 All the celestial bodies spying;

Discovered that the moon was made
 Of tin, or some such kind of metal,
 And Venus to his sight display'd
 An aspect like a copper beetle.

His wings and back were stuck together
 With sealing wax or gum-shellac, sir,
 Not fit to stand all kinds of weather,
 But melted off at Sol's attack, sir.

Down plumb he dropp'd into the water,
 And there he met a horrid fate, sir;
 He called aloud for help and quarter,
 But all his calling was too late, sir.

Nothing man's daring mind surpasses,
 And steam boats are a great invention,
 And so are lightning-rods and gasses,
 And many more that I could mention.

But now the boat I see no longer,
 I'll take a glass, as I'm a sinner,
 Of beer, or something else that's stronger,
 And then walk home and get my dinner.

LINES,

On the Death of Miss Catharine Warren.

Another victim sinks into the tomb,
 Struck by Consumption's dire, unerring dart;
 Again, fond friends are call'd to wail the doom
 Of one whom love had link'd to many a heart.

From native scenes, from friends long known and dear,
 She went, impell'd by hope's delusive breath;
 But hope, like leaves in Autumn, cold and sear,
 Soon withered in the icy grasp of death.

That last farewell to friends of early years,
 Was but a prelude to that final hour,
 When earthly griefs, regrets, and hopes, and fears,
 Contend in vain with death's resistless power.

And nought remains of that beloved one
 Save the fresh turf where her cold relics sleep;
 Sad are the hearts her many virtues won,
 And eyes that loved to look on her must weep.

Those who with her in guileless pastime shared,
 In social converse, or sedate employ,
 Sigh o'er the vanish'd fabric hope had reared,
 And tremble for the fate of promised joy.

That she was kind, and gentle, and sincere,
 Was nought to shield her from the common lot;
 Death claim'd his victim, and affection's tear
 In sadness falls on memory's hallow'd spot.

By worth endeared, and mourn'd with keen regret,
 Early she sought the bourne where sorrows cease;
 The hearts, that ne'er her virtues can forget,
 Still hope to meet her in those realms of peace.

There no keen pangs the suffering heart assail,
 For there the balm for ev'ry wound is given;
 Redeeming love hath broke earth's clogging chain,
 And the freed spirit finds its home in Heaven. S.

Oh tell me how from Love to fly!

COMPOSED FOR MISS M'CAUSLAND, BY A. CHILTON.

Andante.

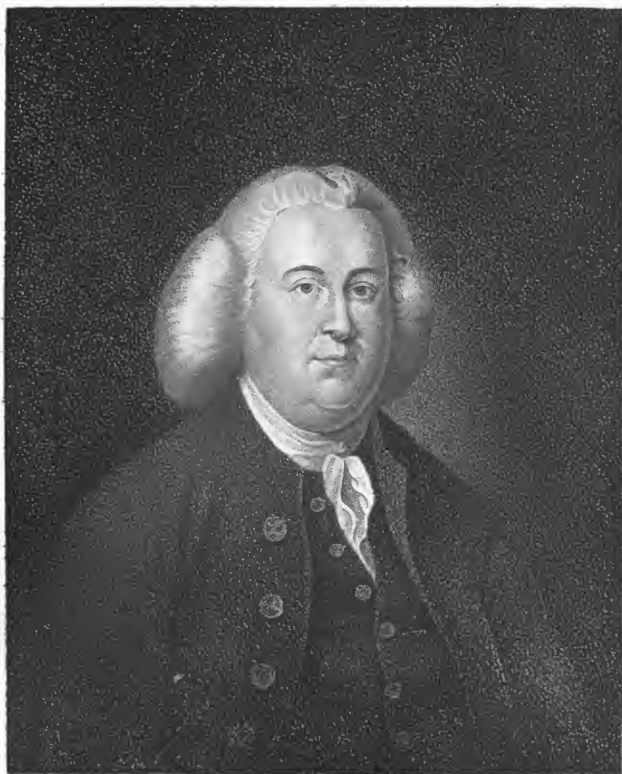
Oh tell me how from love to fly, Its dan - gers how to
 shun; To guard the heart, to shield the eye, Or I must
 be un - done, Or I must be un - done; Or I must
 be un - done; To guard the heart, to shield the eye, Or
 I must be un - done.

2.

For thy impression on my mind,
 No time, nor power can move,
 And vain, alas! the task I find,
 To look and not to love:
 To look and not to love;
 To look and not to love;
 And vain, alas! the task I find,
 To look and not too love.

3

Could absence my sad heart uphold,
 I'd hence and mourn my lot;
 But mem'ry will not be controll'd,
 Thou ne'er can'st be forgot:
 Thou ne'er can'st be forgot;
 Thou ne'er can'st be forgot;
 But mem'ry will not be controll'd,
 Thou ne'er can'st be forgot.



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PEYTON RANDOLPH.



THE CASKET

FLOWERS OF

LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Where learning scatters all her treasures round,
Where gems of thought, and fancies' flowers are found,
Taste should preside, and from the glittering spoil,
Select and polish, with judicious toil,
Thoughts should be cull'd—and fancy's shining car,
Is like the brilliant but erratic star—
Eccentric wandering with impetuous force,
Till judgment checks its fires, and modifies its course.

No. 7.]

PHILADELPHIA.—JULY.

1830]

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PEYTON RANDOLPH.

At no period and in no country were there ever so many contemporary men of pre-eminent abilities as in the time of the American Revolution. We do not except even the age which gave birth to Cæsar and Cicero, to Pompey, Marius, and many others whose names are recorded on the pages of Roman history. The sages and heroes of America discovered all the ardent patriotism of the Romans, without their ferocity and selfish ambition. The annals of our nation present a glorious display of talents and virtues calculated to throw a lustre on our escutcheon that will be reflected to the latest posterity.

Among those men whose names have become conspicuous in the immortal contest which gave birth to our liberty and existence as a nation, PEYTON RANDOLPH deserves to be particularly mentioned.

This great man was the eldest son of Sir John Randolph, and was descended from one of the most respectable families in Virginia. The precise time of his birth is not ascertained, but it is supposed to have been in 1723. He passed through the College of William and Mary with credit—and, being intended for the bar, he went to England to complete his studies at the temple. On his return to Virginia, he commenced practice at the general court, and was very successful both on account of his abilities and integrity. But ambition in his professional pursuits, did not supersede the gentler passion of love, and he accordingly became enamoured of Miss Elizabeth Harrison, the amiable sister of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, afterwards Governor of Virginia.

In the year 1748, when not more than twenty-five, he was appointed king's attorney for the colony; the same year he was elected member of the House of Burgesses for the city of Williamsburg; and, during the session of that year, was placed at the head of a committee appointed to prepare a general revision of the laws of Virginia.

He continued from this time to be a conspicuous and useful member of the Legislature—nor were his services to his country confined to the cabinet, for he also engaged in some of the military operations of that period. On the 12th of April, 1766, he was chosen speaker of the assembly, to the great satisfaction of all classes of his fellow citizens. The intelligence of the act of parliament, shutting up the port of Boston, reached Williamsburg, May 26. The House of Burgesses resolved that the 1st of June, the day on which the act was to go into force, should be set apart as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, that divine interposition might be implored, either to avert the threatening evils of civil war, or to give the people energy and union to meet them with spirit and effect. In the midst of an animated debate, the assembly was dissolved by Lord Dunmore, the governor; but the members soon after met as private citizens, and their late speaker, Mr. Randolph, presiding, they unanimously signed an address to their countrymen, in which, after recommending them to abstain from the purchase and use of East India commodities, they declare that the late attacks on the rights of a sister colony, menaced ruin to the rights of all, unless the united wisdom of the whole should be applied to counteract these infringements.—A committee of correspondence was therefore instructed to communicate with other colonies on the expediency of calling a general congress, the delegates to meet annually, for the purpose of deliberating on those general measures, which the united interests of America might from time to time require. We need scarcely add that the meeting of the first Congress in Philadelphia, was the consequence of this recommendation.—At this congress Peyton Randolph presided.—But, unhappily, Mr. Randolph did not live to witness the consummation of those glorious efforts in which he participated with so much zeal and efficiency. He died by a stroke of apoplexy, October 21 1775, aged 52 years. He left no issue; his widow and nephew, the late Mr. Edmund Randolph, inherited his estate.

THE FUGITIVE—A TALE.

BY L. WILMER.

"Ye madmen, hold!

Who quench the fires of your pernicious rage
With purple torrents issuing from your vells.

SHAKESPEARE.

There are few things more destructive to our peace and happiness in this world, than frequent fits of violent and uncontrollable anger. For besides the present uneasiness occasioned by the inordinate indulgence of this passion, it often gives occasion for future repentance, and perhaps is succeeded by the most poignant regret.

A few years ago there appeared in the city of New York a young man who excited no ordinary degree of attention. He was, in all likelihood, a native of this country, but from what particular section he had come was an impenetrable mystery. On his arrival he was a perfect stranger in the city, but he had subsequently formed much acquaintance in the gay circles of society, and among the literary amateurs, to whom his classical attainments always rendered him an acceptable companion. He passed by the name of Moreton, but if any person were so inquisitive as to wish to become acquainted with his family history, his place of nativity, or the circumstances of his former life, the enquiry was immediately checked by the most haughty reserve, and sometimes even with visible resentment. These peculiarities, for a time, passed with little observation, as Moreton appeared to be wealthy, and his conduct, which was uniformly upright and honorable, forbade the suspicion that he had been guilty of any unworthy action, much less of any crime that might affix a stigma on his character.

Among the families he had been accustomed to visit was that of Mr. Selby, a gentleman of great respectability, who had formerly been engaged in mercantile pursuits, but having acquired a large fortune, he had retired from business, and taken up his residence in a beautiful villa about two miles from the city.—His dwelling was adorned with all the rural decorations that wealth could purchase, or a refined and even romantic taste could suggest.—But the chief ornament was his daughter Clarissa, whose beauty was an universal theme of admiration, and whose worth (a rare circumstance in such cases) was proportioned to her beauty.

There appeared to be a congeniality between the minds of Clarissa and Moreton, and in that case, conversational intercourse only is necessary to create a mutual attachment. This opportunity was not wanting, and the attachment followed of course. Oh, how important is it for females to use the utmost circumspection before they suffer their affections to be engaged by the assiduities and insinuating manners of their admirers! Clarissa did not want discretion, but her character was tinged with romance, which often perverts the best natural abilities. The progress of love is sometimes like the advance of a consumption, sure though imperceptible. It was thus in the present instance; before the

parties became aware of their situation, they were deeply involved in that tender regard for each other, which, with minds of real sensibility, is not frequently evanescent. Moreton and Clarissa seemed entranced in the delicious anticipations of their future happiness, but were soon awakened to present suffering and painful realities.

There are many persons who will take as much pains to accomplish the misery of others as to advance their own welfare. Of this number was Maria Caldwell; deficient in personal charms herself, she concealed in her bosom the most inveterate spite against those who possessed the advantages of beauty. She was intimate with Clarissa, but that innocent and unsuspecting girl had never discovered this detestable trait in her character.

Maria envied Clarissa her elegant admirer, and revolved in her mind some plan to disappoint what she knew to be the wishes of her artless acquaintance. Whether the demon himself suggests expedients to his agents, or whether vicious people are naturally more fruitful in the invention of schemes than others, we know not; it is certain, however, that when a wicked design is once formed, means are seldom wanting to carry that design into execution. Whenever Moreton was mentioned in her presence, Maria assumed a look of perplexity, and sometimes even let fall expressions of doubt and suspicion. For some time this conduct was slightly observed, but at length even the unsuspecting Clarissa was alarmed, and one day addressed Maria to the following purpose:—

"For the sake of heaven, my friend, tell me what you know of Moreton, or of what you suspect him; I observe there is something in your thoughts which you have a reluctance to reveal; but you know the engagement between Moreton and myself, you know also that those engagements will probably be consummated in a short time by a matrimonial union; if you, therefore, know aught to his disadvantage, it is your duty, as my friend, to make the disclosure." To which Maria replied:—

"I should little deserve the name of your friend, my dear Clarissa, if I forbore to speak when your most important interests are concerned. I should be unworthy of your regard if I suffered the happiness of your life to be destroyed without making any effort to prevent it. It is true, I suspect Moreton, and methinks there is great room for suspicion. Whence did he come? Would any man, who enjoyed the consciousness of rectitude, refuse to divulge the place of his nativity and former residence? Is not such a refusal itself a presumption of guilt? And again, have you not observed a gloom sometimes gathering over his countenance, even while he was in your presence. I do most firmly believe that that gloom is occasioned by remorse for some concealed and criminal action. But could you seriously think of marrying a man under such circumstances? I hope your prudence itself would prevent such an inconsiderate step."

It will be seen that Maria reasoned here with some accuracy, and only a good motive was wanting to make her conduct exemplary. Her words had the desired effect; Clarissa sat some moments in silence and dejection; at length she raised her head and answered in the following words:—

"It was always my intention to demand some explanation of his mysterious conduct, and I believe that he would give it. It was my belief also that his reserve was occasioned by some painful circumstances in his former life, but I never suspected him of any thing criminal. When next we meet, however, if he refuses to account for his extraordinary behaviour, he shall see me no more."

Maria commended this resolution, and soon after took leave of Miss Selby. For the first time in her life, the latter experienced mental anguish and painful suspense, which is thought by some to be more intolerable than certainty itself. Maria had scarcely been gone half an hour before Moreton entered the apartment.—He perceived that Clarissa had been weeping, and tenderly inquired the cause of her distress. She told him without reserve, and earnestly requested to know whether it was in his power to clear up those suspicions which had arisen concerning his character.

Moreton became agitated in his turn. "Miss Selby," said he, "I have requested you to excuse me on this point; can you imagine no circumstances wherein such concealments would be desirable, without the supposition of a crime. But tell me who they are who have endeavoured to fill your mind with distrust and I will make them acknowledge their error."

"The persons who suggested these suspicions," said Clarissa, "are my friends, and have been prompted by their solicitude for my welfare. To convince us of our error, you must remove the causes which gave rise to our erroneous impressions. In short, Mr. Moreton, however painful a separation may be to my own feelings, I can never be yours while you preserve this mysterious silence."

This conversation continued for some considerable time; Moreton used every argument and entreaty to induce Clarissa to give up the inquiry—but she was not to be moved from her purpose, and her pertinacity almost drove him to phrenzy. At length, starting from his seat, he exclaimed—"Miss Selby, I have done; your object is gained—it is my unhappy destiny that pursues me, and I find it is vain to contend with that destiny. I will unveil this mystery, and then we must part forever. Oh, Clarissa, did I ever expect to utter these words!—part—and forever; but it is unavoidable. I feel an irresistible impulse in my mind which drives me to make my confession. Know then that my real name is * * * and that I am a murderer."

At these words Clarissa clasped her hands in agony; all color forsook her face, and she scarcely heard the voice, or understood the lan-

guage of Moreton, as he continued:—"Yes, Clarissa, I am a murderer, and the murderer of my friend,—the brave, generous and talented George Reynolds. We were born in the same village; educated in the same college; were even descended from the same ancestors; but all this could not prevent me from shedding his blood. One day at a tavern a quarrel arose between us from some trifling origin, and a challenge was the consequence. We met—at the first fire, my ball entered his heart, and I left him dead on the field.—The laws of our state are severe against duelling, and I was obliged to fly to avoid the disgrace of imprisonment. But I can never escape the innate tormentor of my own conscience. The avenger of blood pursues me from place to place, and I look forward with complacency to the hour that shall release me from the horrors of remorse.—Clarissa, farewell, you shall see me no more—this evening I will embark on the ocean, where I may find something congenial with the storms and tempests of my own mind." So saying, he rushed from the house—and Clarissa indeed "saw him now more." Five years rolled away, and Clarissa became the wife of an amiable and respectable gentleman, a merchant of New York. The recollections of her former suitor, however, were not entirely obliterated; she thought of him with mingled emotions of pity and horror. One day, while reading the account of a shipwreck, she discovered in the list of those that had perished, the name of Henry Moreton. She had endeavored to persuade herself that all affection for this object had been eradicated from her bosom; but a shower of tears now convinced her that he was not altogether indifferent, and that the "first love" of woman is not often entirely removed by subsequent impressions, nor destroyed by the frown of adversity.

LETTERS, AND A LOST MISTRESS.

Farewell! Thou canst not teach me to forget.

SHAKESPEARE.

It was an hour past midnight: Brussels was wrapped in deep repose. The soldiers, who were quartered upon the inhabitants, had, with the peaceful owners of the house, long since retired to bed. The rolling of carriages from the Duchess of Richmond's ball had nearly ceased; and the quiet of the streets was only broken by the occasional bark of the watch dog, or the measured step of the sentinel, pacing "his lonely round."

Suddenly night's silence was rudely broken; the trumpets sounded; the drums beat to arms; and, immediately, all was hurry and alarm.—Momentarily, the din increased; "and louder yet the clamor grew." The highland pibroch answered the bugle call of the light infantry. The soldiery, startled from their sleep, poured out from the now deserted dwellings; and the once peaceful city exhibited a scene of universal uproar.

The sun rose to witness confusion and dismay. The military assembled in the Place Royale; and the difference of individual character might be

traced in the respective occupations of the various soldiery. Some were taking a tender, and many a last leave of wives and children. Others, stretched upon the pavement, were listlessly waiting for their comrades to come up: while not a few strove to snatch a few moments of repose, and appeared insensible to the din of war around them. Wagons were loading and artillery harnessing. Orderlies and aids-de-camp rode rapidly through the streets; and in the gloom of early morning the pavement sparkled beneath the iron feet of the cavalry, as they hurried along the causeway to join their respective squadrons,—which were now collecting in the park.

After a short absence, Kennedy returned to his quarters in the Place de Louvaine. His manner was agitated; and throwing himself on a chair, he scarcely noticed Colonel Hilson, who was writing at the table. Living in the same hotel, a close intimacy existed between the commanding officer and the captain of grenadiers. Hilson stopped writing soon after the entrance of Kennedy; and folding the paper he had been engaged with, as he sealed it, he addressed his friend:

"I thought to have you here, Frank; and having a small packet, which I wish to be in safe keeping, should any thing occur, I will trouble you, by committing it to your charge. You are aware, from the sketch I gave you of my history, that the orphan of my kinsman, Arthur, is my adopted child. Knowing the uncertain tenure of a soldier's life, I had taken the necessary steps before I left England to secure my property to my orphan *protege*. Some directions relative to his education and future settlement in life are herein contained. I have named you one of his guardians; and I know, in the event of this trust devolving on you, that you will remember the request of your quondam friend, and see my wishes carried into effect."

Kennedy received the packet, and promised that its contents should be attended to. His agitation did not escape Hilson's observation.

"How now, Frank, you seem disordered; has any thing unpleasant occurred? I know you too well of old, to think that the prospect of a bustling campaign would not have an opposite effect. You formerly were not so dolorous on the eve of what will be a gallant field."

"Alas, Hilson," said the grenadier, with a sigh "no one will march with a heavier heart, although in choice humor for cutting throats, or engaging in any other desperate and gentlemanly amusement. I have been since yesterday the perfect butt of fortune; I am, at this moment, in the agonizing state of uncertainty."

"In the name of mystery, what has occurred?" said the colonel; "come, tell me the cause, the circumstance."

"In one word—a woman."

"Pshaw! Kennedy," said Hilson, rather piqued; "at such a time, can you trifle?—who—what is she?"

"I know not; there is the rub—she is wrapped in mystery; and did I not believe the thing

to be impossible, I could swear that one from whom I have long been separated was in my arms last night in the public park; nay more, was besides at the ball, spoke to me, and vanished, as if the floor had swallowed her. When the alarm spread, I was leaving the duchess's hotel with MacDermott, and in the throng I again caught a glimpse of this incomprehensible female. I had nearly come up with her, but in the confusion I got entangled with the carriages—two rolled off nearly at the same moment. I thought I observed the one she entered, and pursued it: it went off at a quick pace, but I held it in view till it nearly crossed the city, and stopped at a private house, near the boulevard. I rushed on,—overturned a drunken wagoner, and came up in time to see a Dutch functionary, crippled by fat and rheumatism, leisurely alight at his own door. Cursing my evil stars, I had no choice left but to souse myself in the next canal, or return quietly to my quarters.—Fortunately, I recollected that drowning was not a genteel death; for, as Jack Falstaff says, 'it swells a man.' I cut the canal, and now you know as much of my misfortune as I do."

Hilson smiled. "The thing is not so bad as your suicidal looks led me to expect. I am not, however, the fittest repository for your tender sorrows; and as I hear our friend MacDermott on the stairs, I leave you to him for counsel and consolation. I must be off to the Rue Royale. We march at four o'clock, and love must give place to duty."

So saying, he left the room as Major MacDermott entered. MacDermott was ready for the march; his handsome uniform was exchanged for an every day jacket—a proceeding he recommended to his friend Kennedy.

"Here, you, Pat Carty,"—a tall, strapping grenadier, in marching order, with his pack and appointments on, obeyed the major's summons—"give us the worst suit in the kit: it's damn'd extravagant for your master to allow himself to be killed in a decent jacket. There, if I travel, I would'nt give the lad that strips me a *trancein* for his trouble. What news, Frank? Come, that will do, fold the jacket: even if it comes to the drum-head, it will be a comfort to see a friend's effects appear decently. Did you come up with the chase?"

"No, Denis, I might as well have pursued jack-o'-the-lantern. I am sick of the world."

"Phew! did the baggage give you the go-by? Well, Frank, trust me, you'll find her kinder on your return. This comes of striking at noble game. Give me your honest bonnet-dresser, who never heard heroics in her life, and settles your suit with a plain 'aye' or 'no:' but folks differ, Frank; and, as Will Shakspeare says,

Some men must love my Lady, and some Joan.

But cheer up; what a jewel of a friend you have! and that's myself. Look there," and he handed the grenadier a packet—"there's news, and from Ireland, too."

Kennedy took the letter:—"It is my father's writing; we'll keep it till the hurry is over;" and

laying it on the table, he proceeded to put on his uniform.

"Mother of St. Patrick!" ejaculated the major; "a letter from Ireland left unopened!"

Kennedy smiled:—"Faith, Denis, you may peruse it if you please; you seem wonderful curious about the contents. Nay, there is no secret; my poor father's late communications have latterly all harped on the same string—bad times and no price for cattle."

"There is an enclosure, Frank; a letter in a lady's hand."

"Pshaw!—my aunt Macan's:—go on, Denis." MacDermott complied; his observation upon his father's epistle amused the captain of grenadiers.

Dublin, June 1, 1815.

"What the devil is he doing in Dublin? no good, Frank—another corner off Killnacoppal!"—Dear Frank, in consequence of the dry weather, the potatoes in Monieen Beg totally failed; and Patsey Herraghty, whom you may remember your aunt Macan always foresaw would prove a rogue, with his two sons, and 'Turmas a Neilan,' (Tom of the Island) who was pilot to the Blue-eyed Maid when she landed the brandy on Innis biggle, drove off their cattle by night, and have not since been heard of.—"Ay, Frank, the old story to a T—short crops and run-away tenants." A three-year-old bullock, that Peeteruin (Little Peter) Joyce refused six pound ten for at the fair of Westport, fell over the cliffs and was lost.—"A pleasant letter-writer your father is!" As the wind was unfortunately off the shore, he drifted out to sea, and we did not even get the hide.

"Well that's important too!" A strange gauger—"Musha bad luck to him!"—A strange gauger surprised the village of Clash—Clash—Clash-na—Clash-na MacCumeskey—"I would like to see a cockney of the guards trying his tongue on Clash-na Mac Cumeskey"—on May eve, and seized three stills, and made nine prisoners; all of whom; however, were rescued by a rising of the country.—"Well done, Connemara!" On this occasion a soldier lost his life, and the gauger's horse was smothered in a bog-hole—a natural result of their wanton attack upon an inoffensive peasantry.—"Pleasant people the inoffensive peasantry of Clash-na MacCumeskey are!" You will, no doubt, be quite unprepared for the very painful occasion of my present visit to the metropolis.—"Pon my soul, not at all! I'm as much up to it as if I was a subscribing witness;—another slice off the fodecin!" The sudden death of our uncle Davidson—"Ha!" said Kennedy, "is Duncan off?—Well, attorneys won't live for ever." He has made a will, in which none of the family are mentioned. "The little confounded quill-driver!"—and left every shilling he did possess of, except a bequest of twenty pounds to the poor of the parish—I am not quite certain whether it is St. Nicholas Without, or St. James the Apostle.—"How devilish particular your father is!"—to your cousin, Lucy Davidson;—Kennedy leaped from the chair—who has now at her command 56,000*l* in the five per cents., and ground-rents in Dublin, amounting to 2000*l*. a year. She writes you farther particulars in the letter herein enclosed. Your aunt Mac—"Stop, Denis, stop! have I been listening to all this trash about drowned cattle and dead attorneys, and Lucy's dear letter unopened?" In vain he attempted to snatch the enclosure, but MacDermott had it secure within his iron grasp, and continued—bad rheumatism—hip-bone—essence of mustard—relief—will write soon—affectionate —; here Kennedy succeeded in snatching the letter from MacDermott; the seal was hastily broken—the contents ran thus:—

"My Dear Frank,

"Five years have elapsed, and I am now mistress of more than fifty thousand pounds. By my uncle's death, I am left without a protection; and as I am determined not to remain longer in this defenceless situation, I purpose shortly to consult Mr. Frs. Kennedy on the subject, and request him to recommend me some gentleman of his acquaintance, with whom I should have a tolerably chance of living happy.

"It is with great pain I am obliged to risk the re-opening of a wound, which I would hope time and absence had closed. Miss Jemima O'Brien having unhappily got a number of forged bank-notes in change, and her kinsman, Mr. Clinch, being equally unfortunate, from their own unsuspicious dispositions, they inadvertently circulated a few, in encouraging the trade and manufactures of the good city of Dublin. In return for this kindness, they were prosecuted by the ungrateful shopkeepers, and accommodated with a passage to Australasia, and that, too, at the public expense.

"As I hope to see you before long, I shall only say, that I am still, Yours, if you please it,

"LUCY DAVIDSON."

Kennedy was thunderstruck as he read the letter:—"Denis," he exclaimed, "where and from whom did you get these letters?"

MacDermott, unmoved by the evident anxiety of his companion, coolly replied—"Frank, you are a lucky fellow, fortunate in love, but still more fortunate in friendship. While you were careering through Brussels, in the vague pursuit of your blue belle, I, Denis McDermott, was settling your love affairs, when another would have been employed in disposing of his goods and chattels; and while I should have been signing my will, I was engaged in making your fortune. In short, your park acquaintance and myself have been *tete-a-tete*. Nay, don't stare, man; *tete-a-tete* by this hand, and in your own bed-room too!"

"Go on, Denis—you are distracting me."

"When you left me in the ball-room, feeling no inclination to follow your meanders though kicking horses and carriage wheels, I took the broad way that leadeth to——your present quarters. At the corner of the street a coach had just pulled up; the door opened, down came steps, and out came a foot and ankle—Holy Saint Patrick!—there is not its fellow in Belgium; and to my surprise, the owner appeared to be a smart, undersized gentleman, in a fur cap and military cloak, that covered him from head to heel. 'Ah! ha!' thought I, 'for all your swagger, my smart lad, you have a woman's foot, and a neat one too.' On she passed—I followed; and where should she wheel but into this very house! I ran up stairs; you were missing, and Hilson busy writing at the table. When I came out, whom should I meet in the lobby but my friend with the pretty foot! 'Pray, can you inform me which of these apartments belongs to Captain Kennedy?' says this nondescript, pertly. 'Faith, and that I can, my young gentleman,' says I; and opening the door, I discreetly handed her into your bed-room. She seemed for a moment inclined to retreat, but mustering courage, in she went. 'You are a friend of Captain Kennedy, I presume?'—'I am,' says I, 'his bosom friend.' 'I have most particu-

lar business with him; can you tell where he is, and whether he be engaged?" "As to where he is," says I, "I have not the slightest suspicion; and the nature of his present employment is best known to himself and a lady who levanted with him half an hour ago from the duchess's ball." "A lady—ha!"

"I saw her cheeks grow red as scarlet. 'Is your friend's return uncertain?' 'As any thing can be that depends upon a woman's will.' I knew she was mad jealous, and I determined to give her a dose of it. Nothing like it, Frank—don't be uneasy; if I have not completely done your business—"

"I fear you have, indeed," groaned the captain of grenadiers.

"Kennedy, I presume, is a favorite with the fair sex?" said my gentleman. "That he is," says I. "We are all kept tolerably busy; but how he finds time for his appointments, is a thing that puzzles the regiment." At this moment, Serjeant Dwyer's pretty wife came in with some linen.—My friend in the fur cap started as if he saw a spectre. Poor little soul! she was sobbing bitterly, for she had just before parted with her husband. She looked so handsome; and her situation, Frank, is, you know, what the papers call 'so interesting.' The breathless eagerness with which the park incognita eyed her would have surprised you. Lord, how her color went and came! 'May I ask a question?' and her lips trembled, and she seemed on the point of fainting. 'That handsome female, is she Captain Kennedy's mistress?'

"I pretended to look bothered. 'Why, she does now and then mend his silk stockings;' and I gave her a knowing wink. 'Heavens! what an escape!' she muttered; 'I might have been lost for ever! What a profligate!' and she stamped her pretty foot passionately on the floor. 'Hush!' said I, in a whisper, 'who knows but the burgo-master's wife, that lives next door to the Palais de Justice, may be now concealed in the closet.'

"The incognita made me no reply, but took a paper from her bosom. Your writing-desk was open: she seized a pen, wrote for a few minutes, and sealing the paper with a ring she wore, she begged I would give you the letter on your return. I requested her to be seated for a moment and off I ran to see if you had returned. Still no one there but Hilson. I flew back to your room, determined to detain my lady; but, by St. Patrick, the bird was flown! I ran down stairs, in time to see the carriage drive round the corner; and this packet I found lying on the stairs, dropped I suppose by Desdemona, in the hurry of her retreat.

Kennedy leaned his head for a moment against the wall. "MacDermott," he said "you have unintentionally ruined me; give me the paper."

"Ruined you! Lord help thee, Frank! little dost thou know the sex. There, man, courage; there are the terms of capitulation. Ha! the Highland pipes again! The brigade is march-

ing; my horse at the door this half hour, and chattering about a crack-brained baggage! but blessed Saint Denis! what a foot she has!" and MacDermott hurried from the room.

For some minutes after his friend's departure Kennedy silently gazed on the little billet. It was the well known writing of his eccentric mistress. The impression of the ring now caused a painful recollection; it was a present from himself, and Lucy had preserved it. He trembled as he unclosed the packet: a ringlet of dark brown hair fell from it; it was the same that Lucy had taken from him the night they parted. The characters were uneven, and scarcely legible, and betrayed the agitation under which the letter had been penned. The billet ran thus:—

"Kennedy, farewell! I loved you; but that is over. My heart, God knows, was all your own. I plighted you my hand, and I came here to redeem the pledge. I witnessed your apostacy at the ball. I heard you offer your heart and hand to another; but I discredited the evidence of my senses, and I came here to-night that your own lips should alone convince me of your falsehood. You were not here; but *here* was a ruined female—a trophy of your success. You were absent; but your chosen companion bore honorable testimony to your merits, and modestly deferred to the superior profligacy of his friend.

"Kennedy, for five years, this lock of hair rested in my bosom; *now*, I throw it from me with contempt; and with it though my heart should break, all recollection of the giver shall perish.—Farewell! L. D."

Kennedy held the fatal billet in his hand, and continued gazing on it in speechless agony. He seemed spell-bound. His servant thrice addressed him before he could fix his attention. "The regiment," he said, "was on the point of marching." Kennedy made no reply; but folding the lock of hair in the cover which had contained it, placed it, with Lucy's letter in his breast; then lifting his sabre from the table, he left the room without uttering a word.

Pat Carty stopped to lock the apartment. He tossed the key to the owner of the house, and for a moment looked after his master silently; then taking his musket from the wall where it had rested, "Mona mon douell! but he has got the blink of a bad eye," he muttered and hurried off to join his company.

From the Library of Entertaining Knowledge.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

We are desirous of devoting all the space which we can afford in our present number, to drawing the attention of our readers to the extraordinary adventures of an English sailor, who, having escaped with life in the massacre of his messmates by a party of New Zealanders, was adopted by these people, was tattooed, and afterwards became a chief among them, and married two sisters, the daughters of the chief by whom his life had been spared. After residing several years in the island, he contrived at

length to escape, and effected his return to his native land.

It was in the year 1816 that John Rutherford, a native of Manchester, who for several years previously had led a sailor's life, both on board King's ships and merchantmen, and had assisted during the war, at the storming of St. Sebastian, was received at Owhyhee, in which island he had been left sick, on board the American brig *Agnes*, of six guns and fourteen men, commanded by Captain Coffin, engaged in trading for pearls and tortoise-shells among the islands of the Pacific. Captain Coffin was desirous of putting into the Bay of Islands for refreshments, and with that view approached the east coast of New Zealand. This purpose he was prevented accomplishing by a gale of wind, which drove his ship into a large bay, with the navigation of which he was unacquainted. This bay, the author of the account of the New Zealanders now before us concludes, from the description given of it by Rutherford, to be the bay into which Captain Cook first put, on his arrival on the coasts of New Zealand, and to which he gave the name of Poverty Bay. It was here that the disaster which renders the subsequent life of Rutherford so interesting, occurred. His narrative, now published, gives the following account of this transaction, and of the horrible fate of his comrades:—

'Reluctant as the captain was to enter this bay, from his ignorance of the coast, and the doubts he consequently felt as to the disposition of the inhabitants, they at last determined to stand in for it, as they had great need of water, and did not know when the wind might permit them to get to the Bay of Islands. They came to anchor accordingly, off the termination of a reef of rocks immediately under some elevated land which formed one of the sides of the bay. As soon as they had dropped anchor, a great many canoes came off to the ship from every part of the bay, each containing about thirty women, by whom it was paddled. Very few men made their appearance that day; but many of the women remained on board all night, employing themselves chiefly in stealing whatever they could lay their hands on; their conduct greatly alarmed the captain, and a strict watch was kept during the night. The next morning one of the chiefs came on board, whose name they were told was Aimy, in a large war-canoe, about sixty feet long, and carrying above a hundred of the natives, all provided with quantities of mats and fishing-lines, made of the strong white flax of the country, with which they professed to be anxious to trade with the crew. After this chief had been for some time on board, it was agreed that he should return to the land with some others of his tribe, in the ship's boat, to procure a supply of water. This arrangement the captain was very anxious to make, as he was averse to allow any of the crew to go on shore, wishing to keep them all on board for the protection of the ship. In due time the boat returned, laden with water, which

was immediately hoisted on board; and the chief and his men were despatched a second time on the same errand. Meanwhile, the rest of the natives continued to bring pigs to the ship in considerable numbers; and by the close of the day about two hundred had been purchased, together with a quantity of fern-root to feed them on. Up to this time, no hostile disposition had been manifested by the savages; and their intercourse with the ship had been carried on with every appearance of friendship and cordiality, if we except the propensity they had shown to pilfer a few of the tempting rarities exhibited to them by their civilized visitors.

* * * * *

'During the night, however, the thieving was renewed, and carried to a more alarming extent, inasmuch as it was found in the morning that some of the natives had not only stolen the lead off the ship's stern but had also cut away many of the ropes, and carried them off in their canoes. It was not till day-break, too, that the chief returned with his second cargo of water, and it was then observed that the ship's boat he had taken with him leaked a great deal; on which the carpenter examined her, and found that a great many of the nails had been drawn out of her planks. About the same time, Rutherford detected one of the natives in the act of stealing the dipson lead—'which, when I took from him,' says he, 'he grinded his teeth, and shook his tomahawk at me.' 'The captain,' he continues, 'now paid the chief for fetching the water, giving him two muskets and a quantity of powder and shot—arms and ammunition being the only articles these people will trade for. There were at this time about three hundred of the natives on the deck, with Aimy, the chief, in the midst of them; every man armed with a green stone, slung with a string around his waist. This weapon they call a *mery*; the stone being about a foot long, flat, and of an oblong shape, having both edges sharp, and a handle at the end; they use it for the purpose of killing their enemies, by striking them on the head. Smoke was now observed rising from several of the hills; and the natives appearing to be mustering on the beach from every part of the bay, the captain grew much afraid, and desired us to loosen the sails, and make haste down to get our dinners, as he intended to put to sea immediately. As soon as we had dined, we went aloft, and I proceeded to loosen the jib. At this time, none of the crew were on deck except the captain and the cook, the chief mate being employed in loading some pistols at the cabin table. The natives seized this opportunity of commencing an attack upon the ship. First, the chief threw off the mat which he wore as a cloak, and, brandishing a tomahawk in his hand, began a war song, when all the rest immediately threw off their mats likewise, and, being entirely naked, began to dance with such violence, that I thought that they would have stove in the ship's deck. The captain, in the mean time, was leaning against the companion,

when one of the natives went unperceived behind him, and struck him three or four blows on the head with a tomahawk, which instantly killed him. The cook on seeing him attacked, ran to his assistance, but was immediately murdered in the same manner. I now sat down on the jib-boom, with tears in my eyes, and trembling with terror. Here I next saw the chief mate come running up the companion ladder, but before he reached the deck, he was struck on the back of the neck in the same manner as be captain and cook had been. He fell with the blow, but did not die immediately. A number of the natives now rushed in at the cabin door, while others jumped down through the skylight, and others were employed in cutting the lanyards of the rigging of the stays.

'At the same time four of our crew jumped overboard off the foreyard, but were picked up by some canoes that were coming from the shore, and immediately bound hand and foot. The natives now mounted the rigging, and drove the rest of the crew down, all of whom were made prisoners. One of the chiefs beckoned to me to come to him, which I immediately did, and surrendered myself. We were then put altogether into a large canoe, our hands being tied; and the New Zealanders searching us, took from us our knives, pipes, tobacco-boxes, and various other articles. The two dead bodies, and the wounded mate, were thrown into the canoe along with us. The mate groaned terribly, and seemed in great agony, the tomahawk having cut two inches deep into the back of his neck; and all the while one of the natives, who sat in the canoe with us, kept licking the blood from the wound with his tongue.'

[Several of the crew were next day murdered and devoured by these cannibals.]

'Gentle reader,' continues Rutherford, 'we will now consider the sad situation we were in; our ship lost, three of our companions already killed, and the rest of us tied each to a tree, starving with hunger, wet, and cold, and knowing that we were in the hands of cannibals. The next morning, I observed that the surf had driven the ship over the bar, and she was now in the mouth of the river, and aground near the end of the village. Every thing being now out of her, about ten o'clock in the morning they set fire to her; after which they all mustered together on an unoccupied piece of ground near the village, where they remained standing for some time; but at last they all sat down except five, who were chiefs, for whom a large ring was left vacant in the middle. The five chiefs, of whom Aimy was one, then approached the place where we were, and, after they had stood consulting together for some time, Aimy released me and another, and taking us into the middle of the ring, made signs for us to sit down, which we did. In a few minutes, the other four chiefs came also into the ring, bringing along with them four more of our men, who were made to sit down beside us. The chiefs

now walked backward and forward in the ring with their merys in their hands, and continued talking together for some time, but we understood nothing of what they said. The rest of the natives were all the while very silent, and seemed to listen to them with great attention. At length, one of the chiefs spoke to one of the natives who was seated on the ground, and the latter immediately arose, and, taking his tomahawk in his hand, went and killed the other six men who were tied to the trees. They groaned several times as they were struggling in the agonies of death, and at every groan the natives burst out into great fits of laughter. We could not refrain from weeping for the sad fate of our comrades, not knowing, at the same time, whose turn it might be next. Many of the natives, on seeing our tears, laughed aloud, and brandished their mery at us.'

After spending a second night in the same manner as they had done the first, Rutherford and his surviving comrades were taken away in the company of five chiefs, on a journey into the interior, and after performing a painful walk of ten miles, arrived at a village, the residence of one of the five chiefs. Here two pigs and a quantity of potatoes having been dressed, the whole party feasted: the white men being allowed to sit down by the side of the chiefs; the slaves receiving their portion apart. It was on the same day that the friendly intentions of the savages towards Rutherford and his companions were manifested, by their performing on them the operation of tattooing. We shall give the account of this painful process in the words of the sufferer himself:—

TATTOOING AN ENGLISHMAN.

'Dinner being finished, Rutherford and his companions spent the evening seated around a large fire, while several of the women, whose countenances he describes as pleasing, amused themselves by playing with the fingers of the strangers, sometimes opening their shirts at the breasts, and at other times feeling the calves of their legs, 'which made us think,' says Rutherford, 'that they were examining us to see if we were fat enough for eating.' 'The large fire,' he continues, 'that had been made to warm the house, being now put out, we retired to rest in the usual manner; but although the fire had been extinguished, the house was still filled with smoke, the door being shut, and there being neither chimney nor window to let it out. In the morning, when we arose, the chief gave us back our knives and tobacco boxes, which they had taken from us while in the canoe, on our first being made prisoners; and we then breakfasted on some potatoes and cockles, which had been cooked while we were at the sea-coast, and brought thence in baskets. Aimy's wife and two daughters now arrived, which occasioned another grand crying ceremony; and when it was over, the three ladies came to look at me and my companions. In a short time, they took a fancy to some small gilt buttons which I had on my waistcoat; and Aimy making a sign

for me to cut them off, I immediately did so, and presented them for their acceptance. They received them very gladly, and shaking hands with me, exclaimed, 'the white man is very good.' The whole of the natives having seated themselves on the ground in a ring, we were brought into the middle, and, being stripped of our clothes, and laid on our backs, we were each of us held down by five or six men, while two others commenced the operation of tattooing us. Having taken a piece of charcoal, and rubbed it upon a stone with a little water until they had produced a thickish liquid, they then dipped into it an instrument made of bone, having a sharp edge like a chisel, and shaped in the fashion of a garden hoe, and immediately applied it to the skin, striking it twice or thrice with a small piece of wood. This made it cut into the flesh as a knife would have done, and caused a good deal of blood to flow, which they kept wiping off with the side of the hand, in order to see if the impression was sufficiently clear. When it was not, they applied the bone a second time to the same place. They employed, however, various instruments in the course of the operation; one which they sometimes used being made of a shark's tooth, and another having teeth like a saw. They had them also of different sizes to suit the different parts of the work.

While I was undergoing this operation, although the pain was acute, I never either moved or uttered a sound; but my comrades moaned dreadfully. Although the operators were very quick and dexterous, I was for hours under their hands; and during the operation Aimy's eldest daughter several times wiped the blood from my face with some dressed flax. After it was over she led me to the river, that I might wash myself, (for it made me completely blind,) and then conducted me to a great fire. They now returned us all our clothes, with the exception of our shirts, which the women kept for themselves, wearing them, as we observed, with the fronts behind. We were now not only tattooed, but what they call *tabooed*, the meaning of which is, made sacred, or forbidden to touch any provisions of any kind with our hands. This state of things lasted for three days, during which time we were fed by the daughters of the chiefs, with the same victuals, and out of the same baskets, as the chiefs themselves, and the persons who had tattooed us. In three days, the swelling which had been produced by the operation had greatly subsided, and I began to recover my sight; but it was six weeks before I was completely well. I had no medical assistance of any kind during my illness; but Aimy's two daughters were very attentive to me, and would frequently sit beside me, and talk to me in their language, of which as yet, however, I did not understand much.

At this village, Rutherford and his companions, except one John Watson, who soon after their arrival there had been carried away by a chief named Nainy, sojourned six months. At

the expiration of that term, they were carried further into the interior, and at length arrived at the village of Aimy, the chief who had led the attack on the Agnes. By this time, however, there were only two white men remaining together, the others having been left in different villages through which the expedition had passed.

It was in the village of Aimy, we are told, that Rutherford continued to reside during the remainder of the time he spent in New Zealand, employing himself chiefly in fishing and shooting, for the chief had a capital double-barrelled fowling-piece, and plenty of powder and duck-shot which he had taken from the Agnes, and which he entrusted to Rutherford whenever he had a mind to go a shooting. At the end of a year, however, Rutherford was deprived of his only remaining companion, who was put to a violent death for a supposed offence. He was not eaten but decently buried by the direction of the survivor. For sixteen months, Rutherford remained at the village of Aimy, but after that period began to move about with the chiefs. His life, it seems, was varied with few incidents worthy recording. One of the greatest inconveniences, we are told, which he felt, was the wearing out of his clothes, which, at the end of three years, he was obliged to abandon entirely, and take to a white flax mat, which, being thrown over his shoulders, came as low as the knees.

The ceremony of the installation of Rutherford as a chief, and the account of his marriage, is related as follows, and with this we shall close our extracts from this interesting narrative. The forthcoming half volume will, we presume, furnish us with the sequel of Rutherford's adventures.

'At last, it happened one day,' the narrative proceeds, 'while we were all assembled at a feast in our village, that Aimy called me to him, in the presence of several more chiefs, and, having told them of my activity in shooting and fishing, concluded by saying that he wished to make me a chief, if I would give my consent. This I readily did; upon which my hair was immediately cut with an oyster shell in the front, in the same manner as the chiefs have theirs cut; and several of the chiefs made me a present of some mats, and promised to send me some pigs the next day. I now put on a mat covered over with red ochre and oil, such as was worn by the other chiefs; and my head and face were also anointed with the same composition by a chief's daughter, who was entirely a stranger to me. I received, at the same time, a handsome stone mery, which I afterwards always carried with me. Aimy now advised me to take two or three wives—it being the custom for the chiefs to have as many as they think proper; and I consented to take two. About sixty women were then brought up before me, none of whom, however, pleased me, and I refused to have any of them; on which Aimy told me that I was tabooed for three days, at the expiration of which time he would take

me with him to his brother's camp, where I should find plenty of women that would please me. Accordingly, we went to his brother's at the time appointed, when several women were brought up before us; but having cast my eyes upon Aimy's two daughter's, who had followed us, and were sitting on the grass, I went up to the eldest, and said that I would choose her. On this she immediately screamed and ran away; but two of the natives, having thrown off their mats, pursued her, and soon brought her back, when, by the direction of Aimy, I went and took hold of her hand. The two natives then let her go, and she walked quietly with me to her father, but hung down her head, and continued laughing. Aimy now called his other daughter to him, who also came laughing; and he then advised me to take them both. I then turned to them, and asked them if they were willing to go with me, when they both answered, *I pea*, or *I pair*, which signifies, yes, I believe so. On this Aimy told them they were tabooed to me, and directed us all three to go home together, which we did, followed by some of the natives. We had not been many minutes at our own village, when Aimy, and his brother also, arrived; and, in the evening, a great feast was given to the people by Aimy. During the greater part of the night, the women kept dancing a dance which is called *Kane-Kane*, and is seldom performed, except when large parties are met together. While dancing it they stood all in a row, several of them holding muskets over their heads; and their movements were accompanied by the singing of several of the men; for they have no kind of music in this country.

My eldest wife's name was Eshou, and that of my youngest Epecka. They were both handsome, mild, and good tempered. I was now always obliged to eat with them in the open air, as they would not eat under the roof of my house, that being contrary to the customs of their country. When away for any length of time, I used to take Epecka along with me, and leave Eshou at home. The chief's wives in New Zealand are never jealous of each other, but live together in great harmony; the only distinction among them being, that the oldest is always considered the head wife. No other ceremony takes place on occasion of a marriage, except what I have mentioned. Any child born of a slave woman, though the father should be a chief, is considered a slave, like its mother. A woman found guilty of adultery is immediately put to death. Many of the chiefs take wives from among their slaves; but any one else that marries a slave woman, may be robbed with impunity; whereas he who marries a woman belonging to the chief's family is secure from being plundered, as the natives dare not steal from any person of that rank. With regard to stealing from others, the custom is, that if any person has stolen any thing, and keeps it concealed for three days, it then becomes his own property, and the only way for the injured party to obtain satisfaction is to rob the thief

in return. If the theft, however, be detected within three days, the thief has to return the articles stolen; but even in that case he goes unpunished. The chiefs also, though secure from the depredations of their inferiors, plunder one another, and this often occasions a war among them.

MARSHAL NEY.

[No apology is requisite for our introduction of the following passage from the life of Marshal Ney, in a volume of the *Family Library*, entitled "*The Court and Camp of Buonaparte*,"

In the campaign of 1813, Ney faithfully adhered to the falling emperor. At Bautzen, Lutzen, Dresden, he contributed powerfully to the success; but he and Oudinot received a severe check at Dennewitz from the Crown Prince of Sweden. From that hour defeat succeeded defeat; the allies invaded France; and, in spite of the most desperate resistance, triumphantly entered Paris in March, 1814. Ney was one of the three marshals chosen by Napoleon to negotiate with Alexander in behalf of the King of Rome, but the attempt was unsuccessful, and all he could do was to remain a passive spectator of the fall and exile of his chief.

On the restoration of the Bourbons, Ney was more fortunate than many of his brethren: he was entrusted with a high military command and created a knight of St. Louis, and a peer of France.

But France was now at peace with all the world; and no one of these great military chiefs could be more unprepared for the change than the Prince of Moskwa. He was too old to acquire new habits. For domestic comforts he was little adapted: during the many years of his marriage, he had been unable to pass more than a very few months with his family. Too illiterate to find any resource in books, too rude to be a favorite in society, and too proud to desire that sort of distinction, he was condemned to a solitary and an inactive life. The habit of braving death, and of commanding vast bodies of men, had impressed his character with a species of moral grandeur, which raised him far above the puerile observances of the fashionable world. Plain in his manners, and still plainer in his words, he neither knew, nor wished to know, the art of pleasing courtiers. Of good nature he had indeed a considerable fund, but he showed it, not so much by the endless little attentions of a gentleman, as by scattered acts of princely beneficence. For dissipation he had no taste; his professional cares and duties, which, during twenty-five years, had left him no respite, had engrossed his attention too much to allow room for the passions, vices, or follies of society to obtain any empire over him. The sobriety of his manners was extreme, even to austerity.

His wife had been reared in the court of Louis XVI., and had adorned that of the emperor. Cultivated in her mind, accomplished in her manners, and elegant in all she said or did, her society was courted on all sides. Her habits were expensive; luxury reigned throughout her

apartments, and presided at her board; and to all this display of elegance and pomp of show, the military simplicity, not to say the coarseness of the marshal, furnished a striking contrast. His good nature offered no other obstacle to the gratification of her wishes than the occasional expression of a fear that his circumstances might be deranged by them. But if he would not oppose, neither could he join in her extravagance. While she was presiding at a numerous and brilliant party of guests, he preferred to remain alone in a distant apartment, where the festive sounds could not reach him. On such occasions he almost always dined alone.

Ney seldom appeared at court. He could neither bow nor flatter, nor could he stoop to kiss even his sovereign's hand without something like self-humiliation. To his princess, on the other hand, the royal smile was as necessary as the light of the sun; and unfortunately for her, she was sometimes disappointed in her efforts to attract it. Her wounded vanity often beheld an insult in what was probably no more than an inadvertence. In a word she ere long fervently regretted the court in which the great captains had occupied the first rank, and their families shared the almost exclusive favour of the sovereign. She complained to her husband; and he, with a calm smile, advised her never again to expose herself to such mortifications if she really sustained them. But though he could thus rebuke a woman's vanity, the haughty soldier felt his own wounded through hers. To escape from these complaints, and from the monotony of his Parisian existence, he retired to his country-seat, in January, 1815, the very season when people of consideration are most engrossed by the busy scenes of the metropolis.—There he led an unfettered life; he gave his mornings to field sports; and the guests he entertained in the evening were such as, from their humble condition, rendered formality useless, and placed him completely at his ease.

It was here that, on the 6th of March, he was surprised by the arrival of an aide-de-camp from the minister at war, who ordered him, with all possible despatch, to join the sixth division, of which he was the commander, and which was stationed at Besancon. In his anxiety to learn the extent of his instructions, Ney immediately rode to Paris; and there, for the first time, learned the disembarkation of Buonaparte from Elba.

Ney eagerly undertook the commission assigned him of hastening to oppose the invader. In his last interview with Louis his protestations of devotedness to the Bourbons, and his denunciations against Napoleon, were ardent—perhaps they were sincere. Whether he said that Buonaparte *deserved* to be confined in an iron cage, or that he would *bring* him to Paris in one, is not very clear, nor indeed very material. We reluctantly approach the darker shades in the life of this great officer.

On his arrival at Besancon, March 10th, he learned the disaffection of all the troops hitherto sent against the invader, and perceived that

those by whom he was surrounded were not more to be trusted. He was surrounded with loud and incessant cries of *Vive l'Empereur!*—Already, at Lyons, two members of the royal family had found all opposition vain; the march of Napoleon was equally peaceful and triumphant. During the night of the 13th, Ney had a secret interview with a courier from his old master; and on the following morning he announced to his troops that the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign—that the emperor was the only ruler France would acknowledge! He then hastened to meet Napoleon, by whom he was received with open arms, and hailed by his undisputed title of Bravest of the Brave.

Ney was soon doomed to suffer the necessary consequence of his crime—bitter and unceasing remorse. His inward reproaches became intolerable: he felt humbled, mortified, for he had lost that noble self-confidence, that inward sense of dignity, that unspeakable and exalted satisfaction, which integrity alone can bestow: the man who would have defied the world in arms, trembled before the new enemy within him; he saw that his virtue, his honor, his peace, and the esteem of the wise and the good, were lost to him for ever. In the bitterness of his heart, he demanded and obtained permission to retire for a short time into the country. But there he could not regain his self-respect. Of his distress, and we hope of his repentance, no better proof need be required than the reply, which, on his return to Paris, he made to the emperor, who feigned to have believed that he had emigrated: “I *ought* to have done so long ago (said Ney); it is now too late.”

The prospect of approaching hostilities soon roused once more the enthusiasm of this gallant soldier, and made him for a while less sensible to the gloomy agitation within. From the day of his being ordered to join the army on the frontiers of Flanders, June 11, his temper was observed to be less unequal, and his eye to have regained its fiery glance.

The story of Waterloo need not be repeated here. We shall only observe that on no occasion did the Bravest of the Brave exhibit more impetuous though hopeless valour. Five horses were shot under him; his garments were pierced with balls; his whole person was disfigured with blood and mud, yet he would have continued the contest on foot while life remained, had he not been forced from the field, by the dense and resistless columns of the fugitives. He returned to the capital, and there witnessed the second imperial abdication, and the capitulation of Paris, before he thought of consulting his safety by flight. Perhaps he hoped that by virtue of the twelfth article of that convention, he should not be disquieted; if so, however, the royal ordinance of July 24th, terribly undeceived him.—He secreted himself with one of his relatives at the chateau of Bessaris, department of Lot, in the expectation that he should soon have an opportunity of escaping to the United States. But he was discovered, in a very singular manner.

In former days Ney had received a rich Egyptian sabre from the hands of the First Consul.—There was but another like it known to exist, and that was possessed by Murat. The marshal was carefully secluded both from visitors and domestics, but unluckily this splendid weapon was left on a sofa in the drawing-room. It was perceived, and not a little admired by a visitor, who afterwards described it to a party of friends at Aurillac. One present immediately observed, that, from the description, it must belong to either Ney or Murat. This came to the ears of the prefect, who instantly despatched fourteen *gens d'armes*, and some police agents, to arrest the owner. They surrounded the chateau; and Ney at once surrendered himself. Perhaps he did not foresee the fatal issue of his trial; some of his friends say that he even wished it to take place immediately, that he might have an opportunity to contradict a report that Louis had presented him with half a million of francs, on his departure for Besançon.

The council of war, composed of French marshals, was appointed to try him; but they had little inclination to pass sentence on an old companion in arms; and declared their incompetency to try one, who, when he consummated his treason, was a peer of France. Accordingly, by a royal ordinance of November 12th, the Chamber of Peers were directed to take cognizance of the affair. His defence was made to rest by his advocates—first, on the twelfth article of the capitulation, and when this was overruled, on the ground of his no longer being amenable to French laws, since Sarre-Louis, his native town, had recently been dissevered from France. This the prisoner himself overruled; “*I am a Frenchman*, (cried Ney,) and *I will die a Frenchman!*” The result was that he was found guilty and condemned to death by an immense majority, one hundred and sixty-nine to seventeen. On hearing the sentence read according to usage, he interrupted the enumeration of his titles, by saying: “*Why cannot you simply call me Michael Ney—now a French soldier, and soon a heap of dust?*” His last interview with his lady, who was sincerely attached to him, and with his children, whom he passionately loved, was far more bitter than the punishment he was about to undergo. This heavy trial being over, he was perfectly calm, and spoke of his approaching fate with the utmost unconcern. “*Marshal,*” said one of his sentinels, a poor grenadier, “*you should now think of God: I never faced danger without such preparation.*”—“*Do you suppose (answered Ney) that any one need teach me to die?*” But he immediately gave way to better thoughts, and added, “*Comrade, you are right. I will die as becomes a man of honour and a Christian. Send for the curate of St. Sulpice.*”

A little after eight o'clock on the morning of December 7th, the marshal, with a firm step and an air of perfect indifference, descended the steps leading to the court of the Luxembourg, and entered a carriage which conveyed him to

the place of execution, outside the garden gates. He alighted, and advanced towards the file of soldiers drawn up to despatch him. To an officer, who proposed to blindfold him, he replied—“*Are you ignorant that, for twenty-five years, I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullet?*” He took off his hat, raised it above his head, and cried aloud—“*I declare, before God and man that I have never betrayed my country: may my death render her happy!—Vive la France!*” He then turned to the men, and, striking his other hand on his heart, gave the word, “*Soldiers—fire!*”

Thus, in his forty-seventh year, did the “*Brave of the Brave*” expiate one great error, alien from his natural character, and unworthy of the general course of his life. If he was sometimes a stern, he was never an implacable enemy.—Ney was sincere, honest, blunt even: so far from flattering, he often contradicted him on whose nod his fortunes depended. He was, with rare exceptions, merciful to the vanquished; and while so many of his brother marshals dishonoured themselves by the most barefaced rapine and extortion, he lived and died poor.

Ney left four sons, two of whom are in the service of his old friend, Bernadotte.

TO SPAIN.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

Dark and mournful is thy story,
Land of love and chivalry—
Late-won laurels, dear-bought glory,
Faded all away from thee.

It was not thus in ages vanished,
When thy mighty warrior men
Vanquished foes—invaders banished,
Smote the Moor and Saracen.

O'er the Pyrenean pouring,
Armies warred with thee in vain—
Now to crafty priesthood cowering,
Thou must wear a dotard's chain.

Dragged from shrieking wives' embraces,
Victims of his demon will—
Warriors doomed before their faces,
Bathe the block—the dungeons fill.

Seek thy sons the eagle eyrie,
'Mid Sierra's lonely gloom?
Freedom gilds the desert dreary,
Slavery makes all earth a tomb.

Still to tyrants terror speaking,
See where Zaragoza lies—
E'en in desolation reeking,
Worth a thousand victories.

When o'er freedom deemed departed,
Despot vengeance seemed to smile—
Phoenix-like, her spirit started
From the blazing funeral pile.

Yet awake from lion slumber,
Echoed back thy shouts shall be,
Till from every land we number,
Peals the knell of slavery.

Written for the Casket.

THE ROMAN OF 1140.

——— They never fail whodie
 In a great cause: the block may soak their gore;
 Their heads may sadden in the sun; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates and castle walls——
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
 Which o'erpower all others, and conduct
 The world at last to freedom.———
 —— When liberty rallies
 Once more in thy region, remember me then!——

BYRON.

The illustrious poet from whom we have made these extracts, calls Cola di Rienzi, the last of Romans. Rienzi possessed some of the qualities of the Romans of the olden time—something of the lofty spirit and determined energy of the days of the Republic—something of the Brutus whom he partially imitated. But he was weak, vain, inconsistent, and unstable. His ardent eloquence, stimulated by the murder of a brother, roused the people to a sense of their wrongs and a perception of their strength. His active enterprise placed him at their head, gave success to his bold attempts, and invested him with supreme dominion. Now was the time for him to show the firmness of his virtue—the soundness of his principles—the strength of his character. But urged forward too rapidly by the gales of fortune, dizzy with his elevation, the infatuated Rienzi played the part of one whose intellect had become disordered, from a contemplation of the magnificence that surrounded him and of which he felt himself the possessor; from lending a willing ear to the corrupting voice of adulation that hailed the victorious leader, from beholding the aristocratic tyrants of the land crouching beneath his feet; and no legitimate could have displayed a more ridiculous fondness for regal pomp and pageantry, than the son of the innkeeper and the washerwoman.

About two hundred years previous to the insurrection of Rienzi, a purer and a nobler spirit appeared among the degenerate children of the Roman republicans, who for a time revived the pristine pride of freedom, and kindled the expiring embers of Roman valour into an evanescent flame. This man, like the great founder of the reformation, was of the monastic order; and the lowly ecclesiastic declaimed with all the boldness and the zeal of conscious truth against the usurpations, the arrogance, and the speculations of the priesthood. The fame of Arnold, of Brescia, has not been preserved and extended as it ought; and we hear but little of one who had more of the old Roman in him than any of his countrymen since the death of Cicero, and who was far above Rienzi in mental greatness, and in moral worth. Some parts of his career assimilate very nearly to that of Rienzi, before the latter degraded himself by his extravagances, and would, perhaps, afford as good a sub-

ject for the pen of an able dramatic writer; such an one, for instance, as Miss Mitford. Though, were she to attempt it, I would advise her to keep more faithfully to history in the delineation of her hero, and not sacrifice consistency to effect quite so much as she has done in "Rienzi." But, indeed, there would not be the same inducement; there would not be the same necessity, in order to preserve the dignity of the principal character. Arnold of Brescia had none of the weaknesses of Rienzi about him, to reduce him to "the vulgar level of the great." His career might make an excellent foundation for a tragedy or a romance. It might be wrought up by a skilful hand into a piece of thrilling interest: The materials are ample.

There is a degree of grandeur about his schemes; a lofty and dignified intrepidity in his conduct, that takes captive the imagination and the feelings. We admire his ambition, we glory in his efforts, we rejoice in his success, we mourn over his fate, and our indignation rises at the cowardice and perfidy of a people who did not deserve to be free—who yielded up their benefactor to the vengeance of his enemies; though we feel a secret pride and exultation of heart at the undiminished bravery with which he resisted to the last, and the unshrinking firmness with which he met his terrific death, when he found it to be inevitable. What can be better calculated to call into action the noblest impulses of our nature, than the struggle of a mighty mind after the precious boon of freedom; the attempts of a superior spirit to bring back the energy and virtue of a people, the wisdom that once swayed their councils, the valour that once crowned their arms, the institutions that fostered their national strength in the days of their glory; to raise them up from the degradation of political and mental vassalage, in defiance of all obstacles and opposition, in spite of all the terrors which civil and religious tyranny could array against him? We behold Arnold of Brescia standing forth against the errors of the church, with a daring equal to that of Wickliff or of Luther, and braving the fulminations of the Vatican, in the heart of Rome itself. Supported on the immutable authority of the oracles of truth, an authority to which his antagonists could not object; he told the clergy that they had no claim to temporal honors and possessions—that the sword and the sceptre should be swayed by the civil magistrates alone—that they should receive the support from the voluntary oblations of the faithful, and then their lives would be remarkable for frugality and industry, and not for luxury, idleness, and avarice. He told the people to assert the inalienable rights of men, to restore the laws and magistrates of the republic, and to confine their pontiff to the spiritual government of his flock.

Brescia was the first field of the reformer's labours; but the cloud that appeared as a man's hand, soon spread over the horizon. The resistance of the people of Brescia to the mandates of their Bishop, was the first indication of

the effect of his preaching, and the progress of his doctrines. A council was called at Rome; Arnold was cited to appear before it, and threatened with the utmost severity of punishment if he did not keep silence. In the general council of the Lateran, Innocent the Second condemned the heresy. The magistrates trembled at the denunciations of the head of the church. The reformer saw that his time was not yet come. Italy could no longer afford a shelter, and he went beyond the Alps to Zurich, which had now become a flourishing city. Here he met with a more unsophisticated people. He was heard with applause; his arguments convinced the Bishop of Constance, and even made a convert of the legate of the Pope. He met with fierce opposition, particularly from Bernard, dignified with the appellation of Saint, but this only incited the ardour of his zeal, and accelerated his progress.

He received information from some of his secret friends that the strong hold of the papacy would be shaken by his presence. He appeared in the streets of Rome, pale and emaciated from long vigils and severe and continued effort, and clad in the garb of poverty: but the fire of the soul was still there; the intellect had been fed by the exhaustion of the body, and its light shone in his keen eye, and gave an interest and a beauty to his faded features. To use the expression of Gibbon, "in the service of freedom, his eloquence thundered over the seven hills." The yoke had become galling, and the minds of the people were prepared to receive a strong impression. We behold them assembling in the capital, the ancient citadel of liberty, and demanding a restoration of the Senate. The Cardinals, who had exercised a despotic jurisdiction over the twenty-eight regions of Rome, were driven out. For ten years did the influence of Arnold prevail in the eternal city, while two Popes wandered as exiles. It is glorious to witness the capability of a master mind—how it can influence weaker spirits—how it can control, as well as call into action, the right arm of brute strength; how it can mould to its own purposes the grosser materials with which it works its way and obtains its desired ends; it is the triumph of intellect; the victory of the spiritual over the animal nature—a victory founded in justice and the fitness of things—when that master mind is directed by the principles of virtue.

But the Roman people were too far gone in superstition; too unstable to take a proper advantage of the opportunity of securing their liberty which was thus presented to them. They could not long continue free; they relapsed, and again bent the knee to their pontiff. Adrian the Fourth put the guilty city under an interdict, and from Christmas to Easter the sounds of worship were not heard in the churches. The Romans had defied the Emperor, but "they submitted with grief and terror to the censures of their spiritual father. Their guilt was expiated by penance, and the banishment of Arnold was the price of their absolution." But the vengeance

of Adrian was not satisfied. Frederick Barbarossa was about to be crowned Emperor, and it was necessary that he should conciliate the Pope. In an interview at Viterbo, Adrian represented to Frederick the propriety of crushing the daring heretic. This fixed his fate, and Arnold was burnt alive in the presence of the fickle and ungrateful people whom he had sought to elevate to the dignity of freedom. When the Romans threw open the city gates to the restored pontiff, he had sought a refuge in Campania, and was protected by its nobles; but they could not stand against the power of the Emperor. And of his numerous followers, of those who shared in his confidence, honoured his person, and shouted in his train, not one was found to lift the voice of opposition, or the arm of energy, to rescue their benefactor from his cruel and most unmerited death.

So pure in his morals was Arnold of Brescia, that sharp-sighted malice could not discover even a failing to fasten upon and to aggravate. He was rigid even to austerity; and Bernard, his virulent antagonist, who assailed him with copious invective as the worst of heretics—who scanned his conduct with microscopic eye—who watched with feverish eagerness for some defect, some foible, some aberration of frail humanity, which he might produce to destroy in some degree the influence and the extension of his tenets; even he is forced to confess that Arnold would be a valuable acquisition for the church, and that his moral character was without stain.

Strong and decisive, indeed, must have been the mind which could thus shake off the shackles of education and authority, of interest and example, and rise in solitary majesty; a specimen of individual independence of thought; like a lone mountain catching the first gleams of the dawning, while the world around lies in darkness and in error; and as this mountain receives the winds of the storm, so did this mind of dignity receive the words of the scorner. Such men must stand among the native nobles of our race, though complete or immediate success should not crown their efforts. A few of them to act as the leaders of the many in a country determined to be free, would be sufficient to redeem it. To them it might truly be said—

Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.

*The ashes of the martyr were cast into the Tiber; probably lest they should be gathered and cherished as relics. It might, perhaps, have been imagined that the ashes of Arnold would have had the same effect upon the courage of his surviving followers, as the skin of Zisca, the warrior reformer, is related to have produced in another country, and at a later and more prosperous period.

J. B. S.

A mild tempered woman is as a balsam that heals matrimonial sorrows.

Choose a wife, as you would a knife—by her temper.

PARLIAMENTARY ANECDOTES.

A stranger, who takes his seat in the gallery of the House of Commons, on the discussion of an important question, will find in it a striking resemblance to the representation of a piece upon the stage. A favorite actor meets with a like reception in both places. The expectation in the audience to hear him speak is intense; the House is hushed in mute attention when he begins; his speech is interrupted by plaudits, and when it is finished the House rings with acclamation. There is a slight difference in the mode of its expression. In the public theatre, approbation is expressed by the clapping of hands; in the House of Commons by cries of "hear, hear, hear," a symbol continued rather preposterously after the orator has concluded his speech. In the case of a performer, who has not the good fortune to please his auditory in the theatre, disapprobation finds vent in hisses, in the House of Commons it throws itself off in a fit of coughing. It is an influenza. The moment it breaks out it is diffused through the House with the velocity of lightning; it is a plague—each man communicates the infection to his neighbour. This peculiar mode of expressing disapprobation in the House may be variously accounted for. The act of hissing is voluntary, and might be made a ground of personal quarrel. Coughing admits of explanation—it may be an involuntary convulsion. The sufferer, against whom it is directed, has no right to presume that it is not the natural and necessary effect of a cold. In the Roman amphitheatre the vanquished gladiator was doomed to destruction by the signal of turning down the thumb, but this symbol is equally spontaneous with the fatal hiss, and, therefore, would be equally objectionable in the Senate. In whatever cause may have originated the preference given to coughing, as the Parliamentary mode of despatching a condemned orator, custom has reconciled him to it; and he learns to bear it patiently without complaint; although satisfied that it is just as voluntary as the hiss, or the turning down of the thumb.

In the composition of the House will be also observed a close similitude to that of a theatrical establishment. Both have their tragic and comic performers of all rates, their walking gentlemen and actors of broad farce. The member who expatiates upon the danger and difficulties of the country in a splendid style of declamation; who feelingly deplores the distress of the times, and inveighs against the conduct of the minister, with forceful and impassioned eloquence, may rank with a first-rate tragedian.—The member who ridicules his ominous forebodings, makes light of his complaints, and laughs at his tears, may be considered a leading comic actor. The members whose parts are limited to a silent vote, or who delight in the laconic style of "ay," or "no," and never move except when the House divides, may rank with the walking gentlemen on the stage. The resemblance might be traced farther, but these

points will suffice. The composition in both cases, may exist in greater perfection at one time than at another, but the organization is always the same. Both have boasted their Augustan age. The galaxy of talent which shone forth in the persons of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, marked the Augustan age of eloquence in the House of Commons; contemporaneous with them, Kemble, Siddons, and Palmer, adorned the stage.

The piece performed in the Senate, tragic or comic, being of a serious description, requiring relief, the orator who contrives to throw into them some genuine wit and humor, or, in their absence to excite merriment by illegitimate or secondary means, whether by that species of false wit denominated a pun, or that figure of speech of Irish extraction called a blunder, is always received with favor, and deservedly held in high estimation. In the reign of James I. when punning was the universal fashion, when clergymen punned their way to the Episcopal bench, and a pun was the pass-word for a statesman to the council board, we may presume that peculiar and highly favored species of false wit was not rejected in senatorial eloquence, and the little jingling tinkling sound of the puny pun was heard amidst the thunder of the House of Commons. It is not beauty, convenience, wealth, nor talent, but the Court that decides the fashion. The wry neck did not find more sedulous imitation among the followers of Alexander the Great, than did the pun at the Court of the first of the Stuarts in England. From the very imperfect reports of Parliamentary debate in those days, amounting to little more than dry notes of the heads of the business, no correct idea can be formed of the extent to which it then prevailed. In the reign of Charles II.* a memorable instance of it occurred, which, from the character of that age, we may presume was not a solitary case. This hit, however, was more properly a stroke of satire—more an ironical effusion, than a pun.

The late Mr. William Woodfall may be regarded as the father of newspaper Parliamentary reporting in a full and satisfactory manner. Mr. Woodfall did not take a note. He relied entirely upon memory, the retentive power of which, as evinced by the fidelity of his reports, obtained for him the character of a very extraordinary man. So jealous was the house at that time, of a practice now not merely tolerated but encour-

* A resolution having been proposed in the House of Commons to lay an imposition upon the play houses, the courtiers objected, that the players were the King's servants, and a part of his pleasures. Sir John Coventry, a gentleman of the country party, asked, "whether the King's pleasures lay among the *male* or the *female* players;" alluding to Miss Davis, and Nell Gwynn, two actresses and mistresses of the King. This sarcasm gave great offence, and some officers of the Guards, to ingratiate themselves with his majesty, waylaid Sir John Coventry, and slit his nose to the bone. The Commons were inflamed by this indignity offered to one of their members, and passed the Act commonly called the Coventry Act, or Black Act.

aged.† Mr. Woodfall, when he visited the gallery, was obliged to study concealment, under the apprehension of being turned out if seen by the Speaker, or any member particularly adverse to his purpose, and zealous to maintain the rules of the House.‡ It was his practice, upon such occasions, to smuggle himself into the gallery, under cover of one or two friends, and to take his station on the front row, immediately behind the clock, where he remained out of the sight of the body of the House. The newspaper reports of Parliamentary debate, since Mr. Woodfall's time, afforded a tolerably fair account of what had been spoken in Parliament; indeed at the present time, that portion of a daily journal is executed with surprising fidelity, but the representation is imperfect in a very important point: the great variety of matter taken in at the eye is wanting, the dexterity, the embellishment, the action of the scene, so interesting a feature in oratory, are absent from the report. We hear the thunder, but see not the lightning whether it plays in a lambent, harmless flame, or flashing furiously, marks its fiery course with destruction. This deficiency will be explained in the scenes hereinafter described, in which a few of the light and comic parts are represented with the respective performers, but rejecting all grave and serious matter.

Of all the orators in the House of Commons within the interval mentioned, Mr. Sheridan most excelled in exciting merriment, and thus relieving the sombre character of grave and serious debate. He sought to amuse with as much avidity as to convince. He never rose in the House without producing laughter by some stroke of wit before he sat down; and the audience would have been disappointed in his speech, however eloquent, had he concluded without making the attempt. With all the resources a fruitful genius and brilliant fancy could supply, he did not disdain to resort to even a practical joke to effect this purpose. An instance of this kind occurred in a debate upon the Dog Tax, in which he either had, or made occasion to pass on the floor between Mr. Pitt and the table. Mr. Pitt was sitting in his usual seat on the Treasury Bench, and in his usual attitude, with his head thrown back and his legs projected, not being withdrawn, Mr. Sheridan, as he approached, stooped down, with intent, as it were, to nip them, accompanying the action with the appropriate canine bark of "bow, wow, wow!" sound well imitated, and loud enough to be heard in every part of the House. This sally, so aptly associated with the subject

of debate, had the desired effect. The House was convulsed with laughter, Mr. Sheridan's wit, however, both in and out of the House, has been so common a subject of conversation, it may be necessary to pass it by without further notice, and proceed to matter of inferior merit and quality, but which may be more acceptable, as being less known to the reader.

On the secession of Mr. Fox and his friends from regular Parliamentary attendance, a new Opposition, or more properly, the shadow of an Opposition, appeared in its place in the House of Commons, like a fungus in the forest growing from the seat of a fallen tree. The little Opposition consisted of Messrs. Robson, T. Jones, and a few other gentlemen. Although small in number, it was complete in organization. Mr. Jones applied himself chiefly to the conduct of the war, and Mr. Robson to our domestic economy. Under their auspices, and supported by their talents, the House of Commons abounded with comic scenes more than at any other period of its history; and the old adage, "when the cat's away the mice will play," was thus completely verified. The paper money, introduced by the bill suspending cash payments by the Bank, was at that time a subject of frequent and repeated complaint. It was condemned by its adversaries as a hollow, deceptive expedient. Its friends extolled it with extravagant praise, as "a solid system of finance." Among the former was Mr. Jones.—Having witnessed the effect produced by Mr. Burke's dagger scene,§ when denouncing French Jacobins, and the French Revolution, Mr. Jones armed himself with a one pound bank of England note, and, having indulged a furious attack upon the new system, with a view to give it more effect, he fluttered the note in the face of Mr. Pitt, exclaiming with great vehemence, "There, there is your solid system of finance!" while he pointed with an air of triumph to the flimsy rag, which, purposely all worn and torn, hung in tatters from his hand.—Mr. Jones was a stout robust figure, with a gruff stentorian voice, which he generally exerted to its highest pitch. The energy of his manner, the roughness of his tones, and the indignant expression of his eye, gave a fine effect to this scene; but at the moment, when the House expected to see him in a paroxysm of rage suiting the action to the word, fling the despised bit of paper in the face of Mr. Pitt, or certainly at his feet, the orator suddenly pausing, folding it up very deliberately, and deposited it in the bottom of his right hand breeches pocket, which he buttoned with extraordinary care, thus confirming the views of his adversary and affording a practical refutation of his own.—The House, amused with this extraordinary denouement, was convulsed with laughter, while

§ Mr. Burke in one of his speeches on this subject in the House of Commons, suddenly pulled a dagger from his bosom, which he had provided himself with, in order to give more effect to a particular passage in his speech.

† The back row in the gallery of the House of Commons is now reserved exclusively for the reporters, by order of the Speaker. They also enjoy facilities in ingress and egress withheld from other strangers.

‡ It is a standing order of the House, that no stranger shall be present during a debate. Any member may, therefore, enforce it at his pleasure, and it is not in the power of the House to prevent the gallery from being cleared should he persevere in his motion.

the orator unconscious of the cause, stared with astonishment at an effect so little corresponding to the impression which he meant to produce.

Upon another occasion, Mr. Jones gave notice of a motion for papers on which to found a censure upon the minister for ignorance or incapacity displayed in the conduct of the war. The day appointed was now arrived. The honourable member and his friends anticipating a strong resistance and a hard-fought battle, were early in the field, and drawn up in hostile array upon the opposition bench. At five o'clock the minister and a chosen band of his friends entered the House, and marching up with stately step, ranged themselves upon the Treasury rows, presenting an adverse front to the enemy. Mr. Jones rose and after having spoken for some time with his usual vehemence, concluded by moving for the papers. The Minister, contrary to the expectation of the party, nodded assent, and the motion was carried without a debate.—An amateur of the pugilistic science, who has been jolted fifty miles across the country in a wretched chaise drawn by two tired jades, in hopes to witness a fight between two celebrated professors, who has been content to make the crazy vehicle his bed chamber for the night, and next morning fought his way through a sturdy mob to the inside ring, and, at the moment when the combatants have entered the field and are preparing to set too, has all his prospects blasted by the sudden and unlucky appearance of a magistrate with his posse, who peremptorily forbids the fight, may possibly form some faint idea of the chagrin and disappointment excited in the breasts of Mr. Jones and his friends, by this unexpected issue of his motion. Mr. Robson rose in anger; elevating his voice to its highest pitch, and summoning up all his energies he exclaimed—"Is it to be borne, that gentlemen shall come here to do their duty, and that they shall hear nothing but silence?" Loud laughter shook the House through all its benches, and amidst its peals might be heard the voice of Mr. Jones, as he sat at the side of his friends, hoarsely grumbling in affirmation, "Oh, it is too bad, it is too bad!"

The navy was so favourite a branch of service, its estimates were always voted cheerfully, while the army estimates as uniformly met with opposition, and produced debate. The latter were now brought before the House; and the new opposition true to the trust they had undertaken, were resolved to do their duty. Mr. Robson, working himself up into a fine fit of constitutional and patriotic enthusiasm, his eye in fine frenzy rolling, like one inspired, arraigns the extravagance of the Minister, and laments the bankrupt state of the country, the Government being unable to pay so small a sum as 19l. 10s.—At the word "bankrupt," the Minister appears amazed. There is, as a French reporter would say, "a violent movement" on the Treasury-bench. A general cry burst from that side of the House, "Take down his words; take down

his words." Mr. Robson is alarmed. The old woman, when she broke the looking-glass, and saw in its fragments twenty ugly faces instead of one, did not betray more astonishment and dismay. Armed, however, with his authority, he resumes his courage, and the uproar having subsided, he is allowed to explain. In fact, a bill for that amount had been presented at the Sick and Hurt Office, but not having been brought during office hours, or from some other irregularity or informality, it was not paid, and the fact of non-payment having been communicated to Mr. Robson, he thence drew the conclusion of national insolvency, without enquiring into the particular circumstances of the case. Those who for the moment adopted Mr. Robson's error were not altogether free from blame, being accessaries after the fact to the misconception.—It was observed at the time, that "the growing taste for Italian music had made John Bull's ear too delicate, else why such clamor and discontent about a single note out of time in Mr. Robson's *bravura* on the Army Estimates?" Don Quixote was not more sincere when he proposed to break a lance with the windmill, than was that gentleman in the attack with his nineteen-pounder upon the Treasury. To the enthusiasm of that hero of romance, that flower of chivalry, he added all his sincerity and singleness of purpose; a tall figure with a dark, dismal countenance, completed the likeness. ||

Since Mr. Robson's time, his line of acting has never been adequately filled. Mr. Martin of Galway excited some expectation, and two or three nights of his performance appeared to justify it, but he ultimately trained off, and evinced a predilection for parts of a sentimental character, as may have been observed in his speeches upon cruelty to animals, though not distinguished by much pathos. The late Sir Frederick Flood also tried his strength in the same cast of parts, but upon one night alone, did he affect

|| The year 1799 being a period of great scarcity, a considerable portion of the time of Parliament was occupied with devising the means to supply the deficiency. Potatoes then came into general use as a substitute for bread, and Mr. Robson, complaining of the great consumption of oats by the cavalry, (pronounced by him "cavalery") recommended that the grain so used should be reserved for human sustenance. From the pertinacity with which he advocated his proposition, and his constantly harping upon the "cavalery," and the oats, Mr. Canning designated him "Titus Oates." Mr. Jones in his various motions on the conduct of the war, was accustomed to dwell upon "the monstrosities" of Bonaparte, and was thence familiarly called "Monstrosity Jones."

¶ Upon one of these occasions Mr. Martin excited considerable merriment in the House by the following story.—"A certain man," he said, "having been condemned to death in Turkey, he had it communicated to the Grand Seignior, that if indulged with a respite for a given time, he would undertake to teach his Sublime Highness's favorite lapdog to speak Greek. The Grand Seignior," added Mr. Martin, "being anxious to see this *lusus nature*, that is, a dog taught to speak Greek, granted the respite, and the criminal was thus enabled to prolong his life."

any thing approaching a *hit*.** All his other attempts were decidedly failures. This department in the House of Commons is now without a representative. There is not one member possessing the happy knack of enlivening the dullness of debate, of relieving the dark masses of political argument by the sparkling coruscations of wit, or even the glimmering of a pun, or disposed to make the attempt, and who would not feel hurt at the merriment produced by being betrayed into a blunder. And here we trace a farther likeness between the composition of the House of Commons and the establishment of a theatre. In the theatre, as in the House, there never is a lack of candidates for grave and serious characters, but the comic performer, who can set the audience in a roar, is not often met with. Every season produces aspirants to even the first-rate parts in tragedy, but how very seldom do we hear of any one venturing to rival a Mathews or a Liston!

Some affected critic may denounce this comparison of a scene exclusively devoted to the representation of fiction with the House of Commons as derogatory to that national assembly, and inconsistent with the respect due to its dignity. An obvious answer to every such captious caviller, here presents itself. A similitude in some points between two things cannot, by any fair mode of reasoning, be made to imply a similitude in all. The most celebrated of the ancient poets did not hesitate to compare their gods and goddesses with mortals; and their successors of the present day, when they would extol the charms of modern nymphs and belles, do not consider them affronted by imputing a similitude in certain points to inferior works of nature. One has the eye of the gazelle, another the stateliness of the stag, another the innocence of the lamb, another the breath of a cow, or of new-mown hay, another the colour and the coldness of snow; if the poet be a lover, he sees all these qualities combined in his mistress, and the lady never regards the comparison as a disparagement of her virtue or her beauty.

The Irish House of Commons being similar in its organization to that of England, it naturally presented something of a similar aspect and mode of operation. The late Sir Boyle Roche was the member on whom, towards its close, de-

** In 1815, during the riots produced by the Corn Bill, several members, on their way to the House of Commons, were surrounded by the populace, who obstructed the avenues, and insulted those who were known to be friendly to the measure. One member, on entering the House, exhibited his torn coat to the Speaker, complaining of the want of protection. Another lamented the loss of his hat; another had been hustled in the crowd, and if not really hurt, seriously frightened. Sir Frederick Flood, who was a supporter of the Bill, and equally entitled to the displeasure of the populace, boasted his superior address in the following terms:—"Mr. Speaker, they surrounded me too, and inquired my name; now, Mr. Speaker, I hate prevarication, but, my name being Flood, I felt myself at liberty to answer 'Waters,' and so they let me pass without molestation." The story excited great laughter.

volved the task of supporting the light and comic parts in the nightly performances of the session. It was he who was destined to relieve the dull and sombre character of political discussion, and convert the House into a scene of merriment—if by legitimate means, so much the better; if not, by any substitute calculated to produce the desired effect. Sir Boyle was a staunch courtier, who voted uniformly on the ministerial side, and it was universally allowed he did it more essential service by his address than many others of equal zeal and perhaps greater ability. "I wish," said he, one day, when opposing an anti-ministerial motion, "I wish, Mr. Speaker, this motion at the bottom of the bottomless pit." At another time, in relation to the English connection, he observed—"England, it must be allowed, is the mother country, and, therefore, I would advise them (England and Ireland) to live in filial affection together, like sisters as they are and ought to be!" A question of smuggling practices in the Shannon being under consideration—"I would," said Sir Boyle, "have two frigates stationed on the opposite points at the mouth of the river, and there they should remain fixed, with strict orders not to stir; and so, by cruising and cruising about, they would be able to intercept every thing that should attempt to pass between."—These effusions never failed to excite laughter; but though that national figure of speech, vulgarly called a *bull*, was that in which he most delighted to indulge, and which flowed most naturally from his tongue, he sometimes displayed, if not genuine wit, yet something akin to pointed satire and repartee. This was exemplified in his remarks upon a speech of Mr. Curran, containing the following passage—"The honorable and learned gentleman boasts that he is the guardian of his own honor; I wish him joy on his sinecure." It was an opinion that much of his blundering was affected, and resorted to as a substitute for argument when the merits of the question could not be successfully met by his friends, and were thus sought to be avoided.—Mr. Yelverton, afterwards Viscount Avonmore, when in opposition to the Government, was expected to take a leading part in a particular question; Sir Boyle had spoken on the debate, and had been called to order by that gentleman, who followed him; but he had not advanced far in his speech, when Sir Boyle started up and called him to order. Mr. Yelverton sat down; a pause ensued; after which Sir Boyle said, "Sir, you may go on." Mr. Yelverton resumed, and had just arrived at an interesting part of a powerful, eloquent, and impassioned appeal, when he was again called to order by Sir Boyle. The latter, as on the former occasion, did not attempt to point out where the orator was disorderly.—Mr. Yelverton, who was a man of a warm temper, with difficulty restrained his passion within the bounds of decorum, and remonstrated loudly against such extraordinary conduct—but Sir Boyle, as before, observed with great composure, "Sir, you may go on." Mr. Yelverton was

now approaching the close of his speech, when Sir Boyle rose again, and called him to order in a still more earnest tone. This was too much for human endurance. Mr. Yelverton arraigned this irregular conduct in the most indignant terms. The Speaker expressed strong disapprobation of these interruptions, and Sir Boyle was peremptorily required to explain, which he did, by simply stating, and without the least apparent emotion, "Mr. Speaker, I do not conceive in what my conduct is more disorderly than that of the honorable member. He called me to order, and why should I not be at liberty to call him to order in my turn?" The gravity and apparent simplicity with which this excuse was offered, had the desired effect of exciting laughter, in which the friends of Sir Boyle heartily joined, conscious that by the course which he had pursued, their formidable opponent had been perplexed, and the force of his speech impaired, if not frittered away. Sir Boyle was a tall, handsome man, of mild and very gentlemanlike manners. He had been an officer in the army, and had seen some hard service in America. The gravity of his deportment—for he never appeared sensible of his blunders, nor shared in their effects—rendered his efforts to excite merriment the more efficient. He was a native of Kerry, and possessed in an eminent degree the rich brogue peculiar to that part of the country, which harmonised admirably with the matter and manner of his harangues. Happening to be in the neighborhood when the late Mr. Fox visited the lakes of Killarney, he politely offered to become his cicerone, an office which furnished him with the following anecdote of that celebrated orator:—"When he arrived at the top of Mangerton," said Sir Boyle, "what did Charles Fox do but strip off his clothes like a Newfoundland dog, and plunged into the lake." Mangerton is a mountain of considerable altitude on the banks of the lower lake, with a winding road along its sides up to the summit, on which is a lake of great depth, called the "Devil's Punch bowl." The weather having been sultry, and Mr. Fox being fatigued and heated by his exertions in ascending the mountain, on his arrival at the edge of the lake he stripped off his clothes and leaped in; but the water being intensely cold at that height, he was taken suddenly ill, and fears were entertained for some time by his companions that his life would be the price of his imprudence.

BURNING OF THE SHIP FAME,

AND ESCAPE OF PASSENGERS.

We omit other extracts for the present, to give place to a vivid sketch of this remarkable event. The happy escape of those whose lives were exposed in the calamity relieved it of its most frightful attributes, but the loss to science and learning which it occasioned will never cease to be deplored.

We embarked on the second and sailed at daylight for England, from the East Indies, with every prospect of a quick and comfortable

passage. The ship was every thing we could wish; and having closed my charge here much to my satisfaction, it was one of the happiest days of my life. We were, perhaps, too happy; for in the evening came a sad reverse. Sophia had just gone to bed, and I had thrown off all my clothes, when a cry of fire, fire! roused us from our calm content, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames! I ran quickly to examine whence the flames seemed principally to issue, and found that the fire had its origin immediately under our cabin. Down with the boats. Where is Sophia? Here. The children? Here. A rope to the side. Lower Lady Raffles. Give her to me, says one! I'll take her, says the Captain. Throw the gunpowder overboard. It cannot be got at; it is in the magazine, close to the fire. Stand clear of the powder. Skuttle the water casks. Water! Water! Where's Sir Stamford? Come into the boat, Nilson! Nilson, come into the boat. Push off, push off. Stand clear of the after part of the ship.

All this passed much quicker than I can write it. We pushed off, and as we did so, the flames burst out of our cabin window, and the whole after part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails not taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were coming out of the main hatchway; and, seeing the rest of the crew, with the captain, still on board, we pulled back to her under the bows, so as to be more distant from the powder. As we approached, we perceived that the people on board were getting into another boat on the opposite side. She pushed off; we hailed her; have you all on board? Yes, all, save one. Who is he? Johnson, sick in his cot. Can we save him? No, impossible. The flames were issuing from the hatchway. At this moment, the poor fellow, scorched, I imagine by the flames, roared out most lustily, having run upon the deck. I will go for him, says the captain. The two boats then came together, and we took out some of the persons from the captain's boat, which was overlaid. He then pulled under the bowsprit of the ship, and picked the poor fellow up. Are you all safe? Yes, we have got the man: all lives safe. Thank God! Pull off from the ship. Keep your eye on the star, Sir Stamford. There is one scarcely visible.

We then hauled close to each other, and found the captain fortunately had a compass, but we had no light except from the ship. Our distance from Bencoolen, we estimated to be about fifty miles, in a south west direction. There being no landing place to the southward of Bencoolen, our only chance was to regain that port. The captain then undertook to lead, and we to follow, in a N. N. E. course, as well as we could; no chance, no possibility being left, that we could again approach the ship; for she was now one splendid flame, fore and aft, and aloft; her masts and sails in a blaze, and rocking to and fro, threatening to fall in an instant. There goes her mizen mast; pull away

my boys; there goes the gunpowder. Thank God! thank God!

You may judge of our situation without any further particulars. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight, and in less than ten minutes she was in flames. There was not a soul on board at half past eight, and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire.

My only apprehension was the want of boats to hold the people, as there was not time to have got out the long boat, or to make a raft. All we had to rely upon were two small quarter boats, which fortunately were lowered without accident, and in these two small open boats, without a drop of water or grain of food, or rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the ocean, thankful to God for his mercies! Poor Sophia, having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but her wrapper; neither shoes nor stockings. The children just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. In short, there was not time for any one to think of more than two things. Can the ship be saved?—No. Let us save ourselves then. All else was swallowed up in one grand ruin.

To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, which she had on board took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that ever was seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of not less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us, which is of all others most horrible. She burnt and continued in flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in clouds of smoke.

Neither Nilson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; but the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neck cloths. Rain now came on, but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again. The night became serene and starlight. We were now certain of our course, and the men behaved manfully; they rowed incessantly, and with good heart and spirit; and never did mortals look more anxiously for day light and for land, than we did. Not that our sufferings or grounds of complaint were any thing to what has often befallen others; but from Sophia's delicate health, as well as my own, and the stormy nature of the coast, I felt perfectly convinced that we were unable to undergo starvation and exposure to the sun and weather many days—and aware of the rapidity of the currents, I feared we might fall to the southward of the port.

At day light we recognized the coast and Rat Island, which gave us great spirits; and though we found ourselves much to the southward of

the port, we considered ourselves almost at home. Sophia had gone through the night better than could have been expected, and we continued to pull on with all our strength. About eight or nine we saw a ship standing to us from the Roads. They had seen the flames on shore and sent out vessels to our relief; and here certainly came a minister of Providence in the character of a minister of the Gospel, for the first person I recognized was one of the missionaries. They gave us a bucket of water, and we took the captain on board as a pilot. The wind, however, was averse, and we could not reach the shore, and took the ship, where we got some refreshment and shelter from the sun. By this time Sophia was quite exhausted, fainting continually. About two o'clock, we landed safe and sound: and no words of mine can do justice to the expressions of feeling sympathy and kindness by which we were hailed by every one. If any proof had been wanting, that my administration had been satisfactory, here, we had it unequivocally from all. There was not a dry eye; and, as we drove back to our former home, loud was the cry of "God be praised."

But enough; and I will only add, that we are now greatly recovered, in good spirits, and busy at work, getting ready made clothes for present use. We went to bed at three in the afternoon, and I did not awake till six this morning. Sophia had nearly as sound a sleep, and, with the exception of a bruise, and a little pain in the bones from fatigue, we have nothing to complain of.

The loss I have to regret beyond all, is my papers and drawings; all my notes and observations, with memoirs and collections, sufficient for a full and ample history not only of Sumatra, but of Borneo, and almost every other island of note in these seas—my intended account of the establishment of Singapore—the history of my own administration—Eastern grammars, dictionaries, and vocabularies—and last, not least, a grand map of Sumatra on which I had been employed since my arrival here, and on which for the last six months, I had bestowed almost my whole undivided attention. This, however, was not all: all my collections in natural history—all my splendid collection of drawings, upwards of two thousand in number—with all the valuable papers and notes of my friends Arnold and Jack; and, to conclude, I will merely notice, that there was scarcely an unknown animal, bird, beast, or fish, or an interesting plant, which we had not on board—a living tapir, a new species of tiger, splendid pheasant, &c. domesticated for the voyage: we were, in short, in this respect, a perfect Noah's ark.

All, all has perished! but thank God, our lives have been spared, and we do not repine.

An inviolable fidelity, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.—*Tutler.*

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN.

"I had command of the W——, a small brig, and was cruising off Madagascar, on the lookout for slave-ships:—it was near two o'clock in the day, when I discovered a sail between us and the coast. We saw it clearly, myself and the two midshipmen, and determined to keep her in sight, and to watch, but without altering our course, or appearing to notice her; she still continued to creep along the shore, and then, as if suddenly perceiving us for the first time, hoisted more sail. I now felt certain that it was a slaver, and bore down upon her. We had to tack, in order to clear a reef of rock that ran far out; still, however, we were gaining, when, on her making a small headland, I said, 'Do you still see her?' to a young officer, whose glass was directed towards her. 'No, she has disappeared behind that point, and it was so suddenly that I think she must have struck her masts and lowered her sails, to lie concealed.'—'I am certain now she is a slaver,' I said, 'and she shall not escape us.' We reached the headland, which formed one of the boundaries of a small bay, in which I felt certain the vessel must be; but the evening was coming on, the coast was wild and rocky, and I brought my brig to anchor at the mouth, so that nothing could get out unseen, while I waited for the rising of the moon. A dead calm came on after sunset, and not a sound was to be heard on that lonely coast. Before the moon was up, I had out a boat and four men, and taking my pistols, jumped into her, leaving these directions with the elder midshipman, that should I fire *one* pistol, he should send a boat in the direction of the report, but should it be repeated, he should send both boats and every man that could be spared. I went and examined every creek, every small inlet of the bay, every rock beneath the shadow of which a boat might have lain concealed. The moon had risen, and gleamed with its cold, pale light on that rocky bay; and when, after a silent search of nearly three hours, I rowed for the brig, and, on approaching saw her small deck covered with men, a strange feeling came over me. 'Something has happened!' I said. 'Have you seen her?' was the question of the elder midshipman. 'No.'—'What, have you seen nothing?'—'Nothing!' I replied. He then told me, that about a quarter of an hour after I had gone, they heard the brig hailed; that they listened and again distinctly heard it; that in about two hours they heard screams—one might have been deceived, but they all heard them; that a belief came over him, that I had gone on board the slaver, and was detained; and that just before my return the boat had been ordered out to search for me.

"All this sounds strangely!" I observed to the narrator; 'but how do you explain it?'—'I cannot explain it.' I ordered careful watch to be kept during the night, and at daybreak again examined every point of the bay. There was no ship, and no sign of a wreck. A vague apprehension and superstitious feeling was creep-

ing over the men, who gladly left that part of the coast, which I named 'Enchanted Bay.' I have bewildered myself with thinking of it; but such are the facts."

Description of a herd of wild Elephants.

A herd of elephants, browsing in majestic tranquillity amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, is a very noble sight, and one of which I shall never forget the impression. It is difficult to convey in a brief notice an adequate idea of such a scene; but if the reader will, in imagination, accompany me on a short excursion into the wilderness, I shall endeavour to show him at least what the South-Africans call the *spoor*—the *vestigia* of a troop of elephants.

During my residence on the eastern frontier of the Cape Colony, I accompanied a party of English officers on a little exploratory excursion into a tract of country then termed the Neutral Territory, immediately adjoining to the location of the Scottish settlers at Bavian's River. This territory, which comprises an irregular area of about 2,000,000 of acres, had remained for several years entirely without inhabitants; for its native possessors, the Caffers and Gho-naquas, had been expelled from it in 1819 by the Colonial forces, and no other permanent inhabitants had yet been allowed to occupy it. The Colonists were even forbidden to hunt in it under severe penalties, and, in consequence of this, the wild animals had resorted thither in considerable numbers.

The upper part of this extensive tract, into which we now penetrated, is an exceedingly wild and bewildering region, broken into innumerable ravines, encumbered with rocks, precipices and impenetrable woods and jungles, and surrounded on almost every side by lofty and sterile mountains. During our first day's journey, although we saw many herds of large game, such as quaghas, gnoos, hartebeests, koodoos, with a variety of the smaller antelopes, there was no appearance of elephants; but, in the course of the second day, as we pursued our route down the valley of the Koonap river, we became aware that a numerous troop of these gigantic animals had recently preceded us. Foot-prints of all dimensions, from 8 to 15 inches in diameter, were every where visible; and in the swampy spots on the banks of the river it was evident that some of them had been luxuriously enjoying themselves by rolling their unwieldy bulks in the ooze and mud. But it was in the groves and jungles that they had left the most striking proofs of their recent presence and peculiar habits. In many places paths had been trodden through the midst of dense thorny forests, otherwise impenetrable. They appeared to have opened up these paths with great judgment, always taking the best and shortest cut to the next open savanna, or ford of the river; and in this way they were of the greatest use to us by pioneering our route through a most difficult and intricate country, never yet

traversed by a wheel-carriage, and great part of it, indeed, inaccessible even on horseback, except by the aid of these powerful and sagacious animals. In such places (as the Hottentots assured me) the great bull elephants always march in the van, bursting through the jungle as a bullock would through a field of hops, treading down the thorny brush-wood, and breaking off with their proboscis the larger branches that obstruct their passage; the females and younger part of the herd follow in his wake in single file: and in this manner a path is cleared through the densest woods and forests, such as it would take the pioneers of an army no small labour to accomplish.

Among the groves of mimosa trees, which were thinly sprinkled over the grassy meadows along the river margins, the traces of the elephants were not less apparent. Immense numbers of these trees had been torn out of the ground, and placed in an inverted position, in order to enable the animals to browse at their ease on the soft and juicy roots, which form a favourite part of their food. I observed that, in numerous instances, when the trees were of considerable size, the elephant had employed one of his tusks, exactly as we should use a crow-bar—thrusting it under the roots to loosen their hold of the earth, before he could tear them up with his proboscis. Many of the larger mimosas had resisted all these efforts; and, indeed, it is only after heavy rains, when the soil is soft and loose, that they can successfully attempt this operation.

While we were admiring these and other indications of the elephant's strength and sagacity, we suddenly found ourselves, on issuing from a woody defile, through one of the wild paths I have mentioned, in the midst of a numerous herd of these animals. None of them, however, were very close upon us; but they were seen scattered in little clumps over the bottom and sides of the valley two or three miles in length; some browsing on the succulent *spekboom* (*portulacaria Afra*), which clothed the skirts of the hills on either side; others at work among the young mimosas sprinkled over the low and grassy savanna. As we proceeded cautiously onward, and some of these parties came more distinctly into view, (consisting apparently, in many instances, of separate families, the male, the female, and the young of different sizes,) the gigantic magnitude of the leaders became more and more striking. The calm and stately tranquillity of their deportment, too, was remarkable. Though we were a band of about a dozen horsemen, (including our Hotentot attendants), they seemed either not to observe, or altogether to disregard our march down the valley.

THE LADRONES.

The following is part of a highly interesting article in 'The United Service Journal,' entitled 'Personal Narrative of Captain Glasspoole, of the Honorable Company's ship Marquis of Ely,'

relating the captivity of that officer amongst the Ladrões of the Chinese seas, and describing the haunts and habits of those warlike pirates. The writer, after describing the manner of his capture, and describing the habits of the Ladrões, proceeds to give some account of their combats with the Chinamen:—

"On the first of November the fleet sailed up a narrow river, and anchored at night within two miles of a little town called Whampoa. In front of it was a small fort, and several mandarine vessels lying in the harbour. The chief sent the interpreter to me, saying I must order my men to make cartridges and clean their muskets, ready to go on shore in the morning. I assured the interpreter I should give no such orders; they must please themselves. Soon after the chief came on board, threatening to put us all to a cruel death if we refused to obey his orders. For my own part I remained determined, and advised the men not to comply, as I thought, by making ourselves useful, we should be accounted too valuable. A few hours afterwards he sent to me again, saying that, if myself and the quarter-master would assist them at the great guns; that if also the rest of the men went on shore, and succeeded in taking the place, he would then take the money offered for our ransom, and give them twelve dollars for every Chinaman's head they cut off. To these proposals we cheerfully acceded, in hope of facilitating our deliverance. Early in the morning the forces intended for landing were assembled in row boats, amounting in the whole to three or four thousand men. The largest vessels weighed and hauled on shore, to cover the landing of the forces, and attacked the fort and mandarine vessels. About nine o'clock the action commenced, and continued with great spirit for nearly an hour, when the walls of the fort gave way, and the men retreated in great confusion. The mandarine vessels still continued firing, having blocked up the entrance of the harbour, to prevent the Ladrone boats from entering.—At this the Ladrões were much exasperated, and about three hundred of them swam ashore, with a short sword lashed close under each arm—they then ran along the banks of the river till they came abreast of the vessels, and then swam off again and boarded them. The Chinese thus attacked leaped overboard, and endeavored to reach the opposite shore; the Ladrões followed, and cut the greater part of them to pieces in the water. They next towed the vessels out of harbor, and attacked the town with increased fury. The inhabitants fought about a quarter of an hour, and then retreated to an adjacent hill, from which they were driven with great slaughter. After this the Ladrões returned and plundered the town, every boat leaving it when laden. The Chinese, on the hills, perceiving most of the boats were off, rallied and retook the town, after killing near two hundred Ladrões. One of my men was unfortunately lost in this dreadful massacre. The Ladrões landed a second time, drove the Chinese

out of the town, and then reduced it to ashes, and put all the prisoners to death, without regarding age or sex. I must not omit to mention a most horrid, though ludicrous circumstance which happened at this place. The Ladronees were paid by their chief ten dollars for every Chinaman's head they produced. One of my men turning the corner of a street was met by a Ladrone running furiously after a Chinese. He had a drawn sword in his hand, and two Chinamen's heads, which he had cut off, tied by their tails, and slung round his neck. I was witness myself to some of them producing five or six to obtain payment."

DIPLOMATIC DINNER IN PERU.

At three o'clock a numerous and exceedingly select company assembled in (as usual) a barn-like room, down the middle of which was a long narrow table, studded with plates, bottles of wine, and saucers, in alternate rows: in the latter were small pieces of cheese, sausages, ham, and bacon, cut in fanciful slices, for the gratification of the eye as well as the taste. Upon a side-table were several bottles of rum and spruce-beer, and plates of all sorts of cakes and confections, which were presented by the host as a welcome to his guests on their entering the room. *Dulces* (sweet-meats) are at all times highly prized in South America, and the handing them round with a glass of rum (for on these particular occasions one glass serves a whole company) affords a very happy opportunity of displaying politeness and attention—coin, which in this country is more current, and more valued, than in any other in the world; and he who dispenses it liberally, not prodigally, will never want friends in South America. An Englishman must here abandon his own prejudices, and occasionally yield to the customs of those whom he may happen to visit, and into whose society he must recollect he is always good-naturedly invited, never importunately urged. A little custom will soon reconcile him to various practices which may at first be found as repugnant to the taste as a black dose; but afterwards they all go down as easily as a pill. He is not expected to accept a cigar from the mouth of another, nay, even from a domestic, as in Spain, where, by declining it, you commit a grievous offence against friendship and good-breeding. In South America I have never seen this act of friendly politeness proffered, because every one is usually furnished with a stock of tobacco in his pockets. But you must accept with grateful acknowledgment the remains of a glass of rum; the more lips it has touched, the more cordiality in the dram; off with it! and beware of wiping your mouth either before or after it. Should you be induced to wipe the brim of the glass before drinking, or turn it between yourself and the light to seek a little space free from humidity, your reputation is gone for ever!

When a lady selects a gentleman from the company, by beckoning or calling him to take her glass and sip after her, the compliment is

then highly enviable; and whether her lips be pale and shrivelled by the wintry effect of years, or cherry-ripe and pouting in the fragrance of summer, he is bound by the well-understood laws of respect, etiquette, honour, gallantry, love, and all their little jealousies, to imprint his own lips upon the precise spot where those were placed which preceded him, and then to take off the very last drop in the glass. We consumed a bottle of rum and some bottles of spruce-beer, with a few cakes and dulces, in this friendly manner, before the order for dinner was given. Slaves, male and female, black, tawny, copper, and mulatto, then entered the room, bearing ponderous dishes of silver, with soups, meats and vegetables, and covered every vacant spot upon the table, to which the guests now drew nigh with an unlimited profusion of ceremonious bows, and squeezed themselves as well as they could, with pinioned arms, into the few inches of space allotted to each. I was among the fortunate who obtained a seat to their satisfaction.

At the dinner-table sundry little compliments, constituting the etiquette of society, must also be given, and received with all goodness of manner. If you happen to be helped to any peculiar well-dressed dish, you must first praise it aloud, in order to enhance its value, and to attract the notice of the company; you then stretch across the table with a tit-bit on the end of your fork, presenting it to whomsoever you wish to distinguish by this mark of favour, and who, accepting it, retains *your* fork; but, as a ratification of the act, returns to you his or hers. At the second course, these compliments become general, when, in the space of a few minutes, you may have been favored with a mouthful from every fork at the table, whilst your own has gone the round of the whole company. Plates and dishes being removed, bottles of claret, of Frontignac, of cider, and of spruce-beer, were intermingled upon the table, and the speedy consumption of the beverage proved it to be agreeable to the guests. Toasts and sentiments, accompanied by speeches, went their round as rapidly as the bottles. The Americans are peculiarly fond of table oratory. When it has happened that two or three candidates for the attention of the company have risen at the same time, I have seen momentary disputes respecting the right of speaking first, and on those occasions I observed that the president generally settled the difference by speaking himself. The English mode of expressing applause, 'Hip! hip! hip!' 'Hurra! hurra! hurra!' has been adopted in America, and the uproar of a dinner-party there is not exceeded by that of the happiest midnight revellers at the London Tavern; neither is it an uncommon thing to see every glass upon the table broken, or dashed against the walls of the apartment, the climax of joyous feeling and satisfaction at what has been said, implying that the subject is too good ever to suffer the same glasses to be defiled by being made to contain a bumper to any less acceptable sentiment.

Written for the Casket.

LORD BYRON.

Yet peace be to their ashes,—for by them,
 If merited, the penalty is paid;
 It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;
 The hour must come when such things shall be made
 Known unto all,—or hope and dread alloy'd
 By slumber, on one pillow,—in the dust,
 Which, thus much we are sure, must be decay'd:
 And when it shall revive, as is our trust,
 'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is just.

Childs Harold, Canto III. p. 109.

The veneration which we owe to the illustrious dead and to those mighty minds which have by their lustre delighted and illuminated the world, should at all times rise superior to that spirit of persecution and envy which has thrown a shade upon the records of renown and darkened the annals of modern ages. How noble, how sublime, is the act of bending over the tomb of genius or virtue, and of offering that homage, which, though unheard in the silent city of the dead, vibrates on the bosoms of the living, and urges aspiring youth to deeds of glory. Nor is this all. The pious and venerated act of bowing the knee over the grand and sublime characters who have gone before us, wrests from the gloom of the grave the brilliant remnants of imperishable renown, and rescues from the sarcophagus and the scoffer the gems of worth and the dagger of defamation. What must have been the feelings of the Scandinavian, hero, and the son of the mighty Morven, when they rose from their devotions at the mausoleums of their warrior sires, and saw amid the tempests of the night the spirits of those immortal men! And what were the emotions in the bosom of the celebrated Byron when he descended into the catacombs of oriental genius, untied the scroll of fame, and by the lamp of glory still burning, read the history of a nation's renown. What glowing thoughts must have been engraven on the tablet of memory when he stood over the ashes of Socrates, Zeno, Aristotle and Plato, and fancy warm with enthusiasm, presented to his view the academy, the porch, and the lyceum. And did the immortal Byron, when he knelt at the shrines of Grecian greatness, dwell only on the shades in the characters of her illustrious sons, and hold them up to censure and to scorn? Nay! with a poet's feelings he gave their virtuous deeds to song and their errors to oblivion.

"The evil that men do, lives after them,

Whilst the good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar's."

But let it not be thus with Byron's—the noble poet and the friend of liberty. I am not blinded by the blandishments of wealth, the splendor of birth, or the pride of nobility. These brought as proofs of human greatness to me are mockeries. Such extraneous qualities never can brighten the human intellect or constitute the essence of a mighty soul. I venerate the memory of Byron, not for the name or title attached, but for that inherent greatness, that all grasping power of his mind, which not only amused and delighted, but astonished and illumined—the

world. In the language of the Grecian orator over his dead body, he was the poet of every age. But by rapacious hands his character has been assassinated, and those who dared not meet his gigantic intellect while living have entered the sacred sepulchre of his repose, and with sacrilegious hands have attempted to extinguish the lamp of his renown, and hold up the remains of the glorious martyr to Grecian liberty to cold contempt and scorn. How heartless! How void of humanity and mercy! What! triumph over the harmless dust of one, who, while living, could melt in sympathy for the sorrows of his fellow man!

But his belief was not that of mine. Alas, and shall we triumph on the tomb of a brother, and sacrifice all which he held dear in life and which remains of him, because we consider our offering to Heaven more grateful than his? How much nobler to pity delusion than to punish misfortune, when the object is already arraigned before the eternal Judge. This is the crime which partakes more of delusion than determination, for which the world has cried out in scorn as though all other men were immaculate in virtue and eternal in exemption from error. And for this solitary error, one of the most sublime characters of the age must be sunk to the unfathomable vortex of Cimmerian infamy. But his fame is immortal—his monument in his works can never perish. Posterity will do honor to the renown of a man whose brow was encircled with the two-fold laurels of learning and liberty. His niche is already filled in the temple of eternal fame.

With one error Byron was emphatically the man of many virtues. His colossal heart and brain* could feel for, and sympathise with the suffering individual or the injured nation. A darkening storm from the east bore to his youthful ears the clash of resounding arms—the genius of liberty cried in his ears, that the savage foot of the Moslem had polluted the land of song, the land of his early dreams, and swift as the leap of the lightning he grasped his sword, and his keel was seen from the silver sands of Otranto, approaching the shores of Greece. There, like another La Fayette, he stood the champion of liberty and humanity. Animated by the example of other illustrious heroes, he gave his purse to feed a sick and starving army, and pledged his life in the hour of darkness and danger. Nor was this all. By his humane examples he meliorated the horrors of war, at best sufficiently horrific, and thus rescued from the hands of the Turkish tyrant, ready to be imbrued in their blood, the Grecian mother and her daughters. When the poet came to aid the land

* When Byron's body was dissected, for the purpose of being embalmed, the heart was found to be much larger than in ordinary men, and the liver smaller. Dr. Bruno informs us that the quantity of brains was one fourth greater than in common heads. The peculiar formation of the cranium affords an argument for the cause of his eccentricity. The cranium is said to have been singularly shaped.





HOPKINS' MILL, N.J. AND ENVIRONS.



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL N.Y. FROM THE PARK.

of his youthful aspirations, all Greece rejoiced; and when the angel of death descended to blast their brilliant hopes, all Greece then mourned over the venerated corse of the martyr to liberty and learning. The tears of sorrow rolled from the eyes of those who had seen carnage in every form and death, in every shape unmoved. How touching! How sublime! A nation of magnanimous people in tears over the dead body of their benefactor. A benefactor too, who had shone in all the courts of Europe, who had already ascended the pinnacle of fame and received the gratulations of an admiring age. A benefactor who had moved in the fascinating circles of society, and blest with ease and affluence, yet left them all at the cry of oppressed humanity, to wrestle for liberty in an exterminating war, and perhaps to fall beneath the sabre of the treacherous Turk. And when death came upon him in another form, the feelings of his generous heart appeared. "Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! my God, could I have but seen her!" he exclaimed in his last illness. Then spoke, and burst the tender heart of a father. And again he said, "I am not afraid of dying; I am more fit to die than many think!" Read this, ye who have held him up to scorn, and say if such language ever fell in death from the lips of one abandoned to skepticism. Byron certainly entertained doubts, but they were the doubts of an honest and naturally eccentric mind. He may have been skeptical on some points, of importance, but who shall judge? Vengeance belongs to Him who will judge with mercy.

But I have no pleasure in contemplating his errors; enough for me that his brilliant assemblage of virtues have added lustre to the renown of his genius. His name will hereafter be recorded on the pages of Grecian history, and posterity will associate his name with Grecian glory. When science shall have again reared her temples, and art shall have regained her ancient seat at Athens, then shall rise the marble cenotaph, which shall transmit to other ages the true history of him, who, if he stood not the champion on the side of religion, was at least opposed to her Moslem oppressors. Ages to come will read with delight the pages of a poet who seems to have felt all the soft and sublime emotions of human nature. Very seldom have such opposite qualities existed in the same intellect. Whether he delineated the base or the beautiful, the vicious or the virtuous, the tender or the terrible, he was alike the same great master of the passions, and they seemed to have obeyed him. He was sublime, whether he represented nature in the luxuriant garb of spring or the terrific grandeur of winter. He was interesting in his description of an evening landscape in Italy, when the sinking sun threw his last golden rays on the calm, unruffled scene: and he was alike interesting when he describes the tempest amid the awful Alps, and portrays the live lightning leaping from rock to rock, and the thunder of Heaven echoed from a hundred hills on the

storm of night. But why pursue the theme?—Posterity will do justice to the "poet of every age," when his foibles shall have gone down the stream of time, and shall have been buried in the ocean of oblivion. Peace be to his ashes—happiness to his immortal soul. I have tears for his grief, pity for his foibles, and glory for his genius. I would sooner bend over his tomb in honor to his gifted mind, than enjoy all the gratification that can arise from holding his character up to the scorn and contempt of an unfeeling world. From my heart I pity that man, with soul so base, who can search for the only foible to hold it up to execration, while he passes in silence over a thousand virtues. All good men delight to honor genius, and henceforth let the tomb of Byron at least be sacred.

MILFORD BARD.

HOPKINS' MILL AND ENVIRONS.

This beautiful and romantic spot is situated near the village of Haddonfield, about six miles from Camden, New Jersey, on a part of the ancient domain which embraces the town and its environs, and gave to its rich and luxuriant fields the maiden name of its worthy proprietress and first English resident. The mill is exhibited in the cut with the appearance of sails, intended to be propelled by wind, as a succedaneum in the event of a scarcity of water; but these adjuncts have never been used, and the mill is in reality a water power, and well calculated by its situation for a first rate grist mill; being located on tide water, at the confluence of Cooper's creek and a tributary stream, from which it is separated by an extensive embankment or dam, forming a safe and convenient public road to several landings in the neighbourhood. The mill was built for John Hopkins, Esquire, by Major William Ellis, an ingenious millwright, about forty years ago, and neither expense nor pains were spared in its construction. It is a stone fabric, standing on an abrupt declivity, and commands an extensive view of the sinuous stream and adjacent meadows to a considerable distance. The cupola still remains with the arms appended, and gives an air of romance to the surrounding scenery. The water is conveyed to the mill by an aqueduct under ground, of about an hundred yards length; and after passing over the wheel, is precipitated by a short canal into the creek. The winding course of Cooper's creek is easily traced by the eye through a long range of luxuriant meadow land, bounded on one side by a deep forest of sturdy oaks, which casts its dark shades over the margin of the stream, and presents a pleasing contrast of endless variety, from the dark umbrageous wood to the vivid green of the upland verdure. The dam is about one hundred and fifty yards in length, and has a flood gate and sluice at one end, to carry off the superfluous water.—The pond occupies the place of a deep ravine, and is at least fifty feet deep in front. It is well stocked with various kinds of fish, and affords good sport in trolling for pike, some of which

are very large. The margin of the pond is covered with lofty trees, whose shades afford one of the most delightful and inviting rambles in summer, and is much frequented by youth of both sexes, as a fashionable and favorite promenade.

The circuitous and diverse paths which wind along the margin of the lake—now meeting the water at the indented shore, and now retiring into the shady covert—anon entangled with innumerable grape vines, which overhang, enclose and obscure the passenger—again, with pleasing abruptness, expose him to the sunny lawn, or envelop him in the obscurity of the deep entangled dell—all these, and the varieties of the landscape, unfolding in perpetual succession new scenery and consequent mental reflection, cannot fail to delight and transport the most insensible.

The clear, smooth lake, like a polished mirror, presents its bosom to the mellow yet refulgent light of a declining sun, and softens in the most beautiful perspective the variety with which it is surrounded. Here, as in a miniature edition, we perceive the microcosm reflected from the glass of nature, with trees and herbage, sun and sky, and the transient many coloured clouds, which together mock the art of the most skilful painter, and palsy the presumptuous copyer's hand!

Who can paint

Like nature?—Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lay them on so delicately fine,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

There is a little knoll, jutting out into the stream, surrounded by the shades of contiguous foliage, and covered by the most enlivening green, from whence, as from a promontory which overlooks the landscape, the eye of the spectator is gratified in the observance. A long line of lofty trees, whose dark umbrageous branches are contrasted with the light and dazzling green of the spreading underwood, interspersed at intervals, and tastefully variegated with dogwood, alder, honeysuckle, briar rose, and other flowering shrubbery, beshrew the pencil to delineate! The opposite shore, reflected in the watery mirror, presents its fanciful accompaniments; while numberless of the feathered choir,—the robin, the blackbird, and the thrush, nesting in the thickets, or perched upon the topmost boughs, pour forth their native melody in one harmonious concert.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd, now pleasing dole
They breath'd in tender musings thro' the heart,
As when seraphic hands a hymn impart;
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art.

A peninsula—for the geographic varieties of the microcosm are maintained with the most scrupulous precision—a peninsula, which forms

a cape to a deep indented inlet, stretches out into the stream, and discloses within the dark recess of its gloomy shades, a flock of majestic white geese, disporting in the watery element, or swimming in solemn silence, unconscious of observers.*****In a moment the stillness which reigned over the landscape is succeeded by the noisy cackling of the whole group, while the sonorous peals of the living clarionet—the leading gander—are echoed with redoubled vociferation from the surrounding shofes, and produce a feeling perfectly correspondent, but quite indescribable.

Perchance a light batteau skims over the surface, while the merry song or piercing whistle of the happy party, now and then interrupted by the vacant laugh, or fearful exclamations of some timid nymph, are contrasted by the monotonous stroke of the echoing oar—while the ruffled tide, gently swelling into unnumbered undulations, sweeps o'er its expansive surface, and is lost on either shore.

Should the clouds gather in the west, and the darkened horizon gleam with the coruscations of lightning, anon the thunder echoing through the groves, warns the spectator timely to retire, and bid the enchanting scene farewell!

Thus we part—

I as the wretch who doubts of an hereafter
Parts with his life—unwilling, loath and fearful,
And trembling at futurity.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL, NEW-YORK.

WITH A VIEW FROM THE PARK.

This large and magnificent temple which has recently been materially altered and enlarged in the interior, is situated on the east side of Varick street, in the fifth ward of the city of New-York, and in front of that spacious and ornamental plot of ground known by the name of Hudson square, which is bounded by Varick, Laight, Hudson, and Beach streets, and contains about one hundred and seventy-six thousand square feet, and was granted by the corporation of Trinity Church, New York, to the proprietors of the lots on the streets facing on the square, and their heirs for ever. The building was erected under the direction of the rector, church-wardens, and vestrymen of Trinity church, and at the expense of that corporation, and is a chapel of said church. Including its recent improvements, the cost has been upwards of two hundred thousand dollars. The cornerstone of this building was laid on the eighth day of September, in the year 1803, by the bishop of the diocese, the Right Reverend Benjamin Moor, D. D., and consecrated to the service of Almighty God on the sixth day of January, in the year 1807, by the same venerable and revered prelate. It is of the Corinthian order, built of stone, having four columns,* three feet four inches each in diameter, embracing sixty-

* These columns are considered by persons of taste as excellent in workmanship and materials; their intercolumniation is according to the order, and may be said to be equal to any in the United States. They are plain, not fluted.

four feet eight inches of the front; the columns rise from a basement of four feet eleven inches in height, supporting an enriched entablature, crowned by an appropriate balustrade, extending along the sides of the building one hundred and thirty-two feet nine inches by seventy-two feet eight inches, including the body and portico that projects from the front. The vertical angle of the pediment is about one hundred and thirty-five degrees, forming a line—only interrupted by the base of the steeple—from the east to the west end of the apex of the roof. The ascent from the street to the portico is by a flight of eight steps in front and at the ends, to a platform twenty-one feet nine inches wide.—There are three entrances; the centre door opens into a large octagon vestibule, with folding doors to the body of the church; above which springs the lofty spire, forming an elevation equally striking and beautiful; from the ground it is two hundred and fourteen feet six inches in height, composed of the Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders, with appropriate vases on the entablature over each column.—The steeple is neatly finished with a copper ball, whose diameters are thirty by thirty-three inches, iron ornaments, and vane richly gilt.—The proportions are considered correct, and the appearance is perfectly light and elegant. At the east end of the church there has recently been erected a building corresponding, two stories in height, sufficiently large for the purposes of a vestry-room, and accommodations for the instruction of the Sunday scholars attached to the church. In the cellar beneath is constructed a furnace, lined with fire-brick; being simply erected within an air-chamber, through which the external air passes, and becomes heated by the furnace; it then passes through flues to the church, which, together with two large stoves at the west end, amply warm it. The ground floor of the church has two double and two single ranges of pews, separated by a centre aisle, two side aisles, and a cross aisle at each end, paved with marble, and extending the whole depth of the church, terminating by a platform passing around the chancel, which is of a serpentine form, and elevated three steps; behind and above which are the reading-desk and pulpit. The desk is of the Corinthian order, having a frieze and cornice, supported by four fluted pilasters, with sunken panels intervening, and is entered by a door at the north side. The pulpit rests upon a base, uniting with the end of the church; the front and angles are circular; the frieze and cornice are supported by six fluted columns, surmounted by acroters. The doorway, at the back of the pulpit, is a carved and richly ornamented screen. At each side of the pulpit is a three-quarter column and pilaster, with a full entablature, forming two recesses, and a centre circular-headed space, in which is a niche, intended for some appropriate emblem. By a projection of the wall, an arch is formed over the whole. On this surface, on each side, are two lofty fluted pilasters with their enta-

blatures, the termination of the lofty ceiling resting on the one, and on the other an architrave, in form of an arch, with its members enriched, the key-stone of which forms an ornamental shield, supported at the sides by two cherubs, and having on the centre surface I. H. S.: the whole is crowned by a mitre. On each side of the church—constituting the principal feature—are ranges of five fluted columns, and corresponding pilasters at each end against the walls, with their full entablatures, upon which rests the beautifully arched and highly ornamented ceiling, supported at the same time by brackets or trusses, with architrave, frieze, and cornice, against the side walls, and between the windows, which are seven in number on each side, having green venetian blinds on the south. The front pews in the galleries are mostly square, with slips behind and against the walls. A number of seats are elevated for the accommodation of the Sunday scholars, on each side of the spacious organ occupying the centre of the west end gallery, which is allowed to be a superior instrument. The entrance to the galleries is by two flights of stairs from the side-doors of the portico. The capitals and carvings altogether of the exterior, as well as interior, are of exquisite workmanship, and the whole maintains that simple elegance which is agreeable to the eye, and consistent with true taste.—It is considered to be inferior to no building in the United States, either in elegance of workmanship or durability of materials. At the east end there are stone steps and iron gates leading to York street, and an ornamental iron railing in front encloses the portico. On each side of the church is a space of fifty-three feet, adjoining to which on the north is the rector's—Bishop Hobart's—residence; and on the south side is a handsome range of buildings, which adds much to the appearance of the whole.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

CAPTAIN ANDY.

"Joy has its limits—we but borrow
One hour of mirth from months of sorrow."

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

'Good day, Master Captain, 'tis a thriving time with ye; plenty of water to work the mill, and plenty of corn to grind. Well, Andy, after all, peace is better than war.'

Andy glanced from under his white hat, one of those undefinable looks of quiet humour, perhaps the peculiar characteristic of an Irish peasant. He made no reply, but elevated his right shoulder and drew his left hand across the lower part of his face, as if attempting to conceal its expression, 'ye'r honour would'n't be going to Taghmon this fine morning?' 'No Captain.'

'Well, now ye'r honour, dear, may I make so bold just to beg that you'd lave off calling me Captain; and give me my own dacent name, Andy, as ye'r honour used afore the ruction;* and sure the paccable time has lasted long enough to make ye forgit it.'

* Rebellion.

'So, Captain, I beg your pardon, Andy, the peaceable times have lasted too long you think.'

'I ax ye'r honour's pardon, I said no sich thing. May be if it was said, it would be nothin' but the truth; but that's neither here nor there, and no business o' mine. The government's a good government, may be ay, may be no, and the king, God bless him!'—and he lifted his hat reverently from his head—the king's a good king!

'Ay, ay, I remember your famous flag, made out of the green silk curtain, and garnished with real laurel leaves, mounted on the top of a sapling ash, the motto, 'God bless the king, but curse his advisers.'

'Well, ye'r honour has a mighty quare way, I must say, of repating gone things, and tazing a person quite useless like.'

The gentleman who had been amusing himself at the poor miller's expense, now assumed a more reflective look and manner, and leaning on his shoulder with kind familiarity:

'Andrew,' said he, 'when I speak seriously of by-gone days, of times of terror and bloodshed, there is one feeling that absorbs every other; gratitude to the noble little Captain of the Bannow corps, who, when one of my own tenants declared that it was the duty of every man to spill Protestant blood, until the united men could stand knee-deep in it, rushed forward, and baring his bosom, as he stood before me, called to his men to strike there, for that not a hair of my head should fall while he had arms to use in my defence.'

The Miller turned away for a moment, and then taking off his hat extended his broad hand to the gentleman, making sundry scrapes and divers indescribable motions.

'May I make so bold as to ax ye'r honour to walk in, and ate or drink something; and besides, I had a little matter o' my own that I wanted to spake to ye about: and sure ye need never think of what ye've jist mentioned; for if it hadn't been for ye'r good word, more especially, thim children would have had no father. I was ready enough to die for the cause like a man dacently; but to be hung jist for nothing, like a dog, was another thing. It 'll niver come to that wid me now, God be praised! To be sure we all have our own notions; but I'll not meddle or make wid thim any more, for they all wanted to be commanders and gentlemen at onc't and wouldn't be said or led by their betthers, why! But I ax pardon for talking, and ye standing outside the mill house, when the woman and the fire all's widin, that'd rejoice to see ye'r two feet on the harth-stone, even if it were of pure gould.'

'Oh then, kindly welcome, sir. Jenny, set a chair for the gentleman; ye limmer, not that one wid the three legs. Tim, is that the pattern of your manners, to stand knawing your thumb; where's ye'r bow? Mabby, set down the grawl and make ye' curtsy. Sure it's proud we're of the honour,' continued the bustling Mrs. Andy, 'and grateful, and what will ye'r

honour take? Tim, have done picking the bread. A cruddy egg and a rasher, or some hot cake and fresh butter, ye'r honor, as frish as the day, made wid my own hands. Jenny, quiet that child, will ye? Oh! Mabby, Mabby, run for the dear life; there's the ould pig, bad cess to her! and all the bonneens, through the cabbages. I humbly beg ye'r honor's pardon [curtsying], but may be, ye'r honor would just taste—'

'Will ye should ye'r whist, Biddy?' interrupted the Captain, coming from the inner room; in one hand he carried a stone jar, under the other a long green bottle; 'she has a tongue in her head, sir, and likes to use it,' he continued, placing both jar and bottle on the table; but here's something fit for a mornin' for Saint Patrick himself, and ye'r honor must taste it, raale Innishown; or, if ye'r too delicate [striking the jar], the likes of this isn't in e'er a cellar in the county.' He filled a glass and presented it to Mr Collins, who looked at, tasted, and finally drank it off.

'It came from foreign parts, sir, as a little testimonial from one whose last gift it will be.'

'Indeed, Andy! pity such cordials should be last gifts.'

'True for ye, sir. Tim make your bow to the gentleman, and take ye'r voster out under the sunny hedge, and ye'r slate, my man, and do two sums in fractions, for practice. Jenny, woman, lift out ye'r wheel, and see that ye'r brother minds the sums.'

'Don't ye see she's getting out the white cloth for a snack for his honor. I wish ye'd let the girl alone; and any way, let her do my bidding, continued the wife, 'ye've no earthly dacency in ye, or ye'd a tould me his honor was coming in, and then I could have got something proper, not trusting to rashers and egg, and ye'r outlandish drops,' and the angry dame, angry because she could not pay 'his honor' sufficient attention, bustled about more than ever.

'The devil's in the woman! but save us all! they can't help it,' muttered Andrew, 'may be while she's doing the eggs, ye'r honor would walk out and look at the new spokes in the mill wheel, and the little things I've been trying at; thank God, we've no middle men in our parish, but resident landlords, who give every earthly encouragement to the improving tenant, and never rise the rint because the ground looks well; only a kind word and every praise in life, and encourage ye wid odd presents: a wheel, a bale o' flax, or a lock o' wool to the girls, and a new plough or harrow, or some fine seed potatoes to the boys, and that's the true reason why the parish o' Bannow is the flower o' the country.'

The neighbouring fields looked indeed beautiful, and the bright greenery extended, at either side, around the mill stream; here and there a gnarled oak, or a gay thorn-tree, added interest to the landscape, while the sweet wavering willows rooting themselves in the very depth of the rippling water, which, dancing between their trunks, and sparkling through their weep-

ing foliage, formed a picture as calmly beautiful as even fruitful and merry England could supply. Andrew, from some cause or other, forgot the 'new spokes' when he reached the mill house with Mr Collins, and peered behind the piled sacks to ascertain that no one was in the small square room, which contained [independently of the flour bags and piles of fresh grain] a long form, and sundry winnowing sheets, flails, and sifters.

'I have got something particular to say to ye'r honor, but couldn't for the woman; but I'll bould her out [fastening the door]. Sure I'm king o' the castle here, any way. Oh! don't lane against thim bags; there's no getting the white out o' the English cloth at all at all. Sure the binch—[I wish ye'r honour was on the raale binch, and it's thin we'd have justice!]
—the binch 'll do the turn.' And Andy pulled off his wig, dusted the form, or as he called it 'binch,' with it, replaced the powdered 'bob' over his own black hair, crossed his feet, gave the wig a parting pull, folded his arms, and leaning against the door-post, commenced the discourse of his secret in a confidential undertone:

'Ye'r honor remembers ould times I'm thinking.'

Mr. Collins smiled.

'And the Bannow corps.'—Another smile.

'Well, I know ye'r honor's sensible, that though the boys would have me head thim, yet I niver thought they'd have turned to the religion, and murdered the innocent cratur's o' Protestants for nothin,' or, as God's my judge! I'd have let thim all go to Botany afore I'd any hand in it; but that's all gone and past, and nither here nor there. Well! whin onc't I was in, I thought it right to demane myself properly. But there were bloody sins o' both sides, as nat'ral;—burnings—and massacres—and all bad; and times was, whin I couldn't for the life o' me tell which was worst; only the poor Catholics had no arms, but the bits o' pikes for the most part to make fight wid. Och! it was bitter bad! Well, ye'r honor remembers Thomas Jarratt, the farmer, who lived on the hill side, far from kith or kin; a lone man, wid one son, a wild chap—yet kindly; fierce—yet gentle-like at times, and a generous boy; striking handsome; superior to many, more rich and powerful nor himself. Well; he always had his own way; the poor father doted down on him; and for many a day he was the white headed boy o' the whole country. Now sir, dear, call another to mind. Ould James Corish, though suspected o' being a black Protestant [I ax pardon; but that was what they were called], was well counted by all his neighbours; he had seen years, and there was not many happier; for his prosperity had continued for more than half a hundred, and appeared sartin to be uninterrupted for the remainder o' his days. He had a joyful fire-side o' childer; but they were all gone except two: Mary the eldest, so larned, so wise, and so charming; and James, a fine gay boy rising seventeen; thoughtless; but all are thoughtless, sir, before they mix in the

world to drink of its bitterness, or be marked by its corruption. It used to do my heart good of a Sunday, to see that family passing on to their own Church. The ould man, his silver hair falling over his shoulders; his two childer, the one wid her dark long curls half hid under her straw hat, and her short scarlet petticoat, that set off the white stockings and slight ankles the other looking so cheerful; his light blue eye jumping out of his innocent head wid joy. Well, young Thomas Jarratt cast an eye upon the colleen, and as he was no ways a strict Catholic, ould Corish thought may be he might answer for Mary, as he was well to do in the world; and though he didn't get any great encouragement, to say grate, yet for all that he went in and out, and the two boys were very much together, and no one dare look at Mary, on account of young Tom. Well, sir, you remimber well the militia regiments, and young Corish was drawn to go in thim.'

'I do. I remember it well,' replied Mr. Collins. 'I was there the evening he went to join the Wexford Militia. 'God bless you! my only boy,' sobbed the poor father: 'it's like spilling one's own blood to fight against one's neighbours; but God bless you, boy; do your duty as your father did before; only remember, a Protestant soldier need not be an Orangeman.' Mary neither spoke nor wept; but she pushed the curling locks from off her brother's brow, and mournfully gazed upon it, and then, laughing at her fears, he affectionately kissed her cheek; still she looked sad; and long and anxiously did her eyes follow him, until his form was lost in the twilight mist, as he ascended the mountain of Forth.

'Poor cratur! poor cratur!' sighed the miller, 'well, sir, you know I was over persuaded to join the boys, and we used to have little meetings in this very room, and I didn't care to let the wife know any thing of it at first, but she found it out somehow or other, [the women are very cute], and first she was all against it, but she comed over a bit at the thought of my being a Captain, and she, to be sure, a Captain's lady; well, we hid a good many pike-heads in the grain, and sint a good many to the boys o' Watherford, into the very town, though it was under martial law at the time, but we hid them among eggs, and in sacks o' flour and what not. The wife one day had crossed the Scar, to give a small sack o' barley-male to one at the other side, and who should she meet this side, and she coming back, but young Thomas Jarratt; 'good morrow, Mistress Andy,' says he, 'good morrow kindly,' says she; 'may be,' says he, 'ye won't tell a body where ye've been;' well, she up with the lie at onc't; 'that won't do for me,' says he, 'I know what ye'r after, and good reason too, for I'm sworn in, and by the same token, the password into ye'r own mill-house is 'green boy.' Well, to be sure, she was quite struck comical, for she thought of his father's white head, and of the poorlad's own rosy cheek, but above all, of sweet Mary Corish. 'Oh!

Thomas,' said she, sure it wasn't my man that united ye; and think of ye'r ould father, and the black-eyed girl that loves ye.' Och! the laugh he gave was heart scalding. 'No,' says he, 'ye'r husband would call me a boy, and as to Mary, some one has put betwixt us, and she believes me bad, and ye know I wouldn't desave her,' and away he goes like a shot. Well, sorry I was whin I hard it, but it was too true. Mary soon got the wind o' the word, but it was too late, he wouldn't lade nor drive, and it was one of the Scarrouges that drew him in, for which the same man niver had luck nor grace; for the boy was too young intirely to be brought into such hardship. Well, I needn't tell about thim times. Thomas carried the green flag and did it bravely, but in the battle of Wexford, it was his fate to cut down the brother of poor Mary.—James Corish, however, wasn't much hurt, and wid others, was carried to the barn of Scullabogue. I had little power, except in my own regiment, and I couldn't help the mischief; well sir, you know betther than me, what that cratur, Mary, wint through.'

'That I remember well,' said Mr. Collins—'poor old James fled with Mary to Ross, but the knowledge of her brother's danger came like a blight to her young heart, and long and eager were her inquiries as to the fate of the Wexford Militia. With feelings of dreadful anguish, she learnt that Wexford had surrendered to the rebels, and that the soldiers had been massacred. Again a report reached her, that her brother was a prisoner in the barn of Scullabogue, and that the barn was to be set on fire that night or the next.'

'I don't like to hear tell of that barn, but I should like to hear from ye'r honor how she made her way from Ross to Scullabogue; you were in the town at the time, so ye have a good right to know all about it.'

'True, Andy, but what has this to do with your secret?'

'Och! more nor your honor guesses, any way. Premimber her at the barn, but the crater niver tould me how she got there.'

'Poor thing! she wrapped her blue mantle around her, and with a blanched cheek, but a resolute eye and firm step, she passed the Ross sentries; the shades of night were thickening, yet the intrepid girl still pursued her noiseless way, towards the prison, or perhaps the grave, of her brother. When about eight miles from Rosse, she heard the trampling of horses; they drew nearer and nearer, and for the first time, the necessity of avoiding the high road occurred to her. She concealed herself behind some furze, and as they passed, their suppressed voices and disordered dress informed her to what party they belonged. She next trod her path across the country, over the matted common, and through the swampy moor, nor did her steps fail her, until within three or four miles of Scullabogue.'

'Poor colleen,' said the miller.

'The grey mist of morning had succeeded the

night, and the thrush and blackbird were hailing the dawning day, as Mary sank down, exhausted on the green sward. 'Merciful heaven!' she exclaimed, 'I am near it, very near, yet I cannot reach it,' and she clasped her hands in silent, yet bitter agony. At this moment she saw a horse quietly grazing upon the common, and with a desperate effort, she rushed towards the spot, unfastened her cloak, and girthed it round the animal, like a pillion; sprung on its back, and having previously converted the ribands of her hat into a bridle, at a fearless and quick pace, she gained the main road, encountered the rebel outposts, past them by naming your name and at length halted opposite the barn door.'

'Well, I mind it now, sir, as if but yesterday,' interrupted Andy, 'she looked like a banshee in the early light; her black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes darting fire, as she flung herself off the panting baste. The officer over the door was Thomas Jarratt.'

'And you, Thomas,' said she, quite distracted-like, 'you here commander? you know me well! The fire blazed for ye, the roof sheltered ye, the welcome smiled for ye in my father's house, since we were both childer. I have left my ould father, Thomas, and have come all alone, to ask these men, my brother's life, or to tell them I will die with him!'

'You are mad, Mary,' he answered; 'neither the Captain or I could save him if we would: you, Mary, I can save; but as for James—there is too much Orange blood in the corps already.' That was the word he spoke. She fell on her knees, clenched her hands, and in a deep smothering voice, sobbed out, 'Let me see him thin, let me see James onc't—only onc't more!'

'The young man, without making answer, rushed into the barn, and in a moment, returned, from crowds of famishing death-doomed cratures, with James Corish. James thought they had brought him forth to the death, and he tried to draw up his fainting, bleeding, shadow-like body, to meet it as a man: but when he saw his dear sister Mary, he would have sunk to the earth, had she not sprung to his side.'

'Now, mark me, boys,' cried she, as half turning from her brother, she kept him up with one arm, 'now mark me! the man that forces him from me, shall first tear the limbs from my body. And if there be one among ye who denies a sister's claim to her dying brother, let him bury his pike in my heart, or burn me wid him.'

'She flung him on the nearest horse, and mounting behind, guided the animal's bridle.—The last sound of the galloping, and the last sight of her streaming black hair, was long gone before hand or foot was moved; they stood like stocks and stones, even in the time of destruction, wondering at woman's love. 'Fire the barn,' was the next sound I hard, and that from Thomas Jarratt's own mouth. I seized his arm; 'what do you mane?' said I—'Fire the barn,' he repeated, stamping, 'and hell's own fire flashing like lightning from his blood-red eyes,' 'isn't he half murdered by this hand?' he muttered to

himself: 'and isn't she whole murdered, or worse? for I know that in twenty-four hours she'll be either mad, or dead.' 'United Irishmen,' he screamed out, waving his green flag, 'the soldiers are in Ross. Shall we suffer so many heretics agin to bid defiance to us, on our own land? For your country, for your religion, and ye'r God, follow!' And sticking his pike into a bresneugh,* which some devils had lit, he rushed towards the door. I saw it was all over, so I shouted to the Bannow boys to close round their Captain; and, sure enough, out o' my two hundred and odd, there weren't five that didn't march home that day to their own cabins. Och! but the crackling, and the shrieks, and the yells, as we hurried on.'—

The old miller covered his face with his hands, and pressed his rough fingers against his eyeballs, as if to destroy such horrid recollections.

'Poor Mary, she gained Ross in safety,' said Mr. Collins, 'and her father rejoiced much.—James soon recovered; but we all know the wretched Thomas was right. When she arose from that fearful brain fever, her reason was perfectly gone. You are all kind to her, very kind. She seems more happy wandering about your mill-stream, and gathering flowers for your children, than in her brother's farm-house. Poor old Jarratt! I remember well his funeral. His son was killed; but his body was never found.'

'He was not killed, sir' replied the Miller, looking earnestly at Mr. Collins. 'Many a night after, he slept in this very room.'

'Here! Andy! what! here? and you knew it?'

'Ye'r honor may say that, when it was myself put him in it.'

'But, Andy, your own life was not safe from the king's men then! How could you commit such a very imprudent action [to call it by no harsher term,] as to harbour a proscribed man, when a rich price was set upon his body, dead or alive? And such a wretch too! I am perfectly astonished.'

'No need in life for that last, sir. As to my own head, it was but loosely on my shoulders, thin;—sure enough. As to prudence, it's not the character of the country. As to the price set upon his head, none o' my forebears, seed or generation, were iver informers [my curse on the black word], or iver will be, please the Almighty. And as to his being a wretch! we are all bad enough, and to spare. But had he murdered my own brother, and after com'd, ay, with the very blood upon his hands, and thrown himself upon my mercy!—I'm a true-born Irishman, sir, who niver refused puttection whin wanted, to saint or sinner.—But the fair and beautiful boy, to see him, and he dressed like an ould woman pilgrim; his cheek hollow, his eye dead, so worn, and no life in him; but bitter sorrow and heavy tears for sin. We kept him here unknownst, as good as five weeks, and thin shipt him off beyant seas far enough.'

'But the money, Andy? how did you get money to fit him out?'

'Is it money! his father's land was canted;† and, to be sure, he couldn't touch a pinny, and he banned: but I'll tell ye, who gave some of it—young James Corish. I knew the good drop was in him; and so I tould him all about it: and says he, 'there have been many examples made of the misfortunate, misguided people, Andy,' says he, 'and if he did hew me down, why, 'twas in battle, and I'd a done the same to him: but the drink and the bad company made him mad: any way he took me out o' the barn, and more than all, sure they loved each other, and more than all to the back o' that, doesn't the blessed word o' God tell us to love our enemies, and to do good to him that ill use us? Sure it's the true religion, Andy, to bring good among us; and Catholic or Protestant can't turn their tongue to bether than the words o' the gospel o' pace; and without more, he gives me twenty hard guineas and a small Bible and I gave him the Bible on the sly, on account o' the Priest, and one way or other we sint him clane out o' the land.'

'And did you never hear of the unfortunate young man since?' inquired Mr. Collins.

'Did I not? sure it was he sint me over the cordial ye tasted, and more than all, sure he's come over himself, laying in the strange brig at the new quay.'

'Good gracious,' exclaimed Mr. Collins, 'he will be hung as certainly as he lands.'

'Och! no danger in life o' that,' replied Andy, quietly.

'You're mad, absolutely mad.'

'I ax ye'r honor's pardon, I'm not mad; and sure it's natral for him to wish to lave his bones in his own land.'

'Leave his bones on a gibbet,' exclaimed Mr. Collins, truly agitated.

'I wanted particular to spake to ye'r honor about it, as he is to land to night under the ould church, and Father Mike is to be there, and Friar Madden, and not more than one or two others, excipt the poor boy that brought him over.'

'As sure as he lands,' said Mr. Collins, 'he will be in the body of Wexford jail in twelve hours.'

'Well, that's comical, too,' replied Andy, quietly, 'sind a dead body to Wexford jail.'

Mr. Collins looked perplexed.

'Ye'r honor's not sinsible, I see; sure it's the dead body of what was Thomas Jarrett that's come over—and by the same token a lether, the Priest has it, written (he had a dale o' schooling) just before the breath left him; and he prays us to lay his body in Bannow Church, as near the ould windy as convanient, without disturbing any one's rest, and on account he doesn't wish a wake, he begs us, if we want him to have pace, to put him in the ground at twelve o' the night, by the light of four torches. I can't see the use of four, barring he took it from the little hymn—

"Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,
God bless the bed that I lie on."

But it's hard telling dead men's fancies; be that as it may the letther's a fine letther, as good as a sarmint; and he sint a handsome compliment to his Reverence, but nothing said about masses, and he sint forty guineas to James Corish, and remembered Mary; and more to myself than iv'er he got from me; but says he, 'I can pay the living, but what do the dead ask of me?' and the boy that com'd over wid him (an ould comrade), that was forced to fly, for a bit of a scrape, nothing killin' bad only a bit of a mistake where a boy was done for, without any malice, only all a mistake; well he tould me, though all worldly matthers prospered, his soul troubled him night and day, but he used to read the Bible at times (sure it's the word o' God,) and sob, and pray, and he wasted, while his goods prospered; but where's the good o' my delaying ye'r honour now, I only want to ax ye if there's any thing contrary to law, in landing and burying the poor ashes to night.'

'Nothing that I know of, certainly.'

'But is ye'r honour sartin' sure about it? because, if there was any earthly doubt, I'd not go against the law now, the least bit, for the price o' the 'varsal world, and sure I'd go to the grave any time, night or day, to keep the crature asy, only if it's against the law'—

'I assure you, Andy, it is not,' replied Mr. Collins, 'and if you allow me, I should like to be there myself; it is wild and singular, and Father Mike will not object, I dare say.'

'Och! ye'r honour's kind and good.'

It was agreed that they should meet at twelve that night. Mr. Collins, of course, partook of Mrs. Andy's hospitality, and exchanging kindly greetings with the honest miller's family, turned his steps homeward.

"The sea, the sea, the moonlit sea!
How calm its slumbering tides;
A weather shore upon her lee,
'The bark in safety glides."

It was nearly midnight, when Mr. Collins gained the cliffs that overhung the little harbour of Bannow; the moon was emerging from some light fleecy-clouds, that shaded, without obscuring her brightness, and as she mounted higher in the heavens, her beams formed a silvery line on the calm waters, that were fleetly crossed by a little boat; at the prow stood a tall, slight figure enveloped in a cloak, and on the strand four or five men were grouped in earnest conversation. The path Mr. Collins had to descend was unusually steep, and various portions of fallen cliff made it difficult, if not dangerous. As he passed along, he thought the shadow of a human form crossed his way, but the improbability of such an event, and the flickering light, made him forget the circumstance, even before he joined the Priest and Andy on the beach; no word was spoken, but hands were silently grasped in hands, and they prepared to assist in the landing of the coffin; it was large, covered with black cloth, and on the lid—'Thomas Jarratt, aged 32,' was inscribed; the simple procession quickly formed. The Priest and Friar lighted each a torch; the young man who brought the body

over, still shrouded in his cloak, supported the head of the coffin. Andy and another man bore the feet, and the remaining torches, and Mr. Collins brought up the singular procession. As they slowly ascended, the torches cast a wild red light over the mounds of cliff, fringed with sea moss and wild flowers, fragments of dark rock, and tangled furze, that appeared to derive no nourishment from the hardened soil. When they had nearly arrived at the highest point, Mr. Collins distinctly saw the same passing shadow he had before imagined he had seen, fade as it were, behind a broken mass, composed of earth and rock; all the party perceived it also; the Priest commanded a halt, and murmured an Ave Mary.

'What was it?' whispered one.

'Lord preserve us! it's lucky they're wid us; no blight can come where the Priests do be, re-piled Andy.'

Without farther hinderance they crossed the grassy plain that extends between the ruined church and the cliffs, entered the long aisle, where no more—

"The peeling anthem swells the notes of praise."

If there be a solitude like unto that of the sepulchre it is the solitude of ruins: in mountain loneliness you may image an unpeopled world, fresh from God's own hand, pure, bright, and beautiful, as the new-born sun; but a mossgrown ruin speaks powerfully, in its loneliness of gone-by days, of bleached and marrowless bones.

All was silent as the hollow grave which yawned at their feet. The innocent birds that nestled among the wall flowers and ivy, frightened at the unusual light, screamed and fluttered in their leafy dwellings. The moon shone brightly through the large window, as the bearers rested the coffin on the loose earth.

'He requested,' said Father Mike, addressing Mr. Collins, 'that his body should be placed in the ground without so much as a prayer, for the repose of his soul; that was heathenish, and yet his other words were those of a penitent and a Christian.'

The coffin was deposited in its narrow home; and Andy held the torch over the grave, to ascertain that all had been properly managed.

The Priest, the Friar, and Mr. Collins stood fixed in silent prayer, and the passing night-breeze shook the withered leaves from the dark over-hanging ivy. Each individual was surrounded by the urns and tombs of his ancestors—nay, more, by those of relatives, who, in the bud or blossom of life, had passed away, and were no more seen; and it was not to be wondered at, that the silent power of death, and the everlasting doom of eternity, pressed heavily on the hearts of them all, at that midnight hour.—At this very moment, a dark shadow obscured the cold moon-beams that streamed from the window—a piercing shriek echoed along the broken walls, and even while their eyes were fixed on the female, who stood with streaming hair and extended arms, on the large window-frame—she sprung from the elevation with un-

erring bound into the open grave, and echo was again awakened by the sound her feet made on the coffin-lid.

'Heaven and earth!' exclaimed Andy, as he held the torch over the grave, 'it's Mary Corish!'

She seized the torch from the astonished miller, lowered it, so as to read the inscription, which she distinctly repeated, and fell without farther motion, on the coffin of him she had loved, even in madness. They raised her tenderly out of the grave, but the pulses of life were slackening, and the film of approaching death was stealing over the wild brightness of her eyes.

'She is passing,' said Mr. Collins, chaffing her damp temples as he spoke, 'poor mad Mary!'

'I am not mad,' she murmured, and her utterance was very feeble, 'not mad now; I was so, and ye all pitied me—God bless ye;—I know you—and you—and you—and I know him—that's—;' with a last effort she turned towards the grave, looked into it, and expired.

No one could ever discover how she was apprised of the intended funeral; but as she was always wandering about the sea shore, it was supposed she had overheard some of the conversation that had occurred on the subject.

Poor Mary! the innocent children that gather the ocean weed, and many tinted shells on the Strand of Bannow, when they see the white sea bird seeking its lodging in the cliff, after the sun has set, and the gray mist is rising, as if to shield the repose of nature, say to each other that it is time to return to their homes, for that Mad Mary's ghost will be flitting over the turrets of Bannow Church.

CORN-LAW RHYMES.

Ask not what for Frank or Hun,
England's tax on bread hath done?
Island nicknamed of the free!
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?
Answer—Britain's failing weal!
Thou hast felt, and thou shalt feel.
Hopeless tradesman, answer me!
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?
Ask the ruin it hath made,
Ask of Bread-tax—ruin'd trade;
Ask of all who buy and sell,
Ask thy ledger—it can tell;
Ask thy lost and owing debts,
Ask our bankrupt-throng'd Gazettes;
Ask of thirty, caged alive,
Without bread for twenty five;
Ask the struggle, yell, and groan,
For the licking of a bone,
Like a strife of life for life,
Hand to hand, and knife to knife.
Building lawyer's nominee
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?
Ask thy mournful thoughts, that strive
But to keep despair alive;
Ask thy list of friends betray'd,
Houses empty, rents unpaid,
Rising streets and falling rents,
Money-fights for half per cents;
Ask yon piles all Bread-tax built,
Guiltless,—yet the cause of guilt,
Wasting fortunes, spreading woes,
Losing to make others lose.

Bread-tax'd collier! all can see
What that tax hath done for thee,
And thy children, vilely led,
Singing hymns for shameful bread,
Till the stones of every street
Know their little naked feet.
What hath Bread-tax done for me?
Farmer! what for thine and thee?
Ask of those who toil to live,
And the price they cannot give;
Ask our hearths, our tradeless marts,
Ask thy children's broken hearts,
Ask their mother sad and grey,
Destined yet to parish-pay.
Palaced pauper's mortgagee!
What will Bread-tax do for thee?
Rob thee for the dead alive,
Pawn thy thousands ten for five,
And ere yet its work be done,
Pawn thy thousands five for one.
Bread-tax eating absentee!
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?
Stall'd thee from our children's plates,
Made thee all that nature hates;
Fill'd thy paunch with untax'd wine,
Bought with other funds than thine;
Fill'd his breast with hellish schemes,
Fill'd thy head with fatal dreams,
Of potatoes, nobly sold
At the price of wheat in gold,
And of Britons steyd to eat
Wheat priced roots instead of wheat.
What shall Bread-tax yet for thee,
Palaced pauper? We shall see.
It shall tame thee and thy heirs,
Beggard them and beggar theirs;
Sell my lady's jewell'd gown,
Sell the lands thou call'st thy own,
Melt the plate for which we paid,
Buy thee garments ready made,
Then of courses five or more,
Grapery, horse-race, coach and four,
Pamper'd fox hounds, starving men,
* * * * * nine or ten.
Bench or Borough, seat for life,
Pension'd mistress, child or wife,
Twenty flunkies fat and gay,
Whip and flail for holiday;
Paid informer, poacher pale,
Sneaker's licence, poison'd ale,
Fiddling parson, Sunday card,
Pimp and dedicating bard,—
On the broad and bare highway,
Toiling there for groat a day;
We will talk to thee and thine,
Till thy wretches envy mine,
Till thy vampire baseness howl,
Till thou seem'st to have a soul.
England! what for mine and me?
What hath Bread-tax done for thee?
Shewn the blind what tyrants are,
Stripp'd thy foul state ulcer bare;
Paid rack-rents in poor men's souls;
Fed with living blood thy Geals;
Cursed thy plenty, house and land,
Hunger stung thy skill'd right hand;
Sold thy greatness, stain'd thy name,
Struck thee from the rolls of fame,
Changed thy falchion for the knife,
Given thy fields to civil strife;
Given thy riches to thy foes,
While the meanest tweak thy nose;
And beneath the western skies,
Sown the worm that never dies.

A woman may always judge of the estimation in which she is held by the conversation which is addressed to her. *Miss Edgeworth.*

CHINESE DANDYISM, &c.

Many persons have supposed (who only know the Chinese superficially) that a nation so grave, sedate, and monotonous, cannot include either fops or *bons vivans*. They are, however, mistaken; few countries possess more of those worthies than China, though perhaps their talents are not carried to so great an excess as in other parts of the world. The dress of a Chinese *petit maitre* is very expensive, being composed of the most costly crapes or silks; his boots or shoes of a particular shape, and made of the richest black satin of Nankin, the soles of a certain height; his knee-caps elegantly embroidered; his cap and button of the neatest cut; his pipes elegant and high priced; his tobacco of the best manufacture of Fokien; an English gold watch; a tooth-pick hung at his button, with a string of valuable pearls; a fan from Nankin, scented with chulan flowers. Such are his personal appointments. His servants are also clothed in silks, and his sedan-chair, &c. &c. all correspondingly elegant. When he meets an acquaintance, he puts on a studied politeness in his manners, and gives himself as many airs as the most perfect dandies in Europe, besides giving emphasis to all those fulsome ceremonies for which the Chinese nation is so remarkable.

The rich Chinese, who are cleanly, are all fond of dress; though some, from avarice, attend only to outward show, whilst the shirt and under-garments remain unchanged for several days, and expose, at the collar and sleeves, the dirty habits of the master through his splendid disguise. Those who are in the habit of mixing with Europeans are more attentive to cleanliness; but, generally speaking, the Chinese are certainly not so clean in their persons as one would expect from the inhabitants of a warm climate.

Women in China are not even taught to read and write; needle-work, and music (if it deserves the name) are their only accomplishments. To kill time they play at cards and dominoes, and smoke incessantly.

Men and women of the better classes never mix in society; it is considered disgraceful to eat with their wives; they do not even inhabit the same side of the house. I have, however, known some who broke through this custom, and who have assured me they found much pleasure in dining with their wives. Polygamy has certainly done a great deal of mischief in the way of morals. Some men, even at an advanced age, continue to increase their stock of wives when they have already sons grown to manhood. I have been confidently informed that intrigues between those sons and the younger wives, or concubines of the father, are not uncommon.

AN INCIDENT AT NAVARINO.

The firing having ceased at Navarino, Sir Edward Codrington sent a Lieutenant on board Moharem Bey's ship, to offer any medical or other assistance they might want.

This vessel, with a crew of probably more than a thousand men, had but one medical officer on board, and he had, unfortunately, been almost the first man killed in the action. Her loss had been immense, and they had not thrown the dead overboard, nor removed their wounded to the cockpit, and the decks presented a most horrible scene of gore and mangled bodies. Amidst the frightful spectacle, about a dozen of the principal Turkish officers, superbly dressed, sat in the cabin upon crimson ottomans, smoking with inconceivable apathy, while slaves were handing them their coffee.

Seeing the English uniform approach the cabin, they ordered ottomans and coffee for the Lieutenant, who, however, quickly told them that he had more important business to attend to. He gave the Admiral's compliments, and offered any assistance. The Turk, with a frigid composure, calmly replied, that they stood in need of no assistance whatever. "Shall not our surgeon attend to your wounded?" "No," gravely replied the Turk, "wounded men want no assistance; they soon die." Returning to the Asia, and communicating the scene, Sir Edward, after some meditation said, "Did you observe among them a remarkably fine, handsome man, with a beard more full and black than the rest?" "Yes, I observed him, he was sitting next to the Admiral." "Return then on board, and induce him, or compel him, to go with you on board the Genoa, and keep him there until I see him. He is the Admiral's Secretary. I must have a conference; and take with you any person he may wish to accompany him." The Turk repaired on board the Genoa without any difficulty, accompanied by several persons whom he requested our officer to take with him. Sir Edward was closeted with him for a long time, when he ordered the Lieutenant to put the Turkish secretary and his companions on shore at day-break, wherever they might choose to land. Rowing on shore they saw the wreck of a mast, on which about a score of wounded or exhausted Turks were endeavouring to save themselves. "I must rescue these poor fellows," said the Lieutenant anxiously. "They are only common soldiers, and will soon die; never mind them," said the Turk, with the most grave composure. "It is my duty, and, if I did not help them, I should disgrace

the service, and be reproved by the Admiral;" saying which, the Lieutenant pulled towards the mast and succeeded in saving about a dozen of these unhappy wretches. As soon as they were stowed in the bottom of the boat, the Turk, after a short but apparently profound meditation, suddenly burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. "What is the matter?" cried the astonished Lieutenant; "Good heavens, what is here to laugh at?" "Laugh!" exclaimed the Turk, with bitter sarcasm, "laugh!—by Allah! you English are a singular people: yesterday you came into the Bay whilst we were quiet at our coffee; you knocked our ships to pieces, killed or mangled all our men till the fleet is one vast slaughterhouse, and this morning you pretend to be so humane, that you cannot pass a score of wounded soldiers without putting yourself out of the way to save them." The Lieutenant was astounded, and having no reply to offer to this odd view of the case, they proceeded to the shore in profound silence.

ROMANTIC STORY OF A CYGANI.

The following is an extraordinary instance of the repugnance with which the Hungarian peasants, and even the more elevated class, regard the cygani [gypsies] of Hungary. The story occurs in an article on the subject of this peculiar race in "The British Magazine," and is from the pen of the author of "Stories of a Bride:"—

"A beautiful Hungarian girl, named Suzette, had formed a strong attachment for Maygar, a youthful gypsey, whose fine figure and noble, nay, intellectual countenance, were certainly quite enough to justify her partiality. It is almost needless to add that Maygar returned her passion with fervour [for the vehement feelings of these children of the south are too well known to require remark]; still, however, there was no hope of the lovers being united. The father of Suzette, though nominally a vassal to his territorial lord, possessed great wealth in stores and herds; and, priding himself upon the purity of his blood, shrank from the cygani as from creatures of a different genus, whilst the fathers of the tribe, the immediate and blood relations of Maygar, were equally opposed to what they also considered a degradation. Notwithstanding these obstacles the young people's love remained unshaken, and the happiest moments of Suzette's life were those which she spent in the open wooden gallery which ran round the upper story of her father's house, listening to the wild songs which Maygar chanted to his cittern, or guitar, in the woods below.

"Spring and Summer had passed away since the passion of the unfortunate lovers had been discovered by their respective relatives without

the least prospect of an amelioration in the hardship of their destiny. Fortune, however, at length seemed tired of frowning upon them and charitably threw an opportunity in the way of Maygar of being serviceable to the family of his mistress. It was autumn, and the abundant crops which had blest the fields of Suzette's father had been carefully gathered and stored in the large wooden gallery we have before alluded to, when, during a violent storm, lightning struck the dwelling, and the whole was instantly in a blaze. The terrified inmates rushed out in a state bordering upon distraction, all but Suzette, who fled instinctively to the gallery, and was there seen amidst the burning stores, apparently devoted to destruction. The agony of her father was indescribable, 'Save my child!' vociferated he, and I will give you whatever you may ask.' For some moments the spectators stood aghast, but soon bursting from the crowd was seen a young man, whom all present immediately recognised to be Maygar. Under the influence of such strongly excited feelings his success was certain; for, when powerfully agitated, the human frame can sometimes almost perform miracles; he swung to the burning rafters, supporting himself by incredible exertions, and encountering the most imminent dangers with such intrepidity as to obtain shouts of approbation from the crowd, till he reached Suzette, and was soon seen descending with his lovely mistress in his arms. The transport of the father was unbounded: but, alas! when Maygar claimed, as his promised reward, the fair being he had undergone so much to save, he was chilled by a look of the bitterest scorn, and reminded of his gypsy parentage.

"Had the poorest Hungarian labourer in the fields saved my daughter," said the stern father, 'I would have given her to him but she shall never wed one of the cygani.'

"It was useless to remonstrate, and, without daring to complain of the father's want of faith, Maygar determined still to win his daughter.—The Hungarian peasants are slaves, both in body and mind, to their territorial lords, and Maygar knew that if he could win the favour of the graf upon whose estate they resided, the father of Suzette would be compelled to give his consent to his daughter's marriage. It would take us too long to detail the means which Maygar employed to effect his purpose; the graf was old and unbending, difficult of access, and heedless of the feelings of others. Patience, however, never fails to conquer in the end; and few had stronger motives for perseverance than poor Maygar. Fortunate circumstances introduced him to the notice of the count; and, at length, his services in the defence of his patron's castle against a band of predatory Wallachians obtained for him the wished-for mandate. Armed with this he flew to the residence of Suzette's father, and had the satisfaction to find the old man perfectly submissive to his lord's will—but an unexpected obstacle still awaited the ardent lover, and this was of a nature so strange, and yet so

insurmountable, that his hopes withered at the blow, and his reason fled never to return.

"Notwithstanding the length of their acquaintance very little personal intercourse had taken place between the lovers. Suzette was naturally romantic, and had been so powerfully struck with the fine person of Maygar, his almost silent adoration, and the enthusiasm with which he had encountered every species of trial for her sake, as to resolve (as long as she considered their union impracticable) to live single for his sake, but this case was quite altered when she found him come actually to claim her hand. Then all her early prejudices recurred to her recollection—the wild stories of the vampire-like propensities of the cygani, their unholy rites, and the disgrace which attached itself to all associated with them, shook her with horror at the bare idea of giving her hand to one of their tribe.—The sylph-like lover of her imagination had vanished, and the gypsy youth, in all the degrading circumstances of his real situation, stood confessed before her. The struggle, though short, was violent—The devoted love of Maygar—his sufferings—and last, though certainly not the least, his handsome person, weighed strongly upon her mind, yet could not conquer her aversion; and, strange to say, the pride of birth in a peasant girl of one of the wildest and most uncultivated countries in the world, was sufficient to overpower all her better feelings. Poor Maygar was refused, and the shock overpowered him so completely that he became a helpless idiot, whilst his repentant mistress, agitated by contending passions, and unable to bear the sight of the misery she had occasioned, sank gradually into an untimely grave."

JOSEPH BONAPARTE.—This ex-monarch who now leads a philosophical life on the banks of the Delaware, not far from Bordentown, was lately visited by Sir R. Kerr Porter, on his way from South America, by the United States to Europe. The ci-devant King received with great hospitality the English traveller, who found him living in a commodious and even splendid dwelling house, constructed out of a large suit of stables, which had formerly been appended to a magnificent mansion, represented as quite a palace, which had been burnt down a short time before. Many fine pictures, and other valuable property were consumed; but enough remained, saved from the fire, to furnish the present residence in a noble manner with some of the best works of Spanish and Flemish masters.

One of the saloons is particularly dedicated to sculpture portraits of the Bonaparte family; and Sir R. K. Porter, in speaking of the collection, describes the bust of Charles Bonaparte, the father of the family, as the most impressive of them all, from the striking beauty and character of the countenance; it strongly resembles that of the celebrated Antinous. Joseph Bonaparte, who has assumed the title of Count Survilliers, in shewing these things, did it with unaffected

candour of comment on the extraordinary destinies of the living or dead originals of these marble portraits; and Sir Robert remarks, that the same manly sincerity and good sense prevailed in his occasional observations on his own past and present manner of life.

He has a large domain round his house, purchased by him; and he spends vast sums of money in promoting cultivation of all sorts, agriculture, and planting to a great extent, every description of trees, even from foreign countries, that can be raised in the climate. He has redeemed thousands of acres from the waste; erecting villages and encouraging artificers and persons of other useful talents, to inhabit them. He is universally respected; and must be, what he seems, a much happier man in his present expatriated home, the benefactor of all around him—than he could possibly have been when seated on a contested throne, however brilliant.

He is fond of literary pursuits, and having read all that has been published in the shape of memoirs relative to his brother Napoleon, he devotes his leisure hours to writing a commentary on the subject, wherein, with the impartiality of strict justice between the late Emperor of France and historiographers, he means to set the true statements on the one side, and the false ones on the other; and to furnish posterity with, he trusts, a really fair account of that marvellous man. This, he says, he owes to the memory of his brother, and to the verity of his history. Whenever such a work is given to the world, it will certainly be worthy of attention, and as it will probably come out while many living witnesses of the time it tells of, still exist, its accuracy must be subject to the same ordeal by which he tries his cotemporary biographers; and the free voice of the public, weighing all the evidence, will be the ultimate pronouncing judge of the real character of the deceased Napoleon.—*Foreign paper.*

THE AUTHOR OF LACON.

The Rev. C. C. Colton, it may be remembered, disappeared under very mysterious circumstances about the time when the murder of Weare by Thurtell and his associates caused such an extraordinary sensation in the public mind. It was known that the Rev. Mr. Colton was in the habit of carrying large sums of money about his person, and that he was not unaccustomed to visit those dens of iniquity commonly called "hells," in some of which he had met with John Thurtell. These circumstances, and the reports which obtained circulation of that criminal's murderous plans, induced a very general suspicion that the reverend gentleman had been inveigled and destroyed by Thurtell and his companions. Thurtell, however, on being questioned a short time prior to his execution on the subject of Mr. Colton's remarkable absence, denied all knowledge of what had become of him, a denial that turned out to be perfectly true. Mr. Colton, by gambling and other extravagancies, had become involved in debt to a very

large amount, principally for jewellery, and unable to meet the demands of his creditors, he embarked with the utmost secrecy for the United States. He continued in America for a considerable time, and afterwards returned to Europe, but not to England. He took up his abode at Paris, and there became well known to the frequenters of No. 9, and other gaming saloons of the Palais Royal. So successful was he in his speculations, that in the course of a year or two he acquired as much as twenty-five thousand pounds sterling, and happy would it have been for him had he then foresworn gambling forever, and invested his money as he often talked of doing, in the American funds. He collected a considerable number of valuable paintings; and his lodgings in the Palais Royal, though the interior sufficiently marked the eccentric character of the owner, afforded a great treat to the admirers of the fine arts. But inveterate attachment to the gaming table rendered him sometime since a beggar. He became the victim of a conspiracy, and the fancied security with which he conducted his operations was the fatality by which he was ruined. Outlawed in England, he made a vain attempt to prevent the deprivation of his living at Kew. He lost it by a decree of the ecclesiastical court. He is now living at Paris in the most pitiable circumstances—a melancholy example of the vice of gaming. With a mind eminently endowed by nature with the stores of inexhaustible learning—with powers of conversation of the highest order—with talents and acquirements fitted to adorn any rank or station—he now prowls for a subsistence in the vilest haunts of the French metropolis, and among the most infamous wretches that infest the Palais Royal.

THE EVE OF GOOD FRIDAY.

A TALE—BY L. A. WILMER.

PART I.

"In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze—and angels tremble round.
POPE—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

My friend Merrill and myself had determined to spend a week in the city of Washington, as we were both troubled with dyspepsia, blue-devils, and other semi-ideal distempers of the same nature. Not that we supposed the air of this metropolis to be particularly salubrious, or its society extremely attractive, but variety has its allurements, and a change of scenery is always desirable to those who are subject to *ennui*. We arrived in the city—visited the capitol—admired its Corinthian pillars—criticised the paintings in the Rotunda—wondered at the ladies' bonnets, (some of which were complete botanical gardens,)—strolled down Pennsylvania avenue—crossed the Tyber (*alias* Goose Creek,) and the novelty of Washington city was nearly exhausted. A visit to the Navy Yard, President's house, patent and post offices, and the "departments" completed the exhaustion, and our patience also was mortally ill of the consumption. The truth is, there is much beauty and grandeur in

the city, but a great deal of affected importance, mystery and aristocracy, which we found rather disgusting to our plain notions and republican principles. The second day after our arrival, we went over to Georgetown, which is two miles distant from Washington. Georgetown is as plain an assemblage of houses as ever was dignified with the name of a city, town or borough—but the works of nature are here more to be admired than those of art. The ladies are exquisite! There is not a handsome woman in all Washington, except Mrs. — and Miss —; but in Georgetown they are as plenty as black berries in August, or herrings in Maryland. This may appear surprising, but the accounts of travellers should never be questioned; my readers, however, are permitted to examine for themselves, if they will only take the trouble to visit those places. Well, supposing this question to be settled for the present, I will proceed to relate some of our adventures in Georgetown, that may appear somewhat extraordinary to those who do not understand the world, and also to—those that do.

It was Thursday evening, we had just taken supper at a respectable tavern, and sallied forth to recreate ourselves with a walk. In another street, at a little distance, we saw a number of persons all moving in the same direction; curiosity induced us to approach them. Four women, dressed in deep mourning, headed the procession, their faces were almost entirely concealed by their bonnets, which were of a fashion different from those generally worn, and bending their eyes on the ground, their appearance was solem in the extreme. Twenty or thirty young females, dressed in the usual manner, followed this melancholy group.

Many of these girls were elegant, and some of them beautiful; one in particular, attracted the attention of my friend. It was twilight, but her charms were still visible. The grace of her movements, the outlines of her figure and countenance, indicated a female of exquisite loveliness. We followed the procession until it entered a church, rather small but antique in its appearance; the sign of the cross over the door, with the accompanying motto, bespoke it a place of Roman Catholic worship. On going into the building, we found it fitted up in an unusual manner, the altar and the pictures were hung with black (in commemoration of the passion of our Lord,) and many of the customary decorations were removed. A few sickly lamps cast a melancholy lustre over the chancel; these lamps were arranged in the form of a triangle, in a recess behind the eucharistical repository. A priest and his clerks were officiating in the ceremony of the mass. It was the eve of Good Friday.

We were no sooner seated than Merrill proposed a removal to another part of the house. I did not perceive his object immediately, but made no opposition, because the change of place brought me nearer to the altar, and I was always an admirer of the Roman Catholic rituals. When the impressive ceremony of the Lord's

supper was completed, the girls belonging to the seminary ranged themselves around the altar and commenced singing the hymn of benediction. There was something in this which touched me sensibly; the voices of youthful females are always capable of pathos and this faculty was called forth on this occasion:—

"To this mysterious table now
Our hearts our knees and sense we bow;
Let ancient rites resign their place
To nobler elements of grace,
And faith for all defects supply.
While sense is lost in mystery."

While these lines were sung by the interesting choristers, I could have believed in transubstantiation—or any other doctrine they pleased to advance. In fact, I *did* believe, *pro. tem.*—or at least my feelings were so enthusiastic that I was incapable of the short process of reasoning, which *generally* precedes belief. I turned my eyes for a moment, to see what impression the ceremonies had on my friend. He was standing with his back to the altar, (a great indecorum among Catholics,) his eyes fixed on some person in an opposite pew. My own sight was so defective that I could not discern the object which appeared so attractive. Having surmounted my nasal promontory with a pair of green spectacles, however, I was enabled to account for Merrill's extraordinary behaviour. The same young lady who had excited our admiration in the street was now sitting in that pew—in which, also, appeared the women in black dresses—these were nuns, belonging to the Georgetown sisterhood. If we admired the young lady by the dim light in which we had formerly seen her, how much more were we dazzled with her unparalleled beauty as it now appeared by the light of the lamps. Her hair was light-brown; her eyes the finest blue; her complexion clear and delicate, with a suitable proportion of red and white; her teeth were white and regular—in short, she was a model for an Italian artist. I was pleased to see her occasionally cast a side-long glance at my friend, who was certainly a very genteel and handsome young man. "Devotion's self" appeared sometimes to "steal a thought from heaven," although the fair votaress appeared not unmindful of her religious duties.

We remained in the chapel with the rest of the congregation till after twelve o'clock—this night being generally kept as a vigil by the Latin church. At about half past eleven the lamps began to expire, beginning at the base of the triangular figure, one on each side alternately, till at the time the last benediction of "*Domine Vobiscum*" was heard, only three lamps remained lighted. This effect, I suppose, was produced by a particular disposal of the quantities of oil in the different lamps. To many it appeared scarcely less than supernatural.

A solemn gloom now pervaded the chapel, and the people arose simultaneously to depart. Merrill and myself followed the procession that first attracted our notice in the street. A dark passage led from the interior door of the chapel to

that which opened into the court or church-yard. As we passed through this vestibule we both heard a voice distinctly pronounce the words "*It is vain!*"—we started at the sound, which appeared to issue from a recess in the passage—but no person could be seen who might be suspected of giving this mysterious intimation. We believed the words were directed to us, for the adventures of the night had created a kind of superstitious and romantic feeling in our minds. "Did you hear that?" said Merrill, "this night is fated to be a new era in my life. I have received impressions that can never be obliterated!"

While we hesitated for a moment the outside door was closed, and the faint glimmering of light which before found egress, was now excluded. Finding ourselves in total darkness, we returned hastily to discover some other avenue by which we might leave the place—we were met at the entrance of the passage by an old woman, bearing a dim lamp in one hand and a broom or besom in the other. Even without these appendages, she might easily have been mistaken for a witch. Her whole frame shaking with the palsy; her inflamed eyes and haggard countenance, together with an indescribable air of mystery, made us almost believe we were in the presence of an agent of the powers of darkness. When she discovered us, her surprise seemed to be even greater than our own, signing the cross on her withered breast, as if for protection—she demanded our business in that place. It was evident that our answer was unsatisfactory—"why did we not depart by another door? only the nuns and their pupils, the priests and their clerks, used that passage!" We pleaded ignorance, and the "slipshod sylbil" led us to the door by which we had entered.

Merrill gave the old beldam a piece of money. "My good woman," said he, "can you oblige us so far as to tell us who was the young lady that followed after the nuns?"

"The one dressed in white, with her bonnet trimmed with green ribbon," added I, for "I was once a critic in those matters, and actually stood behind a counter in the days of my youth."

"There was sister Charity, sister Prudence, sister Patience, and ——!" said the old woman, mollified by my friend's donation, but not yet willing to understand our queries—she was interrupted by Merrill.

"D—n sisters Charity, Prudence, and Patience," said he; "what do you think I want with these old hags?—It was the young one I asked for."

The old woman raised her eyes in astonishment at an exclamation which she considered sacrilegious in the highest degree; then throwing back the piece of money which Merrill had given her, she ordered him to begone, and not offend her more with his blasphemous language. I now thought it time for me to interfere, and addressing myself to the ancient portress, I told her that my friend was not yet a member of the

Catholic church, but that I had strong hopes of his conversion. I persuaded her to resume the money, with a small addition from my own purse. In short, I succeeded, at length, in restoring a pacification. By pressing our enquiries, we then learned that the name of the young lady was Emily Cassaud; that she was an orphan, and heiress to a large fortune; that she intended to become a member of the sisterhood, and that her property, as well as herself, would then be devoted to the service of the church. This information was obtained with much difficulty; the old woman appeared to be averse to speaking on the subject, and when we had extorted these particulars, she begged us to retire as soon as possible, lest we should be discovered in that place at such an unseasonable hour. She then returned into the chapel and closed the door.

As soon as we were alone, Merrill proposed walking about the town for the remainder of the night, observing that it was too late to gain admittance into any respectable house. It will be seen that my friend was romantic in his ideas and sanguinary in his temper—these were indeed two failings in his truly amiable and excellent character. He now expressed a wish to see the back part of the church, and the outer doors by which the nuns and their companions had made their egress. I attempted to ridicule and dissuade him from this purpose, but in vain. He leaped over a fence that stood between him and his object, and requested me to follow. Finding him *tenax propositi*, I passed the barrier, and we found ourselves in a place of burial belonging to the chapel. At a little distance one of the tomb stones appeared to be irradiated. On approaching we found this appearance to be occasioned by a light in the window of a small apartment attached to the rear of the building. The names of William and Susanna Cassaud on the tomb stone made it an interesting object; and we were about to read the inscription, when we were interrupted by a most unexpected circumstance.

We heard the sound of the chapel door opened and shut, and presently afterwards we recognized the footsteps and voices of some persons approaching us from the building. There was at that time a row of poplar trees on each side of the walk that leads from the church to the gate of the grave yard. The night was dark, the moon not being visible, and the sky was somewhat overcast by vapours. On retiring behind the trees we were perfectly concealed from the observation of any one passing through the avenue. As the persons drew near, we were not a little surprised on discovering two of the nuns with several of their youthful attendants; they had probably remained behind to make their confessions to the priest who continued in the confession room for that purpose. Without betraying ourselves, we could not possibly avoid hearing their conversation; but perhaps I am not justified in repeating it. For once, however, I will be guilty of a slight indecorum in order to gratify the curiosity of some of my readers:—

“My dear Emily, (said one of the nuns, whom we afterwards found to be the lady principal of the sisterhood,) “you will shortly be one of our number, you should therefore withdraw your mind from the allurements of this world, and fix your undivided attention on the objects of futurity. This night, for the first time, I beheld something reprehensible in your conduct; the young stranger in the opposite pew could participate in your thoughts, with the most sacred duties of our religion! Here is the grave of your parents, my dear Emily, let us pause on this consecrated ground and offer up a prayer for the repose of their spirits. Oh, how will it augment their felicity to know that their only and beloved daughter has devoted herself to the service of their redeemer!”

The party stopped within a few yards of the place where we stood concealed, and kneeling down, the nun *appeared*, at least, to pray with sincerity.

The graceful form of Emily was nearer ourselves than any of the other figures in the group; we heard her deep sobs, and I believed the idea of the living was blended with the reminiscences of the dead. — Merrill was almost breathless; he had heard enough to convince him that he was not indifferent to her who had already become the “light, lantern, path, north, and guide” of his conduct and wishes. When they arose from their knees, the nun said—“Forgive me, my Emily, if I have wounded your feelings, but the good of the soul must be my primary consideration—I fear you are declining in health, I will have you walk out every afternoon with Martha; to-morrow, after vespers, do not neglect it. In the mean time, we will retire to rest, and I hope (said the nun, significantly,) your repose will not be disturbed with vain illusions.” The females now left the yard, and we ourselves made our exeunt by the same passage that gave us entrance, namely—over the fence. We returned to the place where we had taken supper, and having aroused some of the indolent domestics by dint of severe application to the door, we obtained a pair of comfortable beds, and (I at least) was soon wrapped in a profound slumber, that was broken only by the solar beams shining through the windows of our apartment.

We now let fall the curtain, and the interval of a month must elapse between the two acts of our little drama. In the mean while I dare promise that this “first part” is a fair specimen of the tale; those who have read the foregoing, will perhaps have time and inclination to read what follows. Those who think their time can be better employed are advised by all means to pursue their more important avocations.

Good Nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States

By C. S. RAFINESQUE.

**FRASERA VERTICILLATA.**

English Name—American Colombo.

Vulgar Names—Colombo root, Columbia, Indian Lettuce, Yellow Gentian, Golden Seal, Curcuma, Meadow Pride, Pyramid, &c.

Genus *Frasera*.—Calix persistent, four parted. Corolla spreading, rotate, four parted, segments elliptic, each having in the middle a large bearded gland. Stamina four short, alternate with the segments. One pistil, germen oval compressed, one style, two stigmas. Capsul oval flat, one celled, two valved, several winged imbricate seeds inserted on the valves.

DESCRIPTION.—Root triennial, large, yellow, rugose, suberose, hard, horizontal, spindle shaped, two feet long sometimes, with few fibres. The whole plant perfectly smooth, stem from five to ten feet high, cylindrical, erect, solid, with few branches, except at the top, where they form a part of the pyramidal inflorescence. Leaves all verticillate, sessile and entire, with a single nerve; the radical leaves form a star spread upon the

ground; they are elliptical and obtuse, from five to twelve in number, from ten to eighteen inches long, and from three to five broad; constituting the whole plant in the first years, or before the stem grows. The stem leaves are in whorls of four to eight, seldom more or less, smaller and narrower than the radical leaves; the lowest are narrow oblong, the upper lanceolate, acute, and sometimes undulate.

Flowers yellowish white, numerous, large, forming an elegant pyramidal panicle, the branches of which are axillary to leaves or bracts, unequally verticillate or trichotome; this pyramid is from one to five feet long; the bracts are ternate or opposite, shorter than the leaves, broader at the base, acute; pedicles lax, longer than the flowers, cylindric. Calix deeply four parted, spreading, segments, lanceolate, acute, persistent, nearly as long as the Corolla, which is one inch in diameter, open flat, deeply four parted, with four elliptic cruciate segments, margin somewhat inflexed, and cucullate obtuse, a large gland in the middle of each, convex on both sides, ciliate. The four stamina opposite to the sinuses and inserted on them, filaments short, subulated, anthers oval oblong, base notched. Germen central oval, compressed, desinent into a style as long, and having two thick glandular stigmas. Capsul yellowish, borne on the persistent calix, oval, acuminate, very compressed, margin thin, sides subconvex, with a suture, opening in two flat valves, one celled. Seeds flat, elliptic, imbricated, winged around, inserted on the sinures of the valves. Sometimes a few flowers have five or six stamina, and as many segments to the Corolla.

LOCALITY.—It grows West, South, and North of the Alleghany mountains; but neither on them, nor East of them. It is spread from the western parts of New York to Missouri and thence to Alabama and Carolina. It is found in rich woody lands, open glades and meadows. Rare in some places, in others extremely abundant.

HISTORY.—One of the handsomest native plants of America: I have seen it in the western glades of Kentucky ten feet high, with a pyramid of crowded blossoms 4 or 5 feet long. They are scentless and in full bloom from May to July. It is a true triennial, the root sending only on the third year a stem and flowers.

It bears also many vulgar names, but Colombo root is the most common, since it has been found medical, and very similar to Calumba, once called Colombo also, the *Cocculus palmatus*. It is become a kind of substitute for it, and an article of trade on that account, being largely collected in the western states.

QUALITIES.—The root is the official part, it has a sweetish bitter taste like Gentian, and resembles Calumba in appearance, having a thick yellow bark, and a yellowish spongy wood. But their chemical characters are very different, the *Frasera* contains Extractive, Amarine, and Resin; while the *Cocculus palmatus* contains Cinchouin, a bitter Resin, Oil, Starch, Sulfate of Lime, and Calumbine. I suspect, however, that the analysis of the *Frasera* has not been accurate, and that it contains Inuline or a peculiar substance, *Fraserine*, intermediate between Inuline and Calumbine. It yields its qualities to water and alcohol. The leaves are also bitter.

PROPERTIES.—Emetic and Cathartic when fresh, Tonic, antiseptic and febrifuge when dry. When first brought into notice it was supposed to be equal to the Calumba, and substituted thereto; but has been found to be inferior, A. Ives even contends that it is inferior to many other native tonics. It has, however, the advantage over them to afford a very large root, often weighing several pounds, and to sell cheap: it is about equal to Gentian and Rhubarb, in diseases of the stomach, and debility. It has cured a wide spread gangrene of the lower limbs by internal use.

and external application, when bark had failed. It avails in Intermitents like other pure bitters, and is extensively used in the Western States in Fevers, Cholics, Griping, Nausea, relaxed stomach and bowels, Indigestion, &c. As a purgative it is substituted to Rhubarb in many cases, particularly for Children and Pregnant Women, being found serviceable in the constipation of pregnancy, &c. It has the advantage of not heating the body. Cold water is said to add to its efficiency and prevent nausea or emesis. A teaspoonful of the powder in hot water and sugar will give immediate relief in case of heavy food, loading a weak stomach. It is a good corrector of the bile alone or united with other bitters. Clayton and Schoepf, calling it *Swerteria difformis*, say that it is employed in jaundice, scurvy, gout, suppressed menstruation and is a specific in hydrophobia! these indications require confirmation. The root ought to be collected from the fall of the second year to the spring of the third year growth; when in blossom the root becomes softer and less bitter. The doses are two drachms of the powder, one or two ounces of the infusion; an extract of it ought to be made which would probably be like that of Gentian; a Vinegar is made of it in the West, useful as a refrigerant tonic, &c.

REMARKS.—The *Fraseria* deserves to be cultivated for its beauty and utility. It grows early from seeds. It begins to disappear like the Ginseng, from large tracts of country, by being wastefully gathered. Perhaps the true *Calumbia* might also be cultivated in Florida and Louisiana.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

CHANCELLOR KENT.—On one occasion, before the Chancellor, in the case of an alleged fraud, the Counsel, in the course of the argument on the wrong side of the question, attempted to strengthen points, naturally weak, by supposing a case. 'Suppose,' said he, 'your honor stole a horse, and—' 'Stop, stop,' said the Chancellor, 'it's not a supposable case, sir.' 'Well then, your honor,' continued the Counsel, 'after recovering from a momentary confusion, suppose I stole the horse.' 'Very like, sir; very like!' added the Chancellor.

A short time since a medical gentleman, residing in a neighbouring town, ordered a coat of a tailor, which was made and sent home.—On being tried on, the tailor declared that it fitted admirably, but his customer differed so much from him in opinion, that he returned the coat and would not wear it. A few days after this occurrence, the tailor met the gentleman alluded to at a funeral, and addressed him with "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man." "Why so?" replied the other. "Why, because you never have any of your bad work returned on your hands," directing his customer's attention at the same time to the grave.

The Caliph Mahadi was passionately fond of hunting. Being lost, he entered into a peasant's house, and asked drink. His host brought him a cruise of wine, of which he drank, and then asked him, 'if he knew who he was?' 'No,'

replied the Arab. 'I am one of the principal officers of the Caliph's court.' He then took another draught, and again asked the peasant 'if he knew him?' He answered, that he had just told him who he was. 'Not at all,' replied Mahadi. 'I am greater than I have said.' He took another draught, and repeated his question. The Arab, wearied with the catechism, replied to him, that he had been explaining himself upon that subject. 'No,' said the prince, 'I have not yet told you all. I am the Caliph, before whom all people prostrate themselves.' At these words the Arab, instead of falling prostrate, took the cruise, and replaced it whence he took it. The Caliph, in astonishment, and believing that he put away the vase on account of his presence, wished to assure him against the fear of having transgressed the law of Mahomet, which forbids wine. 'Oh! it is not that,' replied the Arab; 'but that, if you should drink another draught, I am afraid that you would turn out to be the prophet; and that finally, at the last drinking, you would make me believe you was the Omnipotent God himself.'

SPEAKING OUT.—Those who have never spoken in public, can scarcely judge of the consternation of an old lady who spoke out in church.—It was formerly the custom in country towns, for those who lived several miles from the church to remain during the interval between morning and evening service. On this occasion she had taken some milk in a pitcher for the children;—and in the most interesting part of the worship, a dog, who had followed them into the pew, thrust his head into the pitcher. Whether his head was too large, or the pitcher too small, it is not our province to determine; but having regaled himself the pitcher still obstinately retained its position, and he was discovered backing out, with the pitcher stuck fast upon his head and the milk streaming in every direction on his head and shoulders—"Get out pup!" says the old lady. Frightened at the sound of her own voice—"O dear, I spoke out in meeting!" said she—"There! I spoke again—O dear me, I keep talking all the time."

It is a plain, but faithful saying, *eat your brown bread first*, nor is there a better rule for a young man's outset in the world. While you continue single you may live within as narrow limits as you please; and it is then you must begin to save in order to be provided for the more enlarged expenses of your future family. Besides, a plain frugal life is then supported most cheerfully; it is your own choice, and is to be justified on the best and most honest principles in the world, and you have nobody's pride to struggle with, or appetites to master but your own. As you advance in life, and success, it will be expected you should give yourself greater indulgence; and you may then be allowed to do it both reasonably and safely.

A Swedish peasant spoke contemptuously of the king, saying—"I don't care a fig for Bernadotte." The peasant was arrested, and under an ancient law of the kingdom, condemned to death. The king immediately pardoned the peasant, and ordered the law to be repealed. "But," said the king to the judge, "I do not like to be insulted, and therefore I cannot let this man off without some punishment, you will, therefore, please to go to his house and say to him in my name—"Since you don't care a fig for Bernadotte, Bernadotte don't care a fig for you."

It is announced, with apparent gravity, in the New-York Daily Advertiser, that Mr. G. R. Lillibridge, manufacturer of patent stocks, has discovered a chemical composition that will turn the color of the negro to that of the white man.

FOR THE LOVERS OF THE ROMANTIC.

Miss Arabella Scinderilla Georgietta Gulielmina Clishmaclaver Petweet was the only daughter of fond and indulgent parents; she was in the early bloom and gay promise of sixteen. She was beautiful beyond the fairest of her sex—beyond all parallel of earthly affection. Her radiant eyes were like two rival suns in the arch of heaven's firmament; her forehead was smooth and fair as seven times polished alabaster; her maidenly cheeks were like two luscious peaches, glowing with a gentle red, inviting and yet shrinking from the kisses of the breeze; her lips were the exact copy and sweet semblance of two slices of ripe watermelon, so red and so inviting; her teeth, were not like those of mortal mouths, so fair, so white—they were evidently made to set off her heavenly countenance, rather than for the gross purposes of mastication; her neck was graceful as the swan's, and smooth and white, and clear as the fairest spermaceti candle. But were we to attempt to describe each of her indescribable perfections, we should never have done—suffice to say, in all personal loveliness she was perfection itself doubly perfected; and her mind was every way fitted to adorn so fair a person. Such was Miss Arabella Scinderilla Georgietta Gulielmina Clishmaclaver Petweet; and yet she was mortal—yes, she was mortal as the mortallest! How shall we relate the heart-rending tale—we won't try.

THE INTELLECT.—One proof of the superior and independent excellence of this lofty endowment, may be found in the fact that the brute creation have the senses in far greater perfection than man, and yet their external knowledge is a blank in comparison with his. A raven can scent its prey at a distance of many leagues; a hog can smell a truffle that is buried under the earth; an eagle can see an object with distinctness at the distance of several miles; the fall of a leaf cannot escape the ear of a sleeping hare; the polypus, says Dumeril,

is capable of receiving light itself by its fineness of touch; most quadrupeds are enabled to distinguish more accurately between wholesome and poisonous herbs, than the most accomplished and laborious botanist; and yet by his intellect alone man is able to triumph over the comparative deficiency of his senses; and with inferior modes of acquiring knowledge, to rise to that prodigious superiority which he possesses. *Tales of the senses.*

HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets, have no magical powers to make scholars. In all circumstances, as a man is, under God the maker of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect that it can grow only by its own action, and by its own action it will most certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore in an important sense, educate himself. His book and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, as an act of emergency, all his mental powers in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object.—It is not the man that has seen most, or has read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigor and capacity; the greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because *self discipline* had taught him *how to bend it*. —D. Webster.

CUSTOMS.—At the balls in Brazil both the cavaliers and their dark-eyed partners dance ungloved. To present a gloved hand to a lady would be taken as an insult, as inferring the existence on her part of some cutaneous disorder.

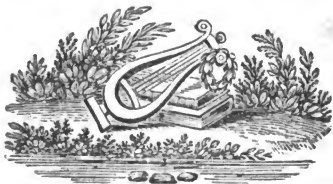
EXERCISE.—Persons whose habits are sedentary, deceive themselves into a belief that mere physical exercise will preserve health—and accordingly take daily walks for that purpose, while the current of their thoughts remains unchanged.—This is a radical error. The only exercise that can produce a really beneficial result, is that which breaks up the train of ideas, and diverts them into new and various channels. An eminent writer says that it ought to be the endeavor of every man to derive his reflections from the objects around him, for it is to no purpose that he alters his position, if his attention continues fixed to the same point. This is no doubt true; and in order to the attainment of any advantage by exercise, especially walking, the mind should be kept open to the access of every new idea, and be so disengaged from the predominance of any particular thoughts, as easily to accommodate itself to the entertainment which may be drawn from surrounding objects.

LOVE'S RITORNELLO:

THE MUCH ADMIR'D AIR, AS SUNG BY MR. WALLACK,
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, LONDON, IN THE POPULAR DRAMA OF THE BRIGAND,
Written by J. P. Planché, Esq.—The Music composed by T. Cooke.

Allegretto.

Gentle Zi - tel - la, whither a - way, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, list while
I play. No, I have lingered too long on my road, Night is ad - vanc - ing, The
Brigand's a - broad, Lonely Zi - tel - la hath too much to fear, Love's Ri - tor -
nel - la, she may not hear; Charming Zi - tel - la, why should'st thou care,
Night is not darker than thy raven hair; And those bright eyes, if the Brigand should
see, Thou art the robber, the captive is he. Gentle Zi - tel - la,
banish thy fear, Love's Ri - tor - nel - la, tarry and hear. Simple Zi - tel -
la, be - ware, ah, be - ware! List ye no dit - ty, grant ye no pray'r!
To your light footsteps let ter - ror add wings, 'Tis Mas - sa - ro - ni, him -
self, who now sings. Gen - tle Zi - tel - la, ban - ish thy
fear, Love's Rit - tor - nel - la, tar - ry and hear.



"Verse, the pure language of the soul, is call'd,
The vehicle of oracles divine."

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE IV.—TO RICHARD RUBRIC, Esq.

"Solvitur acris hiems, grata vice veris et Favoni," &c.

Sharp winter is dissolv'd at last—
I'm glad to see it, I declare;
For I dislike the northern blast,
And hail and snow I cannot bear.

Instead of these, we've pleasant gales
As sweet, I think, as any puff
That Hecety's scarlet lip exhales
When not embrown'd by rappee snuff.

The steam-boats now their engines ply,
And leave a train of smoke behind,
Which hangs upon the placid sky,
Like jerkin blue with sable lin'd.

The horses now no stables need,
No shelter now the cows require,
And he must be a dunce indeed,
Who roasts his shins before a fire.

Now Betty Sharp, in Cherry street,
Doth her nocturnal revels hold;
Her damsels, with alternate feet,
Move o'er the floor, as I am told;

The fiddles playing all the while;
'Tis well her husband does not know,
He at his blacksmith-shop must toil,
And teach his boys to beat and blow.

Now ladies may their bonnets bind
With real roses, fresh and fair,
With which the artificial kind,
Of satin made, cannot compare.

'Tis pleasant now to take a bite
Of mutton, (critics spare me here!)
Or beef, if that your taste delight,
And wash it down with Dawson's beer.

Pale death, while passing thro' the town,
Just gives a tap at every door,
Nor asks, like an ill-mannered clown,
Whether the folks are rich or poor.

My friend, as sure as Dick's your name,
You'll have to tread the downward road,
To dust return, from whence you came,
And seek the grave's dislik'd abode.

There all must meet, however high
Their rank, or low their station here,
And you, among them, must supply
The subject for a sigh—a tear.

'Tis melancholy, Dick, indeed,
To think that such as you must fall,
Who love to see a bottle bleed,
And think the girls are—all in all.

But e'en the enlivening bottle fails
Man's frail existence to prolong,
And death o'er beauty's bloom prevails,
And interdicts the sweetest song.

Heigho!—these subjects make me sad,
Old Flaccus was a curious fellow,
That one gay moment never had,
Until the glass had made him mellow.

TO SCIO.

Thy splendid churches once so gay,
Are mouldering now into decay;
Thy walls with weeds are overgrown,
And the serpent coils round the altar stone.

Thy palaces gay and thy marble halls,
And the pictures grand which graced their walls,
Are all destroyed—for the Moslem foe
Have laid thy lofty columns low.

The street where once the busy throng
Passed to and fro all the day long,
Is now deserted—and the hare
Doth roam quite unmolested there.

The Turkish sword thy sons has slain,
And their bones lie bleaching on the plain;
Thy aged sires have felt the smarts
Of foemen's steel within their hearts.

Thy virgins too, are held as slaves—
By foes they're borne across the waves—
The husband from the wife is torn,
And helpless maids and matrons mourn.

In thy halls which now in ruins lie;
Once was feasting, mirth, and revelry;
But Scio's gay, her proud, her brave,
Lie slumbering in the silent grave.

The orange and the olive grove,
Where once with pleasure I did rove,
Is now deserted—all is lone,
Which once so bright and beauteous shone. M.

SERENADE.

TO MISS R. E. B.

Wake, Lady, wake—thy slumbers break,
The Minstrel's harp is strung,
And thro' the glade, in serenade,
Its magic chords have rung.

To thee, to thee, its minstrelsy,
In thrilling notes arise—
To breathe thy name, the harper came,
He claims no greater prize.

At night's lone noon, the silvery moon,
Doth thro' thy lattice peep;
And dreams of love, blest from above,
'Their vigils o'er thee keep.

Tho' lover mate, his mellow flute,
With joy salutes thine ear;
And proud the swell, of convent bell,
Re-echoed far and near.

Then maiden wake—thy vision break,
The mist of love dispel,
And with a nod, the drowsy god,
Will cry, "Dear maid, farewell."

In days of yore, the Troubadour,
Of sung of Lady bright;
With light guitar, by twinkling star,
Forsook the field of fight.

And now to thee, his minstrelsy,
Thy Troubadour doth bring;
And at thy shrine, invokes the nine,
Thy praises, love, to sing.

A.

THE WRECK OF TIME.

Lo! o'er my senses softly steals
 The drear and agonizing thought,
 Which to my burning soul reveals
 The wreck by time's dominion wrought;
 Still bearing us from youth to age,
 As first from infant spots we're borne,
 Through ev'ry storm and tempest's rage;
 Hurrying o'er that happy morn
 Of airy thoughts and fancies wild,
 By smiling infancy beguiled;
 Then bursting through the maze of time,
 Years rolling o'er with march sublime,
 Has plung'd me swiftly in the strife
 And turmoil of a stormy life.
 Oh! could I change one moment now,
 Of what the dazzling world calls bliss,
 For hours of fancied pain and wo,
 Impending o'er the dark abyss;
 'Twould be e'en bliss too pure to taste,
 A flash of lightning o'er the waste,
 To gild the passing hours of wo,
 And meliorate the levelling blow,
 That time all powerful and great,
 Has wafted o'er my chequer'd fate.
 Alas! a little while and I,
 Amid the shout and joyous cry,
 Of early friends to mem'ry dear,
 Scarce breath'd a sigh or shed a tear;
 When life was young and hope was new,
 And flowrets bloom'd around the spring
 Of passions warm and friendships true,
 Which sportive glee so light could bring,
 To bound me o'er the tide of time,
 With feelings pure and thought sublime.
 But sever'd now from ev'ry tie,
 That bade my bosom thrill with bliss,
 A mother's voice—a brother's eye,
 A sister's pure and holy kiss.
 Thus void and lonely is our lot,
 E'en soft affection's fount sublime,
 Though deeply in the bosom wrought,
 Must perish through the wreck of time.

THERESA.

Lines accompanying a Miniature.

Ay, take it lady; 'tis the face
 Of him whose feelings all are thine:
 Would that the pencil'd art could trace
 The heart he offers at thy shrine!
 Yes, take it; and in after hours
 Thoughts of past days it may renew:
 When love and hope wreathed life with flowers,
 And youth flung o'er them bloom and dew.
 To memory may it oft recall
 Fond thoughts of him who now is far,
 Yet worships thee—his own—his all;
 Love's sacred shrine—life's leading star!
 Thoughts of the hour—the cherished hour,
 When first he spoke of hopes long nursed;
 The moonlight walk—the dew-gemm'd bower—
 Love's earliest sigh and passing burst.
 Thoughts of the parting time; the tear—
 The lingering clasp—the bosom's swell;
 The whispered hope—the rising tear—
 The last long kiss—the sad farewell:
 He asks not thine—Skill cannot trace
 The azure softness of thine eye;
 The soul, the music of thy face,
 Varying as hues of summer sky.
 And could it be, 'twere useless art;
 Why should he ever wish it done,
 When deep is traced upon his heart,
 The image of his own loved one!

MYRA.

AMELIA.

Ah! who is yon wand'rer that pensively strays
 In the solitude, silence, and gloom of the night,
 While the moon, dull and clouded, emits her faint rays,
 And throws o'er the desert a wan, glimmering light?

'Tis Amelia, the once blooming, beautiful one!—
 O, list to the accents of grief and despair
 That burst from her lips—and the sorrowing moan
 That fitfully swells and resounds thro' the air.

'Still, still shall I wander distracted, forlorn!—
 Shall no sunshine of happiness ever again
 Revisit this heart that is blighted and torn
 By the pangs of remorse, of affliction and pain?

'The night-winds are hush'd—not a breeze stirs the
 grove—

Creation lies wrapt in a death-like repose—
 To yon willows that hang o'er the valley I'll rove,
 Where the river in brilliant tranquility flows.

'There, soothed by the murmurs of that gentle stream,
 I'll try to forget the dark woes of the past,
 Till quiet return to my thoughts... and a gleam
 Of comfort encheer my lone bosom at last.

'But ah! recollection brings back to my sight,
 The scenes of my early, my happier hours,
 When all to my young heart was lovely and bright—
 And I wandered, at will, in contentment's calm
 bowers.

'When cheerfulness, pleasure and plenty were mine,
 And the garland of peace delighted I wove,
 Nor with'ring guilt had polluted the shrine
 Of virtue, of beauty and innocent love.

'Twas then, in the spring-tide of life that my soul
 As the young matin warbler was fearless and gay;
 The joys of my childhood then knew no control,
 And before me bloom'd flowers too bright for decay.

'Rear'd up 'neath devoted and fond parents' care,
 Whose dearest, whose ev'ry hope centred in me,
 Who tenderly strove to preserve from each snare,
 To guide and protect my frail infancy.

'I flourish'd awhile, and each day, as it past,
 More blooming, contented and happy I grew;
 My brow with no shadows of care was o'ercast,
 And health o'er my cheek spread her roseate hue.

'And early those parents instill'd in my mind
 The precepts of virtue, religion and truth,
 And taught that in trouble a solace I'd find
 From the God I had sought in the days of my youth.

Those moments were wing'd with the purest delight;
 Moments, alas! I can ne'er see again;
 And thought and remembrance, all, all but excite
 Despair's wildest ravings, to madden my brain.

Unsuspecting, confiding, I listen'd to love,
 To man, who, with seeming affection's soft sigh,
 And ardent devotion, oft vow'd that he'd prove
 Forever unchang'd in truth and constancy.

'But when, having lured me afar from my home,
 Deceitful and false, this fond heart he had won,
 He left me poor, helpless, unfriended, to roam
 An exile, abandon'd, betray'd, and undone.

'And now, of earth's ev'ry enjoyment bereft,
 Where, where shall this sorrowful bosom find peace?
 Ah, yes! there is one consolation still left,
 In yon stream shall these soul-rending agonies cease.

'The winds as they mournfully moan thro' the willows,
Shall chaunt my last funeral dirge o'er the lone spot,
Where, wrapt in deep sleep, 'neath the calm heaving
billows,
I lie, all forgetting, and by all forgot.'

She gazed for awhile on the murmuring stream,
That soon was to yield her a dark, cheerless grave,
On whose breast slept the moon's mild and beautiful
beam—

Then calmly she sunk in its treacherous wave.
CARLOS.

RAIL ROADS AND STEAM COACHES.

Come, gentlemen, all who wish well to the cause
Of *internal improvement*, and give your applause,
Who would wish omnipresence at least to command,
And help me to sing of the steam boat by land.

All you who would take a *small horn* at New York,
And be ready to dine at the city of Cork,
In Paris drink porter, or champagne at three,
And at Constantinople be ready for tea.

All you who would wish to be partially bragg'd at,
For resting in ten minutes after at Bagdat;
At midnight in China to see the great wall,
And at daybreak in Boston at Bachelors' Hall.

All you who would wish this, come help me to sing
Of steam boats, and stages, and coaches, the king,
For of all the steam stages of air, earth, or sea,
The land steamer coach is the carriage for me.

You may talk of Mongolfier's tremendous balloon,
And of Madame de Blanchard, who sail'd to the moon;
Of her husband, who sail'd o'er from England to France
As a piece of great news and a spice of romance.

But the time is at hand, when a man at New York,
Ten minutes from Baltimore, loaded with pork,
Shall, in search of a market, take Boston about,
And from Orleans return ere his segar is out.

You may talk of the President's message, the speed
With which it was carried by Jackson's grey steed,
But the time is at hand, and in London 'tis hinted,
The first sheet shall be read ere the second is printed.

Aye, the time is at hand, and I mean to share it,
When I'll light up my pipe in my snug little garret,
And ere breakfast is ready, for air more salubrious,
Just stroll into Italy near Mount Vesuvius.

Pass over to Greece, spend a minute at Arta,
Take a peep at old Athens, and Corinth and Sparta;
Drink at Helcion's fountain, and visit Parnassus,
Then return home to breakfast on coffee and 'lasses.

Not finding it ready, I'll write a short ditty,
Then take a short jaunt to see Pompeii's city,
In Naples' great museum loiter awhile,
And then, dam'me, to Rome drive tandem in style.

Take aboard the old Pope, and to Florence and Venice
Dash on, while we chat of St. Dick and St. Dennis;
And before in your sleep you could dream such a dream
Be back in my garret, and writing by steam.

MILFORD BARD.

On the Death of a Scottish Chieftain.

Whence came those sounds so sad across
Where the winding streamlet ran?
'Tis the sons of Orme bewailing the loss,
Of some favour'd one of the Clan.

And who is it has so high a place,
In the hearts of his comrades in arms?
'Tis "Donald of Orme," the last of his race,
He'll no more hear his Clan "beat to arms."

The Pibroch's notes are sounding low,
And the strains are mournful and sad;
The *sister's* heart is fill'd with woe,
Which awhile before was glad.

And art thou gone, brave son of Orme,
Hast thy lofty spirit fled?
Long, long for thee will thy Clansmen mourn,
While thou art with the dead. SCOTLAND.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE V.—TO SUSAN BELL.

"Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa," &c.

Who now, O Susan, is your care,
With his pomatum-stiffened hair?

Say, what may be that coxcomb's name
Whom late I saw, and grudge'd the bliss,
Imprint upon your lips a kiss?—

O, Susan Bell, you're much to blame!

'Twas in a very pretty bower,
Not distant from the Chinese tower,
I saw your lips with rapture meet;
The roses all around you bloom'd,
When that unmannered fop presumed
To snatch a prize so rich, so sweet!

Some roses at this scene were white
With grief or rage at his delight,
And some blush'd burning red with shame!
The fact shall never be forgot,
'Tis well they blush'd—*for you did not*,
O, Susan Bell, you're much to blame!

When I your window chance to pass,
I see you standing at your glass,
To curl your hair or rub your cheeks;
'Tis all to take that puppy's eye,
Of him you think, for him you sigh,
As every word and action speaks.

Well, he, ere long, shall surely find,
You have a most inconstant mind,
(Or else you make our sex your game;
Perhaps ere twenty days or so,
You'll shift him for another beau,
O, Susan Bell, you're much to blame!

I ask no spying glass nor specs,
To view the failings of your sex,
Nor any of their faults to find;
I've known them long, and mark'd them well,
And you among them, Susan Bell—
Epitome of woman kind.

But now to me you've given a flat,
And I must be content with that,
'Tis all that I from you may claim:
Well, flat or sharp, I have no doubt,
All for the better will turn out—
But, Susan Bell, you're much to blame!

He that has seldom been to sea,
May wonder, if a storm there be,
To see the waves with fury rise—
Brandish their foaming crests on high,
And dash salt vapours to the sky—
This, sailors see without surprise.

Just so with me—I know your ways,
And while your beaus astonish'd gaze,
'To see you change from wild to tame,
From tame to wild;—alas! I say,
I've seen such storms—been cast away!—
And, Susan Bell, you're much to blame!

PREFACE TO AN ALBUM.

BY L. WILMER.

Whate'er thy nation or whate'er thy name,
Reader, forbear to criticise these pages;
No laurel wreath these bards attempt to claim,
Nor tax the patience of succeeding ages.

Content with praise that lasts but for a day,
Like vernal flowers that blossom but to die;
So pass their evanescent names away,
And no memorial shall their place supply.

O, then their humble lays let censure spare,
They ask no proud escutcheon to proclaim
To future times what beings once they were,
They seek no place upon the rolls of fame.

To gain from beauty one approving smile,
Their warm devotions at her shrine to pour—
This is the end and object of their toil;
Could Homer, Virgil, Milton wish for more?]

The following lines were written by a beloved and
venerated friend of mine, and inscribed to *her*, who, for
more than forty years, had shared with him the enjoy-
ments and afflictions of life. Believing that those of
your readers who love simplicity and tenderness, could
not fail to be pleased with them, I have ventured to
transcribe them for your paper. H.

"The human heart is a harp of many strings."

Yes, I sought for this "harp" in the joy of my youth,
With feeling's fine chords true to friendship attun'd;
A Heaven strung instrument, beaming with truth,
In a bosom with emblems of kindness illum'd.

On life's airy summit, I feared there were blending
The blasts of the north with the zephyrs of spring;
And the torrent's loud roar from its brow when descend-
ing,

Might sweep with hoarse discord its delicate string.

Thro' the calm verdant vale my warm search was di-
rected,

To find out a note, would be echoed by mine,
The mellow chords touch'd—by pure feeling reflected—
With rapture I'd hail it—a blessing divine.

Nor was my search vain—in the green vale I found it,
With kindness' and taste's sweetly magical tone;
The virtues all blooming resplendent around it,
Delighted and happy, I called it my own.

Near the cottage of peace, a blushing rose by it,
And the fair virgin lily, there rear'd up its stem;
The pure dew of Heaven, with moisture supplied it,
And the freshness of morning surrounded my gem.

Then I knelt and ador'd the sure fountain of blessing,
Who fill'd up my cup of earth's bliss to the brim;
For the unalloy'd gift, so endear'd by possessing,
A mutual oblation ascended to Him.

And years roll'd along, and no dissonant murmur
E'er marr'd one enjoyment which life could bestow;
My heart heat to time, with joy truer and firmer,
While the harmony sooth'd every pang found below.

Now in age it retains all its tender emotion,
Nor feels aught of chill from time's frosty caress,
To friendship and love owns the truest devotion,
Though the sun of its youth far declines to the west.

Oh! when it *must* set, and if I should survive it,
No more will I hail the glad morning of spring;
The dregs of existence I then shall arrive at,
'Tis *his* bosom of mine will have tun'd its *last* string.

PARAPHRASE ON THE PIONEERS.
VOLUME II.

His hour is come—the Chieftain now must die,
His weary spirit from earth's toils must fly:
He who oft mingled in the deadly strife
Where flash'd the blood-stained tomahawk and knife—
Who often led his warriors to the field,
Who ne'er before was conquer'd, now must yield.
Death, that stern champion, now has struck the blow
That lays the strong, the brave Chingachgook low;
Wrapt in his thoughts, his dark and vacant eye
Is turned unconscious on the distant sky,
As though to pierce the clouds that deck'd the west,
And view, while here, his future place of rest.
His long, black hair in studied plaits reposed
Adown his tawney neck, which left exposed
The noble forehead and that piercing look,
Which order, or command could never brook.
"John," said the good divine—the Indian raised
His head, and on the holy speaker gazed
With vacant look—"John, ere your spirit flies
From earth to meet your Saviour in the skies,
Do you desire to join with me and pray,
To sue for pardon while on earth you stay?"
The Indian answered not—but turn'd again
Towards the west, and rais'd his funeral strain.

"I will come, I will come to the land of the just,
No Mohican fears to die;
My corse shall moulder into dust,
Where the bones of the pale face lie;
But my soul shall fly, above the sky,
Where no white man dare appear—
And with those I love, in the woods above,
I shall chase the bounding deer;
I have met the foe, I have laid him low,
The Maquas I have slain—
And the cry of grief, was raised for the Chief
That fell by my hand on the plain.
I will come, I will come to the land of the just,
No Delaware fears to die;
Though my corse shall repose with the white man's dust,
Yet my soul above shall fly."

"What says he, Nathan," asked the good divine—
"Say, does he praise the Saviour of mankind?
John, you have heard the Gospel truths declared
To sinful man, and are you now prepared
To leave this sinful, weary world, to die,
And meet the just and sovereign judge on high?"
His words unheeded passed—the Indian seemed
As dead—save from his vacant eye there gleamed
A glance of triumph as he raised his head,
And in a firm enunciation said:

"Who lives that can say, the Mohican turn'd
His back to the foe when the war-faggot burn'd?
What Mingo e'er sung the victorious song,
That encountered my arm in the battle's dread throng?
What stranger e'er entered my wigwam at night,
That returned not in health at the dawning of light?—
In my youth I was brave—the war path I trod,
My mochasin tracks left the dark stain of blood;
In my age I was honored—I sat at the head
Of a tribe, who forgotten, now rest with the dead;
My words were not scatter'd abroad like the smoke,
For a nation attended when Chingachgook spoke."

His voice here sank—his gleaming eye was closed,
His wearied frame against an oak reposed,
His soul seem'd struggling with the house of clay,
As though with eagerness to soar away.
But hark—he speaks again.—"Hawkeye, attend
The words and counsel of your dying friend!"
He faintly said—but as a gleam of fire
Shot o'er his brow, his feeble voice rose higher,
And in his native language once again
He chanted loud his cheerful farewell strain.

"Hawkeye, the voice of my fathers I hear,
They call from their dwelling on high;
The path to my home lies open and clear,
No pale face inhabits that sky.

"Hawkeye, farewell, you shall go to the place
Where the 'Eagle and fire eater' rest;
But I go where I'll meet the brave Delaware race,
And recline on the Great Spirit's breast.

"Hawkeye, prepare for the warrior's flight,
Let his arrows in order be laid;
For like a war party he'll start in the night,
And his journey must not be delayed."

He ended here—his faint and quivering breath
Announced to all the near approach of death;
His proudly gleaming eye now sunk to rest,
His care-worn head reclined upon his breast.
The lowering clouds now quick o'erspread the sky—
In the dark mass the vivid lightnings fly.

"John," said the preacher—but as he spoke a flash
More bright, more vivid, glanced—and then a crash
Of thunder roll'd which shook the solid ground,
And echoed through the hills with deaf'ning sound.
The warrior raised—and pointing to the west,
As if to indicate his place of rest—
Then slowly sunk his weary, care-worn head,
Without one groan or sigh his spirit fled. R. E. W.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE VII.—TO ANDREW KILPATRICK, ESQ. LAND-
LORD AT THE PAGODA.

"Landabunt alia claram Rhodon aut Mytylenen."

Let others praise, in lofty ditty,
The famous monumental city,
Patapsco's crown of glory—
Or that more famous eastern town,
That dared the British tea to drown,
As sung in ancient story;

New York, between two rivers placed,
Perhaps may please some people's taste,
Or Charleston, famed for beauty;
Or Washington, where sit in state,
Our Congressmen at warm debate,
But seldom do their duty.

As Argos, in those olden days,
For noble horses had the praise;
So Washington surpasses
By far each other modern spot,
When Congress takes its seat—For what?
Why, sir, for droves of asses.

But neither Washington so gay,
With all its pomp of court array,
Its capitol and palace—
Nor Boston with her Bunker's Hill,
Where Yankees first essay'd to fill
Fair freedom's holy chalice;

Nor Charleston's blooming maids, whose eyes
Their burning vermic sun supplies
With super human splendours;
Nor Baltimore, where marble frames
Are rear'd to men with deathless names,
Our fathers and defenders;

No, none of these, I must declare,
With Philadelphia can compare,
And Schuylkill's lovely borders—
To sing them—truly would require
Horatian skill, Pindaric fire,
And seraphs for recorders.

As southern winds sometimes refrain
From bringing storms and showers of rain,
And clear the face of heaven;

So let us seize some merry hours
From life's too frequent storms and showers,
And hope to be forgiven.

My jovial friend, Tim Biddle, had
A queer and splenetic old dad,
So cross and avaricious,
He scarcely would allow a cent
For Tim to spend in merriment,
No cat was more suspicious;

So Tim resolv'd to run away,
And call'd upon some friends one day,
Like him in their condition;
A jolly crew as ever met,
With claret wine their throats to wet,
For such was their ambition.

"My lads," said he, "if you're agreed,
To the Pagoda we'll proceed;
My fob contains a dollar,
When that is gone, why then we'll try,
My boys, to raise a new supply,
Or else—a hempen collar!"

"Cheer up, discard that gloomy air,
Why, mortals never should despair,
We'll buy or beg or borrow;
Square off when we receive our pay—
Come, let us all get drunk to-day,
We'll go to sea to-morrow."

Here ends the ode.—By way of note,
We'll add, Tim Biddle wet his throat
On brandy, apple-jack and gin,
Till down the hill he slipp'd so fast,
He was obliged to start at last,
A Roly-Boly-Bullet-Inh.*

* Lest this should be considered an allusion to a respectable paper in this city, I wish it to be understood, that a tavern with a nine-pin alley is so called, "where I came from."

FITZARNOLD'S REPLY.

"Oceana.—Whence those strains so strange and yet so sweet—

Some wandering minstrel seeks
The moonlight hour,
To pour devotion forth in melody."

Melamora.

Thou sayest true—I've wander'd far—
O'er boundless ocean's stormy bed,
And when, beside the lofty spar,
I've noted each lone, shooting star,—
Or when an elemental war
Broke, thundering o'er my head—

'Twas then thy fairy form appear'd,
To soothe my awe-struck soul;
'Twas thoughts of thee my spirits cheer'd,
As thy lov'd home our vessel near'd,
And from the watch aloft was heard:
"Land! land!—the shoal! the shoal!"

And thus in moonlight's stilly hour,
When toils are all forgot,
I've sought thee in thy lonely bower,
With music's holy, soothing power,
Where erst thou pluck'd thy fav'rite flower—
The kind "Forget-me-not."

But why that dark and lowering frown?—
Dost thou my suit reject?
Then know thy father's name is known!
'Tis not Godalmin, of renown—
His crimes are great—*disguise* has flown—
Thou may'st at his doom expect.

A.

Spain



Engraved by J. Rogers

CHRIST IN GALILEE

From the Bible

Printed by J. Rogers



FLOWERS OF LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

O, next to poetry's primeval art,
Can painting strike with sympathy the heart,
Alike in both must genius be the power,
That sheds its influence in the enraptured hour,
When the whole soul is bent on things divine,
And worlds ideal with our own combine.

[No. 8.

PHILADELPHIA.--AUGUST.

[1830.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK,

IN THE TEMPLE.

PAINTED BY BENJAMIN WEST.

POETRY, MUSIC AND PAINTING have always been regarded as sister arts—they appeal to the finest and noblest feelings of the soul, and few minds are so cold and contracted as to be entirely insensible to their influence. Painting is perhaps the most ancient of the fine arts,—pictures were used to express ideas and language before the invention of letters. The Egyptian hieroglyphics and the drawings used by the ancient Mexicans testify that this was a primitive method of communicating ideas. Originating in necessity or convenience, the art of painting was perfected by luxury; it was at length used as an ornament for the abodes of Princes and the temples of Deities. It was then that the great masters of the art began to flourish; the actions of heroes and gods were recorded by the pencil, and the artist shared the glory of those he commemorated. The works of christian painters, like those of the inspired writers, are superior to the heathen productions of a similar nature. Religious enthusiasm in its greatest extent may account for this circumstance, without resorting to the supposition of inspiration. The Italian painters, whose labours were employed on scriptural subjects, have stood unrivalled in the history of the art; and others, who have followed the same path, have exhibited specimens of the most eminent talents. Among these, BENJAMIN WEST is to be enumerated; of whose productions we have formerly had occasion to speak; and, from one of which, the annexed engraving is copied. This elegant painting was a donation of the artist to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where it is now deposited and bears testimony to the charitable disposition of Mr. West, as well as to his extraordinary graphic abilities.

The design is grand and worthy of the sublimity of the subject. Boldly conceived, and appropriate in all its parts, it appears strictly conformable to the invariable rules of Epic composition, which the greatest painters have received from the most celebrated poets. Jesus of Nazareth, the Saviour of mankind, who, whilst on earth, went about doing good, is represented in this Painting

as exerting miraculous power in healing the sick; on his face, the mildness of a man of the tenderest feelings is blended with the majesty of a messenger from God. His attitude is easy and dignified; the drapery elegant and noble; ample without incumbrance; folded with simplicity and taste. The head, hands, and feet, are most beautifully wrought, very gracefully disposed, and the whole figure follows the line of beauty without affectation or constraint.

Christ is surrounded by several groups, composed partly of his Disciples and Apostles; partly of the afflicted and languid, brought to him as the Fountain of Life; and of the Pharisees and Priests, who view the Messiah with involuntary wonder and mortal jealousy. These groups are disposed with great judgment, and afford to each other a proper help in the general system of light and shade in the whole picture. They undulate before the eyes, like distant hills in the glow of a summer evening, and the pleasing vapour which circulates around them produces the most correct aerial perspective.

In the group of the Apostles, which serves as a back ground to the principal figure, and is made up with uncommon discernment, John, on the right hand of his master, Peter, Matthew, and several others on the left, are most conspicuous. The beloved Disciple is represented here, young, amiable, and pensive, as we constantly find him in religious compositions.

On the right of Christ are several persons bringing objects of pity and commiseration to HIM, who was, of all the sons of men, the most compassionate: a most beautiful woman, in a dark garment, holds a sickly infant; behind her a distressed mother brings forward, with natural eagerness, a rickety child; and, between her and Jesus, we remark, as a prominent feature in this group, a very handsome young woman, who seems to have lost her sight by a dreadful disorder in her brain. The white band, and the hand of the sympathising old man, which bind and hold her beautiful head, tell at once her situation, and work impressively on the mind of the spectators, who wish that an object so pleasing, so enchanting to the sight, may not be longer deprived of that blessing. This group is backed by that of the

High-Priest and Pharisees, whose countenances, by their variety and aptness, are in a most classical style. A figure in the right corner, pointing at our Saviour, and glancing on him a look full of malice, has been mistaken for the traitor Judas; but the painter had too correct a conception of his subject, to bring forward such a hideous character. Fear and cowardice are fit companions for conscious guilt, and Mr. West has most appropriately placed Iscariot in the back ground, lurking behind the two Apostles who are beyond the blind man, and darting, slyly, through the crowd, a glance full of malignity, perfidy, and treason, at the divine prototype of goodness, truth, and mercy. His invidious eye and part of his sallow face are all that can be seen of him.

From the group of Priests, Scribes, and Pharisees, the sight of the spectator is agreeably and gradually led, to a range of columns and an inside view of the temple, where, in the Sanctuary, the seven-branched Candelabrum burns in awful majesty. A peristyle of well-painted but plain colors, adorned with lamps, conveys the roving eye to a glance at the gate called *Speciosa*, so well represented in one of the Cartoons, and directs our attention to a more interesting part of the picture.

On the left side of the canvass, an elderly woman, distorted by complicated disease, is brought to Jesus, by several friends and relations, two of whom appear to be Roman soldiers, whose sturdy mien and military dress contrast excellently with, and set off, the pallid face and emaciated limbs of the sufferer, as well as the beautiful and most lovely features of her distressed daughter.

In front of this affecting group a Centurion is in the act of kneeling: his attitude, the anatomical merit of his figure, and the classical correctness of his costume, deserve our unfeigned admiration. He expresses what he feels, and appears to feel the most profound veneration for HIM whom he so earnestly supplicates. Between him and Christ one of the principal groups is placed.

An old man, worn out with a long and death-brooding illness, is carried by two strong porters, one standing at the head and supporting the superior part of the body, the other kneeling, his back towards the spectators, and holding the feet and legs. Such attention has been paid to anatomy and colouring in the working up of these two figures, that both, and especially the standing one, seem rather living beings than the masterly and successful efforts of a judicious pencil. But what shall we say of the sick man intrusted to their care? The impression still remains, and will not be easily removed from our minds. We read in the half-sunk eyes, on the projecting brows and quivering lips of the decaying man, lively hope and heart-shooting confidence pronounced with the most energetic emphasis. His skeleton arms and hands are raised towards the real source of health and comfort, and his feet, which happen naturally to be the highest part to the healing power, by a gentle glow of returning blood, which distinguishes them from the general tint of the body, seem to have already felt the emanating virtue that flowed spontaneously from HIM who alone could say, in truth, "I AM THE LIFE."

Contrast is the most powerful engine a painter can make use of to secure admiration to his

works. Mr. West has succeeded wonderfully in this part, and thence arises that secret charm, which, even at first sight, wins the approbation of the beholder. The beautiful woman who holds the crutch of her dying father, the healthy complexion of her face, and the glow of her extended neck; the figure of the young man above; the lovely boy annexed to the group; the blind old man led by a lad; the young Apostle, who seems engaged in eager conference; the lunatic boy in the arms of his afflicted father; the impassioned air of his two sisters, who are looking towards our Saviour; all here deserve the most unqualified approbation, and make the centre of the picture the focus of interest.

THE EVE OF GOOD FRIDAY.

A TALE—BY L. A. WILMER.

PART II.

"Come, if thou darest, all charming as thou art,
Oppose thyself to heav'n—dispute my heart."

POPE,—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

A fine morning in spring succeeded the eventful night which we have endeavored to commemorate, and from which the name of our narrative is derived. After breakfast, I endeavored to draw off Merrill's attention from what I considered a useless and troublesome pursuit.—For this purpose I proposed an excursion on the Potomac—a visit to Alexandria, or to Mount Vernon, or a return to Washington city,—but all these plans were successively rejected.

He addressed himself to me with great emotion:—"I perceive your object,—but I assure you my mind is fixed;—I believe that my destiny is connected with that of the lovely girl we saw last night, and I am resolved to employ all my energies in the attainment of that object.

"But," said I, "how is it possible?—she is a Roman Catholic devotee, and will shortly be placed beyond your reach by a vow—the violation of which she would consider as the seal of her everlasting unhappiness. Believe me,—this is a romantic impression that will shortly be effaced by new objects, or removed by absence."

"No Sir, never;—that might indeed be the history of many an attachment, but it is not thus with me. I am not formed of those waxen materials that melt at every fire and are then prepared to receive the stamp of a new passion. You have hitherto been my friend,—be so still;—assist me in this matter and you will confer an obligation that can never be forgotten."

"And pray, sir," said I, "what course do you intend to pursue, in this delicate affair?"

"You know," answered Merrill, "that I have wealth;—her fortune can therefore be no object to me. I shall endeavor to see her to-day, and will probably succeed as she intends to walk out in the afternoon. I will declare my love for her,—propose an union—and if she consent, after the marriage ceremony is performed, we will return to our native city."

At this period our landlord entered the room—and a thought struck me at the same moment which gave birth to the following question.

"Landlord, did you know a gentleman of the

name of Cassaud, lately a resident of this borough." "Know him," said the host, "ay, as well as I know my own father. William Cassaud in the Navy Department;—why sirs, when I kept the Golden Eagle in Washington city, Cassaud lived right opposite; his wife was a charming woman, but she died five years ago and left him a widower with one child. Poor man, he never recovered from the shock, but resigned his place and took to grieving at such a rate that he was buried yesterday was two years." "And what became of the child?" Ay, poor little Emily!—why sirs, you must know that her mother was a Catholic, and she was educated for one herself. Her father in his will appointed her mother's brother for her guardian; now this uncle is a miserly old knave, very different from the rest of the family, and it is supposed that he entered into a contract with a priest, called Father Bernard, to persuade Miss Emily to become a nun. It is said, moreover, that the priest and her uncle intend to share her fortune between them. But of this I know nothing—only from hearsay. This is certain, however, that Miss Emily intends to join the sisterhood, and that on next Sunday,—which is the day after to-morrow—"

Here Merrill started up, "So soon!" cried he, in a voice that made our host cast up his lead-colored eyes with an expression of the most ludicrous astonishment; at the same time opening his mouth sufficiently wide to exhibit a double row of teeth which were alternately pearl and ebony, and resembled the keys of a piano forte. Merrill again took his seat and the landlord resumed his discourse.

"It is now nearly four years since I saw Emily Cassaud; she was then about thirteen, and the loveliest child that ever these eyes beheld. She is now, 'mured up in that are gloomy looking brick house with the spikes on the wall; but I hope they that persuaded her to be a nun may be d—d.

After this charitable wish, our host was called off to another apartment, and we, at the same moment, set out on a voyage of discovery. We went to the chapel—it was open, but the object we sought was not there. A few individuals were scattered over the church, all devoutly engaged. One old woman knelt at the shrine of the Virgin Mary, making a number of grotesque faces and crossing herself with great perseverance. Three or four Murphies, whose breath impregnated the air for several yards round with the fragrance of whiskey, were reading the Christian's Guide on their knees, to the great benefit of their immortal spirits. Several other persons were counting their beads and measuring out their prayers, as if to ascertain the precise number due to their Creator and Redeemer. I advised Merrill to join in these important duties, but he made no other answer than by walking out of the church.

The next place we visited was the seminary, convent, nunnery or monastery, by whichever of these names you choose to have it distinguish-

ed. We had here a very fine prospect, consisting of two dusky little steeples, a row of low arched windows and a wall of vitrified brick, ten feet high, surrounding the building. The virgins were all inside, "*and the door was shut.*"

We were so wicked as to disregard the scriptural admonition, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you;" indeed I think it probable that we should have gone over the fence into the fold, (like the wolves in sheep's clothing) if such a method of entry had been safe and practicable. We walked round the house for an hour without discovering any sign by which we might have known it to be inhabited; at length we determined to give over the pursuit till the afternoon. Having refreshed our resolution with a good dinner, and a bottle of wine, we waited impatiently for the sound of the bell that was to call the congregation to evening service. At half past three it began—never was the sound of the church-going bell more welcome—never was its summons more promptly obeyed. We arrived at the chapel before the people had assembled and took possession of the same pew we had formerly occupied. We had not been seated more than five minutes before the door of the priest's apartment was opened and a priest entered who knelt down before the altar; on the back of his white surplice was portrayed the crucial sign in black silk. The house was presently filled, except a few seats opposite to us, which appeared to be reserved for some particular persons, nor were we entirely ignorant of the cause. The door from the church yard was again opened, and the four nuns in black made their appearance.—Emily came next, she was paler than when we had formerly seen her, but not less beautiful and more interesting if possible.

The service commenced; the deep sound of the organ, the voices of the choristers and the recitation of the priest were heard at intervals.—Merrill was not to be gratified even with a glance from Emily; her eyes were either bent on the crucifix over the altar or on the book in her hand. After some time spent in those ceremonies which are praised or censured according to the opinions and fancy of the spectators, the priest turned his face to the assembly and commenced an exhortation. His countenance discovered few traits of religion or benevolence; a perfect Martin Luther sort of a phiz, though belonging to a Catholic.

In the midst of an eloquent discourse concerning the vicarious sacrifice, &c. we left the chapel according to a previous arrangement. By circumnavigating this old-fashioned building, we had discovered the gate of the grave yard, through which we had seen the nuns depart on the preceding night. Having stationed ourselves at Jachin and Boaz, we waited their coming for nearly three quarters of an hour. Indeed nothing but the anxiety of my friend, and the great esteem I had for him could have induced me to take so much trouble. At length they came; Emily raised her eyes to Merrill with an expression of sorrow and reproof. The lady principal

regarded him with a countenance of violent anger. When they had passed us and gone some distance, I observed to Merrill that "the aspect of the ascendant planet was somewhat unpropitious."

"Ay," said he, "the old woman has really a vinegar aspect, but it is very proper since she is a nun; vinegar serves to preserve virginity as well as to pickle cucumbers."

At the time of which we write, there was a large piece of ground, unoccupied by houses, in the rear of the chapel. In the centre of this ground there was a copse wood, consisting of oaks and hickories, which shaded a small number of seats, somewhat resembling the unsocial benches in Washington Square. This retreat commanded a full view of the gates of the seminary; yet on account of the foliage and underwood, a person could scarcely be recognized in the copse at that distance. By taking another route, we arrived at this spot before the nuns, with their slow and measured steps, had reached their place of residence. At the door of the seminary the ladies paused; we could observe the principal cast a scrutinizing glance around, and then point to a quarter opposite to the church. Soon after we perceived Emily, accompanied by an elderly woman, walking in the direction designated by old mother vinegar. The rest of the party entered the seminary.

"Now is our time," said Merrill, and was proceeding towards Emily and her companion, but I restrained him and bade him observe that they were yet within the range of the convent windows. He waited impatiently till they passed behind a row of houses, then taking a circuitous course, we met them in a shady walk nearly a quarter of a mile from the nunnery. A deep blush was the first evidence that Emily recognized Merrill, but her complexion soon turned to a deadly paleness, and she appeared to be excessively agitated. Merrill's discomposure was little less than hers, but he was not of a temper to let this opportunity pass without improvement. Bowing to the ladies, he expressed his joy at meeting them, (a meeting which he wished to appear accidental); he then proceeded to make some passionate remarks, but was interrupted by Emily.

"Mr. Merrill," said she, "is in such haste to pay compliments that he forgets the ordinary ceremony of an introduction."

"I might suppose," answered Merrill, "that an introduction is unnecessary, since Miss Emily appears to be acquainted with my name, and she will perceive that I am not a stranger to hers."

"Knowledge of names is not sufficient to constitute an intimacy, Mr. Merrill, and the circumstances in which I stand (said she, with a deep sigh) render it impossible, even if I wished to cultivate your acquaintance."

A cold ceremonious behaviour between two persons is often a symptom of mutual attachment; it was thus in the present instance. Believing the parties could more readily come to an

explanation if they were left alone, I endeavoured to call off Mrs. Martha's attention, and so fell desperately in love with her, that being the only plan I could devise. This lady had attempted to interfere at the beginning of the conversation, but I hinted to her that Merrill was a relation of Miss Cassaud, which he was in fact, according to scripture, both being descended from Adam and Eve.

While deeply engaged in an interesting discourse on love and religion, we were interrupted by an exclamation of surprise directly behind us. On turning round, I saw our priest of the chapel in company with another person whose countenance was any thing else but agreeable. As soon as Emily perceived the new comers, she clasped her hands, uttered the words "My uncle," and immediately fainted away. She would have fallen to the ground if Merrill had not caught her in his arms. Mr. Gordon, Emily's uncle, beheld this scene with emotion, but it was not the emotion of compassion or sympathy.

"Damnation!" said he, in a voice intended to be terrible, "what are you doing with that lady? how dare you to touch her?"

Merrill beheld him with a steady countenance and replied, "It is my intention to rescue her from your villainy and that of your colleague, the detestable impostor who stands at your side.—Your plot is discovered, and you had better abandon it to avoid further exposure."

Emily now recovered, and extricating herself from the arms of Merrill, she endeavored to assure her uncle and Father Bernard that she had met with the young man without any previous design on her own part.

"To convince us of that," said the priest, now make us a solemn promise that you will never see him again."

She hesitated—a deeper gloom came over the countenance of Mr. Gordon, and the priest continued—"Daughter Emily, this hour perhaps is to decide not only your temporal but your eternal fate. You must either renounce this young man, who is an enemy to our religion, or the church will disclaim you as a disobedient and rebellious child. Speak quickly; what is your determination?"

"Promise," said her uncle, "that you will join the sisterhood on Easter, and see this young man no more."

She covered her face with her hands, and said, in a faint voice, "My fate is sealed, I promise." She relapsed into insensibility and was supported in the arms of Mistress Martha. A gleam of triumph passed over the countenances of Gordon and Bernard—"You see, Mr. Merrill," said the latter, "that all farther trouble on your part would be vain."

"I see," replied Merrill, "that the same devil who has helped you to my name, has been your friend throughout; but —"

"Stop sir," said the priest, "and I will make a few explanations. About six months ago you were on a visit to Emmetsburg; Emily was at

that time a pupil of the sisterhood in that place; I also was engaged as a tutor in the male academy; Emily saw you, but being always veiled when she appeared in public, you had not an opportunity of beholding her countenance. As nothing in Emmetsburg is concealed from the knowledge of the catholics, the name of an interesting young stranger (I must pay you this compliment) was generally known. Emily conceived an attachment for you, but we shall soon remove her from the wickedness and vanities of this world."

"You are an abandoned scoundrel," said Merrill, (losing all patience,) but that villain, (pointing to Gordon) is, if possible, more an object of detestation than yourself. I will publish you both."

The priest folded his arms with true clerical dignity, but Gordon exhibited symptoms of the most violent rage. His eyes rolled, his frame trembled, and his face was blackened by the excess of anger.—"Dare you use such language to me?"—He paused, placed his hand on his forehead, a stream of blood, at the same instant, burst from his mouth and nostrils, and he immediately fell to the ground. Gordon was a man of strong passions, and the great mental excitement he now felt caused the rupture of an artery. The unhappy man beckoned to his niece; she approached him, knelt by his side and supported his head. "Emily," said he "I am dying, and am justly punished—beware of that wicked priest—do not join the sisterhood—I release you from your promise—be happy." His tongue rolled in gore, he muttered some inarticulate sounds and expired.

We will shift this tragical scene—justice prevailed—the wicked priest was discharged from his office and a man of true piety and benevolence took his place. Merrill and Emily were united, and have ever had cause to remember the "eve of Good Friday" with joy and gratitude.

By unfolding the arts of one man, we, by no means, wish to impeach a whole society; as well might we condemn all the apostles for having a Judas Iscariot in their number. The design of this tale is chiefly to show that the vilest principles may sometimes be concealed under the most sacred garb, and that the Omniscience of Providence will often disappoint the best concerted schemes of wickedness.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

MY GODFATHER'S MANUEVRING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

I have said that my dear godfather was a great matchmaker. One of his exploits in this way, which occurred during my second visit to him and Mrs. Evelyn, I am now about to relate. Amongst the many distant cousins to whom I was introduced in that northern region, was a young kinswoman of the name of Hervey—Lucy Hervey—an orphan heiress of considerable fortune, who lived in the same town and the same street with my godfather, under the pro-

tection of a lady who had been the governess of her childhood, and continued with her as the friend of her youth. Sooth to say, their friendship was of that tender and sentimental sort at which the world, the wicked world, is so naughty as to laugh. Miss Reid and Miss Hervey were names quite as inseparable as goose and apple-sauce, or tongue and chicken. They regularly made their appearance together, and there would have appeared I know not what of impropriety in speaking of either singly; it would have looked like a tearing asunder of the 'double cherry,' respecting which, in their case, even the 'seeming parted' would have been held too disjunctive a phrase, so tender and inseparable was their union; although, as resemblance went, no simile could be more inapplicable. Never were two people more unlike in mind and person. Lucy Hervey was a pretty little woman of six and twenty; but from a delicate figure, delicate features, and a most delicate complexion, looked much younger. Perhaps the total absence of strong expression, the mildness and simplicity of her countenance, and the artlessness and docility of her manner, might conduce to the mistake. She was a sweet gentle creature, generous and affectionate, and not wanting in sense; although her entire reliance on her friend's judgment, and constant habit of obedience to her wishes, rendered the use of it somewhat rare. Miss Reid was a tall awkward woman, raw-boned, lank, and huge, just what one fancies a man would be in petticoats; with a face that, except the beard, (certainly she had no beard,) might have favoured the supposition; so brown and bony and stern and ill-favoured was her unfortunate visage. In one point she was lucky. There was no guessing at her age, certainly not within ten years, nor within twenty. She looked old; but with that figure, those features, and that complexion, she must have looked old at eighteen. To guess her age was impossible. Her voice was deep and dictatorial; her manner rough and assuming; and her conversation unmercifully sensible and oracular—'full of wise saws and modern instances.' For the rest, in spite of her inauspicious exterior, she was a good sort of disagreeable woman; charitable and kind in her way; genuinely fond of Lucy Hervey, whom she petted and scolded and coaxed and managed just as a nurse manages a child; and tolerably well liked of all her acquaintance—except Mr. Evelyn, who had been at war with her for the last nine years, on the subject of his fair cousin's marriage, and had, at last, come to regard her pretty much as a prime-minister may look on an opposition leader—as a regular opponent, an obstacle to be put down, or swept away. I verily believe that he hated her as much as his kindly nature could hate any body. To be sure, it was no slight grievance to have so fair a subject for his matrimonial speculations, a kinswoman too, just under his very eye, and to find all his plans thwarted by that inexorable governante—more especially, as, without her aid,

it was morally certain that the pretty Lucy would never have had the heart to say *no* to any body. Ever since Miss Hervey was seventeen, my dear godpapa had been scheming for her advantage. It was quite melancholy to hear him count up the husbands she might have had—beginning with the duke's son, her partner at her first race-ball—and ending with the young newly-arrived physician, his last protegee: 'now, he said, 'she might die an old maid; he had done with her.' And there did actually appear to be a cessation of all his matrimonial plans in that quarter. Miss Reid herself laid aside her mistrust of him; and a truce, if not a peace, was tacitly concluded between these sturdy antagonists. Mr. Evelyn seemed to have given up the game—a strange thing for him to do whilst he had a pawn left! But so it was. His adversary had the board all to herself; and was in as good humour as a winning player generally is. Miss Reid was never remembered so amiable. We saw them almost every day, as the fashion is amongst neighbours in small towns, and used to ride and walk together continually—although Lucy, whose health was delicate, frequently declined accompanying us on our more distant excursions. Our usual beau, besides the dear godpapa, was a Mr. Morris, the curate of the parish—an uncouth, gawky, lengthy man, with an astounding Westmoreland dialect, and a most portentous laugh. Really, his ha! ha! was quite a shock to the nerves—a sort of oral shower-bath; so sudden and so startling was the explosion. In loudness, it resembled half a dozen ordinary laughs 'rolled into one;' and as the gentleman was of a facetious disposition, and chorused his own good thing, as well as those of other people with this awful cachinnation, it was no joking matter. But he was so excellent a person, so cordial, so jovial, so simple-hearted, and so contented with a lot none of the most prosperous, that one could not help liking him, laugh and all. He was a widower, with one only son, a Cambridge scholar, of whom he was deservedly proud. Edward Morris, besides his academical honours (I think he had been senior wrangler of his year,) was a very fine young man, with an intelligent countenance, but exceedingly shy, silent, and abstracted. I could not help thinking the poor youth was in love; but his father and Mr. Evelyn laid the whole blame on the mathematics. He would sit sometimes for an hour together, immersed, as they said, in his calculations, with his eyes fixed on Lucy Hervey, as if her sweet face had been the problem he was solving. But your mathematicians are privileged people: and so apparently my fair cousin thought; for she took no notice, unless by blushing a shade the deeper. It was worth while to look at Lucy Hervey, when Edward Morris was gazing on her in his absent fits; her cheeks were as red as a rose. How these blushes came to escape the notice of Miss Reid, I cannot tell—unless she might happen to have her own attention engrossed by Edward's father. For certain, that original paid her, in his odd

way, great attention; was her constant beau in our walking parties; sate by her side at dinner; and manoeuvred to get her for his partner at whist. She had the benefit of his best bon-mots, and his loudest laughs; and she seemed to me not to dislike that portentous sound, so much as might have been expected from a lady of her particularity. I ventured to hint my observations to Mr. Evelyn; who chuckled, laid his forefinger against his nose, rubbed his hands, and called me a simpleton. Affairs were in this position when one night, just at going to bed, my godfather, with a little air of mystery, (no uncommon preparation to his most trifling plans,) made an appointment to walk with me before breakfast, as far as a pet farm, about a mile out of the town, the superintendence of which was one of his greatest amusements. Early the next morning, the housemaid, who usually attended me, made her appearance, and told me that her master was waiting for me, that I must make haste, and that he desired I would be smart, as he expected a party to breakfast at the farm. This sort of injunction is seldom thrown away on a damsel of eighteen; accordingly, I adjusted with all despatch, a new blue silk pelisse, and sallied forth into the corridor, which I heard him pacing as impatiently as might be. There, to my no small consternation, instead of the usual gallant compliments of the most gallant of godfathers, I was received with very disapproving glances, told that I looked like an old woman in that dowdy-coloured pelisse, and conjured to exchange it for a white gown. Half affronted, I nevertheless obeyed; doffed the pelisse, and donned the white gown, as ordered: and being greeted this time with a bright smile and a chuck under the chin, we set out in high good humour on our expedition. Instead, however, of proceeding straight to the farm, Mr. Evelyn made a slight deviation from our course, turning down the marketplace, and into the warehouse of a certain Mrs. Bennet, milliner and mantua-maker, a dashing over-dressed dame, who presided over the fashions fourteen miles round, and marshalled a compter full of caps and bonnets at one side of the shop, whilst her husband, an obsequious civil, bowing tradesman, dealt out gloves and stockings at the other. A little dark parlour behind was common to both. Into this den was I ushered; and Mrs. Bennet, with many apologies, began, at a signal from my godfather, to divest me of all my superfluous blueness, silk handkerchief, sash, and wrist-ribands, (for with the constancy which is born of opposition, I had, in relinquishing my obnoxious pelisse, clung firmly to the obnoxious colour,) replacing them by white satin ribands and a beautiful white shawl; and, finally, exchanging my straw bonnet for one of white silk, with a deep lace veil—that piece of delicate finery which all women delight in. Whilst I was now admiring the richness of the genuine Brussels point, and now looking at myself in a little glass which Mrs. Bennet was holding to my face; for the better

display of her millinery—the bonnet, to do her justice, was pretty and becoming—during this engrossing contemplation, her smooth, silky husband crept behind me with the stealthy pace of a cat, and relying, as it seems, on my pre-occupation, actually drew my York-tan gloves from my astonished hands, and substituted a pair of his own best white kid. This operation being completed, my godpapa, putting his forefinger to his lip in token of secrecy, hurried me, with a look of great triumph, from the shop. He walked at a rapid pace; and, between quick motion and amazement, I was too much out of breath to utter a word, till we had passed the old Gothic castle at the end of the town, and crossed the long bridge that spans its wide and winding river. I then rained questions on my dear old friend, who chuckled and nodded, and vented two or three half laughs, but vouchsafed nothing tending to a reply. At length we came to a spot where the road turned suddenly to the left, (the way to the farm,) whilst, right before us, rose a knoll, on which stood the church, a large heavy, massive building, almost a cathedral, finely relieved by the range of woody hills which shut in the landscape. A turning gate, with a tall, straight cypress on either side, led into the churchyard, and through this gate Mr. Evelyn passed. The church door was a little ajar, and through the crevice was seen peeping the long red nose of the old clerk, a Bardolphian personage to whom my godfather, who loved to oblige people in their own way, sometimes did the questionable service of clearing off his score at the Greyhound. His red nose and a skirt of his shabby black coat peeped through the porch; whilst behind one of the buttresses, glimmered, for an instant, the white drapery of a female figure, I did not need these indications to convince me that a wedding was the object in view—that had been certain from the first cashiering of my blue ribands; but I was still at a loss as to the parties, and felt quite relieved by Mr. Evelyn's question—'Pray, my dear, were you ever a bride's-maid?'—Since, in the extremity of my perplexity, I had had something like an apprehension that an unknown beau might appear at the call of this mighty manager, and I be destined to play the part of bride myself. Comforted to find that I was only to enact the confidante, I had now leisure to be exceedingly curious as to my *prima donna*. My curiosity was speedily gratified.

On entering the church we had found only a neighbouring clergyman, not Mr. Morris, at the altar; and, looking round at the opening of another door, I perceived the worthy curate in a petty clerical suit, bristling with newness, leading Miss Reid, beslouched and bescarfed, and be-veiled and beplumed, and all in flutter of bridal finery, in great state, up the aisle. Mr. Evelyn advanced to meet them, took the lady's fair hand from Mr. Morris, and led her along with all the grace of an old courtier. I fell into the procession at the proper place; the amiable pair were duly married, and I thought my office

over. I was never more mistaken in my life. In the midst of the customary confusion of kissing and wishing joy, and writing and signing registers and certificates,—which form so important and disagreeable a part of that disagreeable and important ceremony,—Mr. Evelyn had vanished; and just as the bride was inquiring for him, with the intention of leaving the church, re-appeared through the very same sidedoor which had admitted the first happy couple, leading Lucy Hervey, and followed by Edward Morris. The father evidently expected them; the new stepmother as evidently did not. Never did a thief, taken in the manner, seem more astonished than that sage *gouvernant*! Lucy, on her part, blushed and hung back, and looked shy and prettier than ever; the old clerk grinned; the clergyman, who had shown some symptoms of astonishment at the first wedding, now smiled to Mr. Evelyn, as if this accounted and made amends for it; whilst the dear god-papa himself chuckled and nodded, and rubbed his hands, and chuckled both bride and bride's maid under the chin, and seemed ready to cut capers for joy. Again the book was opened at the page of destiny; again I held the milk-white glove, and after nine years of unsuccessful manoeuvring, my cousin Lucy was married. It was, undoubtedly, the most triumphant event of the good old man's life; and I don't believe that either couple ever saw cause to regret the dexterity in the art of match-making which produced their double union. They have been as happy as people usually are in this work-a-day world, especially the young mathematician and his pretty wife, and their wedding day is still remembered in W.; for besides his munificence to singer, ringer, sexton, and clerk, Mr. Evelyn roasted two sheep on the occasion, gave away ten bride-cakes, and made the whole town tipsy.

SONG.

Air—"O! no! I never mention him."

O! no! I never mention it
The name of pie or cake—
My teeth are now forbid to press
The once familiar steak;

To cruel quick they hurry me
To calm me when I fret;
For when they see me wag my jaws,
They think that I forget.

They bid me seek in Barley Soup
The charms the Doctors see—
But were my lungs inflamed with croup,
I'd never drink Herb Tea.

'Tis true some time has passed, since in
The cellar where we met,
I've eat me down to Terrapin,
Yet how can I forget?

They tell me Oysters now are poor,
The leanest of the lean—
They hint that Williams' Beer is thin—
But I know what they mean.

Perhaps like me, some luckless wight
His diet may regret—
But if his appetite's like mine,
He never can forget.

MISERIES OF TAKING THE CENSUS.

The first house where I met with a rebuff, was that of an elderly single lady, who called herself Mrs. Oldfish, upon which I said, I believed she was not a widow. 'That is no business of yours, Mr. Whigginbottom, put me down Mrs. Oldfish.' 'Indeed I cannot, madam,' I replied, 'I dare not make a false return.' I wrote down Miss Zephria Oldfish. I next demanded, what age? She here faltered exceedingly, blushed and looked pale by turns, and then amid convulsive agitations, she articulated, that is of no consequence, they can't want me for the militia.' 'Madam,' said I, 'there is a penalty if an improper answer is given; I must write down the truth.' Now, more agitated, she stammered, 'Don't threaten me, Mr. Whigginbottom—don't be impertinent—the Government is unreasonable, oppressive. What pretty times we live in! What will it require next, I wonder?' Here she faltered still more in her speech, and appeared to be ill.—'Betty!' she cried, 'Betty!' ringing the bell violently, 'my *Sal Volatile*. Do call again, Mr. Whigginbottom, I'm ill, indeed I'm very, very ill.' Not wishing to appear rude, and being unsuspicious of a trick, I left her, thinking to call next day. I did so, and to my dismay, found she had left Bungay for Scarborough, that morning, at day break; beyond a doubt that she might evade my questions, as she knew the returns must be completed by a particular day. I was forced to leave a blank opposite her name in the column of ages, in my book, but when she comes back, I shall levy the full penalty.

Upon calling at the house of another lady, to whom I was well known, my mind being made up not to be baffled, I commenced, as usual, by explaining the nature of my errand. She reddened deep as scarlet, and wondered why the Government was so particular with unmarried persons, and if they might not be returned in a general way. She affirmed that she had done all she could for the support of the church and state, she had helped to work a standard for the Bungay light horse; had been careful never to employ a tradesman who was a radical; had given five pounds for the benefit of the Constitutional Association; had thrown up her subscription at the best circulating library in Norfolk, because that audacious paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, had been taken in there; and at her last whist party had absolutely used dirty cards, because a package which she had ordered from London had not arrived; and she could procure none in her neighbourhood, but at a shop the owner of which had shocked her feelings, by declaring that he thought a Methodist or Roman Catholic, if not worth one shilling, had as good a chance for Heaven as his Grace of Canterbury. 'Now, Ebenezer,' said she, 'you have long known me, and know that I am a good subject; why then must my personal affairs be made known to all the world?' 'Madam,' I replied, 'the returns are only seen by Government in London.' 'Nonsense,' she rejoined, 'don't think to cheat me. You have a wife Mr. Whigginbottom, curious as married women always are—husbands can't keep secrets, you will let it out to her, and the whole town will have it. No, no, you can only levy the fine for contumacy—exact it—there is a five pound note—do your worst.' Having said this she marched

out of the room with a stately air of triumphant scorn, muttering revenge for the arbitrary conduct of Government, and saying something about ingratitude of persons in authority. A few days after, I heard she had given largely towards the erection of a Methodist chapel, subscribed to the circulating library, and had been heard to argue stoutly for Major Cartwright's system of universal suffrage.

A lady, a good customer of mine, (for you know Mr. Editor, that I deal a little in the way of snuff and tobacco, besides groceries and hardware,) refused to see me on the subject of the Population act, but ordered her servant to give me what particulars were necessary, and to show me her family bible, where her age was inscribed. There she was entered thirty nine, though I am certain it should have been ten years more. The figure three appeared newly written in, upon an erasure which had no doubt obliterated a four, I did not wish to be litigious in this case, indeed the law could not have helped me without farther proof, so I made the entry—'Abigail Scraggs, spinster, 39,' and went away, fully convinced I had been mystified.

The pertinacity of the ladies, according to my late experience, is exceeded by that of the other sex. I met with much trouble from single men. I am well aware of the irritability of the genus, and that it is susceptible of acute pain on the attacks of curiosity, as it lives, like the garden spider, in the centre of his own web, the vibration of a single cord of which induces the mealy cuticle which covers its angular physiognomy, to put on a fever redness and the lividi occhi, as Tasso calls them, or, in plain English, the 'livid eyes,' engulfed therein, in flash, what the lake poets sublimely denominate an 'emerald light;' for be it known, that greenness of colour, and morbidness, have more than a common affinity; and bachelorship is according to the best medical practitioners, a state of actual disease. I called twice upon Mr. Theophilus Weazel, a gentleman of this description, aged fifty-three years. The first time I could not be admitted, as Mr. Weazel had employed an artist of celebrity in surgery, in the important operation of cutting and mollifying his corns. On the second visit, I was admitted into his presence. I stood with my hat in one hand, and a list book in the other; an ink bottle, having a pen stuck in it, suspended from my button hole ready for action; the points of my toes forming the centre of a St. Andrew's cross with the opposite angles of the room; while the official dignity of my countenance was tempered by an air of humility, arising from a recollection that Mr. Weazel bought goods at my shop. This expression is never witnessed in government officials who have no co-partnership with similar extraneous interests, but depend entirely upon 'powers that be.' The latter description of officials are the pontiffes majores, and the others but underlings; yet all bear in their countenances somewhat of a 'valiant severity,' when among equals and inferiors. I first broke the silence, after a mutual recognition.

Whig. I am come, sir, to inquire the number of inhabitants in this house, their ages, employments, and means of living, in pursuance of an act passed in 3d Geo. 15, being an act for ascertaining the population of these kingdoms.

Weazel. [Reddening,] What the devil Wiggintbottom, have I to do with population?

Whig. True, sir; but I must do my duty, you know, sir.

Weazel. Very well; but I stand alone in the world: I have no children; population is nothing to me; I don't increase it; and Malthus says, it is the increase of population that is the ruin of nations. I have no wife, I have a housekeeper it is true, somewhat aged—Diana Iceley, just turned sixty. What has population to do with me or her either?

Whig. [Profiting by the intelligence of the housekeeper's name and age, instantly puts them on the list.]—You, perhaps, have other relatives living with you, sir?

Weazel. No Whiggintbottom—none, thank God, I am plagued with none, male or female; and this intelligence will content you, I hope.

Whig. [Entering Theophilus Weazel, single man.] Any servants, sir?

Weazel. No, no! Di' and self are all who live in this house, unless you take the rats.

Whig. Your employment, sir.

Weazel. Am I not a gentlemen—independant, and—

Whig. Government orders us to return the employment, sir,

Weazel. Government be d—d, it wont let us live in the light of Heaven, by and by; it means to save the expense of keeping spies, I suppose, by making every man a spy upon himself. Let them find it out.

Whig. There is a penalty, sir, for making evasive returns. I could wish to oblige you, but you must not blame me for following my duty. You have known me for a long while, Mr. Weazel.

Weazel. A man's house was formerly his castle; his secrets were his own; he paid his taxes, and no more was required. They'll set up racks soon, to extort answers to their questions. I pay half my income in taxes, and cannot be left quiet. I'll emigrate—I'll sell out of the funds, and live abroad.

Whig. will enter, "lives by the funds; no employment." [Writes it down, Mr. Weazel scarcely noticing him from angry emotion.]—There is something more, sir; I had nearly—

Weazel. Taxation, Whiggintbottom, taxation is the cause of all. Ministers are insolent from success—shan't tax me much longer—I'll get out of the way—I'll emigrate.

Whig. There is something more, sir—I had almost forgotten to ask your age.

Weazel. My age! s'blood! my age, too?—[Here he was almost choked with anger.]

A pause now ensued, and Mr. Weazel's countenance changed from red to yellow, and then to red again, with an expression of indignation and rage. It was an emotion forming a climax of passion, the magnitude of which precluded utterance, and proved it not to belong to the *parvi dolore* of Horace. It must have been a pause like Macduff's, after he exclaimed,

—“all my pretty ones?”

Did you say all? Oh, hell kite! all!”

I almost wished I had not made the demand so abruptly. At length, in a subdued tone of voice, the overpowered *Calibataire* said, “Wiggintbottom, I don't know my age; this business is

more than human nature can bear—put me down what you think me to be.” I mentioned fifty, and a gleam of satisfaction overspread his face as he added, “You guess near the mark, Whiggintbottom—only two years out; I shall not say which side of fifty you should have taken.”

Heartily tired, I put down forty-eight; at the same time, guessing from Mr. Weazel's apparent satisfaction, that it ought to have been four years more, and that the bachelor felt pleasure in having cozened me.

Mr. ATKINSON—The following tale or history was put into my hands by one of those beings whose movements put all guessing at defiance, and yet whose movements admit of no calculation more certain than a guess. The manuscript was given me to read, and in order that more than myself may have that pleasure, I have made a copy. Now, Mr. Editor, whether the short preface was written by the authoress from the same stock of invention which supplied the residue or not, is a matter of not much moment. As to the means by which the whole came into my power, they are just what I have stated; and when the fair eyes of the real authoress are cast on the Casket, why leave me to sustain the consequence—you are blameless.

THE SLANDERER.

This manuscript was found amongst the papers of my grandfather. I give it in its original state; and if it should afford you any interest or amusement, I shall not regret the time consumed in making a fair copy.

It was in the latter part of April that I left my native place, to take a tour through the western states, but more particularly to visit the little town of —, situated on the banks of the Ohio. As my children were then of an age to be settled in the world, I had fixed on this place, if it met my expectations, to settle them and myself. I had already travelled over a large extent of country, and had seen much of the grand and beautiful in nature. I had gazed upon the western scenery from Laurel Hill with the enthusiasm of a youthful adventurer, when, for the first time, his eye is caught by the undefinable prospect before him, and in the happiness of the moment forgot the sixty years I had lived. It was thus my hours were beguiled, as from day to day my steps led me farther into the wide west, until on a fine May evening I arrived at my place of destination.

The day had been one of unclouded splendor, and the evening one of those which cannot be observed and forgotten. Quietly seated by a window of my tavern resting place, which opening to the street brought the busy croud before me, as if to gratify the curiosity of a stranger. I was contemplating the countenances and forms continually passing, when my attention was particularly arrested by the appearance of an elegant looking man ascending the steps of the tavern. His face was youthful, and in a very remarkable degree pleasing, and his manners I found frank and easy. Advancing into the room where I was sitting, and taking another seat,

with the openness of an old acquaintance observed, "This is a most delightful evening, Sir."

"Yes," I replied, "and I have been enjoying it exceedingly. It is just such an evening as I love to contemplate, and I enjoy it the more as I feel myself at rest after many weeks of constant travel. It is a source of no small pleasure to have such a setting sun after so many days of toilsome travel over hills and mountains."

"I thought you were a stranger," replied my companion, "for having lived so many years near this place my acquaintance is very general in the vicinity."

"Then," said I, "you can, it is likely, tell me whose beautiful and secluded mansion I passed about half a mile from this place. The house is white, with green window blinds, and is within a few hundred yards of the main road."

"That house," replied my companion, "is the residence of my father; an old man; and, though I am his son, I may say he has retired to that house to spend the evening of a life well employed."

Had the demeanor of my new acquaintance been less prepossessing, his filial affection, which spoke from his eye as well as mouth, would have invited me to seek a more intimate acquaintance.

"That father, I perceive, 'has not neglected the education of his son,'" I continued, "and I should take much pleasure in learning the name of such a family."

"My father's name," replied the young man, "is Robert Darley." The name came to my heart, as I sprang forward and pressed the son to my bosom. He received my unexpected embrace with a smile, as I observed, "Yes, Frank, you little rogue, I remember you now, though you have forgotten my chasing you over the yard and garden at Elmgrove."

The tear started in the eye of Frank, as he returned the pressure of my hand, and with emotion replied, "I did not at the moment recognize my old friend, but I have never, nor will ever, forget Elmgrove. Oh! my poor old father will be so delighted when I conduct to his arms — Brooke."

Robert Darley was my most early and beloved friend. We were schoolmates, though from superiority of wealth the father of Robert was able to give to his son what mine could not—a classical education. When both were settled in life, Robert Darley and myself had contiguous farms, and our sons, Frank Darley and my George, two as wild and as active innocents as the whole country could afford, led me many a chase over the fields. From some land claims coming into the hands of Robert, he sold his estate in C—— county, and removed to the banks of the Ohio. Our correspondence had been frequent, though I had been under a mistake in regard to the locality of my friend's residence, which I thought many miles distant down the river, and had intended, after a day of rest, to ride to his mansion. But with joy I made no attempt to conceal, I was now led by the

overjoyed Frank to the hospitable hearth of his father.

Robert, in years, was my senior, and in appearance the infirmities of age had given him admonition on the tenure of life; but the soul I found the same—placid, yet buoyant, and at once serious and cheerful. After the greetings were something abated, the old man said, smiling, to his son, "Frank, bring out the green chair." Frank sprang, and in a moment brought in a fine green armed chair, and while placing it opposite to that of his father, the latter continued—"My dear Brooke, that is what we here call the throne of the old acquaintance. You may remember, some five years past, you wrote that you were preparing to pay us a visit. I then had that very chair made, and it is now at last filled."

I was really enthroned; and after an hour dedicated to the sweetest of all enjoyments—the recollection of past days—I retired to obtain "tired nature's sweet restorer." I was soon enwrapped in sleep, but my mind, with a fairy lightness and delicious confusion, brought me back to the days of youth. I was again at Elmgrove; the sun was sinking past the ridge of distant mountains, as ——— Brooke, his son, and myself and children, all in the utmost hilarity of childish glee were sporting. Frank and my own children seemed my brothers and sisters, whilst Robert was sometimes our father, and again our brother. After a few hours repose I awoke. It was yet many hours to day, but the full orbed moon shot her rays into my chamber, and rising on my elbow, the young leaf of spring, and the glittering waves of Ohio, seemed enjoying the silence of night.

Sleep now fled, and was indeed unsought.—The events of the past day had the richness of coloring of a dream, with the gladness of reality. I was carried backwards in space and time to the happy days of youth, ere the cares of life had caused a sigh to escape from my bosom—to those hours when parental fondness hovered over my head, and when sporting before them with the beloved friend under whose roof I now reposed. My heart dwelt upon the consoling reflection, that, in the wreck that time had made, one friend of my boyish days remained, and in a life in which so much of selfish coldness had chilled my best feelings, there was still one bosom in which the flame of affection still burned with heat unquenched.

I had always passed through the world, because I have never been able to find any other passage through life, but my true resting places always were families; and provided they were to my mind, no matter how numerous, I never find fault with a parterre for the quantity or fragrance of its flowers, nor with a group of fine children from the merry noise they make in their gambols.

My waking dreams and the silver light of the moon were both compelled to yield to a more powerful influence: the strengthening light of day slowly entered my chamber, where, invigo-

rated by sound rest, I felt little inclination to remain, and having risen and dressed, determined on a morning stroll along the Ohio before the members of the family were awake. In this enterprise I was frustrated from rambling solitary, as my friend Frank was on the alert before me, and arm in arm we sought the river's brink.—The sunny morning, the beautiful stream, the beautiful fields, nor ever varying scenery, could divert us from recurring to family topics.

"Your two sisters, Frank?" said I.—"Emily and Ellen," replied Frank. "Emily is now travelling with her husband for her health, but we expect their return daily. Ellen lives with us." We were now interrupted by a loud exclamation from the mouth of a child—"Oh! there is uncle and the stranger."

We turned and met Mr. Darley leading two lovely children. "These are Jefferson and Mary Jane, Emily's children," said the delighted Frank, as he raised his little niece to his breast, and as I received the warm embrace of their venerable grandfather.

It was on our return that a front view of Belmont, the seat of Mr. Darley, gave me a full display of the imposing site. The buildings stood on a swelling ground between the real river bottom and the acclivity of the river hills. These hills, partially cleared, presented a broken series of slopes, variegated by orchards, fields, and patches of woodland. The mansion had a meadow or lawn in front, with a very extensive garden in the rear. A copious spring of water rose in the garden, and winding past the house, sought its way to the Ohio, over the now green carpet on which we were slowly finding our way to the breakfast room.

"Here, Ellen," said Frank, "take this chattering parrot;" and as he spoke he received a pat on the cheek from the plump little fist of his niece. Ellen advanced, and her father smiling, observed, "Ellen, would you have known our old friend Brooke?" "I think," replied Ellen, "I would if he had smiled. Oh, yes! that is Mr. Brooke."

After breakfast, as we walked into the front porch, Frank, taking me by the hand, observed, "Let us take a walk over the farm, and let me show you some of our fine prospects." To this I readily consented, and away we went through fence and field, and wandered until we arrived at a stone seat, on a very commanding eminence. The prospect before us was indeed very fine. The thousand shaped hills and woods, and the noble stream between them, exposed innumerable farms and two or three small villages. Belmont seemed now almost under our feet.

My eye caught a group of houses at the far distance, on the same side of the river where we were standing. "What village is that, Frank?"

"It is not a village," said Frank, "but a woollens manufactory;" and as he gave the answer his face seemed clouded; but, recovering himself, led me to a stone seat, with a noble

beech tree for a back supporter, and seating himself on a similar chair, resumed—"My old friend, and the true friend of all that is connected with me, I know you are anxious to hear the little history of our family joys and griefs, for of the latter we have had our share. About eight years since we were all at church; our beloved mother was then with us, and fresh with health. [Here his choked utterance was suspended for several minutes.] As we were coming out of the house of worship, two young men, strangers to us all, stepped up, and one of them handed my father a letter, which introduced him as Charles Thompson, the son of an old, though not very intimate acquaintance; and he introduced his companion as Thomas James. They were invited to Belmont, as a matter of course.

The weather was warm, though a pleasant breeze floated up the river, as after dinner we all walked into the garden, and seated ourselves in an arbour. It is probably from the keenness of our newly roused curiosity that we learn so much of a new acquaintance in so short a time after our first introduction. Our conversation in the arbor soon became lively and unconstrained. The two new comers were contrasts in personal appearance, and we all soon found them equally distinct in mental powers. Charles Thompson was low of stature, thick and heavy made, with a smooth, but repulsive and sinister cast of countenance. He was voluble, but light, trifling, and when opportunity served, malignant in conversation.

Thomas James was upwards of six feet high, very well made, and though his face was far from handsome, there was a something came from his mouth with every word which went to the heart of the hearer.

These young men were partners in the manufactory you see, at about two miles below the village of ———. They became frequent visitors at Belmont; and I may remark that the impressions made on us all by the first visit, were cut deeper by intimacy. Thompson was tolerated and treated civilly; James was admired and beloved; and yet, such was the cast of their minds, that I am convinced both considered Thompson the favorite.

All the gentleness of Emily was called into requisition to meet, and treat without actual severity, attentions she detested. Thompson was too full of himself even to suspect that his advances were unwelcome; and never was man more dumb founded than was this dupe of egotism, when, on offering his hand to Emily, she returned a decisive rejection. He had, even after her repulse, the folly to propose a reference to her father. This Emily cut short, by casting a look of pity and disdain on the wretch, and left the room.

Mr. James, at once grave and cheerful, but without either pretending to politeness by effort, or being capable of rudeness by nature or effort, gained daily on the affections of Emily; and long before either perhaps suspected the change, they were attached to each other beyond recall. Poor

James was as fearful of repulse as his rival had been confident of success; and when at length, with great hesitation, the avowal was made, modesty was as credulous as presumption. But truth, in both cases, prevailed. Emily consented; and with the joyful consent of all her family, this beloved daughter and sister became the happy wife of the man of her choice. She is now, and I hope will be for life, a happy wife and mother; but she was subjected to a season of misery by the malicious, wounded, and mortified Thompson. From the time that it was made known to him that his partner James was accepted by her who scorned his heart and hand, fell hate took full possession of his every faculty, and excited no empty plans of revenge. No person on earth but themselves then knew that Thompson had made such advances, though we all noticed a sullen gloom on his face, for which no one but Emily could account; and not until long afterwards did she explain the cause.

It was on Saturday evening, when it was joyfully announced by myself that the bans would next day be proclaimed, as I glanced at Emily and James. Thompson was present, and laughed a demon's laugh. My sister gave me a reproachful look, and left the room. From that night Thompson seemed to have regained all, and indeed more than wonted cheerfulness. He was present at the wedding, and no other guest appeared more lively or more willing to enter into the gaiety of the moment.

Mr. James had expressed some willingness to purchase out his partner's share, not from any personal objections, as Thompson was a punctual, diligent, and skilful man of business, but from a desire to have the concern to himself.—Thompson now acceded to what he had before refused; and with all due formality the transfer was made, and my sister and brother-in-law were seated in a house and business which promised full prosperity. Poor Emily, I see her now leaving her father's house to go not three miles, and with an adored husband, and yet reluctant as if to be transported to the antipodes. We all laughed at her, but she had fears none knew but herself, and even she attempted to reason herself out of what was undefinable dread. All went on very well for a few months. Thompson closed his business, and finally left the country, without acquainting a single person with his place of destination. The villain had not been gone more than a week when the most infamous calumny was raised against our innocent Emily. At first whispered, then more boldly pronounced, and at length fully disseminated.

Thompson had supported a character for great piety and regularity. Very precise in his words and dealings, of consequence the worst fountain for scandal. The story was, that Emily had been contracted to Thompson, but that he had himself broke the engagement, sold out and left a profitable concern to avoid what he found would be a very ruinous connexion. Her character, the character of her parents, and the whole tenor of her life, in vain gave the lie to

the murderous slander. But common sense is a cobweb against detraction. The effects were rapid and serious. Emily was safe as far as husband, father, and brother could give peace, but her very soul was stricken. She was in a situation otherwise to demand all our tenderness.

Though never doubting his wife for a moment, every latent energy of James was roused, and we all found him possessed of an energy we did not expect. He had, and yet has, a most intelligent and worthy foreman, to whom he now confided the whole management of the manufactory, removed his wife to Belmont, declaring in the bitterness of his heart, that he would ferret out the destroyer of the peace of his family, and compel him to do justice to the injured wife.

It was at once seen that all attempt at changing this steady purpose was vain; but we saw with pleasure that there was in his plans no blind symptoms of rage, which could prompt him to acts of rashness. All was calm, consistent purpose. As to myself, I must confess, whatever of revengeful violence of design intermingled with our arrangements came from myself. 'He shall have no such advantage,' said James; 'he shall stand before the world a naked, detected, and detested slanderer, and that is enough.'

May I never again have to pass over such a morning as that on which myself and James set out on the search of the assassin of our family reputation. Suffice it to say we travelled over every place in the United States where any chance offered of overtaking or hearing of our object. We went to the seaports and examined the lists of passengers in the packets; we took our passage in stages and steamboats, and visited the manufactories, but all in vain. Wary, disgusted, and disheartened, we had reached the city of Pittsburgh on our return, and were sitting disconsolate at our almost untasted supper, when James, rising at once from the table, paced the room once or twice, and then stopping suddenly, observed, 'Frank, we cannot return thus; the villain shall not triumph. He shall not thus repay hospitality and friendship. We will make a sweep by Waterford, Erie, Detroit, and even to St. Louis; we may surprise him where we are least expected.'

There was no persuasion necessary with me; I would have very willingly gone to the ends of the earth to reach the slanderer of my Emily; and next day we were on our way to Waterford and Erie. This new route proved as barren as every other had done until we arrived in the town of Erie. Dispirited, we were sitting in a public house, awaiting our dinner, which we had called for without much appetite. We were seated in a room opening from the common bar room, making some reflections on our future destination, when two very decent men entered. One was a very young man, apparently not twenty; the other, whitened with age, was advanced of seventy; both were much agitated, and evidently in great distress. The landlord

led them into a sitting room adjoining the one we occupied. The new comers were too anxious in their own affairs to speak low, and we distinctly heard the following dialogue:

"Landlord, when does the steam boat from Buffalo to Detroit arrive?"

"That is uncertain; but, as the wind now blows, she may be up some time this forenoon."

"When did Cathcart and my——" here convulsive sobs stopped the old man's utterance; but the landlord understood what was meant, and replied, with much feeling, "James Cathcart did not leave this in the steam boat, but in a lake schooner, bound to Port Talbot, in Canada. Neither were indeed known to be here or in the vessel, and the circumstance came to my knowledge accidentally."

"Not so, not accidentally," sighed the old man; "but go on;" and the landlord continued. "The schooner struck on our bar, and the captain came on shore to procure hands to get her off, and one of the hands was Thomas Mills, who saw and knew Maria."

"My misguided, lost child, my own Maria!" most fervently ejaculated the old man.

"The monster, the ungrateful villain," replied the younger.

"Be calm, my son—God forgive them both."

"Forgive my sister I cannot," said the young man, "because I have never felt anger against her; but to forgive Cathcart—God forgive me."

The landlord now entered and led us into an inner room, where our dinner was set, and whilst we were seating ourselves he observed, "Here is a most atrocious circumstance. That old gentleman you have seen is a Mr. Mathew Macdonald, a very wealthy and most respectable farmer, who resides about twenty-five miles from this, near Pottersville. His wife is dead, and having married late in life, has two children only now entering on maturer years. His son, William, is with him; but his daughter, Maria, is gone, I fear. Some months since, a man of the name of James Cathcart came into their neighborhood; was introduced into their family—addressed, won the heart, and ruined the lovely Maria. They eloped, and a distracted letter to her father disclosed her fall, despair and flight."

Finding us patient, if not eager listeners, and indeed we had become much interested, the landlord went on.

"How the fellow succeeded is a mystery, for I believe the poor deluded girl was the only person whose good will he gained with all his wealth. His person was short, squat and clumsy; his face brown, and eyes sunk under a heavy pair——"

"Was there a scar across his chin?" most eagerly demanded James.

"There was," replied the astonished landlord; but his astonishment was much increased as we sprung to our feet, and rushed into the room where the two Macdonalds were waiting the coming steam boat.

Both rose at our unceremonious entrance, but James, repressing his anxiety and emotion, has-

tily apologised for his seeming rudeness by observing, "Mr. Macdonald, I am much mistaken if we are not both in pursuit of the same object."

Here a hasty enclaireissement took place, by which it was rendered morally certain that Thompson and Cathcart were one and the same person; and a few moments sufficed to show us the propriety of acting in concert. Though much depressed by age and acute distress, we found Mr. Macdonald a very clear-headed man; and having heard from Mr. James a brief recital of the conduct of Thompson, alias Cathcart, to my sister, observed, "I never could like the man, but I would not have violently opposed the inclinations of my child. The double and useless cruelty and treachery exhibits a man I am sorry to find can exist; but, Mr. James, violence on our part is useless. It is our business to search him out and force him to do justice, if we cannot induce him to do so otherwise."

It was then concerted that we should enter Canada by two different points. Mr. Macdonald and his son were to proceed to Detroit, and from thence, by Sandwich, proceed through the province; whilst we should go by Buffalo and Queenstown, and meet them at the village of London. This plan was minutely executed, and nothing material occurred to either party, until the very day we met at our appointed place of rendezvous.

Almost exhausted by fatigue and long fruitless inquiry, we were in despair debating on the propriety of yielding to necessity. It was evident that the elder Macdonald was rapidly sinking under a broken heart and the infirmities of years, and it only remained to devise the best route to return. With these reflections employing us all, night wore away; and morning preparations made to return into the United States by the city of Detroit, we were almost ready to mount our horses, when a man made his appearance, riding from the southward to the door of the public house where we were standing.

"What news, Mr. Swinton?" said a young man to the new comer.

"Not much," replied Swinton—a rough but pleasant looking man. "But, yes! some news too."

"Of what kind?" "Only," replied Swinton, "that we have got one Yankee scoundrel more in Westminster."

"Oh, is that all!—one will not be much of an incumbrance."

"Nor long remain a nuisance," very bitterly replied Swinton, "if I had my free will over him; but the imp of h—l has brought with him what may be a charge—he has brought with him a most elegant and beautiful girl."

"What kind of looking man is he?" we all now demanded in a breath.

"What kind of a looking man?" repeated Swinton; "he does not look like a man or think like one either. In form he comes nearer to a bear."

"It is Thompson," eagerly said James. "It

is our poor lost Maria," said the Macdonalds, father and son.

The attention of half the village was now on us, but we waited not to receive or answer their inquiries. After a few brief explanations with Swinton, we all mounted and set out with him towards Westminster. As we were getting on horseback, a very well dressed and aged man observed to us, "Gentlemen, I see you are in pursuit of a villain; you are strangers, and I take the liberty to assure you that your guide is rough-cast, but never has or will live a more honest, brave and determined man; and more, he is intelligent."

Thus assured we advanced, and on our way learned from Swinton that some days past a man and very young woman landed at Port Talbot, and came into Westminster, taking their boarding at his house. The man called himself Charles Thompson, and gave out his intention to settle in Canada.

"The child," said Swinton, "for she is no more, seemed unhappy, even miserable; my wife's suspicions were roused, and woman like, she discovered the truth and gave the secret to me. Enraged at what I considered an insult to my own family, I called him to account, but as the trade of villany was not one he had to learn, his cool impudence staggered me. He told me she was a young woman from Washington county, Pennsylvania, who had fallen in love with him, and followed him to Erie, and that he could not get rid of her; and, says the rascal, 'May God forgive my weakness; I am a married man; my wife is the daughter of a Mr. ———, on the Ohio.' That one, much less two women, should ever love such a man, was to me a mystery; but I ordered him to leave my house. This order I found not easy to enforce as regarded the young woman. My own dear one half put a negative on the girl being sent away. 'She has told me, and I believe her, that she is the daughter of a Mr. Mathew Macdonald, (now my wife, you must know, is a Macdonald,) of Crawford county, Pennsylvania; that this mockery of man has been her ruin; and she claims your protection, Simon Swinton, until her father can be made acquainted with her situation. This appeal was enough for Simon Swinton," said the bold forrester, as he rose in his saddle and grasped more firmly his piece; and I then told him, Thompson you do not leave this place until this matter is cleared of its fog. With all his impudence he seemed a little abashed, and I believe he meditates escape."

Indebted as we all were to the open-hearted Swinton, he laid us under still greater obligation. We had ridden about seven miles, when our guide brought us to a halt, observing, "Gentlemen, let us use some generalship in this business. Mr. Macdonald and his son must be too anxious to see their Maria to behave with caution. I want to fairly entrap this fox. My house is very large, and I wish to get you all into it unknown to even my wife."

This was skilfully effected by leaving our

horses at a near neighbour's, one of whose sons conducted us, whilst Swinton employed the inmates until we were all safely housed.

The two Macdonalds, and James and myself, were placed in a room with a thin partition between it, and another, into which Swinton led Thompson, whose voice we all recognized.

"Sit down, Mr. Thompson," said Swinton; "I wish to have a little parley with you by ourselves. I know women have their partialities for each other, and I can, at least I must, excuse my wife for taking part with Maria. Again, I am very sorry, but that wife of mine has a most settled antipathy against you, Thompson; and goes so far as to say you are a base seducer, and—I must out with it—an impostor."

"I—I," stammered Thompson, "will soon do myself justice."

"To save others the trouble, my wife would say," replied Swinton, with some severity of tone. "The paths of dishonesty are very apt to lead us towards justice. But, Mr. Thompson, as I am no magistrate to administer an oath, nor a priest to receive confessions, I would merely ask you to answer one plain question—Are you really a married man?"

"I am," tremblingly replied Thompson.

"Then," rejoined Swinton, "I must tell you that you are neither amongst savages or demons; nor are you in a country of lawless robbers.—This misused young woman, who is she?"

"She is what I have told you," replied Thompson.

"You have avowed your determination to do yourself justice," observed Swinton, "and I am determined to have justice done to the girl, be she who she may, and a very good opportunity was offered. I was this day up at London, and fell in with a tall, thin, but very respectable old gentleman, and his son, a young man of about twenty——"

"How could Mr. Macdonald!" said, hastily and confusedly, the culprit; but his rashness striking him to the heart, his words were stopped.

"I know not how he could," rejoined Swinton, with great severity, "but there was with him a man who could perhaps answer all your questions—a man of nerve, if I could judge by his looks, fair-haired and blue-eyed, and what is better, says he is himself the wife of——"

"Emily Darley!" ejaculated Thompson, who was once more betrayed, or rather accused, into his own conscience.

"Even so," sarcastically replied Swinton, "but what is singular, he is intently traversing the earth in company with his wife's brother, in search of her other husband."

"I wish I could see him," faintly replied Thompson.

"You do?" said Swinton; "it is a great pity you could not become an honest man by a wish so soon gratified;" and now throwing open a large door, in we walked.

The reader may imagine the slanderer—the seducer—the murderer of the peace of the inno-

cent—standing with the riven bolt of vengeance sparkling at his feet, and the eye of justice fixed upon him; for in such a case, what is the voice of man but that of heaven?

Several moments passed before a word fell from a single person. Silence was at length broke by the wretch himself.

"Mr. Macdonald, I am willing to do justice to your daughter."

"You are willing, detestable villain!" said young Macdonald, who could contain himself no longer. But his father calmed him by a look, and addressed Thompson himself.

"Young man, I am afraid the injury is too deep for you to remedy; but trusting in a hand stronger than our own, if the poor deluded child is herself willing, you may have the path to virtue, true religion and peace of mind, still open before you; it is not for me to shut the gates of mercy."

It was singular that, from the moment of his coming into the room, the terrified looks of Thompson remained fixed on the face of James, who now stepping forward, and placing his left hand on the shoulder of the shuddering coward, exclaimed—"I have my demands, which, as I have been first injured, must be first satisfied—before ever you and I separate, you must sign and have duly attested this paper." Here James opened a paper and handed it to Swinton, who read:

"I, Charles Thompson, of —, in the state of Ohio, acknowledge that I was formerly the copartner in business with Thomas James; that with him I became acquainted in the family of Robert Darley; and that I addressed and was rejected by his daughter Emily; and that, from base motives of revenge, I introduced the character of that woman. I now avow to the whole world that I have never known aught of her conduct that did not comport with the utmost propriety and strictest virtue."

Having finished the reading, Swinton, looking out of the window, observed—"Expecting that some business might demand his presence, I have sent for my neighbour, the reverend and judge —; I see him coming up the lane, so that this worthy may have his character under seal."

The judge entered, and having the business explained, witnessed and attested the signature of Thompson, which was, I perceived, voluntarily, witnessed also by young Macdonald; who, handing the certificate to James, seized his father's hand, and most fervently expressed himself thus—"Never, never can this man be my brother—no, never. We must shelter our stricken dove and bear her home; I would labor the life of a slave to gain her bread before she should be united to such a demon." The father remained silent, but the tears traced down his aged face as he pressed his son to his bosom.

The magistrate, after a few minutes pause, apologised for giving his advice, and then observed, "That in such an extreme case, the woman herself was, and ought to be, sole judge." This was with reluctance acceded by even the

younger Macdonald. Neither James or myself witnessed the introduction of Maria to her father and brother. Swinton had conducted the matter so well that the wanderer was not made acquainted with the change in her destiny until after the scene I have faintly described. She was then restored to her natural protectors, and when made fully acquainted with every circumstance, the union with, or rejection of Thompson, was left to herself. "Take me home," sobbed the repentant daughter.

"Thank the God of mercy and justice, breathed young Macdonald, falling on his knees; "our Maria is restored."

The whole unravelling of the scenes, from our leaving London until the fate of Thompson was determined, brought on one in the afternoon, when we saw his back for the last time, I hope. As he was literally thrust from the door, Swinton observed to the magistrate—"There goes one of those industrious men who employ more time and money to make one villain, than would suffice to people Westminster with honest men."

"And he goes to prey elsewhere," replied the reverend justice; "his race is not run."

"Let him run," replied Swinton, "while we partake a farmer's dinner."

We accepted the invitation, and entered a plain though neat dining room, where, for the first time, we were introduced to Mrs. Margaret Swinton. In the entire appearance of this woman there was something extraordinary. She was at once muscular, and yet not masculine; bold, yet not forward. Her voice was loud, something hoarse, and still pleasing. In one word, she was the wife of an American hunter, of which hundreds, aye, thousands, could be found between Labrador and Texas.

And in a few more words our tale may close. Thompson we have already dismissed. Encircled by her father and brother, poor Maria is slowly recovering health and peace of mind. Thomas, James, and his Emily, are enjoying health, wealth, and domestic comfort of every species, looking back with joy, and forward with hope.

PARODY

OR

"*The Minstrel Boy to the War has gone.*"

The Alderman to the feast has gone,
Near a loin of veal you'll find him;
A napkin clean he has girded on,
And a waiter stands behind him.

"Loin of veal," cried the man of lard,
"Though all the guests despise thee,
One eye at least shall show regard,
One wat'ring mouth shall prize thee."

The glutton gorged, but the lascivious loin
Could not bring his huge paunch under;
He seized a roasted pig by the groin,
And he tore its limbs asunder,

And cried—"Delicious infant swine!
Thou feast for saint or sinner,
I'll pack thee down this throat of mine—
Thou'lt squeak no more for thy dinner."

CAPTAIN PLINLIMMON.

I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest civil godly company, for this trick. If I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.—SHAKESPEARE.

They were wedded and bedded, och hone!

IRISH BALLAD.

It was on a cold afternoon in February that a short stout man, habited in a military roque-laure, approached the grand entrance of Bally Kerrigan. The house had been visible to the horseman for miles, as it stood upon a conical hill of easy ascent, every way encompassed as far as the eye could reach, by swamps and moorland. An extensive belt of firs and alders surrounded the site of the mansion, which being a huge square edifice of three stories, and topped by a lofty gray-flagged roof, was, as may be imagined, the most distinguished feature in this unpromising landscape.

Captain Plinlimmon, for so the traveller was named, seemed little satisfied with the external appearance of Bally Kerrigan; accustomed in his "ancient land" to Nature in her rudest dress, the wildest of the Welsh hills was Eden itself, when contrasted with the monotonous desolation of the interminable morass around him. If man had ever attempted to reduce this wilderness to cultivation, he appeared to have abandoned the task in despair. The walls which had once protected the plantations were ruinous, and, through a number of practicable breaches, the cattle of the country had for years established a right of entry, and any stunted tree that had survived the deadly influence of an eternal west wind, had fallen, root and branch, beneath the teeth and horns of the ill-conditioned kine. One gate was off its hinges and stretched itself latterly across the entrance; for its fellow had disappeared, leaving to the remaining moiety a double duty. Even that prostrate gate bore a silent but melancholy evidence to the former consequence of Bally Kerrigan. Some armorial designs were rudely displayed in the iron work, and the date 1672, in obsolete figures, proved that more than a century had elapsed since this portion of the grand entrance had been fabricated.

With some difficulty Captain Plinlimmon effected an entrance by a crazy wicket, and over a grass-grown avenue he leisurely advanced towards the mansion of Redmond O'Farrall.

Nor was the dwelling in better keeping than the park; green damp everywhere incrusting the walls, and the rough-cast had deserted in large flakes, leaving the blue lime-stone naked to the eye, and open to the weather. The windows were rickety and rotten, many panes were broken, many imperfectly repaired, and the decayed wood-work bore a self-evident testimony that for years it had remained unmolested by a painter's brush.

But while silence and neglect were observable in the park, there was no lack of human beings about the edifice. The hall-door was raised above the lawn by a score of broken steps, and on every step a peasant lounged in every

variety of attitude. Each had, or believed he had, some important business with his honor. That man brought a broken head, and this one, a pair of wild ducks. The black fellow wanted law, the red one wanted money. He on the lower step has missed an ewe, and he on the top one had lost his daughter. They were all, if you credited their story, engaged in business of life and death, and had been occupying the steps for five mortal hours, and yet "his honor" had not blessed them with his presence. Various as were their respective affairs, on one point they appeared unanimous, being furnished with a frieze great coat, and armed with a trusty cudgel.

When Captain Plinlimmon stopped at the house of Bally Kerrigan, a struggle commenced among the crowd for the honor of assisting him to alight. Savage as the remote districts of Ireland may be, there is one point on which the Emerald Isle may claim an advantage over the sister kingdom: your English boor holds himself doggedly back, and offers no assistance to the traveller; by so doing, he imagines he should demean himself. The Irish peasant springs forward with alacrity, and should there be a number of "the seven millions" present, a friendly contest ensues as to whose good offices shall be accepted. The English boor, who denies a stranger's claim to his civility, will fly before the blue baton of the headborough; the Irish peasant, who obsequiously holds your stirrup in one hand, and his own hat in the other, has probably at the last fair led on his faction against a rival mob, defied the police, withstood the riot act, and dared the military until one volley of blank cartridge, and one ditto of *raal ball*, has proved sufficiently that a cudgel-proof carcass is not impervious to cold lead.

While the captain was in the act of dismounting, the lord of the mansion made his long-expected appearance at the landing place—Redmond, or as he was familiarly called, Remmy O'Farrel, was hardly passed the middle age, but early and continued dissipation had lined a naturally handsome face with the certain traces of premature decay. His cheek was flushed, not with the glow of health and exercise, but the ruddy stain of inebriety, his lips were tremulous, and his limbs shook, while he hurried down the steps, and welcomed his martial visitor. The ceremony being over, he applied himself promptly to the affairs of his numerous clients, and the rapidity with which he despatched the multifarious concerns of the parties astonished the wondering Welshman.

"Hallo! Padreen, where are you bringing the captain's horse to? You know Father Watt's mule is there, and he kicks like a born devil. pnt him in the three-stalled stable! Miley Dougherty, who broke your head this turn? you're always fighting, and be d——d to you! Tim Bryan, Mr. Dempsey, will take the *vestment* that he never laid eyes on Sibby since the fair day of Donnamonga; try up the country;"—and

pointing over his left shoulder, he winked significantly at the complainant. "So another ewe's gone? We must have some sheep-stealers next assizes or the country will be ruined. Philbin, where did you kill these ducks? take them to the cook, and make her give you a glass of whiskey. Mortecin, that will be allowed you in the May rent; but you must clear up the last Yule. No turf do you say?" to a *gassoon*, who whispered in his ear—"Off, you idle villains! every man of you bring in a *cleave* from the bog, or I'll obliterate you."

So saying, he waved his hand and thundered out a volley of imprecations; and instantly forgetting their relative misfortunes, the owners of stolen sheep, lost daughters, wild ducks, and broken heads, scampered off to bring in fuel for the kitchen.

The symptoms of decay which Captain Plinlimmon had noticed on the exterior of Bally Kerrigan only kept pace with the dilapidation within. The hall was large and gloomy. The glasses of a once handsome lantern were shattered, and the billiard table in the centre covered with broken cues, and its torn cloth discolored with stains, and spotted with candle-grease. Nor was the drawing-room in better preservation; scarcely a chair was trust-worthy: some light and expensive spider-tables were utterly destroyed, and a marble slab cracked across its centre. The colours of the carpet were faded for the want of sun-blinds, and the hearth-rug in many places burnt. Before the fender lay a huge one-eyed water spaniel, bloated to an enormous bulk; age and indulgence had made him surly and disagreeable, while from over-feeding he had become a positive nuisance.

It was now twilight, and the remains of breakfast still remained upon the table, and a second or third peal, rang by the host with a huge hand-bell was necessary, before a bleared and sottish looking servant answered the summons, and removed the relics of the morning meal.

Apologising to his guest for a short absence, "to breathe," as he expressed it, "a mouthful of fresh air," O'Farral left Captain Plinlimmon to amuse himself as he best could.

"Your honor's welcome to the country," said Denis Philbin, the chief butler of Bally Kerrigan, as he swept the egg-shells into the ashes; "Mighty pleasant house, whin your honor's acquainted with it. My master's a fine man and great company. Sorrow one of him cares he nivir stritched upon a bed. The piper lives in the house, and they'll dance and drink betimes for a week together."

Here Captain Plinlimmon who had wandered to the window, observed a shabby looking personage in a dark freize wrapping coat, perambulating backwards and forwards like a sentinel. He seemed deeply intent on reading.—"Your honor's not acquaint with Father Watt—he that's the blessed priest of Mullacrew; that's him, and he's readin his office. Oh he's a wonderful man! He has the worst curse in Connaught,

and can lay the devil—Lord be between us and evil!" and he crossed himself at this ejaculation—"when it has failed the rest of the clergy. He's just come home from Crehanhury; and it's well but Peter Diver was driven clane out of the house and home. No pace, day and night; the devil—Christ pardon us!—one time mewing like a cat, and the next playing on the fiddle. Father Pat Lavery thought to compis him, but it's well he didn't murder him, for he bate him to a mummy. Well, whin all failed, Diver sent for Father Watt, and he settled him."

After this flattering commendation, it was with great surprise the captain learned that this gifted divine was held in small honor by his brother churchmen. Whether it arose from envy at his extraordinary success, when personally *pitted* against his Satanic majesty, or that there was something irregular in his life or order; certain it was that the "blessed priest of Mullacrew" was suffered to expend his theology upon the inmates of Bally Kerrigan; and, excepting while on a periodical excursion throughout the province, when he cursed the congregation, and afterwards made a collection for himself, Father Watt was never called upon but in case of urgent necessity. He had lately been summoned to the assistance of the old priest of Killarney, whose flock had broken out into open rebellion; but the "blessed man of Mullacrew" fulminated such a torrent of eternal misfortune against these unhappy sinners, that the most insubordinate, who for months past had done little else but "play cards, eat meat and commit murder," were brought into submission, and transmitted, like a flock of wild geese, to the summit of the *reek*, there to expiate their offences, by operating for the benefit of their own souls and the full satisfaction of mother church. More Plinlimmon might have learned, had not Denis's details been interrupted by a shrill whistle—"It's Mr. Finnucane," he said, "returning from the fair of Boyle—beggin your honor's pardon for laving you," and off he went.

The Welshman, after the chief butler had departed, endeavored to kill the weary hours by examining sundry portraits of the progenitors of the present lord, which were suspended, and many of them only half suspended, from the walls of the apartment. A newspaper would have been invaluable, but none could be discovered but a Dublin Gazette, torn away to the half sheet of advertisements. The windows afforded no variety to the captain's observations; the evening had shut in. Father Watt and his office had disappeared, and the prospect was limited to a few yards of wretched brushwood; for into such, that which had once been a shrubbery, had degenerated.

On wore the evening, and still there was no appearance of dinner. The captain was a man of orderly habits, and in nothing more so than in the hours of his refreshment. The regular and clock-like punctuality with which the dinner drum called him to his comfortable mess was now bitterly remembered; and deep was

his regret that he had ever been induced to leave his quiet barrack room to visit Bally Kerrigan. Another half-hour passed—he became still more nervous and unhappy. His patience had attained its utmost stretch of endurance, when the door of the drawing room opened, and, rustling “in silk attire,” there glided in a portley looking gentlewoman.

Captain Plinlimmon was astounded. Mr. O’Farral, as he had been informed, kept a bachelor’s house in its strictest sense, and consequently the appearance of one of the softer sex was a subject of surprise. The captain had passed the age of Romance, if my Lord Byron says right, when he places it at “thirty-five,” but still Plinlimmon was a professed admirer of the ladies, and a very punctilious personage in all attentions appertaining to the same. A most ceremonious bow from the soldier was returned by a profound courtesy, and a rickety chair having been duly presented, the lady from past experience of the danger of precipitation in trusting to fragile cane-work, first ascertained its ability to bear her weight, and then quietly deposited her person beside the polite commander.

Miss Blake—for she was one of that eternal tribe—was the kinswoman of Remmy O’Farral. Her fortune, being a claim of some hundreds on the estate of Bally Kerrigan, not having been conveniently forthcoming, she had for some years taken up her abode in the mansion of the debtor. This arrangement appeared satisfactory to Remmy and Miss Blake. To discharge her claim was as far from his intentions and ability as to liquidate the debt of the nation; and to enforce it by law, had Miss Blake even contemplated that unchristian-like alternative, would have been totally impracticable; for, like a genuine Galway property, double the amount would be incurred in recovering the principal. Hence Miss Blake peaceably took up her quarters at Bally Kerrigan, and Remmy tolerated her presence, until by death or marriage he could satisfactorily rid himself of her company. Biddy Blake was no chicken. The law declared her of an age capable of the management of her effects when she first selected Bally Kerrigan for her residence; and twelve years had elapsed, and still she remained unwedded.

Miss Blake was a bouncing fresh looking woman; tall, well made, and inclined to corpulency. That she still remained unwedded was allowed by all the county to have arisen from no disinclination on her part to approach the altar of Hymen. Her kinsman declared her to be a person of great good temper and excellent discretion; and the family confessor, Father Watt, offered his sacred assurance, that her match could not be found from Athlone to Athenry—in short, she was a most praiseworthy gentlewoman. And yet there were persons who hinted that Bally Kerrigan was not precisely the place from which they would select a helpmate; and an unfortunate excursion which Miss Biddy, in the innocence of her heart, had made into the

realms of Dick Martin, for the benefit of the “salt say,” was tortured by the censorious of the neighborhood into a temporary retreat from the world, for unmentionable reasons, as delicate as prudential.

The rapid progress made by the gallant captain in establishing himself in the good graces of Biddy Blake, was astonishing even to himself. When he retired to perform his customary ablutions before dinner, in person, she lighted him to his chamber. The room had a rickety and forlorn appearance, for which she duly apologised; but then it was well aired—that she could answer for; it was next her own apartment; no civility in her power was omitted. If he, the captain, wanted any thing, he had but to knock upon the wall—she would hear it; the bell was unluckily broken down, and Denis, God pity him! was *bothered*, which in English meaneth, that Denis was deaf.

Captain Plinlimmon had frequently remarked the singular facility with which he ingratiated himself into the favor of the fair sex; but never had his success been so decisive as in the present instance. There was so much anxious attention bestowed upon his comfort and convenience, that he was perfectly overwhelmed. No wonder then, that when he returned to the drawing room, he took up a position on a three legged sofa beside Miss Biddy Blake, and that when dinner was announced by the *bothered* butler that he escorted the lady with due form to the eating room.

To give the devil his due, Remmy O’Farral lived well, and so Captain Plinlimmon acknowledged, qualifying his praise, however, with a hint, that an earlier hour would have been an improvement. Hares were plenty, and the soup was consequently excellent. There was a turbot fresh landed from Galway; the mutton was five years’ old; the wood cocks were as fat as capons; and the wild ducks in prime condition, and “done to a turn.” Among all these good things the captain played his part gallantly, and it was not until the dessert (and we will say nothing about it) appeared, that the commander had leisure to examine the company.

The guests were few. On the right of Remmy O’Farral sat the gallant captain; and Miss Biddy Blake, to use a military phrase, flanked him. At the foot of the table the kinsman of the host was placed. He, too, was an O’Farral, and his appearance arrested the attention of Plinlimmon. There was that in his air which bespoke the gentleman and soldier; but, alas! like his cousin, his face and figure betrayed symptoms of habitual inebriety. It was a pity; Fergus O’Farral was more unfortunate than vicious. In the morning of his life he had started a cadet in a foreign service; and circumstances almost beyond his control, suddenly dimmed the prospects of a gallant soldier. After signalling himself in the field, he was obliged to leave the service he was attached to, for fighting an imprudent duel. He returned to Ireland, a needy, broken-hearted man; and, without another asy-

lum to shelter him, he was obliged to take up his residence at Bally Kerrigan. For a time, systematic debauch was irksome. He would have fled from the contamination of depraved society had he possessed the power. Use and example gradually accustomed him to the endless riot of the house.—“His poverty, and not his will, consented.”—At last, he fell a victim; and he who had once been loved by woman and admired by men, lapsed into a solitary broken spirited drunkard.

Still, his better feelings, at times, would show themselves. He perceived that Plinlimmon was a simple-minded, unsuspicious sort of original; but he was a soldier, and poor Fergus's heart warmed to the profession of which he had long been an honorable member. Although his clothes were soiled and threadbare, their military cut and faded braiding told of past days of brighter fortune; his linen was clean and orderly; the once black hair now grizzled by sorrow and excesses, was plaited in a queue, and tied behind him with a ribbon. His manners were polished, and, in spite of poverty and dissipation, he looked like a gentleman, even though it was a fallen one.

Not so his next neighbor, Mr. Tony Finnucane. His dress and appearance were in perfect unison, and no one could mistake his character and calling. Mr. Finnucane was a gentleman jockey; he was attired in a short skirted single breasted green *coattee*, ornamented with large gilt buttons, on which a fox was engraven, and a scroll above it, bearing the word “Tally-ho!” leather smallclothes, long boots, and a red plush vest completed his costume. His jests were coarse; his conversation confined to the stable and the field; his laugh loud, and his brogue insufferable.

The family confessor, “the blessed priest of Mullacrew,” was the last of this “faire company.” If the gallant captain had indulged in high expectation of seeing a personage of grave and austere sanctity, and a solemn and monastic deportment, the appearance of the worthy churchman must have occasioned a grievous disappointment. He was a punchy, unhealthy looking man, of vulgar habits and a most unpropitious address. His dress, a sort of rustic and sacerdotal medley, consisted of a seedy coat of faded black, gray cordury *tights*, with plated studs, and long pepper-and-salt leggings. The fatal spot of deep crimson on the cheek, which is stated to be the certain index of determined drunkenness, was visible on the confessor's; but indeed his constitutional infirmity was quite apparent: he declined drinking wine, as being “too cold for his stomach,” and fortified the water he liberally used at dinner with an awful quantity of pure alcohol.

Fergus was the only tolerable being at table. He spoke well, and his anecdotes were amusing. Remmy lost himself in local conversations with the priest and the horse dealer. To Plinlimmon their discourse was nearly unintelligible: horses' pedigrees, sessions' decrees, fairs,

fightings, &c. &c. &c. Thus two hours passed: the bottle had quickly circulated; and soon after Mr. Finnucane proposed a game of cards.

Captain Plinlimmon plumed himself no little on his accurate knowledge of whist and cribbage, and willingly would he have brought his skill to a trial. He was about to second the proposition of him of the green jacket and jockey boots, when catching the eye of Fergus he received a warning look which could not be mistaken. Great as was the Welshman's vanity, and highly as he valued his profound acquaintance with the arcana of play as set forth by the immortal Hoyle, yet he was no fool. He declined play accordingly; and again the wine went merrily around.

The bottle did its duty. Fergus became silent and sleepy; and the captain commenced an interminable argument with the “blessed man of Mullacrew,” into which Mr. Tony Finnucane adroitly managed to intrude. The horse-dealer was vulgar in his remarks, and coarse in his contradictions, while Plinlimmon was irritable and positive. The Welshman assigned to Litchfield the honor of giving birth to Doctor Johnson, and the horse-dealer as obstinately placed that interesting event “within a short mile of Ballintubber.” Words waxed higher; and the dispute hurried to an awful climax, as Finnucane requested “gentlemanly satisfaction;” and Mr. O'Farral humanely intimated that the sooner a friendly difference was brought to a conclusion, the better for all parties. To Father Watt he issued his orders in a whisper, and producing some keys, selected one, and the confessor departed with alacrity.

Great was Captain Plinlimmon's surprise when he found himself on the very point of fighting a duel with a horse dealer. Remmy had actively commenced clearing away the chairs, and removing the decanters; and the unhappy Welshman perceived, that with but a few feet of mahogany between them, he should be promptly paraded before his truculent opponent. No delay was probable:—*hazy*, as the “blessed man of Mullacrew” certainly was, the celerity with which he executed his commission was marvellous. To the dismay of the ill-fated admirer of Dr. Johnson, Father Watt returned with a pair of pistols of inordinate length, which Remmy pronounced as Nonpareils, by the title of the “angels of Dunnaney.”

Before the holy man, however, could reach the table, and render up his charge to their humane owner, his foot luckily caught the carpet:—down he went, and one of the “angels” exploded with a tremendous report. That accident probably saved Captain Plinlimmon. Roused by the discharge of the pistol, and the cries of Father Watt, who in an agony of terror affirmed that he was mortally wounded, Fergus shook off his drunken lethargy, and comprehended the transaction in an instant; which, indeed, at Bally Kerrigan was was one of no uncommon occurrence. Turning wrathfully to his kinsman he demanded the reason why load-

ed pistols were produced—listened to a confused statement of the quarrel with contempt, and stopped the farther explanations of the worthy churchman with most irreligious brevity; then lifting the second pistol from the floor, he discharged it at a plate warmer in the corner, and a fearful crash of broken china, and the fall of a large flake of plaster from the wall behind, proved that his aim was true, and the "angel" well loaded.

The company having resumed their chairs, harmony was soon restored. Remmy uncorked a fresh magnum in honor of the renewed amity of the parties. Plinlimmon with a lightened heart, filled a bumper; which example was duly imitated by Mr. Tony Finnucane. "The angels of Dunnaney" were discarded from the apartment; and Fergus explained to the full satisfaction of all concerned, that his gallant friend, the captain, alluded to the celebrated lexicographer; while his less erudite opponent, the gentleman in the green jacket, imagined the person in question was the assistant surgeon of the Roscommon militia.

No wonder that Fergus drank deep, and Plinlimmon got glorious; and a bagpipe having been heard in the hall, the captain staggered out to exhibit his accomplishments in the polite art of dancing, by treading a measure with Miss Biddy Blake; meanwhile, poor Fergus fell from his chair, and was stretched by Finnucane on the carpet in a corner.

"What a rum chap that Welshman is!" said Tony to the host.

"I differ with you, replied Remmy; 'he appears a soft one—a regular spoon: look out, Finn, and see what he's doing.'"

Tony opened the door—"Dancing for the bare life with Brideen, and getting as drunk as an owl."

"Biddy, by the bye, is a d—d bore: here she is," said the host, "and here she may remain till doomsday; for I could no more raise her five hundred, than make her Queen of Sheba!"

"I wish she was well married," hiccupped the Confessor, whose articulation had become awfully irregular.

"Married!" exclaimed Remmy with an oath—"ah! that's over. That cursed blast she got when she ran off with Tom Nolan, and returned after a week's trial no better than she went away! Zounds! between that and her Connemara expedition, she's blown far and near—I wish she was at the devil! Honor Darcy would have taken me, if Biddy, bad luck to her! was provided for.

"A thought strikes me," said the horse dealer—"what, if we could marry her to Plinlimmon?"

O'Farral shook his head—"No no, Finn; the Welshman's too sharp for that."

"It's only making the trial," continued Finnucane. If we succeed, Brideen will be a captain's lady; and if we fail, it's only a d—d good joke."

"Trial's all," said Remmy. "Call in Den-

nis, till we find out how the fool is getting on."

Nothing could be more favorable than the report of the deaf butler. Between Irish jigs and poteen punch, which had been compounded by his fair partner, and earnestly recommended as a necessary refreshment, the commander's brain was in such absolute confusion, as rendered him a proper object for the attempt. The priest, too, was in a happy state of drunkenness; and had that holy man been ever visited by qualms of conscience, now, any apprehension on that score was at an end.

When Remmy and his confederate adjourned to the hall, Plinlimmon was finishing a reel with Biddy Blake, and that reel finished him. He staggered to a seat, tossed off a tumbler of stiff punch, opportunely presented to him by Tony Finnucane; and, being supported to the dining-room, the "blessed priest," held up the piper's sister, who, being "booked against every thing but beer," had contrived to remain comparatively sober—hiccupped a portion of a penitential psalm, and a part of an office for the dead; and concluding the ceremony with a charm to remove corns, Remmy O'Farral declared that the solemnity was complete.

It was all over with Plinlimmon; he was asleep, "fast as a watchman;" and with some difficulty was carried to the bed by the host and horse-dealer. How the bride disposed of herself I never could learn. The servants were unanimous in getting drunk. The piper was laid out upon the billiard table. Remmy and Finnucane disappeared; and Fergus and the "holy man of Mullacrew" remained where they fell, upon the carpet.

Some hours elapsed, and Bally Kerrigan was buried in deep and drunken repose. Crime, they say, brings its own punishment; and Captain Plinlimmon awoke, tortured with fever and parched with thirst. By one or two rotatory movements he disencumbered himself of the bed coverings, and with a tongue of leather-like consistency, and furred to the stiffness of a deal board, he muttered an ejaculation for water! water! water!"

"There's a bowl of whey beside you, my love!" murmured a voice at his elbow, soft as the lyre of Eolus.

"Holy St. David!" exclaimed the astounded Welshman, "where am I? am I bewitched?"

"No, darlin, you're only married," responded the same gentle tones.

"Married!" roared the captain. "In the name of every thing damnable, who are you?"

"Your own affectionate and lawful wife, Bridget Plinlimmon, otherwise Blake," replied the voice in tender accents.

"Married!"

"Yes, love, last night, by the 'blessed priest of Mullacrew' "

"The blessed priest—last night!" muttered the terror stricken commander, as he slipped away, and began to collect his scattered habiliments.

"Guard yourself, love, against the cold," con-

tinued the tender accents of the anxious fair one; "and above all things, mind you don't tumble over the servants, who are drunk upon the stair case."

Whether Captain Plinlimmon duly attended to the latter instructions we cannot say, but sure it is, that he reached the hall in safety. Bally Kerrigan was an open house, and of course there was no lock to impede him. He staggered to the ruined offices, and fortunately found his horse saddled and bridled precisely as he had dismounted from his back the preceding afternoon. If the captain had been feasted to excess, the steed had not suffered from repletion: this, his racer-like condition proved, as he stood before a crazy rack, from which he occasionally drew forth a limited supply of rushes. Without a moment's delay, the Welshman led out his half-starved charger, and waiving the ceremony of taking leave, he cantered off from the house of Bally Kerrigan.

Into the extent of Biddy Blake's sufferings, when deserted by her wedded lord, we cannot be expected to enter. Next day, captain Plinlimmon left the country, never to return; and his regimental cloak, faced with scarlet plush, and lined with red shalloon, remained at Bally Kerrigan, a forfeiture for broken vows.

As the false commander had levanted, and as Welsh estates, like Connemera securities, are somewhat difficult of recovery, it was deemed prudent by Remmy and his associates to pass over the captain's marriage as a joke. Biddy Blake, however, falsified the predictions of O'Farral, for, in course of time, she espoused a *strong* (wealthy) shopkeeper in Loughrea, who, to use the words of Denis, "was in no way particular about trifles," and the concluding blow which annihilated the property of Bally Kerrigan originated in law proceedings for the recovery of Biddy's claim upon the estate.

The Cornwall militia remained in the town of Taum for eight months after Captain Plinlimmon retired from the service. They were reputed to be as gallant a corps as ever marched "to tuck of drum;" but brave as they were, not a man during their sojourn in the country ventured to dine with the lord of Bally Kerrigan.

Of all the dramatis personæ, the principal actors, to wit, Captain Plinlimmon and Mrs. Cooney of Loughrea, are sole survivors. Fergus drank himself to death. Mr. Finnucane was killed by the kick of a horse, while jockeying a dragoon in Balinrobe, and pledging his honor the colt in question was quiet as a lap-dog. Father Watt was suffocated in a bog-hole, returning *hearty* from a christening; and a blue flag built on the road-side enumerates his virtues, and requests a few prayers for his soul. Miss Biddy Blake furnished Mr. Cooney with an heir, four months after she became his "by the consent of the clergy," and thus abridged that period of suspense to which husbands are generally subjected: and Captain Plinlimmon, although remarkable for a strict taciturnity on Irish affairs in general, has been heard to hint, "that for

any man solicitous to get drunk, shot, or married with the least possible delay, there is no spot on the habitable globe like Bally Kerrigan.

THE LAND OF LITERATURE.

AN ORIENTAL ALLEGORY.

It was after a day of unusual idleness, that, having retired to repose, I fell into a slumber distinguished for its length and the incidents which it exhibited. Methought I stood upon the side of a mountain, whose summit was crowned by a building of peculiar and rare construction. Lofty turrets of gold, glittering in the sunbeams; a thousand spires, around whose beauty the very clouds seemed to linger with admiration, and innumerable gates of precious and sparkling stones, contributed to render it magnificent beyond the power of description. As I stood impressed with astonishment and delight at the spectacle thus unexpectedly placed before me, I was suddenly roused from my reverie by the voice of one apparently addressing me. I turned hastily around, and beheld a man whose body was bowed down by the infirmities of age, and whose head was silvered over with the blossoms of experience. He was loosely attired in a thin robe of white, and the words of instruction issued from his lips.

"Man," said he, "is but the creature of a day. His life is even like unto the morning sun, that riseth with the promise of peace; but, ere the shades of evening have encompassed it, what storms have not darkened its sky! Its promises, where are they?"

I prostrated myself at the feet of the venerable sage. "Thou," I said, "who canst so well counsel the stranger, and from whose lips falleth the words of wisdom as the gentle dew from heaven, I pray thee teach me to understand the wonders of this place."

"Rise," replied the sage, "for unto him who is the foundation of all knowledge should thine homage alone be paid." I arose and stood beside him. "Cast thine eyes," continued he, "down the mountain, and tell me what thou seest." I did so, and beheld a great concourse of people all striving to ascend it. "Those," said he, "are the offspring of ambition. The palace which thou sawest is called the Temple of Fame—the country around thee, the Land of Literature."

I looked again, and now beheld, as far as eye could discern, a fruitful and well-populated region, separated by gently undulating hills into valleys of considerable extent, each of which communicated by a distinct path with the Temple; towards which I observed, with some surprise, that their inhabitants, although continually in motion, some doing one thing, and some another, all appeared equally intent upon approaching.

"Hast thou pondered upon the scene before thee?" inquired my companion.

"I have," I replied; and confessed myself ignorant of its meaning.

"The many roads," continued he, "that as-

ceed the mountain, are the many paths of science by which the Temple of Fame is rendered accessible to those who seek it."

"But why," I interrogated, "should man be employed alone upon an object of such slight utility? Are *all* in search of the Temple before us?"

"Alas!" he returned, with a sigh, "man is ever unsatisfied. There are but few who wander in the pathways of science that hope not at some period to reach their summit."

I paused for a moment to gather the fruits of his information; when, pointing to a few straggling travellers, who with much labor and exertion were slowly wending their way upward, "That," said he, "is the pathway of Philosophy. Observe to what difficulty and pain its followers are subjected; for though apparently so near, its route is so circuitous, and attended with so many casualties of a mischievous nature, that few ever arrive in safety at the object of their wishes; and even then they are often preceded by some who have come from a greater distance, and who have attained it by means less certain, but more direct."

I could not sympathise with them, and therefore gladly assigned myself of his proposal to stroll leisurely up the mountain. My attention was soon attracted by a collection of people at a little distance, some of whom were gazing upward with an intensity of expression that seemed to indicate the deepest devotion, whilst others were busily engaged with boxes of sand, mathematical instruments, &c.

"That," remarked my companion, "is the Vale of Astrology. Its inhabitants are all professors of the art of divination; and though equally bent with their fellow travellers upon the acquisition of fame, they attempt it by very different means, and look down with contempt upon those whose inclinations or abilities lead them to prefer the rugged pathway of knowledge to the feverish flights of a distempered imagination. Some of them are, as you may perceive, wholly engrossed in the pursuit of the glittering bubbles that hover deceitfully over their heads, whilst others are wholly engaged in casting horoscopes, calculating abstruse theorems, or solving metaphysical niceties, and in the construction of wings, in the vain prospect of thus accomplishing their hopes; but their bubbles universally explode, their horoscopes deceive them, their conclusions prove erroneous, and their wings invariably become unmanageable and useless ere they have attained to any great height."

We had now penetrated to a considerable eminence, and as all the paths diverged like radii from the summit of the mountain, I could now distinguish the voices of many that were before unintelligible. Upon one side of me nothing could be heard but an endless jargon about nouns, pronouns, and the grammatical construction of languages: upon the other, nothing met the ear but syllogisms, major and minor propositions and consequences. Here nothing was perceptible but sines, co-sines, angles, and cir-

cumferences; whilst there stood a group dilating with energy upon co-efficients, exponents, positive, negative, and compound quantities. These I understood were from the several states of Rhetoric and Grammar, Geometry, Logic, and Arithmetic; and were commingled with a thousand others whose insignia I could not recollect, and whose titles it were idle to describe. I turned from this scene of Babel-like confusion, and was going to express my dissatisfaction, when I discovered before me a structure very little inferior in beauty to the Temple itself, towards which we were advancing.

"This," said the sage, "is the palace of Public Opinion. It encircles, like a wall of circumvallation, the Temple of Fame, and none can approach the latter without passing the ordeal here instituted to examine into the validity of their pretensions. The unsuccessful," he added, "are plunged into an abyss located beneath the building, called the Waters of Oblivion, whose sullen waves soon hurry them from observation."

"But is it not folly," I inquired, "to attempt that which cannot terminate in success?"

"Behold yon eagle," he returned, "towering in conscious pride among the clouds of heaven; thinkest thou that he feareth the arrow which is destined for his bosom? And man! reveleth he not upon the brink of a precipice?—yet how secure is he of the coming moments!"

I appreciated the justness of his allusion, and meditating upon it, entered the palace of Public Opinion. Here was an ample subject for reflection. Characters of every description, and of every degree of merit, were around me; each anxious to outstrip his fellows, and to secure the favor of his judges. But what surprised me most was the circumstance, that though an almost countless multitude thronged the entrances for admission, I could find but an ill-proportioned number, indeed, who left the tribunal with applause to pursue the remainder of their journey.

As I was aware it would be some time before my claims would receive investigation, I determined to amuse myself by observing the fate of those who should precede me. For this purpose I obtained an eligible situation; and now (I mentally exclaimed) for a specimen of pure integrity and unvacillating justice. But, oh! how I was deceived! I found that even *here* partiality and prejudice were not excluded. In one corner of the room I could discern painters busily occupied in delineating the deformities of the candidates, which having placed in strong colors upon their canvass, they privately exhibited to the judges, in order to prepossess their decisions. Others again I saw, who had little mirrors in their hands, with which they reflected the sunbeams into the eyes of the judges, and thus rendered them incapable of forming accurate perceptions of things. However, I found, upon the whole, that their deviations were not productive of so much evil as a casual observer might apprehend; since, although many an unworthy applicant was dismissed with credit, and many a meritorious

one condemned to oblivion, the latter always escaped uninjured, whilst the former seldom succeeded in reaching the Temple of Fame.

Disappointed in my hopes, I now returned to my friend. He was looking out of one of the many windows that adorned the palace. I had not long been there when I beheld (for my position commanded a view of one entire side of the mountain) a traveller exhibiting all the signs of the most acute distress. He had fallen, as I afterwards learned, into a deep pit—a calamity which very few seemed able to avoid—called the pit of Poverty; and was seized while therein by an illness quite common in this country, and termed the Pecuniary disorder. He was soon joined by a figure in black, who having resuscitated him, bade him to kneel down, and thank some invisible being above him as his deliverer. "Surely," I cried, "that man is worthy of reward!" "He is one of those who have journeyed from the land of Divinity, and who minister to the afflictions of their fellow-creatures," was the reply. My companion then directed my attention to another traveller, who, passing though a thicket, had been suddenly pounced upon by a hideous looking beast, somewhat like one that infested the higher walks of literature, by the name of Critic. This creature, however, had been dubbed a snarler, because in the possession of enormous teeth, and claws frightful to look at, he was nevertheless proverbial for his impotence. His eyes were exceedingly diminutive and distorted, though highly *luminous*; consequently he could view nothing aright; but as he was of a strangely carnivorous disposition, and bore a special antipathy to any thing that approximated towards himself in ugliness, few travellers there were that escaped his attacks.

I was now invited to an opposite window, and instead of an ordinary, dull scenery, I was now gratified with the sight of a region the most exquisitely beautiful: shady groves and murmuring fountains were dispersed throughout in the utmost profusion and variety. The warbling of birds echoed from every bower, and flowers of the most delicate hue and fragrance clothed the earth. Its inhabitants, too, were of a peculiar order. They were not the busy, plodding creatures I had seen, but light, airy, bird-like things, exuberant as the climate that they occupied; every breath of which, when I inhaled it, seemed to fill me with enthusiasm, and to kindle my soul into inspiration. Some of them were borne aloft on snowy pinions of dazzling brightness; and now soaring upward, and now gracefully declining toward the ground, they appeared to vie with each other in displaying the elegance of their motions, and the beautiful precision of their flight. Others were tripping lightly along the margin of some meandering rivulet, 'discoursing eloquent music,' and now and then stooping to gather the flowers that grew spontaneously at their feet. "How happy must they be," I cried, "who inhabit this land of delight." "Pleasure is here written upon every object, and every countenance is gladdened with a smile!"

my companion replied, but with a look significant in meaning.

I examined more attentively; and fixing my eyes upon one of those lovely beings, I watched it until wearied with its flight, it sank into repose, amid a cluster of roses. Scarcely did it slumber when another one cautiously approached it, and clipping the wings from its shoulders, appropriated them to himself, and flew laughing away.

"Such," said the sage, observing my surprise, "is the land of poesy. It is the brightest, most luxuriant, and most lovely, in nature; yet," added he, "its evils are proportioned to its virtues. Often whilst sporting in airy revelry, is one of those gay creatures brought wounded to the ground by the murderous aim of envy. Often is the pure fountains of which they drink tainted by the poisonous infusions of malice. Their groves, though green, are the resort of reptiles the most noxious; and its atmosphere, though fragrant, is often but the breathings of false feeling, and frequently filled with the effluvia from the bogs of romantic sentimentality." At this moment I heard myself summoned to attend at the bar of public opinion, and awoke; highly gratified at my escape from the condemnation, which, no doubt, many would deem well deserted by the pretensions of
SENEX.

ANCIENT DUELLING.

The following interesting account of a duel, extracted from an old British magazine, gives a faithful delineation of the ferocity and barbarity which distinguished ancient private combats.—At the time of this transaction duelling was sustained by the Common Law of England, which countenanced trials by battle:—

His Grace the Duke of Brunswick to the Lord Baltimore, being the first letter that passed between them.

The affront that you gave me at the minister's ball last night, would argue me a person very unworthy the character I bear, were I to let it pass unregarded. To prove me that adventurous knight, which your evasive expression would have given the noble lady to understand, may perhaps be the most acceptable means to reconcile your spleen; convince me then that you are more of a gentleman than I have reason to believe, by meeting me at the first tree behind the lodge at Hyde Park, precisely at half past five to-morrow morning, and that there may be no pretensions to delay, I have sent by the bearer two swords, of which I give you the privilege to make a choice, and shall approve of whatever terms of fighting you'll be pleased to propose. In the interim, I wish your Lordship a good rest.

Whitehall, 9 o'clock.

Lord Baltimore's Answer.

I received your Grace's message, and accept the contents. It would give me a sensible concern to be obliged to give up the pretensions which your grace is doubtful of. It was an oversight, I presume, that your Grace gave me the

privilege to choose my sword, except your Grace had been so little used to that sort of ceremony as to have forgot that it is the challenged's choice. This, however, is but a trifle, if any thing; appear at the time appointed, and in the interim I wish your Grace a very good night.

Cavendish Square, 11 o'clock. B——.

After my Lord Baltimore had answered his Grace's letter, he visited several of his friends and was observed to be remarkably jocose when at Lady Nottingham's, which occasioned a young lady after his departure, to remark, that she fancied something had happened very agreeable to his Lordship, intercourse with her ladyship was probably renewed again; alluding to the Countess of Essex, as she well knew his extraordinary passion for that lady.—He told the messenger that carried his letter, to bring his Grace's answer to Lieutenant General D'Lee's; the gentleman whom he had pitched upon for his second and with whom he lay all night at his house in St. James' street, which was done.

About four in the morning his Lordship waked and got softly up, without, as he thought, being observed by his bed fellow; and dressed himself, buckled on his sword, fixed two agate flints in his pistols, and then charged them; but recollecting that his Grace's second would probably desire to see them loaded, drew them again. By this time the lieutenant was awake, and observing his Lordship take a book out of his pocket, thought it was improper to give him to know he was observed; his Lordship kneeled down by a small table in the Lieutenant's bed room, and seemed to pray with great devotion for a quarter of an hour, often repeating just loud enough to be heard, the errors of his youthful days, and fervently supplicated the Almighty not to impute them; after which he rose, and bid the Lieutenant awake, for he could not willingly have his Grace, he said, wait a moment, as the morning was a little rainy, and cold withal. By the time they were accoutred, it wanted just half an hour to the appointed time; Lieutenant D'Lee desired to view his Lordship's sword, and examined the point and handle very cautiously, then returning it, by adding he heartily wished it was going to be employed in a cause more serviceable to his country; his Lordship answered that it would be of little consequence in that respect, let the event be what it would. Just as his Lordship was opening the door for their departure, the Lieutenant General desired to know if there was any thing his Lordship thought proper to communicate; to which he replied, it was very fortunate that he had mentioned that, and delivered a letter to the Right Hon. the Countess of Essex, desiring that he would give it to her alone, and not upon any consideration trust it to another hand; as for his family affairs, he said they were already settled according to his will.

On this they immediately left the apartment, and arriving somewhat before the appointed

time, took several turns from the lodge to the tree. His Lordship several times expressed wonder at his Grace's delay, though it was not two minutes by Lieut. D'Lee's watch above the limited hour, when he arrived, attended with one second only. He bade his Lordship a good morning, and hoped they had not waited for them long: then pulling out his watch, said he had lit it to a point; adding at the same time, that he had rather die than break his promise on such an occasion. His Lordship returned the expression with this addition, that though they waited a little while, there was sufficient time left to despatch the business they were upon. To which his Grace replied, the sooner it is despatched the more leisure will be behind. In the interim the seconds were paring their swords, and each, one loaded his adversary's pistols.—They then agreed to the following terms, viz:—

1st. That the distance of firing should not be less, at either time, than seven yards and a half.

2d. That if either should be dangerously wounded at the first discharge, the duel should cease, if the wounded person would own his life was in the hands of his antagonist.

3d. That between the firing and drawing their swords, there should be no limited time, but each should endeavour to make the first thrust.

4th. That if either should yield, as in the second article, during the engagement with swords, whether by a wound, false step, or any other means, then the engagement should cease.

To which four articles they both consented. His Grace stripped off his coat, which was scarlet, trimmed with broad gold lace, when my Lord B——' second stepped in to unbutton his waistcoat; on which, with some indignation, his grace replied, "Do you take me to be a person of so little honour as to defend myself by such means as hiding a shield under my doublet?" Lieut. Gen. D'Lee desired his excuse, adding he was bound to see justice done to the cause he had espoused. The same ceremony passed upon his Lordship who had already off his coat, which was crimson with broad silver lace; and both the combatants being now ready, my Lord B—— added, "Now if it please your Grace, come on;" when they instantly stepped into the circle. His Grace fired and missed; but my Lord B——, perhaps from more experience, knew that battles were seldom won by hasty measures, deliberately levelled his, and wounded his antagonist near the throat. They both discharged again, when his Lordship received a slight wound in his arm, on which they instantly drew their swords, and impetuously charged each other, rather each of them meditating the death of his adversary, than his own safety. In the first or second thrust Lord B—— entangled the toe of his pump in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a push from his antagonist, fell on his right side, but supporting himself with



NOT A PHOTOGRAPH, BUT A COPY OF A PHOTOGRAPH.



CALDWELL'S INN, NEAR MANAYUNK.



ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.



REDCLIFFE CHURCH, BRISTOL.

the sword hand, by inconceivable dexterity, sprung backwards, and evaded the push apparently aimed at his heart. A little pause intervening here, his Grace's second proposed to his Lordship a reconciliation; but the ardent thirst after each other's blood, so overpowered the strongest arguments of reason, that they insisted to execute each other's will, whatever might be the consequence. Nay, the anger of his Grace was raised to such a high pitch of revenge, that he in that critical moment swore, if for the future either the seconds interposed, he would make his way through his body. Thus, after finding all remonstrances of saving them without effect, they retired to their limited distance, and perhaps one of the most extraordinary duels ensued that the records of history can produce, fairly disputed hand to hand. The parrying after this interval brought on a close lock, which, Monsieur de Barreaux says, nothing but the key of the body can open; in this position they stood for, I dare say, a minute, striving to disengage from each other by successive wrenches; in one of which his Grace's sword point got entangled in the guard of his Lordship's which in fact his Lordship overlooked; so that this advantage was recovered by his Grace, before the consequence which it might have brought on was executed. At last, in a very strong wrench on both sides, their swords flew out of their hands; I dare say his Lordship's flew six or seven yards upright. This incident however did not retard the affair a single moment, but both seizing their 'Thistles at the same time, the duel was renewed with as much malevolence as ever. By this time his Lordship had received a thrust through the inner of his sword arm, passing right forward to the exterior part of the elbow; his at the same time passing a little over that of his antagonist, but alertly drawing back, I think partly before his Grace had recovered his push, ran him through the body a little above the right pap. His Lordship's sword being thus engaged, nothing was left but his naked left arm, and his Grace being in this dangerous situation, yet had fair play at almost any part of his Lordship's body; yet he bravely put by several thrusts exactly levelled at his throat, till at last having two fingers cut off by defending the pushes, and the rest mangled in a terrible degree, his Grace lodged his sword one rib below his heart, and in this affecting condition they both stood, without either of them being able to make another push, and each of them by this time, was in a manner covered with blood and gore; when both seconds stepped in and begged they would consider their situation, and the good of their future state; yet neither would consent to part, until by the greater loss of blood which his Lordship sustained in being first wounded, he fell down senseless, but in such a position that he drew his sword out of his Grace's body; but recovering himself a little before he was quite down, faltered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the middle. His Grace observing that he was no longer capable

of defence, or sensible of danger, immediately broke his own and fell on his body with the deepest signs of concern, and both expired before any assistance could be got, though Dr. Fountain had orders from his Grace not to be out of the way in case he should be called up that morning. Thus fell those two gallant men, whose personal bravery history can hardly equal, and whose honor nothing but such a cause could stain.

This anecdote was signed R. Deerhurst, who, it is presumed, was his Grace's second.

P. S. In the above manuscript, several passages are quite defaced, especially the reign and year, which I make nothing of, at least, reconcilable to history. The language I have modernized partly through the whole, for the better perusal of my son, but the seven last lines are not one of them legible, though I believe them to contain reasons why the unhappy affair never got into history.

A view of Caldwell's tavern, formerly Right-er's ferry, is one of the embellishments of the present number. This ferry was heretofore much used, being the only one between Spring Mill ferry, six miles above, and Sheridan's, or the upper ferry, near Philadelphia. The tavern has been built only a few years back, but the ferry has been in existence for upwards of sixty years. Until the erection of Fall's Bridge this was the only ferry. A very large shad fishery was carried on in the vicinity of this ferry, until the Fairmount dam destroyed that lucrative business. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Caldwell's tavern is very fine. The tavern is situated at about the distance of half a mile from the town of Manayunk. The name of Schuylkill, according to Mr. John F. Watson, was given by the Dutch, and signifies "hidden river;" because the mouth of it is not visible as you ascend the Delaware. The Indian name was Manaiunk, from which the name of that beautiful and flourishing little town was derived.

A.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

The Royal Exchange, in London, was built by Sir Thomas Gresham, at his own expense, and presented by him to the city, A. D. 1567.—It was burnt down in the great fire of 1666. The present building of Portland stone was erected in its place. The first stone was laid by Charles II. in 1667, and his statue (as an English book remarks very properly) *disgraces* the centre of its quadrangle. It is situated on the north side of Cornhill, and has two principal fronts, one in Cornhill and the other in Threadneedle street. The tower has a vane of copper, gilt, in the shape of a grasshopper, the crest of the founder. In the tower is an excellent clock, with four dials, which goes with chimes at three, six, nine, and twelve o'clock, playing upon eight bells.

Each of the two fronts has a piazza, which gives a stately air to the building, and serves as a convenient covering from the sun and rain.—In the centre of each front is a lofty gate, leading into a noble area, in which the merchants assemble.

The extent of the Royal Exchange is 203 feet by 171.

The present number contains an engraving of Redcliffe Church, in Bristol, England. Bristol is situated partly in Somerset and partly in Gloucestershire. In wealth and population it is one of the principal cities in Great Britain.—Redcliffe Church is one of those ancient buildings which exhibit specimens of the Gothic style of architecture. It forms a fine contrast with the Corinthian and composite elegance of the Royal Exchange, a view of which appears on the same page. Bristol contains a cathedral and eighteen parish churches.

Two months' recollections of the War in Spain and Portugal.

The following interesting account, extracted from the United Service Journal, is from the pen, or, to speak more correctly, the tongue of a blind private soldier. By a note appended to the communication it appears that he lives at Carrickfergus, upon a well-earned pension, and that the article was dictated by him to an Irish schoolmaster:—

"About the 5th of May we left Montijo, and the other corps composing our division, which had been quartered in the neighbouring villages, also moving at this time, the whole proceeded towards Badajoz, for the purpose of besieging that fortress, then held by the French. We were stationed on the right or south bank of the river Guadiana, opposite Badajoz, to attack St. Christoval, a strong fort communicating with Badajoz by a massy bridge of twenty-eight arches.

"A strong detachment of the enemy still remaining without their works, it was determined to drive them off. To effect this skirmishers were sent forward, who commenced a smart firing, while we advanced in line to their support. During this service the city and fort kept up a constant fire of shot and shells, and a large shot striking the ground in front of a section, cast up such a mass of earth and sand as completely to overwhelm the whole. We concluded that they were killed, but were soon agreeably surprised to see them getting up, shaking the earth from their clothes, and resuming their places in the ranks. Having accomplished the object of our attack, we placed a strong guard on the ground gained, while the greater part of those who had been engaged retired to the camp, about one mile and a half in the rear. On this night, which was very dark, I was on picket, close to the enemy's works; our officer (a Frenchman) kept us stepping slowly backwards and forwards the whole night, in rear of a chain of our sentinels, some of whom were not more than thirty paces from the palisades of Fort St. Christoval. The silence of this tedious night was only broken by the solemn tones of the city clock, and the voices of their sentinels. We could hear distinctly the

'*qui vive*,' as they challenged on the ramparts and every quarter of an hour their cautionary call, '*Sentinel, gardez-vous*,' 'Ho! sentinel, take care of yourself.' On the first streak of daylight we retired under shelter of a rising ground, but were greatly annoyed by the shot and shells from the garrison. If a shell dropped beside us, our only resource was to fall flat on the earth and remain in that state till after the explosion. Watching those shells from the time the dull report of the mortar announced they had left the enemy's works, till they burst or fell, furnished us with ample matter for speculation, and even of mirth, at the desperate runnings on seeing them come near. On this day a detachment of Portuguese infantry of the regiment of Elvas, who had joined us the day before, were stationed in advance, and the shells falling freely about them, their officer, a portly citizen, commenced a precipitate retreat. When observed, he was running at a furious rate, and at his heels his men. Coming near we cheered, on which a sergeant, evidently ashamed, turned about, and rallying the greater number of the fugitives, came over to us; but his officer continued his route, taking a final leave of the glorious but perilous laurels of the tented field. The Portuguese, however, when under British officers, often evinced the utmost bravery, though their ranks were recruited by compulsory conscriptions. We often witnessed their levies arrive guarded by cavalry, and fastened together by ropes, in the manner convicts are sent off for transportation. These recruits were as dirty and ragged as can be well imagined; barefooted and covered with large broad brimmed hats; and at first sight they appeared as so many miserable old men; but when clothed we were often surprised to see them as it were metamorphosed into a body of athletic young fellows.

"Two evenings after I was ordered on a covering party; that is, a body of men who are to protect those about to cast up entrenchments, raise batteries, carry gabions, fascines, or any other work connected with the service. At dusk we moved from our camp, in the utmost silence, and, arriving in the vicinity of St. Christoval, we lay down flat beneath a rising ground, a little in rear of the place where intrenchments were about to be cast up. Then, with a slow and silent pace, came an engineer, heading the working party with picks, spades, and shovels; these were followed by others carrying gabions, which they laid down in rows a little in advance of where we were crouched. The engineer now pointed out the intended works, afterwards called the grand battery, and the massy picks struck the earth; but never shall I forget the terrific noises that followed the breaking of that ground. For a time our ears and senses were alike astounded by the conflicting peals of the artillery and musketry, which, bursting at once on the stillness of the night gave such an appalling shock to us who were inactive spectators, as the oldest veterans had never experienced in their numerous conflicts. Occasionally the atmosphere was partially illuminated by the comet-like fuses of the bombs in their passage towards us; in a few instances they burst in the air within view, thus affording us a momentary respite from the dread of their effects.

"In the mean time gabions continued to be brought up from the rear, and placed close to each other, six deep. Their carriage was truly a perilous service; the men were without shelter of any kind, and as they advanced with their unwieldy burthens many were killed or wounded under the eyes of their comrades. Every minute we heard from the works going forward the cries of "I'm wounded," while the men who still remained unhurt toiled on with a furious assiduity, in order to get under cover. The shot continued to fly over us with a fearful noise, and owing either to the distance they had come, different degrees of velocity, or causes to us unknown, they seemed to emit a variety of sounds, some of which at another time might have been called musical.

"In this state of awful inactivity we lay listening till near day-light, and, though the firing of the artillery of the garrison continued without intermission, yet some of us dropped into a kind of sleep, from which many were destined never to awaken in this world. At day-break a large shell alighted on the brow of the hillock, above where we lay, and giving a few rapid rolls towards us, burst between the legs of a sergeant, tearing off his thigh, and killing or wounding seventeen others. On the noise of this explosion I started up, and the first object that met my half-opened eyes was a German soldier, whose knapsack was on fire, shouting lustily to get it off his back. It appeared that the fusee of the shell having caught his cartridge-box, it blew up, setting his knapsack in a blaze, and in his terror and confusion he was unable himself to get rid of his fiery burthen.

"During this day the enemy slackened their fire, and as the workers were by this time nearly sheltered little loss was for a time sustained; the chief annoyance was their shells; wherever a group of us sought shelter, shells were almost certain of falling immediately after, and, although their near approach was announced by the smoke of their fusee, and a kind of whistling noise, we were kept in a state of perpetual agitation to elude them. In several instances I observed the shells, after their fall, roll about, sometimes like enormous foot-balls, and passing over the bodies of several who had fallen flat, exploded without doing the least injury.

"At twilight the party we had been anxiously expecting from the camp for our relief appeared; on which the enemy opened a most tremendous fire of grape and musketry, and though they came into the trenches at double-quick, several were killed and wounded. We retired in a like hasty manner, and also suffered some loss.

"From our camp we could perceive that of the two other brigades of our division which, under General Stewart, were stationed on the opposite side of the city, where the firing of cannon and musketry was constantly heard; our only communication was by a ford, several miles up the river. At this period, cannon and military stores were arriving daily from Elvas; they were forwarded on large cars, drawn by bullocks, and called by us "shea-cars," from the term used by the drivers when goading the animals forward.—Our provisions were forwarded on mules, which travelled in troops, and besides the muleteers each troop was under the direction of a leader called the capitras.

"On the evening of the 9th May I was one of a picket of eighty men at Major Ward's battery, then erecting on the right of the great road leading to St. Christoval. The night passed over without any event that could be deemed remarkable in our situation. We had, as it were, the same annoyance by shot and shells as on a former night; the same painful scenes to witness of killed and wounded, and similar hair-breadth escapes, watchings, and alarms. At day-break the sentinel at the outer end of the bastion reported that the French were coming out of St. Christoval, in considerable numbers, and the next minute that they were outside the palisades; and in his third report that they had set out at double-quick towards our grand battery, where the next moment resounded the firing of musketry. We immediately set forward in that direction, but no sooner were clear of the trenches than the fort opened its fire, and in crossing the road leading to the bridge we suffered severely, the grape shot literally pouring upon us. Before our arrival the enemy had been repulsed, and were now assailed in their turn. We were ordered to advance, and sprang over the rampart with alacrity. The French had by this time got under cover of their guns, which now commenced a most destructive fire, and our gallant leader, Captain Smyth, having fallen, and the enemy moving into the fort, the bugles sounded a recall, and we retired into the trenches, now half-filled with the dying and the dead. Those of the French smelled strongly of brandy, of which they were reported to have had a double allowance that morning. Before the firing had entirely ceased, the light companies of our brigade from the camp appeared on the road near the bridge; and at the same time their esteemed commander, Major Birmingham, was observed to fall from his horse, being struck on the thigh by a grape shot. These troops perceiving that the enemy were not only repulsed, but also moving along the bridge into the city, from which many of them had come that morning, retired to the camp. Major Birmingham died on the following day, regretted by every man in our regiment, by whom he was regarded as a brave officer and common friend. On returning to our former station, we had to cross the road near the bridge where so many had fallen on our advance, on which the fort again opened its guns, but not with such destructive effect as before. Amongst the dead was recognised our fugleman, with his head and shoulder besmeared with blood and brains, and some, observing that he was alive, gave him a push with their feet, on which he moved his eyes, and we hurried him into the trenches. It was soon discovered that he was not even wounded, and that the blood and brains must have been those of the person who covered him in the ranks, and whose head had been struck off by a cannon shot, and dashed against his with a force by which he had been knocked down and stupified. For some time he was unconscious of his situation, and at length complained greatly of his head, which we bound up, and he remained lying in the trenches till our relief arrived. He did not recover the effect of this shock for several days, though as brave a man as any in the regiment. On counting out files it was found that of the eighty men who set forward to oppose the sortie made by the enemy

exactly forty were enabled to resume their stand in the ranks. Our total loss in the affair amounted to 400 men. On the same day an officer of the engineers got on the bastion to view the enemy's fortifications, to which our guns were about to be opposed. He remained standing with a spy-glass for about ten minutes, had turned round, stooped a little, ready to jump down, when a cannon-shot carried away his head. His glass dropping from his hand, as his body fell into the trenches, we had a hard struggle for his instrument, while the shot were flying over our heads; so callous had we become by custom to every sense of danger that death had lost the greater part of his grim and grisly terrors.

"On the 12th I was again on duty at the grand battery, which was yet incomplected, and without cannon. The great ramparts of earth cast up, prevented our receiving much injury either by round or grape shot, yet our situation was even more perilous and irksome than on any former occasion. By this time the besieged had arrived at such fatal precision, as to the due distance of throwing their shells, that they mostly either fell on the gabions, or dropped into the trenches, thus rendered as unsafe as any other place within range of their guns. We retaliated briskly, by taking aim at those exposed when loading the cannon at the embrasures, and in this deliberate work of death we were pretty successful, as was obvious from the irregular discharge from those parts exposed to the effects of our unceasing shot. On this day a large shell dropped into the trenches near a Sergeant Fullen, who, to evade its effects, caught it up like a large putting-stone, and, to the terror and astonishment of many, threw it over the bastion, where it exploded, without doing the smallest mischief! The other occurrences and casualties at this time were so very similar to those already mentioned that I omit their relation.

"Here, as on other occasions, when mingled with the Portuguese soldiers, we had frequent dealings with them for their rations of rum, which they reserved in horns, and, being very abstemious from liquors, were always willing to dispose of. If provisions were scarce they would only exchange their rum for bread, if plenty they would have money; but as we sometimes had neither, stratagem was resorted to in their place. Their common salutation when holding out their horns, was, 'Compra ruma?' 'Will you buy rum?' Our answer, 'Si Senhor, proveinos primeiro,'—'Let's try it first.' Taking a hasty mouthful, and passing it to another, we exclaimed, 'Ah noa esta bom ruma,' 'It's not good rum,' and in this manner their horns were often nearly emptied in these trials; on which discovery their owners would exclaim in great agitation, 'Ah, ladrao! bebe todo,' 'Ah, thief! you have drunk it all.' When higgling, and not likely to agree in those bargains, they would put the horn to their mouths, and giving a great stagger declare they would get drunk and fight like the *Ingleses*.

"On the morning of the 14th, the grand battery, consisting of brass twenty-four pounders, and some howitzers, opened on fort St. Christoval; but, though a spirited fire was kept up, it was soon evident that they must be silenced by that of the enemy, who, being in a great measure disengaged in that quarter, poured a terrible and

overwhelming fire upon them. By the following morning our fire was considerably abated, several of the cannon being dismounted, and the muzzles of others so beaten by the large shot struck against them as to be unserviceable, and by noon only one gun was enabled to reply to the furious and unremitting cannonade of St. Christoval. Major Ward's battery was still without cannon, hence unable to take any part in the severe and conflicting events going forward.—Fortunately, on this evening, an express arrived from Marshal Beresford to raise the siege, and, hasten to join him in the direction of Albuera, as Marshal Soult was advancing from Seville with a powerful army to the relief of Badajoz. At twilight our outposts were withdrawn, and every article brought off that was serviceable; and pressing forward with cheerful alacrity we entered Elvas by eleven o'clock the same night.—Heartily tired of the dangerous and harassing service we had left, we rejoiced at decamping from a place that had been marked by a succession of the most perilous services, and conceived that any change must be for the better compared with our state for the last eight days. Indeed there is no duty so truly harassing to a soldier as a protracted siege, and certainly none to which he feels so marked an aversion. A general action or assault brings matters to a speedier issue, and valour and military gallantry have there a more extended field; and except a disastrous retreat, there is no situation which damps the spirit and ardour of an army so much as a tedious siege.

"We halted only a few hours at Elvas, and continuing our route, crossed the Guadiana at Jurumonha, and during our march heard at intervals the deep rolling sounds of artillery in the direction of Albuera. Late on this evening we entered Olivenza, where we halted till about two o'clock next morning, and on setting out met some of those who had been wounded early in the action we had heard the preceding day. Their accounts were vague and contradictory as to the probable issue of the contest they had left. In our progress we passed numerous troops of wounded, seated on mules or asses, and many straggling slowly forward on foot, or lying by the road, some of whom were already dead.—Their numbers increased as we advanced, and fully testified that the battle had been one of the most sanguinary kind. Such scenes as these were really ill-calculated to excite a thirst for military fame and the "pride and pomp of glorious war," yet they did not in the least damp our ardour to step out, for, though generally young in years, we were veterans in warfare, and as well inured to the warlike sounds of the cannon as to that of the bugle or drum.

"About six o'clock, A. M., we came in sight of our troops on the field of battle at Albuera; the French were discerned in a wood, about a mile and a half in their front. We now advanced in subdivisions, at double distance, to make our numbers appear as formidable as possible, and arriving on the field piled our arms, and were permitted to move about. With awful astonishment we gazed on the terrific scene before us; a total suspension took place of that noisy gaiety so characteristic of Irish soldiers; the most obdurate or risible countenances sunk at once into a

pensive sadness, and for some time speech was supplanted by an exchange of sorrowful looks and significant nods. Before us lay the appalling sight of upwards of 6,000 men, dead, and mostly stark-naked, having, as we were informed, been stripped by the Spaniards during the night; their bodies disfigured with dirt and clotted blood, and torn with the deadly gashes inflicted by the bullet, bayonet, sword, or lance, that had terminated their mortal existence. Those who had been killed outright appeared merely in the pallid sleep of death, while others whose wounds had been less suddenly fatal, from the agonies of their last struggle, exhibited a fearful distortion of features. Near our arms was a small stream almost choked with bodies of the dead, and from the deep traces of blood on its miry margin it was evident that many of them had crawled thither to allay their last thirst. The waters of this oozing stream were so deeply tinged that it seemed actually to run blood. A few perches distant was a draw-well, about which were collected several hundreds of those severely wounded, who had crept or had been carried thither. They were sitting or lying in the puddle, and each time the bucket reached the surface with its scanty supply there was a clamorous and heart-rending confusion, the cries for water resounding in at least ten languages, while a kindness of feeling was visible in the manner this beverage was passed to each other.

"Turning from this painful scene of tumultuous misery we again strolled amongst the mangled dead. The bodies were seldom scattered about, as witnessed after former battles, but lying in rows or heaps; in several places whole subdivisions or sections appeared to have been prostrated by one tremendous charge or volley.

"We here found the fusilier and Portuguese brigade of our subdivision, whom we had not seen since we went to Badajoz, where they had also been employed. They had arrived on the ground just before the action commenced, in which the former brigade was nearly annihilated. When we separated from that at Olivenza the fusiliers amounted to at least 2,250 men, and on their muster this day only about 350 stood in their ranks. Before their going to Badajoz twenty-nine men of our regiment had been detached to this brigade to assist as artificers during the siege of that fortress; of these only one now remained fit for service. The loss in several other British regiments was reported to have been equally severe; those of the 3d, 31st, 48th, 57th, and 66th, were particularly mentioned, and the field before us presented ample proofs that those reports were but too true. All the survivors with whom we conversed were heartless and discontented. They complained bitterly that the army had been sacrificed by a series of blunders, especially in placing the Spaniards on the key of the position, and in not crediting that the lancers, who had for a time been mistaken for Spaniards, were really French. In our inquiries amongst the fusiliers the following particulars were collected on the spot; but, before proceeding to their relation, I shall notice the numbers of the contending armies and relative situations to the bloody field.

"The combined army was under the orders of Marshal Beresford, and amounted to nearly 25,000 men, forming in round numbers about the

following proportions:—12,000 Spaniards, 8,000 Portuguese, some German artillery and riflemen, and the remainder British. Marshal Soult commanded the French forces, consisting of at least 25,000 veteran troops, about 4,000 of whom were cavalry, a species of force in which we were very defective. The enemy occupied exactly the same position as noticed on our advance thither, and our army the same ground as at this time. About half a mile in our front was a river from which the ground towards us rose in a gentle swell, free from ditches or wood, except a few dwarfish shrubs. Near the extremity of our line, on the right, the ground was more elevated, rising into a few knolls; and rather in front, on the left, was the ruinous village of Albuera, on the great road leading to a bridge over the river. The only living creatures seen in Albuera at this time were an old man and a cat.

"About eight o'clock, on the morning of the 16th, the enemy began to move from the wood seen in front, which, till that time, had concealed their numbers. Soon after several columns advanced towards the river, one of which immediately crossed on the right, and commenced a vigorous attack on the Spaniards, while others attempted to pass at fords, and at the bridge.—The Spaniards, consisting of the united corps of Generals Blake, Castanos, and Ballasteros, defended themselves with the utmost bravery, but were at length driven from their position, leaving behind them ample and indubitable proofs of the obstinate valour by which it had been maintained. From this post the enemy's artillery was now enabled to rake the field, and scattered death throughout our line. Before even attempting its recovery it became necessary to change our front, and while executing this manœuvre a large body of French lancers, which had been for some time hovering about, dashed between the open divisions, and in the confusion that ensued a dreadful havoc was made before they could be expelled. Favoured by a tremendous shower of rain and hail, which had fallen early in the action, those lancers passed the river unobserved, and, on the storm abating, they were seen in front within musket shot of our lines, and reports were made that they were French, but not credited. From their being thus allowed to move quietly about, they evidently perceived that they were mistaken for friends, and kept in a compact body, waiting an opportunity to pounce upon us. At length, while our divisions were detached, in the act of deploying into line, they advanced in squadrons, at full gallop, shouting in Spanish "Vivan los Ingleses!" "Vivan los amigos de Espana!" and in the next moment they were in our ranks, which were so completely surprised that whole companies were destroyed without firing one shot.

"The defeat of the enemy, the recovery of the heights that had been so fatally lost, and the other events of this action being so well known, I omit their relation, and shall only observe that my narrators gave their commander little credit for what has been since termed one of the most brilliant victories of the Peninsular war. Their complaints were loud and general, and always ended with some expression of deep regret for the absence of him whom we looked up to with unlimited confidence, whose presence gave us addition

al courage, and under whom we deemed ourselves invincible and certain of success—need I add that person was Wellington!

"From the heavy rain that had fallen the preceding day, and the trampling of men and horses, the field of battle was at this time a perfect puddle, without one dry or green spot on which we could repose or be seated. Worn and chilled after our forced march, and wading through the sloughs, we kindled fires, and, as fuel could not be had, the muskets lying about were thrown on promiscuously for that purpose. These arms made truly a *crack* fire, for several being charged immediately exploded, the balls whistling through the mud and casting it up in our faces. Alarmed at those salutes, we for some time examined if the guns were discharged, but, tired of those researches, several again exploded, happily without doing any mischief.

"On this night our situation was, if possible, more gloomy and uncomfortable than any we had yet experienced, war on every hand presenting one of his most horrid and terrific forms, while, at the same time, we laboured under the greatest privations. Neither provisions nor liquors could be had at any price, and the surrounding country was so wild and depopulated as to bid defiance to all attempts to better our state, even by marauding. The only place of rest, if such it could be called, was sitting on our knapsacks in the mud, into which many occasionally dropped, overcome with sleep and fatigue, and remained for a time as insensible as the gory corpse on the field. During those heavy and lengthened hours, when about to fall into the mire, I several times started up, and gazed on this strange and appalling scene. The ghastly lines of the dead were faintly visible through the gloom while the deep snoring of those lying about, or who still maintained their balance on their seats, nearly drowned the calls of the sentinels and the low moanings of the mutilated soldiers who still continued to feel. The dull monotony of those sounds were at times broken by others in strict unison with such a time and place. From about midnight the howling of wolves was heard in the direction of the river; they had probably left their dens in the adjacent wood to feast on this field of carnage. Their howls seemed at times as if answered by the calls and croakings of the birds of prey which kept hovering about. I even thought that they seemed to say, "Why remain you here, after having laid out for us such a grand and rich repast?" The thoughts of home, the friends I had there left, and the fabulous legends of infancy passed over my memory in quick review. I paused, and found that the most horrid of those "tales of terror," all the ideal terrors of romance, were surpassed by the horrid realities before me. I several times endeavoured to collect my bewildered thoughts in contrasting my former and present state, but recoiled with horror from the task, and found that truth was indeed strange, "stranger than fiction."

Having only one hope, the accomplishment of it of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hope! nothing remains when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like Alexander when he wanted other worlds to conquer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHINA.

THE city of Canton lies so low, that from no point to which foreigners can penetrate is there an extensive view of it. The river is wide above the Boca Tiger. The water swarms with boats of every size. There may be about twenty of those immense junks of 1,200 tons, but there are countless fleets of boats of fifty tons; families occupy them, whose home is on the water, and who, in half a life, have seldom slept on *terra firma*. There is a huge long oar run out from the stern, moveable on a pin, and the boat is sculled by four or five sailors. The oar strikes the water like a fish's tail. The smaller streams and creeks are populous in the same proportion. The streets are as busy as an ant hill invaded; and, when seen for the first time, it is a ludicrous sight to see so many close shaven heads without any covering. You look down upon them as on the closely packed audience at a theatre. I have sometimes seen one Chinese running away from another, and it is too much to see with gravity, for their tails were streaming out horizontally a yard and a half. The Chinese form their written characters very nicely. They write with a hair pencil, in lines from top to bottom, beginning at the right hand corner of a page. This is peculiar to China and Japan. In all memorials to Mandarins, but more especially to the Emperor, the greatest nicety is required, both in the expression and characters. There are particular words appropriated to different ranks, and no word must occur twice in the same memorial.—To write a proper memorial in China, is as difficult as to draw a special plea in more favoured countries. But a good penman in China will write with wonderful rapidity. They seem to write as fast as they can think. Would, sir, that I could do it, you would have better "recollections," for when I happen to have a good thought it escapes before I can get it out. In a country where so many thousand families live on the rivers, many must subsist on fish, which are providentially abundant. In China every animal must work, unless, as in England, the hog is the only gentleman. Cormorants, therefore, are employed in the river fisheries. The birds are trained to it with care, and, lest they should swallow a good fish, a leathern thong is tied about his neck, so that he cannot swallow. One fisherman goes out with a dozen birds, which you may see perched on the gunwale of his boat. When one takes a fish too large for its strength, another comes to its assistance, and lifting the prey by the tail and gills, they carry it to the master. Some of the cormorants, like me, have a sense of honesty, and require no bandage about the neck; but, having finished their employer's business, he allows them to fish on their own account. Ducks also are used, as in Lincolnshire, for decoys; but a very common method to catch the fowl is this: In the bays and rivers where they are found, the sportsmen throw in a large kind of gourd, which the ducks get so familiar with that they will swim and play around them. Then comes the traitor, with his head inclosed in a similar gourd, and a bag tied about his middle, in which he carries off as many as he requires, for the fowl are numerous. The Chinese have a passion for flowers, and there are flower-sellers every where in the streets. They have also a taste for cultivating

dwarf trees, and on their terraces you may see pines, oaks, and oranges, not so high as your knee. To give some of these trees the appearance of great age, honey is spread over them to attract the insects, that they may bore in the bark. To increase the delusion, they kill a few branches, and cover them with moss. Their rage, however, is for the peony, which they call the king of flowers, and for a favourite plant they will give a hundred dollars. There are about two hundred and fifty species of this flower in China. They are cultivated in large beds, and reared in all forms, and so managed as to blossom in spring, summer and autumn. The Chinese flowers have generally nothing to recommend them but their beauty.

ELOQUENCE OF PATRICK HENRY.

Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary, had taken two of Hook's steers for the use of the troops.—The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, on the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable, in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and is said to have deported himself in this cause to the infinite enjoyment of his hearers, the unfortunate Hook always excepted. After Mr. Henry became animated in the cause, says a correspondent, he appeared to have complete control over the passions of the audience. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook—vengeance was visible in every countenance. Again, when he chose to relax, and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He painted the distresses of the American army, exposed almost naked to the rigor of a winter's sky, and marking the frozen ground over which they trod, with the blood of their unshod feet. Where was the man who had an American heart in his bosom, who would not have thrown open his fields, his barn, his cellars, the doors of his house, and the portals of his breast, to have received with open arms the meanest soldier in that little band of patriots? Where is the man? *There he stands*—but whatever of the heart of the American beats in his bosom, you, gentlemen, are to be the judge. He carried the Jury, by the power of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of. He depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colours. The audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches.

They saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot's face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of "Washington and Liberty," as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river—"but hark! What notes of discord are these, which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, *beef! beef!*"

The whole audience were convulsed. A par-

ticular incident will give a better idea of the effect than any general description. The clerk of the court, unable to command himself, and unwilling to commit any breach of decorum in his place, rushed out of the court house and threw himself upon the grass, in the most violent paroxysms of laughter, where he was rolling, when Hook, with very different feelings, came out for relief in the yard also. "Jemmy Steptoe," said he to the clerk, "what the devil ails ye, mon?" Mr. Steptoe could only say that he could not help it. "Never mind ye," said Hook, "wait till Billy Cowan gets up; he'll show him the la'!"—Mr. Cowan, however, was so completely overwhelmed by the torrent which bore upon his client, that, when he rose to reply to Mr. Henry, he was scarcely able to make an intelligible or audible remark. The cause was decided almost by acclamations. The jury retired for form's sake, and instantly returned with a verdict for the defendant. Nor did the effect of Mr. Henry's speech stop here. The people were so highly excited by the tory audacity of such a suit, that Hook began to hear around him a cry more terrible than that of *beef*—it was the cry of *tar and feathers*—from the application of which, it is said, nothing saved him but a precipitate flight and the speed of his horse.—*American Common Place Book.*

AN ACCOUNT OF A LITERARY DINNER.

BY IRVING.

A few days after this conversation with Mr. Buckthorne, he called upon me, and took me with him to a regular literary dinner. It was given by a great bookseller, or rather a company of booksellers, whose firm surpassed in length even that of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego.

I was surprised to find between twenty and thirty guests assembled, most of whom I had never seen before. Buckthorne explained this to me by informing me that this was a 'business dinner,' or kind of field day, which the house gave about twice a year to its authors. It is true, they did occasionally give snug dinners to three or four literary men at a time, but then these were generally select authors; favorites of the public; such as had arrived at their sixth and seventh editions. 'There are,' said he, 'certain geographical boundaries in the land of literature, and you may judge tolerably well of an author's popularity, by the wine his bookseller gives him. An author crosses the port line about the third edition and gets into claret; but when he has reached the sixth and seventh, he may revel in champaign and burgundy.'

'And pray,' said I, 'how far may these gentlemen have reached that I see around me? are any of these claret drinkers?'

'Not exactly, not exactly. You find at these great dinners the common steady run of authors, one two, edition men: or if any others are invited they are aware that it is a kind of republican meeting. You understand me—a meeting of the republic of letters, and that they must expect nothing but plain substantial fare.'

These hints enabled me to comprehend more fully the arrangement of the table. The two ends were occupied by two partners of the house. And the host seemed to have adopted Addison's ideas as to the literary precedence of his guests. A popular poet had the post of honour, opposite to whom was a hot-pressed traveller in quarto with plates. A grave-looking antiquarian, who had produced several solid works, which were much quoted and little read, was treated with great respect, and seated next a neat dressy gentleman in black, who had written a thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo on political economy, that was getting into fashion. Several three volume duodecimo men of fair currency, were placed about the centre of the table; while the lower end was taken up with small poets, translators, and authors who had not yet risen into much notice.

The conversation during dinner was by fits and starts; breaking out here and there in various parts of the table in small flashes, and ending in smoke. The poet, who had the confidence of a man on good terms with the world, and independent of his bookseller, was very gay and brilliant, and said many clever things, which set the partner next him in a roar, and delighted all the company. The other partner, however, maintained his sedateness, and kept carving on, with the air of a thorough man of business, intent upon the occupation of the moment. His gravity was explained to me by my friend Buckthorne. He informed me that the concerns of the house were admirably distributed among the partners. "Thus, for instance," said he, "the grave gentleman is the carving partner, who attends to the joints, and the other is the laughing partner who attends to the jokes."

The general conversation was chiefly carried on at the upper end of the table, as the authors there seemed to possess the greatest courage of the tongue. As to the crew at the lower end, if they did not make a figure in talking they did in eating. Never was there a more determined, inveterate, thoroughly sustained attack on the trencher, than by this phalanx of masticators. When the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate, they grew very merry and jocosely among themselves. Their jokes, however, if by chance any of them reached the upper end of the table, seldom produced much effect. Even the laughing partner did not seem to think it necessary to honor them with a smile which my neighbour Buckthorne accounted for, by informing me that there was a certain degree of popularity to be obtained, before a bookseller could afford to laugh at an author's jokes.

Among this crew of questionable gentlemen thus seated below the salt, my eye singled out one in particular. He was rather shabbily dressed; though he had evidently made the most of a rusty black coat, and wore his shirt frill plaited and puffed out voluminously at the bosom. His face was dusky, but florid—perhaps a little too florid, particularly about the nose,

though the rosy hue gave the greater lustre to a twinkling black eye. He had a little the look of a boon companion, with that dash of the poor devil in it which gives an inexpressibly mellow tone to a man's humour. I had seldom seen a face of richer promise; but never was promise so ill kept. He said nothing; ate and drank with the keen appetite of a gazetteer and scarcely stopped to laugh even at the good jokes from the upper end of the table. I inquired who he was. Buckthorne looked at him attentively. 'Surely,' said he 'I have seen that face before, but where I cannot recollect. He cannot be an author of any note. I suppose some writer of sermons or grinder of foreign travels.'

After dinner we retired to another room to take tea and coffee, where we were reinforced by a cloud of inferior guests. Authors of small volumes in boards, and pamphlets stitched in blue paper. These had not as yet arrived to the importance of a dinner invitation, but were invited occasionally to pass the evening 'in a friendly way.' They were very respectful to the partners, and indeed seemed to stand a little in awe of them, but they paid very devoted court to the lady of the house, and were extravagantly fond of the children. I looked round for the poor devil author in the rusty black coat and magnificent frill, but he had disappeared immediately after leaving the table; having a dread, no doubt, of the glaring light of a drawing room. Finding nothing farther to interest my attention, I took my departure as soon as coffee had been served, leaving the port, and the thin, genteel, hot-pressed octavo gentlemen, masters of the field.

A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

I ONCE resided in a country town; I will not specify whether that town was Devizes or Doncaster, Beverly or Brighton: I think it highly reprehensible in a writer to be *personal*, and scarcely more venial do I consider the fault of him who presumes to be *local*. I will, however, state, that my residence lay among the manufacturing districts; but lest any of my readers should be misled by that avowal, I must inform them, that, in my estimation, *all* country towns, from the elegant Bath, down to the laborious Bristol, are (whatever their respective polite or mercantile inhabitants may say to the contrary,) positively, comparatively, and superlatively, manufacturing towns!

Club-rooms, ball-rooms, card-tables, and confectioners' shops, are the *factories*; and gossips, both male and female, are the *labouring classes*. Norwich boasts of the durability of her stuffs; the manufacturers I allude to weave a web more flimsy. The stuff of to-morrow will seldom be the same that is publicly worn to-day; and were it not for the zeal and assiduity of the labourers we should want novelties to replace the stuff that is worn out hour by hour.

No man or woman who ever ventures to deviate from the beaten track should ever live in a country town. The gossips all turn from the task of nibbling one another, and the character of the *lusus nature* becomes public property. I

am the mother of a family, and I am known to have written romances. My husband, in an evil hour, took a fancy to a house at a watering-place, which, by way of distinction, I shall designate by the appellation of *Pumpington Wells*: there we established ourselves in the year 1800.

The *manufacturers* received us with a great show of civility, exhibiting to us the most recent stuff, and discussing the merits of the newest fabrications. We, however, were not used to trouble ourselves about matters that did not concern us, and we soon offended them.

We turned a deaf ear to all evil communications. If we were told that Mr. A., "though fond of show, starved his servants," we replied we did not wish to listen to the tale. If we heard that Mr. B. though uxorious in public, was known to beat his wife in private, we cared not for the matrimonial anecdote. When maiden ladies assured us that Mrs. C. cheated at cards, we smiled, for we had no *dealings* with her; and when we were told that Mrs. D. never paid her bills, we repeated not the account to the next person we met; for as we were not her creditors, her accounts concerned us not.

We settled ourselves, much to our satisfaction, in our provincial abode: it was a watering-place, which my husband, as a bachelor, had frequented during its annual season.

As a watering-place he knew it well. Such places are vastly entertaining to visitors, having no "local habitation," and no "name"—caring not for the politics of the place, and where, if any thing displeases them, they may pay for their lodgings, order post-horses, and never suffer their names to appear in the arrival book again.

But with those who *live* at watering-places, it is quite another affair. For the first six months we were deemed a great acquisition. There were two or three *sets* in Pumpington Wells—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The bad left their cards, and asked us to dances, the week we arrived; the indifferent knocked at our door in the first month; and even before the end of the second, we were on the visiting lists of the good.

We knew enough of society to be aware that it is impolitic to rush into the embraces of *all* the arms that are extended to receive strangers; but feeling no wish to affront any one in return for an intended civility, we gave card for card; and the doors of the good, bad, and indifferent, received our names.

All seemed to infer, that the amicable gauntlet, which had been thrown down, having been courteously taken up, the ungloved hands were forthwith to be grasped in token of good fellowship; we had left our *names* for them, and by the invitations that poured in upon us, they seemed to say with Juliet—

* And for thy name, which is no part of thee
Take all myself."

No man, not even a provincial, can visit every body; and it seems but fair, that if a selection is to be made, all should interchange the hospitalities of life with those persons in whose society they feel the greatest enjoyment.

Many a dinner, therefore, did we decline—many a rout did we reject; my husband's popularity tottered, and the inviters, though they no longer dined their dinners in our ears, and teased us with their "teas," vowed secret ven-

geance, and muttered curses, not loud, but deep. I have hinted that we had no scandalous capabilities; and though slander flashed around us, we seldom admitted morning visitors, and our street-door was a non-conductor.

But our next door neighbours were maiden ladies, who *had been* younger, and, to use a common term of commiseration, had seen better days—by which, I mean the days of bloom, natural hair, partners, and the probability of husbands.

Their vicinity to us was an infinite comfort to the town, for those who were unable to gain admittance at our door to disturb our business and desires,

* For every man has business and desires,
Such as they are,

were certain of better success at our neighbours where they at least could gain some information about us "from eye-witnesses who resided on the spot."

My sins were numbered, so were my new bonnets; and for a time my husband was pitied, because "he had an extravagant wife;" but when it was ascertained that his plate was handsome, his dinner satisfactory in its removes, and *comme fi* out in its courses, those whose feet had never been within our door, saw clearly "how it must all end, and really felt for our trades-people."

I have acknowledged that I had written romances; the occupation was to me a source of amusement; and as I had been successful, my husband saw no reason why he should discourage me. A scribbling fool, *in or out* of petticoats, should be forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper; but my husband had too much sense to heed the vulgar cry of "blue stocking." After a busy month passed in London, we saw my new novel sent forth to the public, and then returned to our mansion at Pumpington Wells.

As we drove up to our door, our virgin neighbours gazed on us, if possible, with more than their former interest. They wiped their spectacles; with glances of commiseration they saw us alight, and with unwearied scrutiny they witnessed the removal of our luggage from the carriage. We went out—every body stared at us—the people we *did* know touched the hands we extended, and hastened on as if fearful of infection; the people we *did not* know whispered as they passed us, and looked back afterwards; the men servants seemed full of mysterious flurry when we left our cards at the doors of acquaintances, and the maid-servants peeped at us up the areas; the shopkeepers came from their counters to watch us down the streets—all was whispering and wonder.

I could not make it out; was it to see the authoress? No; I had been an authoress when they last saw me. Was it the brilliant success of my new work? It *could* be nothing else.

My husband met a maiden lady and bowed to her; she passed on without deigning to notice him. I spoke to an insipid man who had always bored me with his unprofitable intimacy, and he looked another way! The next lady we noticed tossed her head, as if she longed to toss it at us; and the next man we met opened his eyes astonishingly wide, and said—

"Are you here! Dear me! I was told you could not show your—I mean, did not mean to return!"

There was evidently some mystery, and we determined to wait patiently for its development. "If," said I, "it bodes us good, time will unravel it." "And if," said my husband, "it bodes us evil, some good-natured friend will tell us all about it."

We had friends at Pumpington Wells, and good ones too, but no friend enlightened us; that task devolved upon an acquaintance, a little slim elderly man, so frivolous and so garrulous, that he only wanted a turban, some rouge, and a red satin gown, to become the most perfect of old women.

He shook his head simultaneously as he shook our hands, and his little grey eyes twinkled with delight, while he professed to feel for us both the deepest commiseration.

"You are cut," said he; "its all up with you in Pumpington Wells."

"Pray be explicit," said I faintly, and dreading some cruel calumny, or plot against my peace.

"You've done the most impolitic thing! the most hazardous"—

"Sir!" said my husband, grasping his cane.

"I lament it," said the little man, turning to me; "your book has done it for you."

I thought of the reviews, and trembled.

"How could you," continued our tormentor, "how could you put the Pumpington Wells people in your novel?"

"The Pumpington Wells people!—Nonsense; there are good and bad people in my novel, and there are good and bad people in Pumpington Wells; but you flatter the good, if you think that when I dipped my pen in praise, I limited my sketches to the virtuous of this place; and what is worse, *you* libel the bad if you assert that my sketches of vice were meant personally to apply to the vicious who reside here."

"I libel!—I assert!" said the old lady-like little man; "not I!—every body says so!"

"You may laugh," replied my mentor and tormentor combined, "but personality can be proved against you; and all the friends and relations of Mr. Flaw declare you meant the bad man of your book for him."

"His friends and relations are too kind to him."

"Then you have an irregular character in your book, and Mrs. Blemish's extensive circle of intimates assert that nothing can be more pointed than your allusion to *her* conduct and *her* character."

"And pray what do these persons say about it themselves?"

"They are outrageous, and go about the town absolutely wild."

"Fitting the caps on themselves?"

The little scarecrow shook his head once more; and declaring we should see he had spoken too true, departed, and then lamented so fluently to every body the certainty of our being *cut*, that every body began to believe him.

I have hinted that my bonnets and my husband's plate occasioned heart-burnings: no—that is not a correct term, the *heart* has nothing to do with such exhalations—bile collects elsewhere.

Those who had conspired to pull my husband from the throne of his popularity, because their parties excited in us no *party spirit*, and we abstained from hopping at their hops, found, to their consternation, that when the novelty of my *novel*

misdeemeanour was at an end, we went on as if nothing had occurred. However, they still possessed heaven's best gift, the use of their tongues, and they said of us every thing bad which they knew to be false, and which they wished to see realized.

Their forlorn hope was our "extravagance." "Never mind," said one, "Christmas must come round, and then we shall see."

When once the match of insinuation is applied to the train of rumoured difficulties, the suspicion that has been smouldering for awhile bounces at once into a *report*, and very shortly its echo is bounced in every parlour in a provincial town.

Long bills, that had been accustomed to wait for payment till Christmas, now lay on my table at midsummer; and tradesmen, who drove denizens to cottages once every evening, sent short civil notes, regretting their utter inability to make up a sum of money by Saturday night, unless I favoured them, by the bearer, with the sum of ten pounds, "the amount of my little account."

Dennett-driving drapers actually threatened to fail for the want of ten pounds!—pastry-cooks, who took their families regularly "to summer at the sea," assisted the *counter*-plot, and prematurely dunned my husband!

It is not always convenient to pay sums at midsummer, which we had been in the habit of paying at Christmas; if, however, a single applicant was refused, a new rumour of inability was started, and hunted through the town before night. People walked by our house, looking up wistfully at the windows; others peeped down the area, to see what we had for dinner. One gentleman went to our butcher, to inquire how much we owed him; and one lady narrowly escaped a legal action, because when she saw a few pickpicks lying on the counter of a crockery-ware man, directed to me, she incantiously said, in the hearing of one of my servants, "Arc you paid for your pickpicks?—ah, it's well if you ever get your money!"

Christmas came at last: bills were paid, and my husband did not owe a shilling in Pumpington Wells. Like the old ladies in the besieged city, the gossips looked at us, wondering when the havoc would begin.

He who mounts the ladder of life, treading step by step upon the identical footings marked out, may live in a provincial town. When we want to drink Spa waters, or vary the scene, we now visit watering-places; but rather than force me to live at one again, "stick me up," as *Andrew Fair-service* says, in *Rob Roy*, "as a regimental target for ball-practice." We have long ceased to live at Pumpington.

Fleeting are the tints of the rainbow—perishable the leaf of the rose—variable the love of woman—uncertain the sunbeam of April; but nought on earth can be so fleeting, so perishable, so variable, or so uncertain, as the popularity of a provincial reputation!

JOHN RANDOLPH.—It is not generally known, we presume, that John Randolph made his first entrance upon the public stage, against the influence of the oratory of Patrick Henry. In the spring of 1799, Mr. Randolph offered himself as a candidate to represent the district in which he resided in the next Congress, on which occasion he had two competitors, one of whom was an ar-

dent supporter of the administration of John Adams, and the other as decidedly opposed to it. At the same time, the pressing solicitations of many of the leading Federalists had induced Patrick Henry to withdraw from his retirement, and announce himself to the freeholders of the county of Charlotte as a candidate for their suffrages in the House of Delegates of Virginia. Mighty preparations were making by the Democratic party to elect a majority to both branches of the General Assembly, that would change the mode of choosing Presidential Electors throughout the State from the District, as it then existed, to the General Ticket system, with a view of giving the entire vote of the State to Mr. Jefferson. Mr. Madison resigned the seat which he held in Congress, and became a candidate for the General Assembly, to ensure, by his efforts and talents, the success of the measure. When the day of election arrived, Patrick Henry made his appearance, and addressed the electors in a masterly strain, in favor of the general principles of policy on which the Federal party rested. He spoke about two hours, and left an impression upon the minds of his hearers, by no means favourable to the success of any political opponent. Under all these appalling disadvantages, a young man was seen to present himself before the people, with the avowed intention of combating the arguments of Mr. Henry. The person of Mr. Randolph was little known, as he had lived rather a solitary life upon his estate, after he completed his collegiate studies at Columbia College in this city. The singularity of his carriage, his youthful appearance and shrill tones, together with the power of his eloquence, soon excited a wonderful enthusiasm among his audience, who listened with the deepest silence to his remarks. He seemed quite conscious of the boldness of the enterprise in which he had embarked, and animadverted upon the address of Mr. Henry, in a style and manner that drew the highest commendation from that highly-gifted orator. His speech was received with the most rapturous plaudits, and it was evident to Mr. Henry that a spirit was excited which portended far more than could have been originally calculated: He found himself compelled to reascend the rostrum in defence of the topics he had advanced, and was again followed by Mr. Randolph in reply. The polls were opened, and as the election proceeded, it was discovered that the people were resolved, notwithstanding party dissensions, to have the benefit of the services of both these distinguished individuals, in the different situations which they coveted. Patrick Henry was chosen to the House of Delegates, and John Randolph to the U. S. House of Representatives. Mr. Henry, however, did not live to take his seat in the Assembly, and the friends of Mr. Jefferson carried their favourite measure in that body, at the ensuing session, by a majority of 5 votes.

Some years afterwards, Mr. Randolph, in the course of some observations he addressed to Congress respecting Mr. Jefferson, expressed his firm conviction, that if Patrick Henry had lived to take a part in the debates of the General Assembly upon the proposed alteration, the project would have been defeated, and Mr. Jefferson not then elected President. "It prevailed," said he, "by a majority of only 5 votes, and Patrick Henry was always good for 5 times 5 votes. Mr. Adams

would have received the votes of 5 or 6 of the electoral districts, and been re-elected."—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—When a man walks, the legs are alternately lifted from the ground, and the centre of gravity is either unsupported or thrown from the one side to the other. The body is always thrown a little forward, in order that the tendency of the centre of gravity to fall in the direction of the toes may assist the muscular action in propelling the body. This forward inclination of the body increases with the speed of the motion. But for the flexibility of the knee-joint the labor of walking would be much greater than it is; for the centre of gravity would be more elevated by each step. The line of motion of the centre of gravity in walking is represented by fig. 62, and deviates but little from a regular horizontal line, so that the elevation of the centre of gravity is subject to very slight variation. But if there was no knee-joint, as when a man has wooden legs, the centre of gravity would move as in fig. 63, so that at each step the weight of the body would be lifted through a considerable height, and, therefore, the labor of walking would be much increased. If a man stand on one leg, the line of direction of his weight must fall within the space on which his foot treads. The smallness of this space compared with the height of the centre of gravity, accounts for the difficulty of his feet. The position of the centre of gravity of the body changes with the posture and position of the limbs. If the arm be extended from one side, the centre of gravity is brought nearer to that side than it was when the arm hung perpendicularly. When dancers, standing on one leg extend the other at right angles to it, they must incline the body in the direction opposite to that in which the leg is extended, in order to bring the centre of gravity over the foot which supports them. When a porter carries a load, his position must be regulated by the centre of gravity at his body and the load taken altogether. If he bore the load on his back, the line of direction would pass beyond his heels, and he would fall backward. To bring the centre of gravity over his feet he accordingly leans forward. If a nurse carry a child in her arms, she leans back for a like reason. When a load is carried on the head, the bearer stands upright, that the centre of gravity may be over his feet. In ascending a hill, we appear to incline forward; and in descending, to lean backward; but, in truth, we are standing upright with respect to a level plane. This is necessary to keep the line of direction between the feet. A person sitting on a chair which has no back cannot rise from it without either stooping forward to bring the centre of gravity over the feet, or drawing back the foot to bring them under the centre of gravity. The feats of rope-dancers are experiments on the management of the centre of gravity. The evolutions of the performer are found to be facilitated by holding in his hand a heavy pole

His security in this case depends, not on the centre of gravity of his body, but on that of his body and the pole taken together.—This point is near the centre of the pole, so that, in fact, he may be said to hold in his hands the point on the position of which the facility of his feats depends. Without the aid of the pole the centre of gravity would be within the trunk of the body, and its position could not be adapted to circumstances with ease and rapidity.—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia: Treatise on Mechanics.*

THE GREAT ECLIPSE OF 1831.

This eclipse, which will happen on the 12th of February, will be one of the most remarkable that will again be witnessed in the United States for a long course of years. The apparent diameter of the sun will be 32 1.2 minutes of a degree, that of the moon 31 1.2. Of course the eclipse will be *annular*; that is, in all places where the sun will be centrally eclipsed, at the moment of the greatest obscuration, it will exhibit the appearance of a beautiful luminous ring around the moon.—Eclipses of this kind are of less frequent occurrence than those which are total. The center of the eclipse will first touch the earth's disk in the great Pacific Ocean on the morning of Feb. 12th, in lat. 31 deg. 55 minutes N. and longitude 140 degrees 3 minutes west from Greenwich. At this point the sun will rise centrally eclipsed at 34 minutes past 6 o'clock; or at three hours 54 p. m. apparent time at Greenwich. Thence proceeding by a gentle curve to the South and East, in 16 minutes it will appear upon the coast of California, in lat. 27 degrees 30 minutes N. Thence curving Northwardly, 47 minutes more it will enter the United States, near the S. W. corner of Louisiana, and in 6 minutes will cross the Mississippi near St. Francisville. Passing through the states of Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia, in 27 minutes more it will arrive at a point in Pendleton county, S. C., in latitude 34 degrees 37 minutes N. longitude, 82 degrees 38 minutes W. where the sun will be centrally eclipsed on the meridian.—Thence passing over North Carolina into Virginia, in 14 minutes it will cross James river, near Richmond, and continuing in nearly a direct line, in 8 minutes will leave the New Jersey shore at Little Egg harbor, passing a few miles east of Montauk Point; in 8 minutes it will leave the eastern shore of Cape Cod at Wellfleet, and in 6 minutes it will enter upon the South Western extremity of Nova Scotia. Thence passing over the island of Newfoundland, and increasing in velocity, as it approaches the verge of the earth; in 19 minutes more it will leave its disk in 51 deg. lat. 58 deg. 40 min. W. long. at which point the sun will set centrally eclipsed at 4 h. 30 min. or 6 h. 25 min. Greenwich time.

The eclipse will have been 2 h. 31 min. in crossing the earth's disk, and about one hour from its entrance to the time of its leaving the United States. A line drawn through the above

points on the map of North America, will pass through all those places where the eclipse is central. Two other lines on each side of the first at the distance of 50 miles, will include all places in the United States where it will be annular. Its penumbra will precede and follow the centre, at the mean interval of one hour and thirty minutes, making on the central track the beginning and end of the eclipse.—Lines drawn on the map of the United States, parallel to the central track at intervals, on the south side of 200, 185 and 175 miles, and on the north at intervals, of 225, 250 and 300 miles, will exhibit, nearly, the respective points where the sun will be 11, 10, and 9 digits eclipsed. By making proportions along the central path of the eclipse, of the intervals of Greenwich time, and projecting the hour lines at right angles, the time and phases of the eclipse may be found for very nearly any place in the United States, observing to reduce the Greenwich time to that of the place of observation.

The eclipse will be visible over every part of the North American continent and the West Indies, and will be seen as far south as the city of Quito in South America.

BOSTON BOYS.—The British troops which were sent to Boston, to keep that rebellious town in order, were every where received with the most unequivocal marks of anger and detestation. During their stay 'the very air seemed filled with suppressed breathings of indignation.' 'The insolence and indiscretion of some subaltern officers increased the ill will of the citizens, and vexations and quarrels multiplied daily.'—At this period of exasperation, the boys were much in the habit of building hills of snow, and sliding from them to the pond in the Common. The English troops, from the mere love of tantalizing, destroyed all their labours. They complained of the injury, and industriously set about repairs. However, when they returned from school, they found the snow-hills again levelled. Several of them now waited on the British Captain, to inform him of the misconduct of his soldiers. No notice was taken of their complaint, and the soldiers grew every day more provokingly insolent. At last they resolved to call a meeting of the largest boys in town and wait upon Gen. Gage, Commander in Chief of the British forces. When shown into his presence, he asked, why so many children had called to see him. 'We come, sir, said the foremost, to claim a redress of grievances.' 'What, have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to utter it.' 'Nobody sent us, sir,' and his dark eye flashed; 'we have never injured or insulted your troops; but they have trodden down our snow hills, and broken the ice on our skating ground. We complained and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told the Captain of this, and he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were a third time destroyed; and now we will bear it no longer.' Gen. Gage looked

at them with undisguised admiration, and, turning to an officer who stood near him, he exclaimed, "Good heaven! the very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathed—and added, 'You may go my brave boys; and be assured that if any of my troops hereafter molest you they shall be severely punished.'"

MICHAEL ANGELO,

The Dante of Artists.

Tu pater, et rerum inventor, tu patria nobis
Suppedites, præcepta tuis rex inclyte chartis.

Parent and monarch of thy art,
To us thy precepts still impart,
Still to thy sons instructions give.

Still in their works thy genius live.—*Inscription on a picture put up in the Chapel where the obsequies of Michael Angelo were performed.*

The same elements of mind which combined; and constituted the genius of the great poet of Italy, appeared in the equally illustrious artist; their development only was different, in consequence of the different direction which accident or early inclination had given to similar energies; both, perhaps, possessed in an equal degree, the spirit, the *vis vitæ* of poetry. Distinguished critics, when they speak of the poems of the one and the studies of the other, approach very nearly in their train of observation and epithet. Compare the remarks of Schlegel or Sismondi on the poetry of Dante, with those of Fuseli the painter, on the works of Angelo, the resemblance is striking. The poet and the artist appear alike, even in their peculiar failings. Schlegel says, of the author of the *Inferno*—"There are among the poets of his own nation none who can sustain the most remote comparison with him, either in boldness and sublimity of imagination, or in the delineation of character." In another place he adds—"His chief defect is, in a word, a want of gentle feelings." In more eloquent language Sismondi expresses a similar sentiment. "No poet, however, had yet arisen gifted with absolute power over the empire of the soul; no philosopher had yet pierced into the depths of feeling and of thought; when Dante, the greatest name of Italy, and the father of her poetry, appeared and demonstrated the mightiness of his genius, by availing himself of the rude and imperfect materials within his reach, to construct an edifice, resembling in magnificence that universe whose image it reflects." Of his great poem, Sismondi says—"In its composition, it is strictly conformable to the essential and invariable principles of the poetical art—it possesses unity of design and of execution, and bears the visible impression of a mighty genius, capable of embracing at once, the parts and the whole of its scheme; of employing with facility the most stupendous materials, and of observing all the required niceties of proportion, without experiencing any difficulty from the constraint.—In all other respects, the power of Dante is not within the jurisdiction of established rules; it cannot, with propriety, be referred to any particular class of composition, and its author is

only to be judged by those rules which he thought fit to impose upon himself." Speaking of his style, Sismondi says—"Yet he is neither pure nor correct; but what is far superior to either, he had the powers of creative invention." Turn now to the remarks of the able illustrator of Shakspeare, on the monarch of the arts, his admired model. Sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, are the elements of Michael Angelo's style, by these principles he selected or rejected the objects of imitation. As a painter, as a sculptor, as an architect, he attempted, and, above any other man, succeeded to unite magnificence of plan and endless variety of subordinate parts, with the utmost simplicity and breadth; his line is uniformly grand; character and beauty were admitted only so far as they could be made subservient to grandeur. The child, the female, meanness, deformity, were by him indiscriminately stamped with grandeur. Abeggar rose from his hand, the patriarch of poverty; his infants teem with the man; his men are a race of giants. This is the *terrible via* hinted at by Agostino Caracci, but perhaps as little understood by him as by Vasari his blind adorer. To give the appearance of perfect ease to the most perplexing difficulty, was the exclusive power of Michael Angelo. He has embodied sentiment in the monuments of St. Lorenzo, and in the chapel of Sixtus, traced the characteristic line of every passion that sways the human race, without descending to individual features,—the face of Biagio Cesena only excepted. The fabric of St. Peter scattered into an infinity of jarring parts by Bramante and his followers; he concentrated, suspended the cupola, and to the most complex, gave the air of the most simple of all edifices. Though, as a sculptor, he expressed the character of flesh more perfectly than all that went before or came after him, yet he never submitted to copy an individual; whilst in painting, he contented himself with a negative colour, and as the painter of mankind, rejected all meretricious ornament. Such was Michael Angelo as an artist; sometimes he, no doubt, deviated from his principles,—but it has been his fate to have had beauties and faults ascribed to him, which belonged only to his servile copyists, or unskilful imitators."

In looking over the anecdotes and traits of character of this eminent artist which are still on record, our attention is particularly directed to the intellectual enthusiasm so conspicuous in his character, and without which no man ever reached "the topmost height" of excellence in any pursuit, far less in poetry or the arts. We perceive that burning determination, not to equal, but to excel; that eager aspiration after something beyond the given limit of human attainment, and fixed resolution at all events, and at every hazard, to penetrate to the utmost verge of human capability; that well grounded confidence in his own powers, which has entered into the composition of every master mind—which has formed the hero and the sage—and

raised to the seats of renown, the first in empire, the first in science, and the first in arts.—Without some portion of this sacred fire, no man ever obtained much success, or great superiority. When it has arisen to a flame, it cannot easily be quenched; and the slightest spark, if cherished, instead of smothered by early education, will place a man in some degree above his fellows. It is said that Angelo entertained a design of executing a colossal statue of Neptune in the marble quarries of Massa Carara, which, fronting the Mediterranean Sea, might be seen by vessels at a very great distance. On being asked whether the copy of the Laocoon, by Bacio Bandinelli, the eminent Florentine sculptor, was equal to the original, he coolly replied, "He who submits to follow, is not made to go before." On another occasion he said, "The man that cannot do well from himself, can never make a good use of what others have done before him." When he first beheld the Pantheon at Rome, "I will erect such as building," said Angelo, "but I will hang it up in the air." The conception of the Dome of St. Peter's then rose before his mental eye.—These little incidents demonstrate character.

Powerful is the influence of such a mind upon those of congenial, and even those of inferior mould, through a long succession of years; not merely from the monuments of its greatness bequeathed for their emulation and expansive study, but from the inspiration of its example.—Such men, though dead, yet speak; their spirit pervades the whole range of the department in which they excelled; and calls into life and action the dormant energies of remote posterity. It is like the dew of Heaven to the expanding bud of genius; and like the fanning of its breezes to the declining fire of professional enthusiasm. Those who are conversant with the lectures delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds before the Royal Academy,—lectures which develop more of the philosophy of art than any productions of which I have any knowledge, will observe the effect of an attentive study of the works of Angelo, and the glow of eloquence that a contemplation of his genius could kindle into one whose temperament was not the most ardent. His last lecture concludes thus—"Gentlemen, I reflect not without variety, that these discourses bear testimony of my admiration of this truly divine man; and I should desire, that the last words which I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo, Michael Angelo!"

The seal of Angelo exhibited three rings, inclosed one within the other, expressive of the union he had made in his mind of the three different arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The unflinching energy of this great artist—his mental resistance to the pressure of age—his freedom from its ordinary infirmities, are interestingly depicted by Vigenerez. "I have seen this divine old man at the age of sixty, chip off more scales from a hard piece of marble in less than a quarter of an hour, than three young

stone cutters could do in three or four hours—a thing impossible to be conceived, unless by one who had seen it. He worked with so much fury and impetuosity that I really thought he would have broken the block of marble to pieces; knocking off at one stroke great pieces of marble of three or four fingers thick, so near the points he had fixed, that if he had passed ever so little over them, he would have been in danger of ruining his work—because that cannot be replaced in stone as it may in stucco and in clay."

Two instances of the veneration of Sir Joshua Reynolds for his eulogised master are worthy of being mentioned. The seal he ordinarily used for his letters bore the impression of his head; and in the portrait of himself, he painted for the Royal Academy, he is represented standing near a bust of Angelo.

From the portraits preserved of him, Michael Angelo appears to have had a very strongly marked countenance; and one of those well knit frames, which Mr. Foster, in his essays on decision of character, seems to consider one of the principal, and almost essential causes of that desirable quality.

In looking over the lines of eminent artists, nothing is more apt to arrest the attention than their keen susceptibility to the impressions of external objects; their nervous sensitiveness; and that irresistible, impassioned impulse of genius, which bids defiance to frowning circumstance, and will have its way in spite of obstacles, adversity, and every discouragement. We have had instances of this uncontrollable bent of mind in our own country—and few are unacquainted with the early life of West, the American president of the Royal Academy—the worthy successor of the classic and accomplished Reynolds. Indeed our country has shewn itself quite a famous nursery of pictorial genius; and perhaps it is partly attributable to the varied scenes of natural magnificence—of the grand, and wild, and sublime, with which she abounds, and which warm the soul, and feed the fancy of the painter. The variety of life also; the simple habits and rough existence of the pioneer settler; the adventurous life of the daring hunter; the broken remnants of the Indian tribes, still roving the wilds for precarious subsistence, unfitted for the ingrafted habits of civilization, and soon weary of their constraint—whose straight and agile forms, nerved by constant exercise and free exposure to the bracing air, occasioned the exclamation of West when he first beheld that model of manly beauty, the Apollo Belvidere, "What a fine Mohawk Indian." These open a most expansive field for a painter's observation, and offer an almost exhaustless fund of the romantic and the picturesque.

But much encouragement to the higher walks of the arts has not been given, and cannot yet be expected from our citizens. Our country is young, and for some years to come, must necessarily be occupied principally in the acquisition of the means of subsistence, and in works of ab-

solute utility and tangible pecuniary advantage. Individuals of great wealth and much leisure are few in number, and these few, having in most instances been the authors of their own fortunes, and spent the best part of their lives in the bustle of commerce, have rarely had much opportunity or inclination to acquire a taste for the fine arts; business men absorbed in speculations of gainful enterprise; money making traders are not remarkable for their *virtu*, and have but little time to waste in scanning the beauties of a fine picture, or a graceful statue—their attention would much rather be given to the substantial attractions and grosser beauties of a lot of first rate *Sea Island*, or best *Virginia*. Still, however, a certain degree of attraction may be given to the polite arts, and a taste for them is evidently increasing in our country. We see this increase with pleasure, for it contributes to the aggregate of intelligence, and will have a beneficial influence upon public and individual feeling. We would not desire any ostentatious displays of affected liberality; any foolish extravagance for the reputation of a *dilettante*, or the name of a patron of the arts. No man should indulge his taste beyond his means, or rush into expenses he can ill afford, for the sake of appearances. But a fondness for the fine arts can be cheaply gratified. The means of indulgence are accessible to every man above the condition of the day labourer. If he cannot purchase a costly painting, he can view it for a trifle. If he cannot make a collection of cabinet gems, he may be the owner of a few fine engravings. If he is not master of the wealth which could purchase the breathing marbles of Canova, or command the creative chisel of Chantry, yet he can decorate his mantles and crown the book-cases of his library with spirited plasters, and contemplate the intellectual beauty of the busts of the great masters, and the graceful attitudes, fine proportions, and animated grouping of their figures, in the accurate imitation of a skilful cast. The value of a well regulated taste for the fine arts is too evident to need the support of argument. They go hand in hand with polite literature. They do more than embellish life. The emotions we feel when we gaze upon a head of intellect, revealing the workings of intense thought, and bearing the visible traces of sublime effort; or a countenance radiant with the celestial beauty of the inspiration of the purer passions; or marked with the controlling energy of an invincible soul, and wearing the majesty of high resolve; or the spirited conception of some great historical event embodied and perpetuated by a mighty pencil, are of a very different and far more ennobling nature than any thing allied to mere elegant amusement.—They enkindle and they augment the admiration of the generous and the ardent, for mental and moral excellence. It is “to make the soul with tender strokes of art”—it is “to raise the genius”—nor do we go too far when we say, “to mend the heart.” Every thing that contributes in any degree to this, is worthy of encourage-

ment, and will receive it from the intelligent and the patriotic; for they need not to be informed, that admiration must always precede, and has not unfrequently produced an honorable and successful emulation. J. B. S.

AN ARAB CARAVAN.—A caravan presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels which had been turned out to graze as soon as they halted and been unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched. When arrived there, the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads are attached, by halters, to a rope which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning. As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs collected round the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the groups of different travellers who are seen squatted on the ground in front of their tents, or besides their piles of merchandize, some occupied with their pipes, and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal. In an Oriental company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels. All those persons who have once tried it, and who understand the Eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquillity with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage, and the feeling of security which prevails, amply compensate for the slowness of its movements; and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire, and the neighboring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there are to be found a never failing variety of associates and of anecdotes.—*Fuller's Travels in the Turkish Empire.*

PARODY ON LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

| | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Real Havannah! | Real Havannah! |
| Real Havannah! | Primeest of stuff, |
| Precious cigar! | Sell me no humbug. |
| Gentle as manna, | Vender of snuff— |
| Bright as a star— | Think not on me |
| Pleasant at fireside, | You can cut any jokes— |
| Cheery on road— | 'Tis Toper Thomas |
| Best of all perfumes | Himself who now smokes |
| At home or abroad. | Real Havannah! &c. |
| Real Havannah! | When thy bright tip |
| Puff away care— | Any mortal may see, |
| Blow my misfortunes | Thou art his choice |
| Into thin air. | And a smoker is he. |
| Real Havannah! | Real Havannah! |
| O who would dare | Puff away care— |
| Meerschbaum or hookah | Blow my misfortunes |
| With thee compare? | Into thin air. |



SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States,

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE.

GILLENIA STIPULACEA.

English Name—Western Dropwort.

Vulgar Names—Indian Physic, Indian Hippo, Ipecac, Beaumont root, Bowman's root, Meadow sweet, &c.

Genus *Gillenia*.—Calix campanulate five cleft. Five narrow unequal petals inserted on the calyx. Many short Stamina inserted there also. Five coherent pistils, five Styles. Capsules five connate at the base, opening inside, unilocular, two seeded.

Species *G. Stipulacea*.—Lower leaves pinnatifid, upper leaves trifoliolate, folioles lanceolate incise serrate; stipules foliaceous, ovate, oblique, jagged; flowers loosely corymbose.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, dark brown, amorphous, with large and long fleshy fibres. Several Stems from two to three feet high, slender, smooth, brittle, reddish, branched. Leaves large, alternate, sessile, with three folioles and two large stipules; these

last are oblique, ovate, irregularly jagged, acute. Folioles smooth, lanceolate, acute at both ends, with a large nerve, border unequally serrate or jagged, and in the lower leaves often pinnatifid. Flowers in loose thin terminal corymbs, peduncles clingate, calix campanulate with five teeth; petals white, three times as long, linear, lanceolate, a little unequal, base cuneiform, and nearly obtuse. Stamina short, inclosed, anthers round yellow. Pistil central free, five parted, five filiform Styles, five obtuse stigmas, five connected Capsuls, &c.

LOCALITY.—Found only west of the Allegheny mountains, from Ohio and west Virginia to Missouri, and Louisiana; rare in the limestone and alluvial regions, very common in the hilly and sand-stone regions, growing always in poor or gravelly soils, both in woods and glades.

HISTORY.—This genus contains two species, this and *G. trifoliata*, which has similar properties, and will be known by its locality, growing on the mountains Alleghany, or north, east and south of them, from Canada to Florida, but never west of them. It is a larger plant, with broader folioles, small linear stipules and fewer flowers, but larger. It has been figured by Barton and Bigelow, but resembles this so much as not to need it.

Both blossom in June and July, and are pretty plants, worth cultivation. They had formerly been united to *Spirea*, *Filipendula*, and *Ulmario*; Mönch proposed long ago the genus *Gillenia*, but it was only lately adopted. It belongs to the natural order of *Senticosées*, family *Spireadia*, and to *Icosandria pentagynia*. The *G. Stipulacea* was only lately described. It offers many varieties, 1. *Uniflora*, 2. *Pinnatifida*, 3. *Virgata*, 4. *Variegata*, &c. Cattle do not eat it.

QUALITIES.—Roots scentless, taste bitter, but not unpleasant. Containing a resin, extractive, lignine, secula, amarine, and a coloring matter, which dies the solutions red.

PROPERTIES.—Both species are emetic, cathartic, and tonic, but the *G. stipulacea* is by far the best and strongest. It has even happened that the *G. trifoliata* has proved inert in some cases, when old, or taken from cultivated plants: while the *G. stipulacea* has never failed, and supersedes the Ipecac in common practice throughout the west. It is as mild and efficient, milder than the *Euphorbia corollata*. The roots are collected in the fall, and kept in many stores: the bark of the root is chiefly used, but the woody part is not inert, as supposed. The dose is from fifteen to thirty grains of the powder. It operates often also as a cathartic. In small doses it becomes a tonic, and is used in intermittents. The Indians employed it, and took larger doses or strong decoctions of it, which operated violently; this practice is yet followed, and brings on debility. Eberle has successfully used the *G. trifoliata* in dyspepsia; also in dysentery with opium. It is given in decoction to horses and cattle, as a tonic and digestive.

THE conventual church of Nazareth is handsome, though inferior to that of St. Giovanni.—From the centre of the western entrance, a broad flight of steps leads down to a grotto, and on each flank is another flight leading up to the high altar. In the grotto, or rather just at its entrance, is reported to have stood the memorable house of the Madonna, which was miraculously removed to Loreto; and some holes in the rock are pointed out as the places in which the beams rested. Though the house itself has disappeared, yet the exact spot in which the Incarnation took place is still preserved with religious accuracy. Two broken pillars indicate the place where stood the announcing angel; and the seat of the Virgin is occupied by an altar, on which blazes, in letters of gold, the awful inscription:—

HIC verbum caro factum est.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Sheridan is reported to have once fallen into a coal-cellar on his way home after a good supper at Drury-lane; and his abuse of the vender, for not keeping a light at the cellar-door, was warmly retorted by his wife. "D—n it," cried Sheridan, who was not hurt, "do you think I want to pocket your coals?"—"No!" retorted the wench, "but your nose may set the coal-hole on fire."

An English writer has computed that half of a woman's chances of marriage are gone when she has completed her twentieth year; at twenty-three, three-fourths of her opportunities have vanished; and at twenty-six, seven-eighths. So girls, we advise you to cut the cards accordingly.

Some caution is requisite in passing our opinion upon stangers; a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee of the court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield—pray, my lord, who is that tall awkward woman yonder? That lady, sir—replied Lord Chesterfield, is—*my sister*. The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out—no, no, my Lord, I beg your pardon: I mean that ugly woman, who stands next to the Queen. That lady, Sir answered Lord Chesterfield, calmly—that lady, sir, is—*my wife*.

FULNESS OF JOY.—A man observed to his wife, that she was beautiful, dutiful, youthful, plentiful and an arm full.

EXTRACT FROM A CENSUS DIALOGUE.

Census man.—But who is the head of the family?

Mrs. O'Flynn.—Och! bless ye, honey—its all head and no head—they're all for themselves.

Census man.—How many are there in your family?

Mrs. O'Flynn.—Is it that you wish to know? If you've got a piece of chalk, sir, I'll tell you in the twinkling of a bed post. Let me see there's Duke Laney, and his gang of waddlers, that's fourteen; there's Paddy O'Rourke, his wife and twelve children—there's John McGoggles, the well digger, and Jemmy O'Reilley, the bog-trotter; there's my seven darters with their husbands, and betwixt them, twenty-seven as sweet little ones as you'd wish to clap your ugly eyes upon—and there's myself and Teddy, and our five sons, with their wives and twenty-three young 'uns—besides six lodgers and fourteen boarders.

CHANGE.—A sailor looking serious in a certain chapel in Boston, was asked by the clergyman if he felt any change—whereupon the tar put his hand into his pocket and said "no, not a cent."

SIMILIES—"I hope I don't intrude," as the knife said to the oyster. "Come in," as the spider said to the fly. "Come on," as the man said to his boot. "You make me blush," as the lobster cried out to the saucepan. "I am all in a stew," as the shin bone said to the soup kettle.

In a party the other evening where the merits of the Dundonnel case was warmly discussed, a gentleman who contended against the opinion of a lady, for the insanity of the late Laird, observed, "what do you say, Madam, to a person lying down on his back, and allowing fowls to feed off his body?" "All you can make of that," said the lady, "is that, like many other married men, he was *henpecked*."

MIGHT AND MAIN.—Lord Charles Somerset was telling a long story about his walking in the woods at the Cape one day, when he came suddenly upon a huge shaggy lion. "Thinking to frighten him," said the noble Lord, "I ran at him with all my might." "Whereupon," said another, interrupting, "he ran away with all his mane." "Just so," said his Lordship.

The monkeys of Exeter change in London, used to be confined in a row of narrow cages, each of which had a pan in the centre of it, front for the monkeys' food. When all the monkeys were supplied with their messes, it was observable that scarcely any of them eat of his own pan. Each thrust his arms through the bars, and robbed his right or left hand neighbor. Half what was so seized, was spilt and lost in the conveyance: and while one monkey was so unprofitably engaged in plundering, his own pan was exposed to similar depredations. The mingled knavery and absurdity was shockingly human.

DURING the reign of Philip II. of Spain, a gentleman had the misfortune to kill his adversary in a nocturnal rencontre in the streets of Madrid. As he was leaning against the door he perceived to his astonishment, a brilliant light in the church.—He had sufficient courage to advance towards the light, but was seized with inexpressible horror at the sight of a female figure, clothed in white, which ascended from one of the vaults, holding a bloody knife in her hand. "What do you want here?" cried she, with a wild look and a harsh threatening tone, as she approached him. The poor man who, before she spoke, had taken her for an apparition, quivered in every limb and related his adventure without any reserve. "You are in my power," replied she, "but you have nothing to fear from me; I am a murderer like yourself.—I belong to a family of distinction; a base and perjured man has ruined me, and boasted over my weakness and credulity. His life has paid the forfeit of his guilt. But this sacrifice was not sufficient for betrayed and insulted love: I bribed the sexton—I have been down into his vault—I have rent his false heart out of his body—and thus I serve the heart of a traitor." With these words she tore it in pieces with both hands and then trampled it under her feet.

ISABEL;

A CELEBRATED SPANISH SERENADE, SUNG BY MISS STEPHENS,

WRITTEN BY THOMAS BAYLEY, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY HENRY R. BISHOP.

Moderato maunpoco animato.

Wake dearest, wake! and a - gain u - nit - ed, We'll rove by
yonder sea; And where our first vows of love were plight - ed,
Our last farewell shall be: There oft I've gaz'd on thy smiles
de - light - ed, And there I'll part from thee. There oft
I've gaz'd on thy smiles de - light - ed, And there I'll part from thee.
Is - a - bel! Is - a - bel! Is - a - bel! One look, tho' that look is
in sorrow; Fare thee well! fare thee well! fare thee well! Far hence
I shall wander to - morrow: Ah me! Ah me!

Dark is my doom, and from thee I sever,
Whom I have lov'd alone;
'Twere cruel to link thy fate for ever,
With sorrows like my own.
Go smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone;
To smile on livelier friends, and never
Lament me when I'm gone.
Isabel! Isabel! &c.

And when at length in these lovely bowers,
Some happier youth you see;
And you cull for him Spring's sweetest flowers,
And he sings of love to thee:
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh! tell him to love like me.
When you laugh with him at these vanish'd hours,
Oh! tell him to love like me.
Isabel! Isabel! &c.



Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colours, dipp'd in heaven that never die.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA. ODE VIII.—TO NANCY LAKE.

"Lydia, dic per omnes," &c.

Nancy, by all the saints above,
By those in purgatorial pains,
Tell me why you, with gin and love,
Intoxicate young Toby's brains?
The hopeful youth can no where now be found,
But at your bar with mugs and bottles crown'd.

No longer now does he parade
In Chesnut street to take the air,
Or seat himself beneath the shade
Of trees in Independence square;
He never there is view'd—because, I ween,
No dram-shop opens on that lovely scene;

No Nancy Lake, with fairy tread,
Appears upon that vernant ground;
But at the sign of Jackson's head,
Both Nancy Lake and gin are found—
So Toby loves at Jackson's head to be,
A pretty bar-maid and a glass to see.

And well he may, for sure that face,
That form so exquisite, might win
A saint his throttle to disgrace
With potent draughts of beer and gin;
He that forbears to kiss thee when he can,
May be a brute—but surely is no man.

And he that hates a cheerful glass,
Is ten times worse than any beast;
For even a monkey or an ass,
Is sometimes sociable at least.
O, Nancy Lake, thy kisses and thy beer,
Are sweet and bitter banishers of care!

On horseback Toby used to ride,
When Sunday's hours of gladness came;
But never lately has he tried
To seek for an equestrian's fame;
All-powerful love arrests ambition's course,
And checks the progress of the foaming horse;

At billiards now is seen no more
That pink of fashion, Toby Gray,
His brethren of the cue deplore
Their former comrade—far away;
They know not where he is—but I know well,
Bound fast, enchantress, in thy magic spell.

Dear girl, discard the stupid sort,
And take another to your arms;
My love as his is quite as hot,
And I as much admire your charms;
Then, Nancy, let your future kisses be
Debarr'd from Toby and reserv'd for me.

SILVER-HEAD'S REFLECTIONS.

The sun declining sunk into the west,
The tumult of the day was hush'd to rest,
And not a sound was wafted through the air,
As Silver-Head sat musing in his chair.

"I have been young," said he, "but now am old;
Since I have lived a thousand suns have roll'd;
A thousand scenes been acted on the earth
Between this day and that which gave me birth.

"I've lov'd the world, and have pursu'd it long—
Have sought for peace, but often sought it wrong;
But now I'll not complain—I soon must die,
And in the mould'ring urn my bones will lie.

"The time is near at hand when o'er my grave
The weeping willow's flexile top shall wave;
When few there'll be that know, and none that care
Whose dust beneath that tree lies wasting there.

"I do remember well my youthful day,
When, blithe and merry as the month of May,
I smoothly glided down life's purling stream,
Indulging hopes that vanish'd as a dream.

"I thought that brighter days yet lay before,
And future pleasures counted o'er and o'er;
But time roll'd on—year after year went by,
And still as much unsatisfi'd was I.

"But now, without a sigh, without a tear,
Without regret, I'll end my being here—
I am prepar'd to meet man's common doom,
Bid earth farewell, and welcome to the tomb."

GREEN MOUNTAIN BARD.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

What is human greatness?

Is it that

Yclept immortal glory by the world,
Or deeds for which the monument is rear'd,
Inscribed with characters which tell a tale
Of cities sack'd and many a widow's woes
And orphan's tears? Or doth it live in him
Who, like another Macedonian mad,
Still not content to drench one world in tears,
Sits down and weeps for other worlds to conquer,
And to baptise in blood? Or hath it he,
Who like another Cæsar, or the scourge
Of modern Europe, gives the boundless rein
To his ambition, and sees thousands die
To grace his triumph and to gild his tomb?
Nay, tho' the world applauds the more, the more
Of blood they shed and cause of human woe;
Yef they are murderers on a boundless scale,
Ten thousand times more black in Heaven's sight,
Than he who from one victim's breast hath caus'd
To gush the gore of life. The one condemn'd
By a too partial world to chains and death
Of deepest degradation, while the slave
Of satiateless ambition, who hath made
A thousand widows mourn their murder'd hopes,
Hears in his ears the clarion blast of fame,
And feels upon his bloody brow the wreath
Of radiant renown. Nor yet repaid
For millions murdered at ambition's shrine,
The world weeps at his mighty death, and builds
The marble mausoleum o'er his dust,
Inscribed with deathless glory.

What is human greatness?

Ha! it he who like the inflated frog,
Swells up with pride elated at the dross
Dug from the earth in which he must lie down?
Nay, human greatness never can depend
On wealth or aught external; it must be
Compounded of the essence of the soul,
And nourish'd by those principles opposed
To grovelling for lucre. Talents given
To misers and to mighty minds are wide,
Ay, wide in their extremes as night and day—
As planets distant or as vice and virtue.

Human greatness lives

In minds constructed of superior stuff—
In minds capacitated for those deeds

Which Cæsar ne'er achiev'd, or Gallia's stern
 And ruthless conqueror dreamt of in his pow'r—
 Minds that have made a conquest of ambition,
 And guided boisterous passions with the rein
 Of reason and religion, and have borne
 The flood of high prosperity with calm
 And meek humility, devoid of pride;
 And greater still, perhaps, the man who dares
 To stand unmov'd amid the storms of life,
 And dread adversity, erecting high
 His head above the tempest, like the peak
 Of some tall mountain peering o'er the clouds
 Majestic and unmoved, tho' often scathed
 By the live lightning leaping o'er its brow.
 Ay, such are mighty deeds more glorious far
 Than e'er were known upon the field of carnage,
 Or yet inscribed upon the conqueror's tomb;
 The mightiest works man ever yet perform'd,
 Were to resist ambition in the hour
 Of flush prosperity, and to preserve
 His dignity and firmness in his fall;
 For nothing so unmans the common mind
 As loss of lucre; man may lose all else
 And still live on, but ruin'd fortune proves
 The fatal blow to hope, and soon winds up
 With an untimely death. Hence, greatness lies
 In deeds most difficult which most conduce
 To human happiness and general good;
 The example is worth all the deeds inscrib'd
 Upon the scroll of fame, of cities sack'd,
 And slaughter'd hosts, since Philip's haughty son
 Ev'n taught his father how to slay a world;
 There are three grades of warriors, and the last
 The greatest of them all. The first are those
 Who immolate themselves upon the shrine
 Of one man's vain ambition; and the next,
 The patriot's train who in their country's cause,
 Yield up their lives to liberty—the last,
 Led on by virtue shed no blood, but save
 The sad necessity of murderous war;
 Yet fight the greatest of all battles fought,
 The battle of the mind. MILFORD BARD.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

There is an hour of gen'ral calm,
 Of solitude and rest,
 When reckless passion, joy and care
 No more can move the breast;
 When all the aims of life appear
 Delusive, weak and vain,
 And deep and solemn thought doth flash
 Across the weary brain.
 'Tis then before that dreadful pow'r,
 Omnipotent, unseen,
 Pavilion'd on his glorious throne
 In majesty serene;
 Who, with a never-sleeping eye;
 This atom world surveys—
 The soul may bend in silent awe,
 In gratitude and praise.
 Then—at the stillly midnight-hour,
 To His attentive ear,
 Pour forth thy ardent, grateful prayer,
 Meek, contrite and sincere.
 No brighter, purer, worthier gift,
 No offering more divine,
 Breath'd from the heart, can e'er ascend
 To His celestial shrine.
 Go, child of dust! before His throne,
 And humble thy proud heart,
 And if, at mem'ry of thy crimes,
 Repentant tears should start,
 Indulge the grief—it is to thee
 A blessing—kindly given—
 To wean thy troubled soul from earth,
 And fix it upon Heav'n.

CARLOS.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE X.—To WM. WIRT, ESQ. LATE ATTORNEY
 GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Mercuri facunde nepos Atlantis," &c.

Wirt, (fluent grandson of—the Lord knows whom,) Whose eloquence can fierce attornies tame,
 Be not offended if the bard presume
 To hang an ode upon thy glorious name.

I do not praise thee for thy statesman's crown,
 And civic honors that around thee shone;
 Forensic skill shall be thy chief renown,
 And taste and learning claim thee for their own.

Far more ennobled, in a humbled state,
 Are minds in which the fount of genius springs,
 Than wealthy fools, (by fools misnomered great,)
 And all the stupid progeny of kings.

O, love of country!—at thy shrine I bend,
 Each thought devoted to the public weal;
 Thou guardian power, more potent to defend
 Than gates of brass and battlements of steel.

By thee inspired, a plan I shall propose,
 If Wirt his counsel and assistance join,
 To free our nation from a host of woes,
 And help an art of origin divine:

The art of scribbling—this shall be, in short,
 Our plan the expense of paper to retrench;
 We'll institute a literary court,
 In which, of course, shall Irving take the bench.

And thou, O lawyer of immortal fame,
 (Experienced in all kinds of wordy war,)
 Shalt take the attorney general's place and name,
 And summons would-be authors to the bar.

Next comes our code of good and wholesome laws,
 Not England's *lex non scripta*—made the cloak
 Of much oppression—nor old Blackstone's flaws,
 Nor yet the whims and drolleries of Coke.

Sound legal justice, strict, but tempered well
 With reason's rays and mercy's warmth benign,
 We'll not condemn with candle, book and bell,
 But even in damning shall our goodness shine.

Writers of epics, for the first offence
 Shall surely pay a most enormous fine,
 Consisting of the sum of eighteen pence
 For every silly, lame and laggard line.

If that won't do, imprison them in cells
 Six years, with bread and water for their food—
 So deep that none may hear their classic yells;
 This course may be productive of much good.

All novelists whose sober works exceed
 Three volumes, shall be hanged—their pages dam'd,
 And all who dare such brainless books to read,
 Shall have their throats with tar and oakum crammed.

Dramatic authors, (save a chosen few,)
 Shall go to work on rail-roads and canals,
 And all the sighing, sonnetteering crew
 Make artificial flowers to please the gals.

All literary pirates, who make free
 With others' works, in *animo furandi*,
 In Walnut street nine months immured shall be,
 Debar'd from gin, beer, claret, port and brandy.

To save the press much labor, every fellow
 Who prints a pamphlet of six sheets or more,
 Array'd in covers of green, blue or yellow,
 Shall be condemn'd to death and dam'd *encore*.

But if he should escape o'er Styx's ferry,
 By means of pistol, halter, knife or vial,
 We'll send a *capias* off to purgatory,
 And bring the rascal back to stand his trial.

AN EPISTLE TO A——.

"Fulfil thine promises."—PROV.

Poets, they say, are exquisite in feeling;
I don't know *why* they say so, but they do—
Proficients in the arts of rhyming, too, and—stealing,
Ideas, I mean, and nothing else, for you
Must not conceive me guilty of revealing
That, which if false, I shad in, or if true;
Besides, you know, *ideas* are so changeable—
And then there are no laws for things intangible.
But folks say too, they're so extremely kind,
That poets' promises resemble that,
Which, of all things, the ficklest is—the wind,
Or any thing that's frail, or soon forgot:
A stale, old maxim 'tis, and one you'll find
That has outliv'd the age for which 'twas wrote—
The threadbare axiom of some stern disputer,
And in my case, at least, egregiously outre.
Not that I'd boast, exclusively, possession
Of that, which all, however lowly, claim;
Honor's a thing adjunct to no relation—
And howe'er some may think it but a name,
But few, I guess, would grant it their profession—
And he who should were certainly to blame;
For whoso calls himself a rogue or thief,
Need not be startled if he gains belief.
"Why master S——x's getting quite jocose;"
Methinks I hear you whisper, with a leer
Sufficiently distinctive to disclose
That you believe my jesting insincere,
Or made, like modern garments, (can't say *clothes*),
To hide the form that is not regular:
A covering but for things we want unseen,
Like *bishop sleeves* for arms a little lean.
Well, to be serious then, I'll speak of him
Whose highest bliss was once to call thee friend;
Vile thou may'st now believe him, and may'st deem
Him fouler far than Hades' blackest fiend—
Yet is he guiltless, tho' he guilty seem,
And did not pride (that demon) scorn to bend,
Truth might her sacred chronicles unfold,
And all he uttered bid thee *there* behold.
I did not think it possible you could
Have utter'd words so painfully severe—
(You'll understand me tho' none other should;)
Nor can I yet imagine, to speak fair,
You acted so intentionally rude:
You see I'm growing serious—but I fear
If I don't drop the subject, I shall bluster,
And that were not quite apropos A——.
For, tell the truth, I feel a little furious
Whene'er I think on *why* you're so offended;
Should he in visits have been more penurious?—
Alas! those visits were not ill intended;
Perhaps his features were—"a little curious"—
Faith! he had better go and get them mended!
Say to his Maker—"this ungraceful phiz
Is all that mars my prospects, sir, of bliss!"
"La! what a fuss"—it's probable you'll say,
"He makes upon so trivial an occasion."
Falsehood, and slander, are no trivial charges!—Nay,
It cannot be a trivial imputation,
To brand with vices of the blackest dye
Feelings that with abhorrence border their sway shun!
But 'nil desperandum' is my old resource,
And 'cede Deo' follows then of course.
Nay, look not sour, nor lengthen out that face
Into a visage full as long as—mine:
'Cherish not anger, brother'—some one says,
I don't know who—but as it suits you fine,
And fits into my stanza with such ease,
You're welcome to it;—I must go and dine—
I would not lose my dinner for a moiety
Of half the precious sayings in society. SENEX.

THE VICTIM.*

"A tear! can tears suffice?"—YOUNG.

I saw a weeping mother. On her brow
The dew of sorrow hung full heavily.
I heard her deep-drawn sigh, and then the low,
Soft whisperings of her prayer, as it rose
Like incense from an unpolluted shrine,
To that high heaven, towards which, with hands
Uprais'd in supplication, and with eyes
Gushing in all a mother's tenderness—
She bow'd in holy aspirations for
The slumbers of her child.

But it slept not.

What means its infant wailings? Why so long
Pours from its little throat the tones of grief?—
Alas! hath fell disease secured a prey
In one so innocent, so helpless?—Hath
The strong arm of Death—that monarch, who
Still draws upon his exchequer, the world,
And bids it pay in life-breath for the hours
That he hath granted—bath malignant Death
Proclaim'd his enmity to one so weak?

See, see, that mourning mother!—Why
Sinks she upon her knees so sadly there—
Whilst her big-swollen bosom seems as if 'twould burst
With its deep sobbings? Hark, her earnest prayer!
Hark, how she pleads with heav'n! how she raves
For that frail, trembling, little one!—And now,
Wild with despair, she cries upon her God
That he might crush them in his mercy!—Now,
Now how frantic! Madness hath seiz'd that mother!
High is her maniac arm uprais'd—and io,
Destruction hovers o'er that helpless child!
But see, a mother's love has conquer'd! Quick
To her dry, parched breast, she hugs her babe.
Alas, it yields nought! The tideless stream
No longer floweth as 'twas wont: the fount
Of nature is exhausted!

Well she knew it!

Full well that starving mother knew—full well
She felt that it was vainly done—but O,
What will not hope, rash, reckless hope, impel
A parent for her child, her suffering child?

Reader! art thou a husband? Hast thou known
All the sweet joys that wait connubial love?
Say, art thou he on whom *one* being's hopes,
One being's soul, heart, heaven, have centred?
For whom *one* bosom may have throbb'd—and all
The fond affections have been treasur'd up
In their deep chamberings?—Art thou?—

There was one
Who should have cherish'd her: For she
Was not alone in this bleak world—and he,
Yes, he did love her! And awhile it seem'd
As if the spirits who encircle earth,
With their suggestions, had conjoin'd to make
Them exquisitely blest!—Years roll'd on;
Time sped unnotic'd on his tireless wings;
And with him sped the charms which youth had giv'n
To that once lovely bride. Coldness was seen
Pictur'd upon his brow—the brow of him
Who at the altar's holy front had vow'd
His heart to love and constancy! * *

Other joys had wean'd his heart from home!
And oft, when the dim, flickering lamp, had told,
With waning voice, the season of repose,
Hath she, that pale, sad, broken-hearted one—
Hath she sat counting the cold minute o'er,
Hath toiled, as 'twere, in passing, on her heart,
The absence of her love. Many a tear
Stole, like a dew-drop, down that pallid cheek;
And many a sigh from its recesses burst,
As clothed in all a mother's fears, she gaz'd
On the lone, orphan'd image of her thoughts.

Where did he linger then?—Alas! he bow'd
Down at some far-off shrine of blackness!—There,
Where the rude shout of maniac laughter rose
Wildly and echoing; where, commingling, met
In their mad orgies, madder spirits still,
To drown in draughts of too the hydra grief:
Where the pale brow, and paler cheek is seen,
The bloated form, and the deep-sunken eye:
Where man, proud man, still undegraded, seeks
To hide 'neath damning guilt his haughty birth—
There was he seen! And there his guilty hours
Were spent in tasting of that cup, which hell
Still drops from its dire limbeck!—Soon
It turned a deadly chalice on his lip!

'Tis over! it is over! Sleep hath stolen
Upon that hapless pair! and soon, the worms
Of death, shall riot on those slumberers.
Where the bright hearth reflected brighter looks,
And the glad sunshine of a peaceful home
Awoke each recreant feeling—there the hoarse,
The deep-ton'd knell, the exsequies shall be,
And then—

My soul sickens at the thought!

SENEX.

* A circumstance of reality; the mother, with her
child, having starved to death in consequence of the ha-
bitual intemperance of her husband.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE IX.—ON CHERRY AND FAIRSTAR.

"Vides, ut alta stet niva candidum," &c.

Behold the mimic mountain on whose breast,
By scenic art, appears a snowy vest;
Its frozen summits wreaths of vapour wear
Which seem to chill the circumambient air—
Say, has the wintry blast advanced so soon,
And cold December ta'en the place of June?
Has half the cycle of the year been lost,
And summer fled before the whit'ning frost?
No—when the prompter's signal shall command,
This icy mountain must no longer stand;
Already the huge mass begins to move,
And in its place appears the Avis grove.
They come, they come!—ah, no Caucasian chain,
No rocks congeal'd—unmelted can remain.
Hail, lovely maiden, and more lovely boy,
'Tis yours a fiery monster to destroy—
Yours to enchant and then the spell remove,
To kindle and to quell the flames of love.
O, Beauty! soul of each terrestrial bliss,
Thou charm alike of future worlds and this!
What depths of ocean or what Indian mine,
Shall yield its treasures to adorn thy shrine?
Asia refulgent heaps of diamonds brings,
And precious pearls the ornaments of kings;
Afric unlocks her gold and ivory stores,
And all her works of art to Europe pours;
Yes, every quarter of the world to thee,
O, Beauty! shall a tributary be—
For know the trumpet of thy praise resounds
Through earth's wide range and ocean's utmost bounds.
Two gifts to man are justly deem'd divine,
Enchanting woman and delicious wine;
Just as they're used—a blessing or a bane,
But meant for use—since nought was made in vain.
These, in obedience to a high behest,
We now enjoy—to heav'n resign the rest:
And why, O mortal, would you seek to know
What future good your destinies bestow?
The present day we justly call our own,
And all beyond's a waste, untrod, unknown!
With wreaths of roses let us bind our brows,
And seize the pleasures which our fate allows.
Beneath the Thespian dome we'll sit and view
Scenes that surpass e'en those which nature drew—

See lovely Fair Star's unassuming grace,
And Cherry's matchless form and angel face!—
Children of Cyprus! (if that name you choose),
With you my theme—I ask no fabled muse
To breathe her spirit o'er the Roman lyre,
And teach my grovelling fancy to aspire.
Your presence shall invigorate these rhymes,
Transferr'd to western, from Italian climes;
And I, the bard, as yet but little known,
Resound your praises to advance my own.

THE LANDSCAPE.

'Twas eve, and o'er the arch on high,
Soft as Italia's unsel'd sky,
The fleecy clouds in white flakes driven
Amid the golden hues of Heav'n,
Look'd like the miniature made meek,
When mix'd on beauty's milder cheek.
The genial Heart of Heaven had sped
Down to his burning ocean bed,
And left on hill and Heaven awhile,
His brilliant blush and dying smile.
High o'er the azure arch above,
Hung chaste Diana's lamp of love,
And silver bow, as when with grace
She rode her charger in the chase;
At that divinest hour of day,
Fair Flora and her maids of May,
Were out amid the glades and groves,
To catch asep the laughing loves,
And catch from echo's airy cell,
Their praises on her sylvan shell—
Or o'er the lucid lake again,
To hear their own symphonious strain—
Or gaze upon their graceful mien,
Within the mighty mirror seen,
Where, as in their own bosoms giv'n,
Was the reflection of a Heav'n—
Or o'er the silver bosom'd bay,
That stretches in wide wast away;
In pleasing pensiveness to mark
The bursting billow or the bark,
Swept by the angry ocean's might,
To distance dim away from sight;
And then to think how like the soul,
The wastes of waters as they roll;

When calmly they reflect all Heav'n,
How like when storms its waves control,
By tempests and tornadoes driven;
And how like hope the shadowy bark,
That dimly fades in distance dark,
And like the rainbow that appears,
The memory of youthful years,
That rises on life's clouded day,
From glowing fancy's pencil gay.

Night, with her sable mantle, soon
Came with her festival of noon,
The silver crescent of the moon,

Like modesty retired;
The landscape faded, and the maids
Of fairy May, with flowery braid
Return'd unto their sacred shades,
And Beauty's self expired.
How like the soft and sacred light,
That fades and leaves the mind in night,
The soul from virtue rudely riven,
When darkness shrouds the path to Heaven.

MILFORD BARD.

SUN RISE.

How calm, how peaceful seem yon eastern skies,
As slow the tints of early morn advance;
While from beneath Sol's tranquil beams arise,
And with soft crimson gild the wide expanse.

He comes—he comes!—triumphant o'er the night,
See with what majesty he mounts on high;
He strides, exulting in his orb of light,
While mist and darkness far before him fly.

Hail, king of light!—our welcomes greet thee here,
Hail to thee, sovereign of the magic wand;
Whose touch gives life and gladness to our sphere,
Once more we hail thee, to a smiling land.

The lonely captive, fetter'd in his cell,
Falls in night's gloom guilt's soul depressing load;
No eye is there, to mark his bosom's swell—
No friendly voice, to cheer his dark abode.

He turns—and turns—but conscience gives no rest,
She adds new anguish to his galling chains;
Yet, when thy beams fall gently o'er his breast,
He half forgets her threat'nings—and their pains.

The sailor toss'd on ocean's angry wave,
Was swift approaching to the hidden rock;
And midst the darkness would have found—a grave,
But thou hast come—and sav'd him from the shock.

The wand'rer waking on some distant track,
At thy first ray the rising sigh suppress'd—
Sprang from his couch, to urge his journey back,
And clasp his lov'd ones to his ardent breast.

And oh! how sweet thy gentle tints appear,
Where pale disease on sleepless pillow lies;
Dread visions there—the sable pall—the bier,
Night's terror pictures to the sufferer's eyes.

Woe-worn and restless through each gloomy hour,
He looks—and longs—and prays to view thy beam;
Now thou hast come to shed thy soothing pow'r,
And drive from fancy each distressing dream.

All nature greets thee—and creation's face,
Smiles in return to ev'ry smile of thine;
Man—flocks—and herds with joy thy beauties trace,
While plains and woodlands in new splendor shine.

Yet, far more bright, and with more placid ray,
The SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS illumines the soul;
When on its night HE pours the beams of day,
And moral shades—and mental darkness roll.

He, shows the captive how he may be freed,
He, warns of rocks amidst life's raging foam;
He, heals the wounds that sin has caus'd to bleed,
And lights the wand'rer to a blissful home.

And thou, too soon, must sink in shade again,
Though fair, how transient are thy cheering rays;
But this blest Sun, as brilliant will remain,
It burns with bright—eternal—quenchless blaze.

Oh! reader, wake—and look thou on that Sun,
Make it thy guide—and in a world more bright,
When Sol's last course of glory shall be run,
Thy soul will shine an orb of purer light.
New Brunswick, N. J. V——.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S DEPARTURE FROM PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1830.

Ah, dearest H—nn—h, at whose loss we grieve,
A last farewell from one unknown, receive;
Should'st thou be driven, by adverse fortune go,
Be thine the pleasure, ours alone the woe.
May'st thou be favor'd with some faithful friend,
May rosete health on all thy steps attend,
Safely conduct thee to thy couch at eve,
And in the morn thy first salute receive;
And if sweet peace of mind can ever dwell
Where Love, Almighty Love, has fixed his spell,
Be peace of mind and every joy thy guest,
While none but Love's soft transports warm thy breast.
Cold were the unfeeling heart which could refuse
A parting tribute to so sweet a muse;
Envious the hand that would attempt to tear
The laurel chaplet from thy flowing hair.
Not such his wish who now attempts the lyre,
Warm'd by a spark of thy celestial fire;
Inspir'd by thee, his muse has dared the flight,
Pays homage to thy lays—then sinks in endless night.

CAROLUS.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ———.

"Where is she now?"—Not among the choir,
Where oft her hymns of praise
Bade every listening ear admire
Her rich, melodious lays;
Still now is that harmonious breath,
That thrilling voice is hush'd in death!
"Where is she now?"—In vain her orphans weep
And hush their mother's name,
The eyes that watch'd their infant sleep
Shall never wake again;
Sealed in that long and deep repose,
The silent grave alone bestows.
"Where is she now?"—Beneath yon grassy mound,
There cold and pale she lies!—
She in whom worth and grace were found
To charm e'en strangers' eyes;
How many friends lament the lot
Of her who can be ne'er forgot.
"Where is she now?"—Where the sainted rest,
Where joys, no tongue can tell,
Await the spirits of the blest,
And endless pleasures dwell;
Prepared for those like her who trod
The narrow path that leads to God.

H. D.

MR. ATKINSON—The piece headed "Ocean's Crown," I found in a lady's Album, which was handed to me, with the usual request of a contribution to its pages. As it was a subject, calculated to excite the feelings of every American, the answer was composed, and placed on the opposite leaf. If you think them worth the "printer's ink," please to give them a place in the Evening Post.

OCEAN'S CROWN.

A crown, on ocean's bosom shone,
With pearls bestudded round;
A lion, claimed it as his own,
And on each rival frown'd.
From ev'ry clime, from ev'ry shore;
Was brought a native gem;
A bribe, that still'd the lion's roar,
And deck'd his diadem.
Full many a moon the crown did shine
On ocean's buoyant breast;
None dared to say that crown is mine,
None Leo dared molest.

THE ANSWER.

An eagle chanc'd to wing his way
O'er the deep foaming ocean's wave;
He saw the lion's tyrant sway,
And knew the victims he must save.
Columbia's tars had suffer'd long
Beneath his wide expanding pow'r,
And bore with patience ev'ry wrong,
Till patience wither'd as a flow'r.
A flash then from the eagle's eye,
Set all its parching leaves on fire;
He saw it—and with wings on high,
He fann'd the flame of freemen's ire.
And ere that flame extinguished was,
The bird in majesty came down—
Resolved to aid Columbia's cause,
He bore away the lion's crown.
Since then no lion's roar is heard,
He calmly passes to and fro,
While soaring high the noble bird
Cheers ev'ry freeman's heart below.
And should that lion dare to rise
A tyrant, and in pow'r once more,
He'll find our eagle sweeps the skies,
And can command the thunder's roar.

KELPIE.

ON THE DEATH OF M***** T****.

The Chieftain's gone to his long, long home,
His spirit has taken its flight;
No more the battle field he'll roam,
Or mingle in the fight.

Now on the sad procession comes,
The warriors treading slow,
And mournful beats the muffled drum
With many a sound of wo.

He led his gallant band away,
To meet his foes in fight;
But o'er the Chieftain's brightening day,
Has set the gloom of night.

A silent group of warriors stand
Apart from all the rest,
The remnants of the daring band,
In robes of mourning drest.

Grief sits on every manly face,
They mourn their Chieftain's fall;
Alike the generous and brave,
So well beloved of all.

The bravest of the brave, he's gone,
He knows no toils nor care;
But in the hearts of his countrymen,
He'll live forever there.

LORON.

THOUGHTS ON ELIAS HICKS.

Shade of the mighty dead—in life
Illustrious and in death sublime;
Thou who hast stood the stormy strife
Of truth, intolerance and time—
Thou on whose hoary head once burst
Tempestuous persecution's rage;
In thee by every virtue nursed,
The minstrel sings the saint and sage.

Thou' bigotry, the child of Cain,
Hath striven thy bright career to blast,
Yet bigotry hath striven in vain,
For thou triumphant art at last;
To thee religion was the band
That bound all sympathies and souls;
To every sect was stretch'd thy hand,
Thou' opposite as are the poles.

What is religion, virtue—what
The diamond that decks the heart?
Do they inspire the wish to blot
The spotless soul, and drive the dart
Of persecution and defame,
The good and great in every age?—
Do they inspire the shout of shame
And satire o'er the saint and sage?

Nay, these are passions which inspire
The breast of bigotry, and dwell
With dark intolerance, the sire
Of persecution, born of hell;
That erst built up the accursed pile
Of Smithfield, and with demon hand
And Gorgon eye and ghastly smile,
Waved o'er the saint the blazing brand.

Methinks, blest shade, if bigotry
Could have but seen thee calmly die,
It would have own'd thy victory,
And seen a Heav'n within thine eye;
Death is the test of hope in Heaven,
The soul with fear or gladness glows;
No vain assurance then is given,
No man dissembles at life's close.

MILFORD BARD.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

ODE XL.—TO PETER PLASTIC, Esq.

'Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem mihi quem tibi,' &c
O Peter, forbear to enquire

How long is your time here below;
From the frying pan into the fire
Is the course you are likely to go;
So make yourself easy, old boy,
About changing from this scene of strife;
For death will be apt to destroy
The pleasures and comforts of life.

The country girls run, one and all,
To the teller of fortunes to know
What sort of a husband will fall
To their lot, in this valley of wo;
But you, you old dog, need not care
One farthing about what's to come;
But rest in content as you are,
With your billiards and bottle of rum.

You can't be expected to last,
For your liver is scorched to a coal;
Your face is with crimson o'ercast,
And your eyes are bung'd up like a mole.
O Peter, leave brandy alone,
And take to old claret and port;
Gin will kill you as dead as a stone,
And send you to Hades, in short.

'Tis a sorrowful country, I'm told,
Where claret is scarce to be found;
Where it's either too hot or too cold,*
And lawyers and doctors abound.
O lud, it is shocking, you'd swear,
To think of a place without drink;
Perhaps you may smuggle some there,
But don't give old Satan the wink.

Old Cerberus stands at the door,
A three headed son of a—slut;
His mouth is still opened to roar,
Unless with a dram it be shut:
But give him a julep to seize
On his senses and close up his eyes;
You may then take a walk, if you please,
And look, every night, at the skies.

But, Peter, you'd better repent
Of your sins, and get tipsy no more;
For hundreds by drinking are sent
To hear Pluto's furnaces roar;—
But I have no leisure to prate,
And was never a preacher, not I;
I have got an engagement with Kate—
So, Peter, I bid you good bye.

* Vide Milton.—Par. Lost. B. I.

TO ADVERSITY.

Rage on, ye rude and desolating winds
Of deep adversity, that howl around
The good man's cottage; there's a power that binds
Your wildest violence; and there's a bound
That ye can never pass—and ye shall wage
Your war in vain, tho' fraught with tenfold rage.
What, does the wind upon the mountain height
But spend its strength in vain? The solemn form
Still lifts its head to meet the morning light,
Or evening glory, while the wind and storm
Pass on and leave it, bearing nought away
But earthly things that hasten to decay.
So pass the storms of time—they gather round,
And threaten for a while the good man's house;
Then swiftly pass away, and nought is found
Of all their threatened ravage, save that some
Of earthly imperfection has been left,
But all that e'er was born for heaven is left.

ARCOLO.



DR. DANIEL CHAUMAIN M.D.

Published by S. C. Atkinson for the Casket.



FLOWERS OF LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

O truly blest, superior to their kind,
Whose thoughts by learning and by taste refined,
Are taught to tread where inspiration roves,
In sunny meadows, and Arcadian groves;
The varied charms of nature to admire,
And paint those charms in numbers touched with fire.

[No. 9

PHILADELPHIA.—SEPTEMBER.

[1830.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF

NATHANIEL CHAPMAN, M.D.

The subject of this notice is one of the numerous examples of genius forcing its way to eminence in despite of obstacles which, to a common mind, would have seemed insurmountable. By the accident of birth he was placed in too small and confined a theatre for successful exertion; but by his own choice and determination he soon found himself moving in a wider sphere; one in which his talents and happy address have won for him professional honors and wealth.

Nathaniel Chapman was born in Virginia, a few miles from Alexandria, on the 29th of May, 1780. His family was of that class in which the right nobility of our country is found—the independent agriculturists, who are aware that good education is the only true basis of legitimate renown. Having enjoyed suitable preliminary advantages, liberally furnished him in this spirit, young Chapman in 1797, when seventeen years of age, came to Philadelphia, and became a private pupil of Dr. Rush. We are not at this time in possession of any illustrative anecdotes of his disposition, or very pointed evidences of uncommon devotion to study, during the three years in which he remained with this distinguished physician and teacher. We can, however, very fairly presume that the opportunities for improvements, which were furnished in the fever of 1798, and in the lessons and practice of his preceptor, were not lost on a youth of such quick perception as young Chapman. We believe, indeed, that he soon became one of the many enthusiastic supporters of the hypothesis of Dr. Rush, not the least evidence of whose mental powers was evinced in the zeal with which he knew how to inspire his young friends and pupils, in his favor.

In the year 1800, Chapman having received his diploma as doctor of medicine, went, in conformity with the then prevalent fashion, to Edinburgh; in which city and London he spent, with the exception of a short trip to the conti-

nent, the four following years. The incidents in this period of his professional study, and anecdotes of social life; in which he and his American friends were actors, are narrated by himself in conversation, with much point and occasional humor. But as we might not be fortunate in the selection, nor felicitous in the style of relating, we shall omit them in this place. On his return to the United States, he selected Philadelphia for his residence, allured by the charms of society which he had before experienced, and by the hope of professional fame, which a large population and a flourishing medical school presented to aspiring talent. To the timidly cautious such a step must have seemed to partake more of youthful rashness than matured reflection; and we can conceive of many a prediction of failure, and many a cynical comment on his presumption, uttered by those who can see no safety out of the beaten track—no success not promised by well confirmed precedent. But Dr. Chapman felt his powers; and although he chose for a season to blend and at times conceal them with a sprightliness almost amounting to levity of manner, he was never an idle or uninterested observer of events. If he became intimate with Dennie of the Port-Folio, and others of the club who used to contribute to that work—at least in excellent intentions and amusing discussions over good suppers, it was on his part from a natural, and we may say laudable, fondness for ornamental literature, not less than for tasteful conviviality. His undertaking to select and arrange a choice collection of speeches of the most distinguished English parliamentary and forensic orators, was no doubt suggested by some of these good fellows and literary associates.—From whatever cause begun, the task was well executed, and afforded in the prefatory notices and explanations decided evidences of both taste and judgment. We are not to suppose, however, that Dr. Chapman neglected all this time his professional studies and business; he certainly did not force opportunities for advancement, nor did he, on the other hand, allow of

those naturally presenting themselves to pass unheeded or unimproved. His first public display in the line of his profession was as lecturer on the obstetrical art, to which he had paid considerable attention in Edinburgh. On its being made a distinct chair in the University of Pennsylvania, he was associated, in 1810, as adjunct professor with his friend Dr. James, and soon acquired reputation as a lucid and successful teacher. He now published an edition of Burns, to serve as a text book, and to which he added many valuable explanatory notes. In the year 1813, Dr. Barton having been elected to the chair of the Theory and Practice of Medicine, left vacant by the death of Dr. Rush, the subject of this memoir was appointed Professor of *Materia Medica*, in the place of Dr. Barton. It is no small praise that, coming as he did immediately after this last mentioned gentleman, who had been so celebrated for eloquent lecturing, he should still have sustained the interest of the subject, and won the admiration of his numerous class. The death of Dr. Barton, in the latter part of 1815, left the chair vacant, to which Dr. Chapman had long aspired, and which, by an almost unanimous vote, he was elected, in the following year, to fill. Prior to this event, he had caused to be published editions of Richerand's *Physiology*, and of Murray's *Materia Medica*, to both of which he added illustrative notes. But his chief claim to medical authorship rests on his "*Elements of Therapeutics and Materia Medica*," of which five editions have been published since 1817. In a sketch like the present, it is not to be expected that we shall enter into a critical analysis of the merits of this work, which consists in fact of his lectures on the *Materia Medica*, and exhibits, as he himself declares, more than can elsewhere be met with, his own speculations and practical views. We can say, however, that it is written with great clearness; the reasonings are at all times plausible, if not always convincing; and the details of facts are happily introduced for the purposes of illustration, without fatiguing the reader by undue multiplicity and variety.

As a lecturer, Dr. Chapman stands conspicuous for felicity and copiousness of diction, and animated and appropriate action. His peculiar enunciation, the consequence of small pox, from which he suffered greatly in early life, is soon forgotten by his auditors, who are agreeably surprised into an acknowledgment, that what to most men would have been an insurmountable impediment to public speaking, scarcely mars the pleasure which they experience from his able argumentation of doubtful, and lucid exposition of established, professional questions; the whole set off with copious illustration and commentary of a most appropriate and pointed character.—His chief defect, in the opinion of the rigid logician, is a rather too great attention to ornament, so that the force of a proposition is sometimes weakened by the involved dress in which it is arrayed. An apology for this course may perhaps be found in the nature of the youthful

auditory whom he addresses, and who must be allured into the path of inquiry by the flowers which they at once see, rather than by the remote prospect of fruit which they may hope to gather.

The uncommon quickness of his perceptions, by which he at once seizes on the leading points of a subject presented by another person, and the singular ability with which he moulds and colors them, so as to make them seem to be his own original suggestions, have unjustly detracted from the reputation of Dr. Chapman for industrious research. In the opinion of most men, mental exercise implies laborious effort and length of time; and he who works with despatch is, therefore, called by these persons indolent. They cannot conceive of continued exertion in continued variety; and they forget that the outpourings of an active mind, like the waters of a fertilizing river, must be in an unceasing stream, through whatever diversity of channels they may flow. To be stationary, is in both cases to be stagnant. We must confess, that we at one time entertained the erroneous impression of Dr. Chapman's aversion from any labour that could with propriety and politeness be avoided; but we have had reason to change our sentiments in this respect. We have known him for a series of years, not content with discharging the laborious duties of his profession in the city, and of his chair in the University, to voluntarily engage to edit and successfully conduct and contribute to its pages, without pecuniary remuneration, a medical journal; to give clinical lectures in the Infirmary of the Alms House during the winter season, and an entire course of the Practice of Medicine during the summer months to the class attending the Medical Institute; and yet, to meet him in mixed company or to join him occasionally in the street, one would suppose by his smiling address, amusing pun, and apposite anecdote, that he was a gentleman of literary leisure, who allowed no occupation to interfere with his enjoyment.

Of all the favorite measures of Dr. Chapman, none have given him so much pleasure and cause of just pride as the foundation and establishment of the Medical Institute of this city. His official station in the University, and his great popularity with the students of the medical department, soon made them anxious to enjoy the benefits of his conversation and private instruction; and, accordingly, his office, especially during the winter, was crowded with pupils. But with whatever zeal he might have engaged in the task, he soon found himself unable to devote that time which was necessary for their realizing the expectations of those who had reposed such confidence in him. He therefore associated with another teacher, and afterwards with two of his friends, for the purpose of instructing his private class. The success of these trials led to a still farther extension of the scheme, which eventuated in a regular voluntary association of eight gentlemen, under the title of the *Philadelphia Medical Institute*. Each member of the Insti-

tute delivers a full course of lectures on a particular branch of medical science during a session, which lasts from the second Monday in April to the end of October, with the exception of the month of August, which is a recess. An experience of some years has fully tested the success and utility of this scheme of instruction, which has been, moreover, a means of retaining in the city a large number of young men, who were in the habit of returning to their homes after the conclusion of the winter session in the University. The Institute is in fact a powerful auxiliary to this latter institution, with which, as it issues no diplomas, nor assumes any corporate privileges, it cannot in any way conflict.

Dr. Chapman was unanimously nominated by his associates perpetual President of the Medical Institute, and he has received at different times from the students, gratifying evidences of their affectionate esteem. On one occasion, a few years ago, the Institute class had his bust taken by Persico, in a very superior style of art; and during the last summer, the young gentlemen then attending the lectures engaged the expressive pencil of Neagle to paint a half length portrait of him, with a view of its being placed in the upper lecture room of the Institute in Locust street.

In private life, Dr. Chapman evinces an amiable disposition, with colloquial powers of the most agreeable kind. He is liberal to a fault; and still more, he is not as regardful of his pecuniary interests as duty to himself and example to others demand. When, in his valedictory address to the medical class, at the expiration of the winter session, he conjures his auditors never to abandon their profession, and promises in all their reverses of fortune to be their friend and counsellor, he does not merely indulge in a rhetorical flourish—he promises what he has repeatedly performed.

Dr. Chapman has been married for many years to a most amiable and excellent lady. The fruits of their union now alive, are two sons and a daughter. The elder son is at this time with the squadron in the Mediterranean, in the capacity of secretary to his maternal uncle, Captain Biddle.

THE RECTOR OF EYAM.

Fear may for a moment weep,
Christian courage—never.

What though o'er my mortal tomb
Clouds and mists be blending!
Sweetest hopes shall chase the gloom,
Hopes to heaven ascending.

These shall be my stay, my trust,
Ever bright and vernal—
Life shall blossom out of dust,
Life and joy eternal.

BOWRING.

'Tis sweet to think there still is one
Whose bosom beats for me;
Who closer clings, as others shun,
Who'll never, never flee.

The plague prevailed in London in 1665; and in the spring of the succeeding year, this dread-

ful scourge, supposed to have been brought from the metropolis in some woollen goods, made its appearance among the blooming hills and peaceful vales of Derbyshire. The plague raged in the little town of Eyam; and from the mansion of the wealthy, and the cot of the peasant, was heard the voice of lamentation and weeping—the wail of deep distress—the groan of bodily suffering. The rapid progress of the pestilence soon filled the rural church-yard, and graves were sought in the fields, and by the shady stream side. The imagination of one who has been where a similar though less terrible disease was spreading its ravages around, needs no aid in forming a picture of the reality of wretchedness and accumulated woes, which must have existed at such a time, in this once quiet and happy spot. To such an one, we need not enter into the melancholy detail, and exhibit the mother, with the seeds of disease in her frame, hanging in speechless grief over the last throes and agonies of her expiring child, whom she must soon follow; the father standing by the blackened corpse of the last scion of his race—the anticipated prop of his declining years;—the husband with his dying wife—the wife with her dying husband—the parting of brother and sister—of youth and maid beloved—the horrible suddenness of the change “from fair to foul”—the hurried burial—these are the stern, substantial, hideous ills of human life, which have nothing of the soothing pensiveness—nothing of the consecrating tenderness of fanciful association, to allure us to dwell upon them, by agreeably affecting our sensibilities—the ills from the contemplation of which we turn with shuddering and disgust, as allied with all that is humiliating in our nature.

Very different were the feelings of those who fled from their habitations in Eyam, and escaped the advance of the infection, from the feelings of the refugees from a great city, in a similar visitation; for here each one had lost a relative, a friend, or at least an acquaintance—each had to mourn over the eternal absence of some familiar face. William Mompesson, the rector of Eyam, was a man of intelligence, of amiable disposition, and of elevated piety. He possessed that gentle and persuasive eloquence, so interesting and impressive—so peculiarly becoming in one who ministers at the altar; and to the holy faith to which he had dedicated his life, the warmest aspirations of a pure heart, and the best energies of an expansive mind, were unceasingly devoted. He was blessed with a wife worthy of all his affection, and with two children, a boy and a girl. His health was delicate, and the paleness of his cheek, and his somewhat attenuated form, seemed to indicate the insidious approaches of that disorder, which so often selects its victims from among the young, the beautiful, and the intellectual.

William Mompesson, his wife, and a friend, were standing at the door of the parsonage. It was a neat little house, painted white, with a grass plot in front, a tasteful garden, and a

"cherished woodbine." A carriage and pair of horses stood in the road. It was melancholy to contrast the beautiful aspect of nature, in the full promise of joyous spring, and breathing of peace, and hope, and contentment, with the invisible but active workings of the pestilence, whose existence had been developed, and whose fatal infection was spreading. "My dear Mompesson," said his friend, "you surely will not remain in this seat of disease—you cannot, you certainly cannot have made up your mind to this. Think of your wife—your children!"—"I do, I do, my dear friend," said Mompesson, "and they must be removed from this afflicted place; but for my own part, my duty commands me to remain. I have given myself to the altar, and must not shrink because the service is perilous. Many of my parishioners are unable to depart; some of them are now on dying beds. This is a time when the consolations of religion are peculiarly needful; and should their pastor—their spiritual guide—should he flee from his flock, when he should stand as a watchman on the tower, and warn them to prepare for their eternal state? No, my friend: here I must remain; here I must perform the work my Master has for me to do. But Catharine, my wife, you must depart: no imperious duty requires your stay—no, no, my dearest wife—you must go with our children from this smitten land." "William," said his wife, "I will not leave you. The children—yes—our dear children, they shall go; but with you I will remain. Your fate I will share, whatever that be. Shame on the wife who would leave her partner at such a time, when she should be by his side, his comfort and support!" Her resolution was fixed, and could not be changed. George, and the young Elizabeth, were called. They were blessed with the uttered and the silent prayer. The parents' tears wet their bright and innocent brows. They were given to the care of the friend, the carriage drove off, and William Mompesson and his wife turned with a heavy heart, and went into their now solitary dwelling.

From yonder cave rises the sound of prayer and supplication in the sublime ritual of the English Church. It is William Mompesson and the remnant of his flock. And in this cave he has gathered together those whom the pestilence has spared, to worship the God of their fathers, and receive the holy ordinances of the Christian faith. It was indeed a solemn scene—like a dying man expounding the word of life to dying men—a congregation worshipping within the portals of the grave—for who might be called next? who might be the next individual summoned to swell the dread catalogue of the departed? Yet the eye of the preacher faileth not; the cheek of the preacher blanches not; his voice does not tremble; it is as firm as when he spoke from the sacred desk in his own parish church; but his cheek is thinner—there is a shade of sadness upon his brow—a deeper gravity in the tones of his always solemn voice—a

deeper prostration of his soul before the Almighty Chastener who was visiting the land with his presence. Solemn was the sacramental rite administered in this consecrated cave—consecrated by the holy purposes to which it was now appropriated. In this assembly of christians, there was nothing of the careless indifference, the irreverent gazing, the sluggish devotion, the forced attention, so often conspicuous in the listless congregations of too many of our churches; it was no time or place to catch the gaze of admiration, to sport a fashionable dress, or to give and receive the signs of gay and cheerful recognition. A solemnity almost awful threw its shade over every countenance; and when the melody of adoration rose, it was serious, devout, with none of the flippancy and flourish of vocal display: it was felt, it was sincere, it ascended from the heart, and was not the mere exercise of the lips.

William Mompesson had used his authority and influence to prevent the inhabitants of Eyam from removing beyond a certain district, to prevent, if possible, the spread of the pestilence; and within this district, he and his faithful Catharine had exerted themselves with almost unexampled industry, in works of kindness, piety, and active benevolence. The Rector of Eyam was their legislator; the decider of their little differences; the physician of their corporal sufferings; and the physician who poured upon their desponding souls the light and consolation of celestial hope. No fear of contagion appalled him; no apprehensions of disease stayed his footsteps. He entered the noisome habitation of wretchedness and poverty, and by the bedside of him who had just sunk a prey to the destroyer, he called upon the living to prepare to meet their God in judgment. William Mompesson took the plague; but his life was spared, and he recovered, again to pursue his career of well-doing. Catharine, his heroic wife, his nurse, the companion of his woes, the soother of his cares, she fell a victim. With suppressed, but indescribable emotion, Mompesson watched the last quivering of life in this devoted woman. When he had beheld the change of death come over her, and glaze her eye, and spread its moisture upon her convulsed and pallid countenance; when he had caught the last murmurs of that dear voice which had so often cheered the gloom of his solitude, and animated him in the duties of his sacred calling; the fortitude of the man and the christian was overcome. He sunk down by the bed-side, and covered his face with his hands, and felt as if indeed the last ray of hope had departed, and the only tie that bound him to earth was snapped for ever. He had cause to expect that this calamity must come upon him; he had endeavoured to prepare his mind for it; he had thought himself successful; but now that it had arrived, now that he felt the withering stroke, he found, with anguish found, how vain was all his fancied preparation; but for the Christian there was consolation. He knew that they would not be separated for ever; and the

anticipation of a joyful and eternal re-union, when he too had left this scene of care and pain, of change and sorrow, came with a balm and a solace to his woes; and William Mompesson returned to his round of duty; again knelt and prayed in the chamber of the dying and the dead; again led the devotions of his parishioners in the church of the cavern of refuge; and his sweet children—the dark-eyed George, and Elizabeth, with her golden locks and sunny smile—were they not in his thoughts? O yes! his soul now clung to these with increased affection; for they were his all, his dear, dear orphans, the pledges of their mother's love. O, there was a glow of gratitude to Heaven in the inmost recesses of his soul, that they were left to him, and beyond the reach of the devouring pestilence; and fervent was the aspiration that rose to the Almighty Protector, for the safety and prosperity of his orphans.

In the autumn, the plague began to abate; and as the winter approached, the pestilence departed, and the inhabitants of Eyam returned to their deserted residences. The town began to put on its former appearance; but it was still a melancholy place. Friends, neighbours, relations, met, greeted each other; but like those who had escaped from a wreck, it was in serious, almost sad gratulation. Each had his own bereavements, his own griefs; each, a tale of suffering, to hear or to relate. Kindly and reverentially did they look upon their Rector. His unshrinking fidelity to the cause of truth went to their hearts. When they thought upon his virtues, and listened to the story of his visits of mercy, benevolence, and expansive charity; when they dwelt upon his perseverance and unwearied patience in the midst of contagion and of death; they regarded him as something above the level of weak and sinful humanity; and when they thought of his wife—they felt a true compassion; and treated his sorrows with silent respect, not with an offensive display of condolence.

William Mompesson received his children with a warm pressure, and a yearning embrace. For them and their welfare in life, he resolved not to resign himself to the gloom that was settling upon his spirit. He filled his pulpit as before. He preached, and fervently. He attended to all the duties of his office with his wonted assiduity. But it was plain to the observer, that the life of William Mompesson was waning fast. Consumption had taken hold upon him; and the occasional flush upon his cheek, and his eye of wild, unhealthy brightness, told that his days were numbered, and that his footsteps were nigh unto the tomb. His frequent debility, and his exhaustion after the discharge of the functions of his profession, convinced him that he was approaching the dark valley of the shadow of death. But he approached it calm, composed, completely resigned to the will of his heavenly Father. His wish was, to die with his armour on, and his weapon in his hand, as a good champion of the faith; that when his Master called

him, he might be found watching. His wish was granted; the Rector of Eyam fainted at the altar, and was borne to his house by a weeping congregation. He recognized his children before he died; and with his thin arm around them, and his lips moving in inaudible prayer, the spirit of William Mompesson left its tenement of clay, to join the spirit of his Catharine in the realms of perfect and eternal bliss. "Sweet is the death of the Christian."

The memory of William Mompesson still lives; and in the fertile fields and shady walks of Derbyshire, when the graves of those who died of the plague are pointed out, by the hill side, and in the solitary vale, tradition will long continue to tell of the cavern of devotion, and of the pious philanthropy of the Rector of Eyam.

"But there are those, to whom we bring,
Delighted, heart and soul;
Whose strength is sweetness—love to man
The centre of the whole.

Whose beaming eye assures the heart,
No being breathes, too small
To meet the comprehensive glance;
Of Christian love for all.

Like their own land, first seen from far
By men long toiled at sea;
Like fountains in the wilderness,
Are minds like these to me."

J. B. S.

THE CUPID AND PSYCHE.

"They told her that he, to whose sweet voice she listened,
Thro' night's fleeting hours was a spirit unblest;
Unholy the eyes that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.

"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth;
Bring near him thy lamp when in slumber he lies;
And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
Thou'lt see what a dæmon hath won all thy sighs.

"Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper, she stole with her light—
And saw such a vision! no image appearing
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

"A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
Whose innocent blood had not yet fled away;
White gleams from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning,
Of summer noon lightnings that under them lay.

"His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy land mine,
His sunny hair hung—and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

"Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now,
But, ah! in her tremor that fatal lamp raising,
A sparkle flew from it, and droop'd on his brow.

"All's lost! With a start, from his rosy sleep waking,
The spirit flash'd o'er her his glances of fire—
Then slow from the clasp of her snowy arms braeing,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

"Farewell! what a dream thy suspicion hath broken—
Thus ever affection's fond vision is crost—
Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spoken,
And love, once distrusted, forever is lost!"

SPARROW SHOOTING:

OR, GOOSE GREEN.

A Dramatic Foolery for the First of April.

OLD FIZZLEGIG.

TOM TRIMBUSH.

OLD QUIZZBY.

CORNELIUS CRAMCALE.

HOAXLEY.

JEM, a servant.

MISS DOLLY FIZZLEGIG, Sister to Fizzlegig.

MISS PEGGY, Fizzlegig's Daughter.

*The Scene lies at Old Fizzlegig's house at Goose Green, Hammersmith.*SCENE 1st. *A Room at Old Fizzlegig's.**Enter Miss DOLLY, PEGGY, and Tom TRIMBUSH.*

Dolly. Never you mind, Mr. Trimbrush, don't be down hearted: my niece Peggy shall be Mrs. Trimbrush before the month's over, or my name isn't Dolly Fizzlegig.

Peggy. But what can you do, aunt? I'm afraid papa has set his heart against it.

Dolly. What can I do, my dear? I'll tell you what I can do. Doesn't your papa, my brother Fizzlegig, know well enough that I've got six thousand pounds in the bank; and that at my death—Heaven grant me long life!—I can make every shilling of it yours, my darling little Peggy?

Peggy. Thank'ee Aunt.

Trim. But I fear Mr. Fizzlegig has some other match in his eye, else his friendship for me and my Uncle Quizby—

Dolly. A Fiddlestick in his eye! He may have a bundle of matches in his eye, for any thing I care.—As for your Uncle Quizby, he's as great a fool as my brother. There they are, a couple of old blockheads, dressed from head to foot like sportsmen, shooting sparrows in the garden from morning till night. *(A shot heard.)* There—they are at it—do you hear them? As for you, Mr. Trimbrush, a sensible young man—!

Trim. O, Ma'am I put on a shooting dress, and take a pop at the sparrows, now and then, just so humor the old gentleman. If Mr. Fizzlegig likes to sit down on a camp chair, in his garden here, at Goose Green, Hammersmith, with a fowling-piece in his hand, and call it sporting, I see no great harm in humoring him. He's not very well pleased with me for leaving him now, to follow you and my dear Peggy.

Dolly. Sporting indeed! And they can neither of them see the length of their noses. I'm sure it is a mercy I'm not shot whenever I'm plucking a rose, or choked when I venture to eat an apple. There is not a morsel of fruit in the garden but is stuck full of their plaguy shot. As for Mr. Hoaxley—! but I don't wonder at him; he is quizzing them all the time; and so long as he can find any one to laugh at, 'tis all the same to him.

Peggy. But Mr. Hoaxley is a great favorite of papa's and if he would speak to him for us—

Dolly. But there is no getting him to talk seriously. He turns every body and every thing into ridicule.—Besides, your old fool of a papa is too busy to listen to us now, in the shooting season as he calls it. I just mentioned the matter to him yesterday, and all I could get from him was—"Well, well, there is no hurry—time enough to think of marrying the girl when there are no more sparrows in the world."

Peggy. So—if I'm not to be married till there are no more sparrows in the world—! But there is Mr. Trimbrush's uncle, Mr. Quizby, he might speak to papa too.

Dolly. He! nonsense! The drivelling idiot scarcely ever opens his lips; and when he does 'tis to say black is white if 'tis my brother's humor to say so. But here they come, a set of simpletons!

Enter FIZZLEGIG, QUIZZBY and HOAXLEY. They are all dressed like sportsmen, and each carries a fowling piece.

Fiz. Ay, here he is! I thought we should find him here, tied to the woman's apron-strings.

Quiz. So, Sir, here you are! I thought we—

That's right, friend Fizzlegig, give it him roundly.

Fiz. Ah! you lump of sugar-paste! ah! you milk-sop! Was it for this I invited you down to Hammersmith? Instead of going out in the garden along with us, here you are!—A pretty figure you cut while mainly sports are going on.

Quiz. Ay, a pretty figure you—at him again, Fizzy.

Fiz. Look at you uncle; there's a hearty old cock for you! Up shooting by half after nine! And Mr. Hoaxley too—!

Hoax. Pray, Sir, don't overwhelm the young man with comparisons.

(Aside.) Tom, stick close to Peggy: I suspect you'll have a rival here to-day.—*(To Fizzlegig.)* Every one is not born to be a sportsman, Sir; but we 'tis in our nature! As for you, Mr. Fizzlegig, it does one's heart good to see you. Breakfast no sooner over than, there you are, seated on your camp-stool, with your gun in your hand, letting fly at every thing from a sparrow down to a Tom cat.

Fiz. Out in all winds and weathers—that is to say when it does not rain.

Hoax. Braving hunger and thirst!

Fiz. Never thinking of tasting wet or dry when I'm at the sport till lunch-time; and as for fatigue, when once I'm fairly in for it I'd as soon tramp over the wet grass as along the grave walks. Give me your sound, sportsman; a fellow who cares to eat nothing but of his own killing. Didn't I shoot the turkey we had on Sunday? And don't I shoot every bit of poultry that comes to table?

Dolly. Ay, and every table-cloth, too, that is hung out to dry. I declare there is not a piece of linen in the press but is as full of shot-holes as the sails of the man-of-war in your picture of the sea-fight.

Fiz. Dolly, Dolly, you are provoking—! Can I help it if the birds will come and perch upon the clothes'-lines.

Quiz. Why, you know, if the birds will come and—

Dolly. Get away with you; you are a greater fool than he!

Fiz. Why, sister Dolly, how dare you say my friend is a greater fool than I am?

Hoax. Sir, the thing is impossible.

Fiz. Do you hear that, sister? 'tis impossible. But, come, don't let us waste our time here. 'Tis near twelve o'clock, and the cook is catching the chickens for me to shoot for to-day's dinner. Come, Quizby; come, Mr. Hoaxley.

Dolly. Hear'ee, brother; and you too, Mr. Quizby. Here stands your daughter, my niece Peggy; here is your nephew, Mr. Tom Trimbrush: I have got six thousand pounds in the bank. Well—what have you to say?

Fiz. Well, sister Dolly, don't I know all that?

Dolly. Know all that, indeed! And what say you to it, Mr. Quizby?

Quiz. I? Why I—my friend Fizzy says he knows all that, and I can't help saying that is exactly my opinion.

Dolly. Once more; do you mean that the young folks should make a match of it, or do you not?

Quiz. Fizzy, do you speak first, and then I shall know better what to say.

Fiz. Don't talk to me now, sister Dolly, you are

making me lose all the fine of the morning. Besides, as I told you before I have got something in my eye.

Quiz. Don't you hear, now? He has got something in his eye.

Dolly. Remember six thousand pounds, brother.

Fiz. Well, well, I never forgot six thousand pounds, but I've got fifteen—Peggy is my only child; Mr. Tom Trimbrush there, has got nothing but what his uncle may choose to give him, and should he marry my daughter without my consent, he'll give Tom nothing, and I'll give Peggy nothing; and as that is all we will give them, the interest on that is all they'll have to live upon.

Quiz. No, no; as Fizzy says, I'll give Peggy—I mean he'll give Peggy nothing, and I'll give Tom nothing, and I have four hundred a year of my own in the bank, and neither chick nor child. Come, Fizzy, let us go a-shooting.

Hoax. That is the longest speech of his I have heard this twelve months.

Dolly. Now, pray, may I ask what it is you have in your eye?

Fiz. A capital match; an Essex man, sister; the son of Cramcalf, the rich grazier.

Dolly. Cramcalf or cram-anything-else, think of it if you dare!

Quiz. Hear, how she talks to him! If I dared but Hector him so!

Fiz. Well, well, 'tis too late to say any thing against it now: I have settled it all with his father. He is a match for a daughter of the Emperor of Chany.

Quiz. The Emperor of Chany;—do you hear that?

Dolly. And why was this never mentioned to me before? I suppose—

(*Fizzleleg levels his piece at a flower-pot in the window.*)

Is the man mad! What, in the name of wonder, are you doing? Do you want to blow the house up? (*She pulls his arm.*)

Fiz. Plague take you, sister Dolly! He's gone. A sparrow as big as a pigeon, on the geranium-pot!

Dolly. And what sort of a person is this choice of yours?

Fiz. Eh?—what?—I hardly know. I have not seen him since he was ten years old; that is eighteen years ago; and then he was the ugliest brat you ever clapt your eyes on! But ugly children change, you know.—But, come, we'll talk of that by-and-by. Come, Quiz; by; come Hoaxley. As for you, Tom, come, or let it alone, just as you please. You a sportsman! A pretty fellow you are to invite to spend a week with one at Hammersmith in the shooting season.

[*Exeunt Fiz. and Quiz.*]

Dolly. Go with them, Mr. Trimbrush; humor the old fools. Return to us presently, and we'll consult upon what is to be done.

Hoax. Come, Tom; we will make common cause, against this rival of yours; and if he really be the sheer, downright, and most egregious ass I have him described to be; we will force him to abandon the contest by a powerful exercise of the noble art of quizzing and hoaxing.

[*Exeunt DOLLY and PEGGY—HOAXLEY and TRIM-*

BUSH. SCENE II. Fizzleleg's garden.

Enter CORNELIUS CRAMCALT. He is dressed as a sportsman, except that he wears white stockings.—The calves of his legs are immoderately large.

Cram. So! here I am! that is Mr. Fizzleleg's house, and this is Mr. Fizzleleg's garden. Now let me con over what I have to do. First, I am to see Mr. Fizzleleg, then I am to introduce myself and say, "Sir, I am your intended son-in-law;" then I am to

marry his daughter in lawful wedlock, and then I'm to go home again to Calf-hall near Colchester. Besides all this, I'm to be sure to remember to take my wife home along with me; and I'm to be very particular to tell nobody here but Mr. Fizzleleg himself what I come about. I'm not the one to make a blunder—'tis all written down for me on my ass's skin tablets. Besides, I can't make a mistake about Mr. Fizzleleg, for the man at the gate told me I should find him in the garden, in a green shooting-jacket, and with a gun in his hand and as sure as a gun here he comes.

Enter TRIMBUSH.

Trim. A plaguy old bore! how Hoaxley can remain with him I don't know, but for my part—

Cram. How do you do, Sir? Well, you see here I am just arrived fresh out of Essex.

Trim. (*aside.*) From Essex! so, so!—So, sir, you come out of Essex, sir? Did you walk all the way, Sir?

Cram. Walk! no, Sir! I travelled up in a carriage with several more of my own species.

Trim. Then you came up in a calf-cart, I presume.

Cram. Bless you, no; in the Colchester Stage.—Do you know—I knew you the instant I saw you.

Trim. Me!

Cram. Ay, though you are much changed since you were with us at Calf Hall, eighteen years ago. You are looking much younger.

Trim. That is a surprising change, indeed!

Cram. Not at all for then you had a bald head; now you have taken to your own hair again. That always makes folks look younger.

Trim. That is an idea that would never have occurred to me.

Cram. And then I could not fail of knowing you by your shooting-jacket.

Trim. A sufficient reason for knowing me, truly.

Cram. Ay, and a reason, too, that kept me upwards of a week at the Saracen's Head, Aligate, and that cost me a pretty lump of money, that I can tell you.

Trim. How so?

Cram. Why father told me I must be sure to wait upon you in a sporting-dress, just, as he said, to humour the old fool. He didn't intend that I should tell you that—he merely said it to me, in private. So I was obliged to wait in London whilst it was making; then the tailor disappointed me, then the coat was too big, then the coat was too little; then—but 'tis a nice fit now, isn't it?

Trim. Allow me to examine it. (*Squeezes him tightly in it, and twirls him about.*)

Cram. (*Almost choked.*) Thank'ee that will do.

Trim. 'Tis exquisite!

Cram. And so it ought to be, for it cost plaguy dear. And I was obliged to pay for it, too.

Trim. Why, you would not have the tailor give you a coat for nothing?

Cram. Yes, I would if I could, though.

Trim. So, Sir, it seems you have business with Mr. Fizzleleg.

Cram. Yes, Mr. Fizzleleg, and business which will bring me a pretty lump of money; and that is some consolation for the trouble and expense I have been at in coming to see you.

Trim. Then, Sir, since this is no affair of mine, I leave you.

Cram. How! A'n't you Mr. Fizzleleg?

Trim. No, Sir.

Cram. And yet you have got a——this is a most extraordinary resemblance.

Trim. Stay—some one comes this way. (*Aside.* 'Tis Hoaxley.)—Perhaps 'tis he, I'll leave you together. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit TRIMBUSH.*]

Cram. 'Twas an excellent piece of advice of my father's not to tell my business to any one but the old gentleman himself. 'Twas lucky I did not say more to him. That comes of knowing how to keep a wise tongue in one's head.

Enter. HOAXLEY.

Hoax. Sparrow shooting is a very pretty amusement, but I begin to tire of it.—Eh! who the deuce is this? For a quizz, a promising phiz.—A-hem!

Cram. (aside.) This must be my man. But this time I'll cross examine him as they do at Assizes.—Mr. Fizzleleg, have you any recollection of me?

Hoax. Do you imagine I could ever forget you?
Cram. But you must find me much grown since you were at Calf-hall eighteen years ago?

Hoax. (aside.) Ah! ha! our arrival.—Prodigiously! you were a child at that time.

Cram. (aside.) That's true; I'm safe now. Yet I'll put one home question.—Did my parents consider me a sensible child or a fool?

Hoax. A prodigy of sense I and in that respect I'll answer for it you are not changed.

Cram. And that's true; for I am just as sensible now as I was when a baby. But you will pardon my being a little cautious about you, Mr. Fizzleleg, for I have mistaken another person for you already.

Hoax. You are convinced there is no mistake now?

Cram. Yes.—No.—*(aside.)* I have it.—If you are he, you can tell me what I come about and who I am.

Hoax. You come here to be married, and your name—*(aside.)* Hang his name, I forget it.)

Cram. Right! This is you as sure as I am Cornelius Cramcalf.—And now for my name?

Hoax. Cornelius Cramcalf.

Cram. My dear sir—*(They shake hands.)*

Hoax. And now, Sir, to business. In the first place, Cornelius is a name I can't endure.

Cram. There I knew that would be the case one of these days. I have always said I was very ill used in that affair.

Hoax. What affair?

Cram. Why, that; but I assure you, Mr. Fizzleleg, I'm not in the least to blame for it. They took an unfair advantage of my youth and inexperience, and christened me without my consent.

Hoax. Unparalleled tyranny!

Cram. However, my intimate friends call me Coley;—others, Mr. Cramcalf, junior.

Hoax. Mr. Cramcalf, junior, your devoted humble servant. *(Bows.)*

Cram. Pray Sir, don't—I hate to be treated with so much respect.

Hoax. I won't if won't; I promise to treat you with as little as possible.

Cram. (bows.) You are too—But my other name Cramcalf? 'tis an appropriate name for a grazier? Of course you know what a calf is?

Hoax. (placing his hand on Cramcalf's shoulder.) I have a tolerable idea.

Cram. Talking of calves, did you ever see such a calf as this? *(Shows his legs.)*

Hoax. Magnificent indeed!

Cram. And they cost me nothing. They are a present.

Hoax. A what?

Cram. A present from my uncle, the stocking weaver, at Nottingham.

Hoax. Ha! ha! ha!

Cram. I dare say you thought they were real,—No, they are—*(angrily.)* I hope you don't doubt me? Sir, they are sham calves upon my honor.

Hoax. Sir, your word is sufficient.

Cram. And so this place is called Goose-green.

Hoax. So was my grandfather before me; and so might you be.

Cram. Why you don't dislike my sur-name—Cramcalf is a pretty name, isn't it?

Hoax. Charming!

Cram. And your daughter will like to be called Mrs. Cramcalf?

Hoax. She'll die of love for you at the very sound.

Cram. Mrs. Vice-president Cramcalf!

Hoax. Vice-president! Why are you a Vice-president?

Cram. Yes, of the Friendly Burial Society. We have plenty of public amusements at Colechester.

Hoax. She'll lead a gay life, no doubt. *(While talking, he pulls off one of Cramcalf's buttons.)* This is your button, I believe?

Cram. (putting it into his pocket.) Thank'ee Sir, you are very polite.—O, yes, very gay. She will be invited to all the funerals. Our club meets once a month, at the sign of the three coffins, and are as merry as—I seldom attend though, and so I save my money.

Hoax. Very considerate.

Cram. When you have spent your money, your money is gone, you know.

Hoax. A wise reflection!

Cram. And when—Talking of money, father says your daughter is a capital match for me. You are warm, an't you?

Hoax. Tolerably—considering the season.

Cram. I mean you are rich? And then she has a maiden aunt, who will die, and leave me all her dumps. But old maids are generally tough, and last a long while. I say—is your sister tough?

Hoax. Psha! you must not say that. *(Pulls off another button.)* Another of your buttons, Mr. Cramcalf.

Cram. Thank'ee, Mr. Fizzleleg; but pray don't give me any more.—Ah! I'll take care of her money when I get it.

Hoax. So, you are a careful person, it seems.

Cram. Careful! why, I have saved every farthing of my money ever since I was a school-boy. Here, I have an account of it in my pocket-book. *(Feels in his pocket.)* Why, I declare, I have lost my ass's skin.

Hoax. Bless me! Sure no one has flayed you alive.

Cram. No, here it is! Besides, I never lent any one a penny, unless I was quite sure of my money again; and unless I was well paid for it, too.

Hoax. That is generous indeed! So then, it seems you are very fond of money?

Cram. Dont on it. When you have paid your debt of nature you shall see how nicely I turn yours to account.

Hoax. Shall I? That will be a very pretty sight. But for the maiden aunt—suppose she should not be of your way of thinking?

Cram. But she will; for I'm told she is a very sensible woman.

Hoax. True; but she is extremely prodigal.

Cram. Is she? Then I'll soon make her turn over a new leaf.

Hoax. (aside.) Now if I could work him up to a quarrel with Aunt Dolly!—You are right, Mr. Cramcalf. Now, listen to my advice. *Enter QUIZZ.*

Quizz. So, I have found you at last, Mr. Hoaxley.

Cram. Mr. Hoaxley!!

Hoax. Confound the old twadger!

Cram. Then I have been talking to a Mr. Hoaxley all this time!

Quizz. Why, who else do you take him to be? But go, go, Mr. Hoaxley; our brother sportsmen have sent me to say they are waiting for you.

Hoax. I was chatting here with your son-in-law?

Quiz. My son-in-law! What do you mean by my son-in-law?

Hoax. O, your son-in-law will explain all that to you, so I'll leave you together. Ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit HOAXLEY.*]

Quiz. (*following him.*) But what do you mean by my son-in-law?

Cram. (*takes hold of his jacket and pulls him back.*) Stop, stop, if you please.

Quiz. Stop! stop! I know nothing about you, and I won't stop.

Cram. Don't you recollect me? Colley, from Colchester?

Quiz. I know nothing about you. You are mistaken.

Cram. No, no; I have been mistaken already; and I have something else to do than be mistaken all day. So come this way, Mr. Fizzleleg.

Quiz. I tell you you are mistaken, so let me alone.

Cram. Nonsense; I didn't come all the way from Colchester to let you alone.

Quiz. Help, there, help!

Cram. I don't care for your making a riot; I have got you this time, and hang me if I let you go till I have married your daughter. [*Exit QUIZBY followed by CRAMCALF.*]

Enter HOAXLEY, DOLLY and PEGGY.

Hoax. Ha! ha! ha! There he goes: he has fastened upon old Quizzy now, and takes him to be his intended father-in-law.

Dolly. Why, then, it seems the young gentleman is a downright noodle.

Hoax. As flat as a pancake, and the most miserly rascal I ever met with.

Dolly. Another reason against him.

Hoax. We'll get rid of him, I'll answer for it. His little intellects are utterly confounded by the mere similarity of our dresses; and I've an idea. I'll once more persuade him that I'm your father; and if I don't speedily drive him out of our dominions—

Peggy. But he knows now who you are.

Hoax. He is so arrant an ass that I'll risk it notwithstanding. Ha! that's the very thing.

Jem. (*crosses with a hat and wig.*)

I say, Jem, is that your master's wig and hat?

Jem. Yes, Sir; the Sunday set-out.

Hoax. Give them to me.

Jem. Can't, Sir; I have just dressed the wig, and must not be a hair awry.

Hoax. Here is half a crown for you; give them to me, and do as I bid you, and I'll give you another.—(*Puts on the wig and hat.*)

Jem. (*looking at the money*) I'll fetch you a night-cap or two, at this rate Sir.

Hoax. No, no, 'tis not that. Haven't you observed a strange gentleman here?

Jem. Yes, Sir; he got fast hold of Mr. Quizzy, just now. Ha! there he goes.

Hoax. That is he. Do you go and tell him Mr. Fizzleleg is waiting here to see him, and bring him to me. Mind, no mistake.

Jem. No, no, Sir. Ah! you are a funny one. [*Exit JEM.*]

Hoax. Now leave me alone with him; I'll follow you presently, and report progress.

Dolly. Do what you can to get rid of him; and should you fail, I have a little scheme of my own to try.

[*Exit DOLLY and PEGGY.*]

Enter JEM with CRAMCALF.

Jem. There, Sir, that is Mr. Fizzleleg—He! he! he!

[*Exit JEM.*]

Cram. Well, at last I hope—Ah! ha! there you are

and plague enough I have had to find you,—there are so many of you.

Hoax. I'm sorry for it; I was out shooting. And pray how is your worthy father?

[*Hoaxley squeezes his hand violently.*]

Cram. Very well, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Hoaxley; she desires to be remembered to you, and you are squeezing my fingers, indeed you are.

Hoax. But why do you call me Mr. Hoaxley?

Cram. Dear me, I ask your pardon, but I was just now talking to a gentleman of that name, and you look uncommonly like him.

Hoax. There is nothing surprising in that; he is an old school fellow of mine.

Cram. Ah! that accounts for it.

Hoax. (*examining his dress.*) Very well indeed.

But why don't you wear gaiters?

Cram. Think of my calves!

Hoax. They would appear to less advantage, certainly.

Cram. But this nonsensical whim of yours cost a vast deal of money.

Hoax. What then, Sir? money is made to spend.

Cram. True, but the less one spends, the more one has, you know.

Hoax. And are you such a miserly dog as to grudge your money! You won't do for my daughter if you are. However, she'll take you in hand. You are rich, and by marrying her you will be still richer. I shall expect you, therefore, to do honour to your fortune.

Cram. I will honour it; that is, I'll never make in the least free with it.

Hoax. In the first place, you'll keep a good table.

Cram. To be sure, particularly if she be fond of veal.

Hoax. Why so?

Cram. Because we kill and eat our own calves.

Hoax. The Cannibals!—and do you afford no variety?

Cram. O, yes, when we are tired of roast veal, we have it boiled.

Hoax. Well, well, you must leave the management of that to my daughter. In the next place—though you have already set up a carriage for her.

Cram. Quite the contrary. Because when we are married, 'tis only booking two places in the Colchester stage, and there we are, you know.

Hoax. Niggardly rascal! and do you imagine my daughter will travel by a public coach? No, Sir; she must go with four horses, and take plenty of company with her.

Cram. Well, the Colchester Telegraph travels with four horses and takes plenty of company.

Hoax. Fie! fie! As my last word, you must set up a handsome, commodious carriage in which four may ride at their ease.

Cram. Four! Why we are but two, at any rate.

Hoax. And how are her two waiting women to go?

Cram. O, that is easily settled; she won't have any.

Hoax. Thunder and smoke! my daughter have no waiting-women!

Cram. You are so hasty; the cook and house maid can help to dress her; and for great occasions is not there the barber?

Hoax. Enough! you shan't marry my daughter, so get out.

Cram. But only listen to me!

Hoax. Get out! I'll write to your father that you are a stingy rascal.

Cram. But only let her see me, and give her a chance of falling in love with me.

Hoax. Get out! you shan't see her.

Cram. So after coming all this way, you turn me out of your house!

Hoax. Not for the world, but get out instantly!

Cram. Well then, Sir, since my blood is up—

Hoax. What then?

Cram. Good afternoon to you, I'll have nothing to do with you or your daughter. (*Going.*)

Hoax. (aside.) We have done it.

Enter TRIMBUSH.

Trim. Hoaxley, Miss Dolly desires to see you instantly.

Hoax. Confound you!

Cram. So this is Mr. Hoaxley again, after all.

Hoax. (to Trim.) I had just succeeded in turning him out of the place; and you have spoiled all.

Trim. How the deuce could I tell that?

Hoax. Well, come, come along; and we will see what Miss Dolly has devised. [*Exeunt TRIM and HOAXLEY.*]

Cram. So that was't Mr. FIZZLEGIG, then! I thought so at first, for the future I'll trust to first impressions. Now had not I discovered the mistake in time, I should have returned again like a—Ah! here he comes again. Let him beware of imposing upon me now; I'll pepper him if he should attempt it.

Enter FIZZLEGIG.

Fiz. Surely the plague is in the sparrows! The moment I fire away they fly, and the deuce a one will stop to be killed.—Ha! Surely I am not mistaken. Pray, Sir, are not you Mr. Cramcalf?

Cram. (turning his back upon him.) Pooh! pooh! you know well enough who I am. But I'm not to be taken in by you again.

Fiz. Taken in by me!—The impudent fellow!

Cram. No; and instead of getting out, I shall not stir till I have seen Mr. Fizzlegig.

Fiz. I am Mr. Fizzlegig.

Cram. Now, Mr. Hoaxley, don't provoke me, or upon my life I'll make you repeat it.

Fiz. But turn and look at me, you obstinate dog. I am Mr. Fizzlegig in person.

Cram. I can bear this no longer. I'll teach you (*He turns suddenly round, seizes Fizzlegig by the throat and shakes him violently.*)

Fiz. Would you murder your father-in-law, you unnatural dog!

Cram. And now I look at you, I think you are not Mr. Hoaxley. But tell me the truth; don't deceive me again; are you really old Fizzlegig?

Fiz. Why should I deceive you?

Cram. Because you have deceived me several times already.

Fiz. I!

Cram. Yes you—or Mr. Hoaxley—or one or other, of you.

Fiz. I see how it is; Mr. Hoaxley has been amusing himself at your expense.

Cram. Is that possible! But if you dress all alike in these jackets how is one to—besides, the expense of them.

Fiz. I hope you are not such a miserly dog as to grudge your money to do me a pleasure.

Cram. There—there—miserly dog! his very words—the very thing you said to me just now, Mr. Hoaxley.

Fiz. Your father has praised you in his letters to me for your habits of economy; yet I would not have a thorough stingy rascal for a son-in-law.

Cram. Stingy rascal! That was Mr. Hoaxley again.—Ha! you know my father's writing?

Fiz. As well as I know my own.

Cram. (aside.) Now, I'll prove him. (*Gives him a letter.*) Do you know whose writing this is?

Fiz. Your father's.

Cram. I have found him at last, the real original. (*Bows.*) Mr. Fizzlegig, I hope I see you very well.

Fiz. (having read the letter.) Ay, ay, he has written to me the same thing many times. No doubt my sister Dolly will leave all her property to my daughter.

Cram. (rubbing his hands.) That will be a capital haul for me!

Fiz. You seem to be very fond of money?

Cram. Love it like my own father.

Fiz. Well, well, we shall settle that matter with my sister; and now you shall see my daughter Peggy.

Cram. (Laughs immoderately.) So her name is Peggy, is it?

Fiz. Yes; what is there to laugh at?

Cram. The wonderful coincidence! There is one Peggy in our neighbourhood already. But come, let me see her.

Fiz. Ah! you rogue! you'll be very glad to be married, eh?

Cram. Ay, to your Peggy—and the money.

Fiz. But, at first sight, she may not like you.

Cram. O, never mind that.

Fiz. However, in time she will, I've no doubt.

Cram. That is as it may happen. But it is agreed that she is to marry me, whether she like me or not.

Fiz. And is marrying her all you care about?

Cram. O, no, I care about the money most.

Fiz. Young man, young man, you should not say such things.

Cram. Pooh! nonsense; it is what I think, isn't it?

Fiz. Hush! here they come. (*Cram. puts his calves in order which had got round to the fore part of his legs.*)

Enter DOLLY, PEGGY, TRIMBUSH, HOAXLEY, and QUISBY.

Dolly. Mr. Fizzlegig, it is proper I acquaint you with a step I am about to take.

Fiz. Presently, sister Dolly; but first, ladies, let me present Mr. Cramcalf, my intended son-in-law to you.

Dolly. So that is your beautiful bargain is it?

Fiz. Go, go, and address my daughter.

Cram. But there are two of them; how am I to guess which is your daughter?

Fiz. Peggy make a curtsy. (*She curtsies.*)

Cram. So it is the youngest I am to marry?

Fiz. Now, say something gallant to her.

Cram. I will, I will! Miss—ahem!—I come, from a county famous for calves.

Peggy. Sir, you do no discredit to your county.

Cram. An uncommon polite young lady, indeed.

Fiz. Now, sister Dolly, you see the gentleman and I trust you'll make no objections.

Cram. She can't, she can't, you know. 'Tis all settled between you and father that I'm to have her dumps and your dumps—(*to her*) and I'll make the most of them, I promise you.

Dolly. Don't talk to me, dolt!—Hearkee, brother Fizzlegig, since 'tis settled there is to be a wedding in the family, to save trouble I intend to marry at the same time.

Fiz. You marry!

Dolly. Yes, and carry my fortune out of the family since you won't give your daughter to Mr. Trimbrush.

Fiz. (to Quisby.) There! 'Tis all your nephew's fault! How dare your nephew fall in love with my daughter!

Quiz. Do you hear that, Sir! (*to Trim.*) How dare you fall in love with my—That is as, my friend Fizzy says, how dare—That's right Fizzy, don't spare him.

Fiz. No matter; what I say is law. Here Mr

Cramcalf, I've sent for you to marry my daughter, and you shall have her.

Cram. Stop, stop, there is some mistake; if old Miss Dolly marries, what becomes of the stumpy?

Fiz. That's neither here nor there; I have said my daughter shall have you for a husband and she shall have you.

Cram. Have me? But people don't give nothing for nothing you know. She shall have me if the old lady will promise to leave her——

Dolly. If I leave her my fortune, 'tis on the sole condition of her marrying Mr. Trimbrush.

Cram. Then why didn't you make up your mind to that before? and then I needn't have come all the way from Colchester.

Fiz. Well but sister Dolly, sister Dolly——

Dolly. No words, I've told you my determination.

Fiz. You are resolved, then, that Peggy shall marry Tom Trimbrush?

Dolly. Resolved.

Fiz. In that case, what say you to it, friend Quizby?

Quiz. Why, my opinion is——what's your opinion Fizzy?

Fiz. Certainly.—And you, Mr. Cramcalf, what say you to that arrangement?

Cram. Why really, Mr. Fizzlegig, it is bringing one a long way—up from Colchester to——

Fiz. Then since you don't object to it, be it so.—Here Tom take Peggy, and make her a good husband. And you'll leave Tom your fortune, won't you old boy?

Quiz. That I will—you say I shall, don't you, friend Fizzy.

Hoax. Now Mr. Cramcalf, you are witness that my friend Tom is to marry Miss Peggy, and to inherit the wealth of all parties.

Cram. Well, but I did not come to be a witness in this business. Quite the contrary. (to Fiz.) But I'll trounce you; you have my written promise that I'll marry your daughter, with a forfeit of two hundred pounds if I refuse.

Fiz. Ha! ha! ha! but you have not got mine.

Cram. That's all one, and I've been very ill used. You are an old rogue, and I'll trounce you.

Fiz. Eh! what! get out, get out!

Cram. You are at it again. Get out! (to Fiz.) That is what you said when I mistook Mr. Hoaxley for you.—But you'll pay my expenses home again, won't you?

Fiz. I indeed! ha! ha! ha!

Cram. I've spent all the money father gave me, and it will be very unpleasant to walk all the way back to Colchester. Mr. Hoaxley——

Hoax. Get out, get out!

Cram. Well, if I must, let me go out genteelly.—(Comes forward) Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all a very good night.

ARBITRATIONS AND ARBITRATORS.

The arbitration law of Pennsylvania, permits either party to an action, so disposed, at an early stage of the case, to withdraw the controversy from the immediate decision of that tribunal, composed of a judge and a jury, which we have been accustomed to consider the safest to which either the property or the person of the citizen can be committed, and to call his adversary, willing or not, before one very differently constituted, and acting under circumstances materially variant in many essential particulars. The mode of this proceeding, though familiar to ma-

ny in its general characteristics, is less known, in its details, than it should be, in a community where litigation is so cheap, that few men of business go through life without a taste of its pleasures. The inducements to lead to it are several. Sometimes the plaintiff wishes to obtain a judgment, as a lien on the defendant's real estate, when he happens to have a house or an acre, at an earlier period than that at which there is a chance of reaching the case on the trial list. Sometimes the defendants' counsel, unable to learn exactly the strength of his antagonist's case, and unwilling to go into court without some knowledge of the ground he has to stand on, takes this method of feeling his way and of getting a peep into the matter in hand.

Sometimes the plaintiff's advocate, knowing his client of old, and having by experience, ascertained him to be one of that numerous class, who think that the first requisite to ensure success, is to persuade your lawyer that abundance of evidence is ready to prove your case, thus secures himself against repetition of the disgrace he has before incurred, of finding a bold opening contradicted at all points, before numerous listeners, by his own witnesses. From some of these inducements, or from some of a hundred others, one of the party enters a rule of reference, of which the other has ten days' notice. At the hour appointed, they meet at the prothonotary's office, in person or by attorney. By them, or by the prothonotary or his deputy, if they cannot agree, the number of arbitrators is settled; three, five, or seven. Each names a certain number, according to the provisions of the act of Assembly, which need not be here specified particularly. Each is entitled to object, peremptorily, to the nomination of the other; and, should the requisite number of persons not be agreed on, the prothonotary forms a list from which the parties strike out, alternately, till three, five, or seven, are left. The time and place of meeting are then appointed by agreement, or if this prove impracticable, by the prothonotary, under certain restrictions. Should either party be absent at the time of choosing, the prothonotary acts for him; the duties assigned to that officer, in case of disagreement, then devolving on the sheriff, coroner, recorder of deeds, or treasurer of the county. The absent party, and each of the arbitrators, must have notice of the time and place of meeting, and of the names of all the arbitrators. The place chosen is sometimes the office of one of the counsel, sometimes a chamber of the merchants' coffee house, but more frequently a back room in the first or second stories of one of the taverns near the courts—some of which, by the way, derive no inconsiderable profit from business of this sort. At the time of meeting, should any of the arbitrators be absent, his place is supplied by the concurrent choice of the parties, or by the arbitrators present, unless it be agreed to go on without him. The arbitrators then swear or affirm each other, in the words of the law, "justly and equitably to try all matters in

variance, submitted to them," including, however, only the matters on which that particular suit is founded; and proceed to hear allegations, proofs, and arguments. The business may be adjourned, from time to time, as often as is found necessary; and, for every session, long or short, each referee is entitled to a dollar, to be taxed in the costs, and to be paid by the loser. The award to which the consent of a majority only is requisite, must be distinctly made out in writing, signed by those who have approved it, and deposited with the prothonotary within ten days after the time when it was agreed on.

Either party, discontented with the award, may appeal, within twenty days, to the court from which the writ issued, paying the costs incurred, and swearing that he appeals not for the sake of delay, but because he firmly believes that injustice has been done. The appellant is also required to give security in the nature of special bail, for additional costs, and, if defendant, for the payment of the debt or damages in case of failure in the appeal. He that appeals is prohibited from producing, before the jury, any books, papers, or other documents, withheld from the arbitrators; but, according to decisions on this provision of the act, simple omission to produce such books, &c. does not amount to the withholding contemplated.

When a case comes before a court and jury, on appeal, it is tried precisely as if it had never been referred, with the single exception of the exclusion of documents just noticed; and the award of arbitrators weighs not a feather. An advocate endeavoring to strengthen his case by citing even the unanimous award, in his favour, of the largest number of arbitrators provided for by the act of assembly, would be laughed at by his brethren and silenced by the bench. A cause decided by arbitrators, and taken into court by appeal, comes up for trial under circumstances not in the slightest degree more favorable to him whom the arbitrators have thought right, than if the matter had never been investigated in any form by any persons. And this is a consideration which gentlemen, chosen to perform one of the most important offices to which a citizen can be called, should always keep in mind, as it will aid them essentially in understanding their obligations and their powers, which, we may venture to observe, are not seldom misinterpreted, and perhaps most particularly by many of those whose known readiness to serve as arbitrators causes them to be frequently named. The words of the oath—"justly and equitably"—are often construed as if intended to invest arbitrators with discretionary powers, far exceeding those of courts and juries; to decide according to principles adopted by themselves, in each particular case, in opposition to the established rules of the law, and to recur, for the ascertainment of facts, to other sources than strictly legal evidence. Of these irregularities, instances without number might be cited; and some of them sufficiently gross. We may ask whether none of

our readers, lawyers, or laymen, can call to mind cases in which arbitrators—intelligent and honest men, too—have awarded against a defendant, on no other perceptible ground, than that he produced no evidence to resist a demand which the plaintiff had brought none to support. A respectable lawyer, on behalf of a respectable merchant or tradesman, states a claim with a positive affirmation of circumstances, according to instructions from his client; producing, perhaps, a witness or two, who testify that the parties had had something to do with each other about some such business as that stated as the inducement to the action. The defendant's counsel thinks the case too feeble to call for an answer, and, to save time, trouble and expense, leaves it to the arbitrators with a word of comment, and without the examination of a single witness. The plaintiff's account is handed to the referees; and they, when the parties have retired, lay their heads together. One of them, who has occasionally served as a juror, remarks that he has known a judge to charge positively against a plaintiff, and a jury to award accordingly, without hesitation, in cases where stronger evidence has been produced than any which they have heard. 'Well'—says the second—'you are a man of experience, and I will suppose we must award for the defendant.'—Then comes in the third:—'I don't think that quite so clear. We are to decide justly and equitably. Natural equity abhors the sharp points of the law! A jury cannot always help themselves, but may be forced by a judge to determine according to law in spite of reason.—Here we have it in our own hands. I have dealt with the plaintiff these twenty years; and he never cheated me out of a penny. He is too honest to bring suit without some cause of action; and, as the defendant holds his tongue, there must be something in it. I think we had better give him his demand.'—'Something in that, too,' says the second, 'the thing did not strike me, at first, I confess, in that point of view.—What do you say to that, Mr. A.?' Mr. A. replies, that, by awarding against the law, they may double the fees of the lawyers, but will only put the defendant to the trouble and expense of having their judgment reversed, while the plaintiff, instead of receiving what he claims, will be saddled with aggravated costs, and adheres to his original decision. Mr. C. repeats his argument against the *spicula legis* in precisely the same words he had before used; and Mr. B. still halting between two opinions, though somewhat inclining to the worst, proposes that they adjourn, and take a day or two for consideration. This is unanimously agreed to.—Messrs. A. and C. being men who think for themselves, each in his own way, having made up their minds, care little about the matter. Mr. B. goes home and consults his wife, who tells him that Mr. C. is the most sensible man she knows—fit to be an alderman, or an associate judge of the common pleas—and that no one can go wrong in following where he leads.—

This decides her husband. He and his oracle award for the plaintiff his whole demand, perhaps docking the interest, by way of allowance for possible mistake; and set down their colleague, though too civil to tell him so, as an absolute blockhead.

The defendant appeals; and the arbitrators get their fees. The cause comes into court.—The defendant's counsel hears the plaintiff's case; and holds his tongue as before. The judge says that there is no evidence; the jury find at once for the defendant; and the plaintiff has now the satisfaction of paying all the costs incurred from the commencement of the suit, with a suitable *honorarium* to his counsel, which includes something very reasonable for attendance on the arbitrators.

The belief has prevailed so extensively that arbitrators may disregard the strict rules of law, that this sketch of the consequences of such license may not be useless. The arbitration law was designed, by those who framed it, to lessen the expenses of litigation, not to change the principles which regulate the decision of controversies. When men, chosen under its provisions to settle disputes, disregard the rules governing the tribunals empowered to revise and reverse their judgments, they but double the cost and inconvenience of what is, at best, sufficiently vexatious and expensive; while the chief sufferer is generally the party whom they think to favour.

THE PLAY AT VENICE.

Some years since, a German prince making a tour of Europe, stopped at Venice for a short period. It was the close of summer, the Adriatic was calm, the nights were lovely, the Venetian women in the full enjoyment of those delicious spirits that in their climate, rise and fall with the coming and the departure of the finest season of the year. Every day was given by the illustrious stranger to research among the records and antiquities of this singular city, and every night to parties on the Brenta of the sea. As the morning was nigh, it was the custom to return from the water to sup at some of the palaces of the nobility. In the commencement of his intercourse, all national distinctions were carefully suppressed. But as his intimacy increased, he was forced to see the lurking vanity of the Italian breaking out. One of its most frequent exhibitions was in the little dramas that wound up these stately festivals. The wit was constantly sharpened by some contrast of the Italian and the German, some slight aspersions on Teutonic rudeness, some remark on the history of a people untouched by the elegance of Southern manners. The sarcasm was conveyed with Italian grace, and the offence softened by its humor. It was obvious that the only retaliation must be humorous. At length the Prince, on the point of taking leave, invited his entertainers to a farewell supper. He drew the conversation to the infinite superiority of the Italian, and above all of the Venetian, ac-

knowledgeed the darkness in which Germany had been destined to remain so long, and looked forward with infinite sorrow to the comparative opinion of posterity upon the country to which so little of its gratitude must be due. 'But, my Lord,' said he, 'we are an emulous people, and an example like yours cannot be lost even upon a German. I have been charmed with your dramas, and have contrived a little arrangement to give one of our country, if you will condescend to follow me to the great hall.' The company rose and followed him through the splendid suit of Venetian villas, to the hall which was fitted up as a German barn. The aspect of the theatre produced first surprise, and next an universal smile. It had no resemblance to the gilded and sculptured saloons of their own sumptuous little theatres. However, it was only so much the more Teutonic. The curtain drew up. The surprise rose into loud laughter, even among the Venitians, who have been seldom betrayed into any thing beyond a smile, for generations together. The stage was a temporary erection, rude and uneven. The scenes represented a wretched and irregular street, scarcely lighted by a few twinkling lamps, and looking the fit haunt of robbery and assassination. On a narrow view some of the noble spectators began to think it had a kind of resemblance to an Italian street, and some actually discovered in it one of the leading streets of their own famous city. But the play was on a German story, they were under a German roof. The street was, notwithstanding its ill omened similitude, of course German. The street was solitary. At length a traveller, a German, with pistols in a belt round his waist, and apparently exhausted by his journey, came pacing along.—He knocked at several doors, but could obtain no admission. He then wrapped himself up in his cloak, sat down on a fragment of a monument, and soliloquized. 'Well, here have I come, and this is my reception. All palaces, no inns, all nobles, and not a man to tell me where I can lie down in comfort or in safety. Well, it cannot be helped. A German does not much care; campaigning has hardened effeminacy amongst us. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, dangers of war and the roads, are not very formidable after what we have had to work through from father to son. Loneliness, however, is not so well, unless a man can labour or read. Read, that's true, come out Zimmerman.' He took a volume from his pocket, moved nearer to the decaying lamp, and soon seemed absorbed. Another soon shared the eyes of the spectators. A long, light figure came with a kind of visionary movement from behind the monument, surveyed the traveller with keen curiosity, listened with apparent astonishment to his words, and in another moment had fixed itself gazing over his shoulder on the volume. The eyes of this singular being wandered rapidly over the page, and when it was turned, they were lifted to heaven with the strongest expressions of wonder. The German was weary, his head soon

drooped over his study, and he closed the book. 'What,' said he, rising, and stretching his limbs, 'is there no one stirring in this comfortable place? Is it not near day?' He took out his repeater, and touched the pendant, it struck four. His mysterious attendant had watched him narrowly, the repeater was traversed over with an eager gaze; but when it struck, delight was mingled with wonder that had till then filled its pale intelligent countenance. 'Four o'clock,' said the German. 'In my country, half the world would be thinking of going to their day's work by this time. In another hour it will be sunrise. Well then, I'll do you a service, you nation of sleepers, and make you open your eyes.' He drew out one of his pistols, and fired it. The attendant form, still hovering behind him, had looked curiously upon the pistol, but on its going off, started back in terror, and with a loud cry that made the traveller turn. 'Who are you?' was his greeting to this strange intruder. 'I will not hurt you,' was the answer. 'Who cares about that?' was the German's retort, and he pulled out the other pistol. 'My friend,' said the figure, 'even that weapon of thunder and lightning cannot reach me now—but if you would know who I am, let me intreat you to satisfy my curiosity a moment. You seem a man of extraordinary powers.' Well then,' said the German in a gentler voice, 'if you come as a friend, I shall be glad to give you information; it is the custom of our country to deny nothing to those who will love to learn.' The former sighed deeply and murmured, 'And yet you are a Teuton: but you were just reading a little case of strange and yet most interesting figures: was it a manuscript?' 'No, it was a printed book!'

'Printed, what is printing? I never heard but of writing.'

'It is an art by which one man can give to the world in one day, as much as three hundred could give by writing, and in a character of superior clearness, correctness, and beauty: one by which books are made universal, and literature eternal.'

'Admirable, glorious art! said the enquirer, who was its illustrious inventor?'

'A German.'

'But another question. I saw you look at a most curious instrument traced with figures, it sparkled with diamonds, but its greatest wonder was its sound. It gave the hour with miraculous exactness, and the strokes were followed by tones superior to the sweetest music of my day!'

'That was a repeater.'

'How, when I had the luxuries of the earth at my command, I had nothing to tell the hour better than the clepsydra and the sundial.—But this must be incomparable from its facility of being carried about, from its suitability to all hours, from its exactness. It must be an admirable guide even to a higher knowledge. All depends upon the exactness of time. It may assist navigation, astronomy. What an

invention! whose was it? he must be more than man.'

'He was a German!'

'What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave blue eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see those northern warriors, but we looked on them only as savages. I have one more question the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it: in a moment something rushed out, that seemed a portion of the fire of the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon a talisman, and are you a mighty magician? was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a god?'

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feelings rose. Curiosity was now solemly wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing on himself as he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon resting broadly on the horizon was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision. But the German, habituated to the vicissitudes of 'perils by flood and field,' shook off his brief alarm and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder. 'It must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, for either good or ill,' said the former. 'How much it must change the nature of war. How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treaders upon earth?'

'A German.'

The form seemed suddenly to enlarge, its feebleness of voice was gone, its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word, it looked as made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away; it stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence. 'Stranger,' said it, pointing to the Appenines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, 'eighteen hundred years have passed, since I was the glory of all beyond those mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed into the great flood of eternity since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of those things. I was a child to you; we

were all children to the discoveries of those glorious potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first, has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country.

The listener started back: Who, what are you?

'I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Show me by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind.'

The German looked embarrassed; but in a moment after he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed in silence to the narrow street from which the interruption came. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train; Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy!" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show, against the wall! Fine Madama Catrina dance upon de ground. Who come for de galantee show!"—The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven—"These the men of my country! these the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind. What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them?" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes, the first sunbeam struck across the spot where he stood, a purple mist rose around him and he was gone!

The Venitians with one accord, started from their seats, and rushed out of the hall. The Prince and his suite had previously arranged every thing for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venitian territory by sun rise. Another night in Venice, they would have been on their way to the other world.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PALAIS ROYAL AT PARIS.

In the year 1624, Cardinal Richelieu, being at that time young in the French councils, but endowed with ample taste for the magnificent, purchased the hotel de Rambouillet, in the Rue St. Honore, and shortly afterwards the hotel de Mercœur, adjoining. Both were razed to the ground, together with the ancient walls of Paris which traversed the gardens; the ditches were filled up, and the whole surface levelled. These preliminaries having fairly cleared the Cardinal's purse of its last sous, he thought he could do nothing better than let off the ground on the right and left; and hence arose the celebrated Rue de Richelieu. Thus shorn of its western limits, the space was consigned to the hands of Lemercier, an architect, in 1629, and on him devolved the task of erecting a palace worthy of his Eminence's name. In a few years, each intervening accession to Richelieu's luck bringing with it some fresh whim, the princely mansion stood before the public a perfect chaos of

masonry and brickwork, wearing the aspect of a town rather than a palace. As Corneille says,—

"Et l'univers entier ne peut rien voir d'egal
Aux superbes dehors du Palais-Cardinal.
Toute une ville entiere, avec pompe batie,
Semble d'un vieux fosse par miracle sortie,
Et nous fait presumer a ses superbes toits
Que tous ses habitans sous des dieux ou des rois."

The Cardinal's magnificence had, as it would appear, displayed itself much less on externals than internals; for "the boudoirs were delightful, the galleries superb, and the ball-rooms of dazzling splendour." The chapel and theatre, in particular, had been embellished with the most lavish prodigality; the former from the prelate's sense of decorum, and the latter as a sort of *manage* for his vanity and taste. In the one, chalices, religious vessels, and censers of massive gold, shone in the glittering *relievo* of precious stones; and in the other, suits of boxes hung with elegant drapery, sparkling lustres, sumptuous scenic decorations, and accommodation for three thousand spectators.

For occasions of minor importance and the reception of intimate acquaintances, a saloon had been constructed in a corner of the palace, where not more than four or five hundred parasites could be stowed; and close to this apartment, stood the *galerie des hommes illustres*, which led to the cardinal's private chamber.—

These great personages were five-and-twenty in number; Henry the Fourth and Louis the Thirteenth were the only crowned heads that figured among them, and Richelieu himself was the whipper-in. They were the work of Phillippe de Champagne and others; the space intervening betwixt them was adorned with marble busts, and sapient devices were scattered here and there. The ceilings throughout the palace were painted, the panels gilt, and the windows festooned with costly draperies. In short, Italian elegance and French ingenuity had been put in requisition to produce a scene to which Paris had hitherto been a stranger.

A more delicate task yet remained to be accomplished; the Cardinal had to appease the secret jealousy of his sovereign, as well as to disarm the envy of courtly myrmidons. On the 6th of June, 1636, he therefore made a present of his more than royal mansion to the French monarch, simply stipulating in return, that the founder should have the enjoymment of it during his life. The donation was accepted, and every further display of taste and magnificence converted into a fresh evidence of the Cardinal's loyalty.

In December, 1642, Richelieu died; and within six months after, Louis the Thirteenth, whom sickness had confined to the castle of St. Germain, followed him to the grave. His consort, the regent-mother, however, with her two sons, Louis the Fourteenth and the Duke of Anjou, took up their residence under the roof of the "Palais Cardinal." But no sooner were they settled in their new abode, than de Fonville,

the keeper of the palace, remonstrated against the indignity of lodging the King's majesty, as it were, in an hotel, within walls which bore the name of one of his subjects; orders were consequently given to expunge the inscription, and replace it by the words, "Palais Royal." At the urgent intercession, however, of Richelieu's niece, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, the former title was speedily affixed *de novo*; but the new one was more palatable to the public ear, and has continued to designate the site to the present day.

This spot continued to be the theatre of the Queen-mother's intrigues, for the subsequent nine years; it can be scarcely said to have shared them in common with St. Germain's or out their favorite and central region—the pandemonium in which the spirit of the Fronde was fostered and refined, and where ministerial ears were saluted with those memorable words, "None but a rebel would conceive that rebellion could have existence." But when Mazarin, the victorious antagonist of Princes and ballad-singers, reappeared upon the political stage, and the Queen's signature to the treaty of the Pyrennees had become the signal for her to exchange the splendours of royalty for the obscurity of religious devotion, the Palais Royal ceased to exist as a royal residence. On the 21st October 1652, Louis the Fourteenth, upon his return from St. Germain's, dismounted at the Louvre, instead of the Palais Royal. Though deserted by the court, this edifice became an asylum for many illustrious individuals, the first of whom was Henry the Fourth's daughter, Henrietta, the consort of the hapless Charles the First. The French Queen had suffered her to linger under such cruel extremities during the intestine broils, that she was at last reduced to the necessity of asking relief from the Parliament of Paris, and could not leave her bed for want of firing: when this refuge was offered to her, she used it as a nightly shelter for herself and her attendants, but passed nearly the whole of the day in the convent at Chaillot. To this denuded and obscure condition was she condemned, until the restoration of her son, Charles the Second, rendered her once more an object of heartless attention to the Court of France; and in 1661, she quitted a scene, which the marriage of her daughter, Henrietta, to the Duke of Anjou, was to restore to much of its pristine splendour.

Considerable additions were made to this property during the twenty years in which Monsieur occupied it. In 1692, his son, the Duke de Chartres, having married an illegitimate child, and received a box on the ear from his German step-mother, Monsieur's second wife, the King endeavoured to make some compensation to the family for either misfortune, by settling the Palais Royal upon them as a perpetual endowment. In spite of the scandalous debaucheries of the Duke de Chartres, who was raised to the new Dukedom of Orleans, and the Regency after his father's demise, he found time

to complete the embellishments of his princely mansion, and, at an enormous expense, to form a collection of paintings which were deservedly held in universal estimation. Among the external additions, the massive and cumbrous "Chateau d'Eau" bespeaks, to this hour, the signal want of taste which characterized Robert de Cotte, the royal architect.

The first Duke of Orleans's son, Louis, dividing his attention between religious exercises and the pursuit of the divinity and mathematics, and committing to the flames such specimens of the plastic art as were offensive to decency, effected nothing either for the interior or exterior embellishment of his palace. Indeed, he passed nearly the whole of his days in the convent of St. Genevieve. Louis Philip, his son, though more worldly-minded, and encircled by a gay train of courtiers, would not probably have bestowed much attention upon his residence itself, had not a destructive fire which broke out in 1763 reduced a whole wing, together with the main body of the edifice, to ashes. The rebuilding took place under the direction of Moreau for the external, and Contant for the internal portions.

Towards the year 1781, the old Duke made over the Palais Royal to his rash, and dissolute, and ill-fated son, the future M. de l'Egalite.—No sooner was this Prince in possession than he called in Louis, an architect to the novelty, boldness, and ingenuity of whose conceptions the Parisian public is indebted for the completion of the eastern, western, and northern fronts in 1787. Measures were taken for constructing the southern wing, which separates the great court from the gardens, when the Revolution broke in upon the Duke's leisure, as well as dried up his pecuniary resources: the edifice was to have rested upon an open colonnade, in order to afford free access to the gardens; the foundations were laid, and several of the columns were already erected. The site of this front was now applied to the construction of two lines of wooden shops and stores, which were at first and appropriately denominated the "Camp of the Tartars," and subsequently, the "wooden galleries."

Though the place was encumbered with demolitions on every side, and a spacious trelliced circus had been erected in the centre for a swimming bath, there was yet space enough for thousands of Parisians to assemble, morning and evening, for the purpose of venting their anxieties or gratifying their curiosity. From the dawn of the year 1789, the young plantations of these gardens supplied springs of recognition for the caps and hats of the turbulent *citoyens* and *sans culottes* of the French capital. The Palais Royal furnished cockades to the assailants upon the Bastille: the Palais Royal was the forum where juvenile patriotism first sounded the tocsin of rebellion, and the stage on which many a frightful interlude in the drama of popular delirium was enacted. So long as civil commotion was the order of the day, these gardens continued to be a species of neutral ground, or *caravanserai*,

to which the various clubs sent their emissaries every hour in the four-and-twenty, where news was invented or disseminated, and whence the demon of discord vomited her thousands to slaughter or to be slaughtered.

When the fury of the Revolution had spent itself, the Palais Royal became an arena for the free indulgence of every depravity which can stigmatize human nature. Buonaparte did much to correct the evil; and, in 1801, the various conveniences for converting a part of it into the Palace of the Tribunal were completed. It was afterwards turned into a chapel; but, in 1827, was demolished, in order to make way for the restorations and embellishments, which the present Duke of Orleans is rapidly bringing to a noble termination.

HEAT AND THIRST.

A SCENE IN JAMAICA.

The Torch was lying at anchor in Bluesfields Bay. It was between eight and nine in the morning. The land wind had died away, and the sea breeze had not set in—there was not a breath stirring. The pendant from the mast-head fell sluggishly down, and clung amongst the rigging like a dead snake, whilst the fold's of the St. George's ensign that hung from the mizen peak, were as motionless as if they had been carved in marble.

The anchorage was one unbroken mirror, except where its glasslike surface was shivered into sparkling ripples by the gambols of a skipjack, or the flashing stoop of his enemy the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and steady, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom ship; but the wavering fragments soon reunited, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense that the iron stanchions of the awning could not be grasped with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying-fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a flash into the sea again. There was not a cloud in the heavens, but a quivering blue haze hung over the land, through which the white sugar-works and overseers' houses on the distant estates appeared to twinkle like objects seen through a thin smoke, whilst each of the tall stems of the cocoa-trees on the beach, when looked at steadfastly, seemed to be turning round with a small spiral motion, like so many endless screws. There was a dreamy indistinctness about the outlines of the hills, even in the immediate vicinity, which increased as they receded, until the blue mountains in the horizon melted into sky. The crew were listlessly spin-

ning oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exception, to the general languor were Johncrow, the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former, who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp, sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust, busy with his task, whatever that might be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a mesemate. The monkey was hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what Johncrow called "his own dam ogly face in the water." "Tail like yours would be good ting for a sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more ornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de Captain's taffrail—Now I shall sing to you how, dat coromantee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold Coast.

"Two red night-cap one long knife,
All him got for Quackoo.
For gun next day him sell his wife—
You tink dat goody song—Jackoo?"

"Chocko, chocko," chattered the monkey, as if in answer. "Ah, you tink so—sensible honimal!—What is dat? shark?—Jockoo, come up, sir: don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, Garamighty!" The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who, mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of the danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dashed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor jacksy shrieking in his jaws, whilst his small bones crackled and crunched under the monster's triple row of teeth.

Whilst this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind-hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark blue ripple of the sea breeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

I looked up and saw a gallinuso, the large carron crow of the tropics, sailing, contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig.—I followed it with my eye until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, but I saw no one on board, and the sail was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report, I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. "Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?"

He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea raised by the

first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

"I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men"—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen rose from the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, but to our astonishment, vulture like, with outstretched wings, upon the head.

Under the shadow of this horrible plume, the face seemed on the instant to alter like a hideous change in a dream. It appeared to become of a deathlike paleness, and anon streaked with blood. Another stroke of the oar—the chin had fallen down, and the tongue was hanging out. Another pull—the eyes were gone, and from their sockets, brains and blood were fermenting, and flowing down the cheeks. It was the face of a putrifying corpse. In this floating coffin we found the body of another sailor, doubled across one of the thwarts, with a long Spanish knife sticking between his ribs, as if he had died in some mortal struggle, or, what was equally probable, had put an end to himself in his frenzy; whilst along the bottom of the boat, arranged with some show of care, and covered by a piece of canvass stretched across an oar above it, lay the remains of a beautiful boy, about fourteen years of age, apparently but a few hours dead. Some biscuit, a roll of jerked beef, and an earthen water jar, lay beside him, showing that hunger at least could have had no share in his destruction,—but the pipkin was dry, and the small water cask in the bow was staved and empty.

We had no sooner cast our grappling over the bow, and begun to tow the boat to the ship, than the abominable bird that we had scared settled down into it again, notwithstanding our proximity, and began to peck at the face of the dead boy. At this moment we heard a gibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags, roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the gallinuso from its prey. Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was a full grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his belt with one hand. His knees were drawn up to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-colored and withered features gave an unearthly relief to his forehead over which the horny and transparent skin was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desolation, his deep set, coal black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the deathlike aspect of the face, and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length—"Aqua, aqua"—we had not a drop of water in the boat. "El mucha, cho esta moriendo de sed—Aqua."

We got on board, and the surgeon gave the poor fellow some weak and tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself,

his voice, from being weak and husky became comparatively strong and clear. "El hijo—Aqua para mi pedrillo—No le hace para mi—Oh la noche pasado, la noche pasado!" He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. "Dexa me verlo entonces, oh Dios, dexa me varlo"—and he crawled, groveling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port-sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his dead son; it was the last object he ever saw—"Ay de mi;" he groaned heavily, and dropped his face against the ship's side—He was dead.—*Littell's Museum.*

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

The author, on a former occasion, declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be displeasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties. But, as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law Memorials, by his ingenious friend Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev. Mr. Symson's poems, appended to the description of Galloway, as the original of the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' the author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connexions of his own, who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the bride.

It was well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labors of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter of Ross of Balneil, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she undertook that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the master whom she served, under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair:—"She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should be placed upright on one end of it, premising that while she remained in that situation, the Dalrymples should continue in prosperity. What was the old lady's motive for such a request, or whether she really made such a promise, I cannot take upon myself to determine; but it is certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirkliston, the burial place of the family." The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have

accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befel their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair, and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself, without the knowledge of her parents, to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them, either on account of his political principles or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their truth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after a suitor, who was favored by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, (for even her husband did not dare to contradict her,) treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry her new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtownshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for an answer that her daughter, sensible of her un dutiful behaviour in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted her unlawful vow; and now refused to fulfill her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and, as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character and of too high a condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured her daughter to declare her own opinions and feelings. She remained overwhelmed, as it seemed—mute, pale and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother's command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and, as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak if not fickle mistress, 'For you, madam, you will be a world's wonder;' a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually applied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last

Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore that title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon, now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in every thing her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which, as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family told the author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But full of his new dress, and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression upon him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing: the bride and bridegroom retired, as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry, which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be entrusted to the bride man. He was called upon, but refused to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for; she was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, moping and mewing, as I heard the expression used, in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were—'Take up your bonny bridegroom.' She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. If a lady, he said, asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived: if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such. He did not very long survive the catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood House, of which he died the next day, 29th March, 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them inaccurate, though they could hardly be said to be exaggerated. It was difficult at that time to become acquainted

with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously inquire.

The credulous Mr. Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who 'being married, the night she was *bride in* (that is bedded bride) was taken from her bridegroom and *harled* (dragged) through the house, (by spirits we are given to understand,) and died. Another daughter, he says, was 'possessed by an evil spirit.'

My friend, Mr. Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to his account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words, 'you may marry him, but soon shall you repent it.'

It is needless to point out to the intelligent reader, that the witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the ascendancy of a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy one, and that the harshness with which she exercised her superiority in a case of delicacy, had driven her daughter first to despair, then to frenzy. Accordingly, the author has endeavored to explain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever resemblance Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the celebrated Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppose that there was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair, in the tricky and mean spirited Sir William Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age.

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like ospreys' nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble Wolf's Crag as much as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lammormoor renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfortunate bridegroom by a fall from horseback, has been in the novel transferred to the no less unfortunate lover.

THE FAIR SEX.

When Eve brought *woe* to all mankind,
Old Adam called her *woman*;

But when she *woo'd* with love so kind,
He then pronounced it *woo-man*;

But now with folly and with pride,
Their husbands pockets trimming,
The ladies are so full of *whims*,
That people call them *whim men*.

TRAVELLING IN RUSSIA.

The *relais* between Petersburg and Moscow are generally at thirty or thirty-five wersts from each other; the price for each horse on this road is seven, and on the Riga road, nine copper kopecs. If this is reasonable, the money given to the drivers is still more so, a paper ruble being considered handsome for thirty wersts. The horses are placed one a-breast of the other, and are driven in that manner four-in-hand, the reins held separate in both hands; the whip is a mere ornament, as the voice is so well obeyed as to render it quite useless. Ancelot mentions that the drivers make set speeches to their respective horses in the following manner, sagely declaring that the horses understand the purport, which is more than Ancelot could have done himself:—'*Il s'adresse a l'experience du plus vieux, et lui demontre la necessite de donner un bon exemple a ses compagnons; il gourmande la paresse de celui qui, reste plusieurs jours a l'ecurie, doit expier cette honteuse inaction par une ardeur nouvelle; le plus grand a sans doute trop de coeur pour se laisser vaincre par des chevaux moins vigoureux que lui, et le plus jeune, heureux d'etre associe a des coursiers recommandables par leurs bons services, doit a force de zele, se montrer digne de cette honorable association.*' To this pretty remonstrance, each horse when addressed, wags his tail and nods his head, understanding the subject of course.

The horses at the different post-houses are supplied by the peasants. The men in this employ are called *Jamshies*, and are always obliged to have cattle ready. It would be quite impossible to continue this avocation, and to gain by the small price paid for the distance; but the *Jamshies* have one or two great advantages; they are, in the first place, free from the capitation tax; they are exempt from the military service; and they have one or two more doubtful privileges—such as being well bastinadoed by a soldier, if a traveller makes a serious complaint that he cannot procure horses.

Almost every English traveller has misunderstood the bustle and confusion occasioned by the arrival of a traveller at a post-house. Chancellor, Clarke, Jones, Rae, Wilson and about a score more, have declared that the *Jamshies* are all anxious to have the honor of supplying horses; that, not having any regular rules, they cast lots, toss up, or some way or other leave the decision to fortune; that the man who is thus destined by the fickle goddess is warmly congratulated by the surrounding envious mob; and that the traveller in one instant is again *en route*, starting amidst the cheers of the bearded mob. This is no trifling mistake. They do toss up who is to drive, and the poor unlucky fellow on whom the lot falls is ridiculed and abused, to his no small annoyance. A man may generally calculate upon a delay of twenty minutes. In vain you inquire for the unlucky wight who is to get one whole tencepence for driving you thirty or forty wersts; he is no where to be found; you then produce your passport, and desire the

attendance of one of the military; directly this course is taken, you will see the driver make his appearance, horses and all; the whole of the harness might be put in two minutes, and, when once off, you will hardly ever have occasion to find fault with the pace, without you are a timid traveller. It sometimes happens, however, that the traveller and his Jamshie quarrel; the traveller having been accustomed to see the peasants kicked *ad libitum*, begins according to the national mode of the country to which he belongs, to express his dissatisfaction. A Frenchman will swear away in very indelicate terms; and an Englishman jumps out of his carriage, and takes the liberty of keeping his hands and feet warm, by employing them in softening the sheep-skin of the driver. The instant you relinquish your victim, away he runs and conceals himself in the woods, and he never will be one worst from them, any where between Novogorod and Moscow. You are now fairly in the net; if you go on to the next *relai*, the Jamshie will go back to the one you have left, and having produced some blood from his nose, will bedaub his rags, and, entering the village, collect a plentiful mob, roaring out that the stranger had endeavored to murder him, and that he is unable to move from weakness. A despatch is sent for the traveller, who, when he arrives at the *relai*, is certainly detained until the driver can be produced—it being understood that the traveller is answerable for the driver, and the driver for the traveller. When it comes this far, the stranger is lucky if he has not a pretty fair sum to pay, and if he is not detained a day or two. If the Jamshie takes to his heels, the best plan is to turn back, and you will find your friend running after the carriage, he being rather afraid of your making the first complaint. The best of plans is to hold the man on the box, and to keep yourself warm by the above exercise; the driver will then roar for mercy, and drive fast; but the traveller must be cautious to lodge his complaint before his Jamshie commences the conversation.

The Russian peasants are peculiarly respectful to their superiors, and civil to their equals; when they speak to each other, they generally uncover their heads, and always bow when addressed by their superiors. They are in general tractable, and good-humored, with a most blessed invention to remedy accidents. If a wheel is broken, "nitchevau!—it is nothing!"—is ejaculated, and instantly some plan will be adopted to remedy the evil. They are moderately gay when sober, and are supremely boisterous when drunk, which generally happens when an opportunity offers, or brandy can be procured. Chantreau, a most excellent traveller, mentions the dispositions of the Russians to "turn a tune." "Les postillons chantent sans cesse d'une station à l'autre, les soldats chantent letems qu'ils sont en marche, les paysans chantent en travaillant, les cabarets retentissent de cantiques, et le soir on arrive au travers des

champs de tons les villages voisins." I cannot say that I ever observed it to the extent of the above remark; but it appears that, between most blessed ignorance, drunkenness, and singing, the Russian peasant is the most happy man on this earth.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

BOTANICAL PLEASURES.

In Dr. Aikin's letters to his son, we meet with one on cheap pleasures, the whole of which is replete with good sense. It is intended to point out those sources of rational and innocent amusement which are within the reach of almost every person in the more wealthy, as well as in the middle classes of society. We extract from it the following, as it recommends an occupation well adapted to the preservation of health:—

"So many advantages with respect to health, tranquillity of mind, useful knowledge, and inexhaustible amusement, are united in the study of nature, that I should not fail most warmly to recommend it to your notice, had you not already acquired a decided taste for its pursuits. In its favour I can speak from my own experience; for the study of Botany caused several summers to glide away with me in more pure and active delight than almost any other single object ever afforded me. It rendered every ride and walk interesting, and converted the plodding rounds of business into excursions of pleasure. From the impression of these feelings, I have ever regarded as perfectly superfluous the pains taken by some of the friends of natural history, to show its utility in reference to the common purposes of life. Many of their observations, indeed, are true, and may serve to gain patrons for the study among those who measure every thing by the standard of economical value; but is it not enough to open a source of copious and cheap amusement, which tends to harmonize the mind and elevate it to worthy conceptions of nature and its author? If I offer a man happiness at an easy rate, unalloyed by any debasing mixture, can I confer on him a greater blessing? Nothing is more favourable to health and enjoyment than the combination of bodily exertion and ardour of mind. This, the researches of natural history afford in great perfection; and such is the immense variety of its objects, that the labours of the longest life cannot exhaust them.

Ages of the European Sovereigns.—An English paper has the following paragraph in relation to the ages of the principal sovereigns of Europe, from which some estimate may be formed of the probable continuance of the respective reigns.

The oldest is Charles X. of France, who is seventy-three years of age, tall in person, and very hale and strong; he hunts and rides constantly, and is much in public. The Pope Pius VIII. is sixty-eight, and in tolerable vigor. The Church is usually considered favorable to longevity. The next is George IV. who is sixty-seven, and has long been a martyr to the gout, and is late-

ly said to have lost the sight of an eye. His Majesty is naturally of a strong constitution, the rarity of his appearance in public arises from the debility left by the gout, which, as his majesty is unusually corpulent, renders walking a painful exertion. Bernadotte, king of Sweden, is sixty-six, and has recently had a severe illness, but is a strong and healthy man. Felix, king of Sardinia is sixty-five; and Frederick VI. of Denmark, 62, both in good health, Fredrick Wm. III. king of Prussia, is in his sixty-sixth year. Wm. I. of the Netherlands, is fifty-eight; he has the appearance of a weather-beaten soldier, as he is, and though subject to chronic complaints, is robust. Francis, Emperor of Austria, is fifty-two, and healthy. Francis, king of Naples, is fifty-one, and gouty. Mahmoud II, Sultan of Turkey, is forty-six, and possessed of great vigor of body and mind. The Turks, however, grow old prematurely, and Mahmoud may be therefore reckoned as sixty years old at least. His countenance and his eyes are particularly striking and impressive, and he is naturally a very superior man, having alone been the means of causing extraordinary changes in the Turkish system. Ferdinand VII, of Spain, is forty-five years old, and has long been a prey to disease, partly constitutional and partly the effect of debauchery. He has the gout constantly, and is incapable of much active exertion; he has, however, lately married his third queen. His character is said to afford an unfavorable specimen of the Bourbon race. Louis, king of Bavaria, is in his forty-fifth year, and has suffered from licentious pleasures, and is now recovered from an illness. Though his gallantry has been excessive, his merits as a sovereign, and as a man of letters, are acknowledged to be very high; and he has, perhaps justly, been styled the most enlightened king in Europe. He passed many years in study, and his mind is of an enlarged and liberal cast. The publication of a volume of poems has lately obtained him much fame as an author, in addition to that derived from the wisdom of his government, and the longer he reigns the better for his country. Nicholas I, Emperor of Russia, is thirty-four; is tall and handsome in appearance, hardy and active, and accustomed to laborious exertions. He has lately had a dangerous illness, from which he is now quite recovered. The youngest, and only female sovereign is Donna Maria da Gloria, the legitimate Queen of Portugal, (Don Miguel not having yet been recognized) who is in her thirteenth year. She promises to be very beautiful, but her health is very delicate, and she is so lame as to be obliged to use crutches. She is now at Rio Janeiro, with her father, the Emperor of Brazil. With the exception of the petty German and Italian states, the above will give a notion of the probability of the length of the reigns of the present European Sovereigns.

What flower is emblematic of a fop addicted to fighting?—The dandy-lion.

THE TURKISH WIFE.

As naturalist to the Embassy from France to Constantinople, M. Fontanier was supposed to possess a knowledge of medicine, and was requested to visit the wife of an inhabitant of Amassia, who was ill, and who passed for a beauty even where all were beautiful. She was a Turcoman, and had married the Amassian from motives of ambition. She received a splendid dowry, and although, from reverse of fortune, he had been despoiled of his wealth, even to the loss of his pipe-bearer, she would scarcely make any allowance for his support, though, for her own service, she maintained a retinue of negro-slaves. 'Before entering the harem,' says M. Fontanier, the good man took the precaution to make me wait in the Courtyard, until all was arranged in the interior for my introduction. The lady did not disturb herself either for her husband or for me; it would have been difficult to find a more handsome woman; her bracelets and necklace were adorned with emeralds, and her velvet robe was richly covered with gold embroidery; her pipe was studded with diamonds, and she wore a number of precious stones on her fingers and on the fastening of her girdle. As soon as I had taken my place, she ordered her negresses to bring me coffee and a pipe, and stated her complaints, which appeared to me more imaginary than real. I recommended her to take exercise, and change of air. 'That is precisely the thing,' said she to me; 'I am the daughter of a Kurd: I can scale the mountain's top, and govern a steed; I formerly wandered freely over the country. I needed no veil on going abroad, for what can a virtuous woman want with a veil? Thus did I live and breathe freely, but now I must conceal myself, walk with gravity, and, followed by a troop of slaves, go and visit a parcel of stupid Turkish women. Yes, the air would do me good, and liberty more than any thing.'—The husband did not hear my advice with any thing like the same satisfaction that the wife testified; she perceived this, and told him prettily smartly to go and order more coffee, and return when she should send for him. He went out and left us there alone; the lady then said to me, "You see this old animal, he is the true cause of my illness, and that illness is nothing more than *ennui* at the sight of him. He is out of fortune's favor; and what pleasure is there in living with a man who remains in the city without power, without authority, and even without any thing to eat? My friend, are there no means of ridding one's sight of him? You are the prince of all physicians, the very cream of doctors; have you no medicine, which, with God's help, might deliver me from him? I should then return to the country where I am so well, and would quit this city; which I pray God to overthrow."—*Fontanier's Travels in the East.*

Why is a sailor fond of tobacco like water?—Because he is a lick-quid.

"The language of birds," says the late Rev. Gilbert White, in his 'Natural History of Selborne,' "is very ancient; and, like other ancient modes of speech, very elliptical; little is said, but much is meant and understood. The notes of the eagle kind are shrill and piercing; and, about the season of nidification, much diversified, as I have been assured by a curious observer of nature, who long resided at Gibraltar, where eagles abound. The notes of our hawks much resemble those of the king of birds. Owls have very expressive notes; they hoot in a fine vocal sound, much resembling the *vox humana*, and reducible by a pitch-pipe to a musical key.

This note seems to express complacency and rivalry among the males: they use also a quick call and a horrible scream, and can snore and hiss when they mean to menace. Ravens, beside their loud croak, can exert a deep and solemn note that makes the woods to echo; the amorous sound of a crow is strange and ridiculous; rooks, in the breeding season, attempt sometimes, in the gaiety of their hearts, to sing but with no great success. The parrot kind have many modulations of voice, as appears by their aptitude to learn human sounds. Doves coo in an amorous and mournful manner, and are emblems of despairing lovers. The woodpecker sets up a sort of loud and hearty laugh. The fern-owl, or goat-sucker, from the dusk till day-break, serenades his mate with the clattering of castanets. All the tuneful *passeres* express their complacency by sweet modulatinos, and a variety of melody. The swallow, as has been observed in a former letter, by a shrill alarm bespeaks the attention of the other *hirundines*, and bids them be aware that the hawk is at hand.—Aquatic and gregarious birds, especially the nocturnal, that shift their quarters in the dark, are very noisy and loquacious—as cranes, wild geese wild ducks, and the like; their perpetual clamour prevents them from dispersing and losing their companions. In so extensive a subject, sketches and outlines are as much as can be expected; for it would be endless to instance in all the infinite variety of the feathered nation. We shall, therefore, confine the remainder of this letter to the few domestic fowls of our yards which are most known, and, therefore, best understood. And, first the peacock, with his gorgeous train, demands our attention; but, like most of the gaudy birds, his notes are grating and shocking to the ear; the yelling of cats, and the braying of an ass, are not more disgusting. The voice of the goose is trumpet-like and clashing, and once saved the capitol of Rome, as grave historians assert; the hiss also of the gander is formidable, and full of menace, and 'protective of his young.' Among ducks, the sexual distinction of voice is remarkable; for while the quack of the female is loud and sonorous, the voice of the drake is inward, harsh and feeble, and scarce discernible. The cock turkey struts and gobbles to his mistress in a most uncouth manner; he hath also a pert and petulant note when he attacks his adversary. When a hen turkey leads forth her

young brood, she keeps a watchful eye; and if a bird of prey appear, though ever so high in the air, the careful mother announces the enemy with a little inward moan, and watches him with a steady and active look; but if he approach, her note becomes earnest and alarming, and her out cries are redoubled. No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old, and hold it up to a window where there are flies, and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee, at once its note becomes harsh, and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger.—When a pullet is ready to lay, she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life, that of laying seems to be the most important; for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself, than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy, which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard, and spreads to every homestead within hearing, till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother, her new relation demands a new language; she then runs clucking and screaming about, and seems agitated as if possessed.—The father of the flock has a considerable vocabulary; if he finds food, he calls a favourite concubine to partake; and if a bird of prey passes over, with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has, at command, his amorous phrases, and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing; by this he has been distinguished in all ages as the countryman's clock or larum, as the watchman that proclaims the division of the night. Thus the poet elegantly styles him—

The crested cock, whose clarian sounds
Till the silent hours."

PICTURE OF THE NATIVES OF NUBIA.—We halted in the middle of the day near a village, and a great number of the natives soon collected round us. They are of a very dark copper color, nearly approaching to black, with lively, intelligent features, and forms of a symmetry and lightness which I have rarely seen surpassed. Many of them have only a short petticoat, like the American Indians; some were dressed in coarse brown linen shirts, fastened round the waist; and some of the elder had a Mashlakh, or Arab cloak, thrown round them. Almost all of them had a short and broad sword attached to their left arm, a round shield made of the skin of the hippotamus, and a long spear. Their hair inclines to wooliness, and is plaited in close twists or ringlets, which, hanging down from the top of the head, and being cut off square just below the ears, very much resembles the *coiffure* of the sphynx, and some of the figures in the tombs at Thebes. Their locks are strongly impregnated with grease; and one

very handsome young man had added a large quantity of flour by way of powder, which, contrasted with the black hue of his skin, produced so grotesque an effect, that even his own countrymen could not forbear joining in the hearty laugh which we found it impossible to restrain when he presented himself. The women were unveiled, and appeared much less shy towards strangers than their Egyptian neighbours; but their manners, it is said, are not on that account the less correct. They are not, indeed, very inviting objects, but, like the females of most hot countries, are much inferior to the men in personal appearance. The people were universally civil and friendly, and brought us various excellent preparations of milk as presents, and some lambs and fowls for sale. The prices asked for these, however, were so much higher than we had been accustomed to in Egypt, that we refused to buy them; but we were afterwards obliged to pay dearer. We had some difficulty in talking with the natives; the Berberin language, which they all speak, being totally different from the Arabic, and none of our party understanding it thoroughly. In the course of the day we met a courier going from Deir to Assouan. He was a very striking figure, being dressed in the full costume of his country, which I have already described, and mounted on a Hadjeon camel, which came striding rapidly along. His saddle was made of wood, and very small, and it had a forked pommel in front, so contrived that he might rest his legs in it alternately. We met also several small caravans of slaves from the interior of Africa.—*Fuller's Travels in the Turkish Empire.*

BONAPARTE'S TEMPER.—In his social relations Bonaparte's temper was bad, but his fits of ill-humor passed away like a cloud, and spent themselves in words.—His violent language and bitter imprecations were frequently premeditated. When he was going to reprimand any one he liked to have a witness present. He would then say the harshest things, and level blows against which few could bear up. But he never gave way to these violent ebullitions of rage until he acquired undoubted proofs of the misconduct of those against whom they were directed. In scenes of this sort I have frequently observed that the presence of a third person seemed to give him confidence. Consequently in a *tete-a-tete* interview, any one who knew his character, and who could maintain sufficient coolness and firmness, was sure to get the better of him. He told his friends at St. Helena, that he admitted a third person on such occasions only that the blow might resound the further. That was not his real motive, or the better way would have been to have performed the scene in public. He had other reasons. I observed that he did not like a *tete-a-tete*; and when he expected any one, he would say to me before hand, 'Bourrienne, you may remain;' and when any one was announced whom he did not expect, as a minister or a general, if I rose to

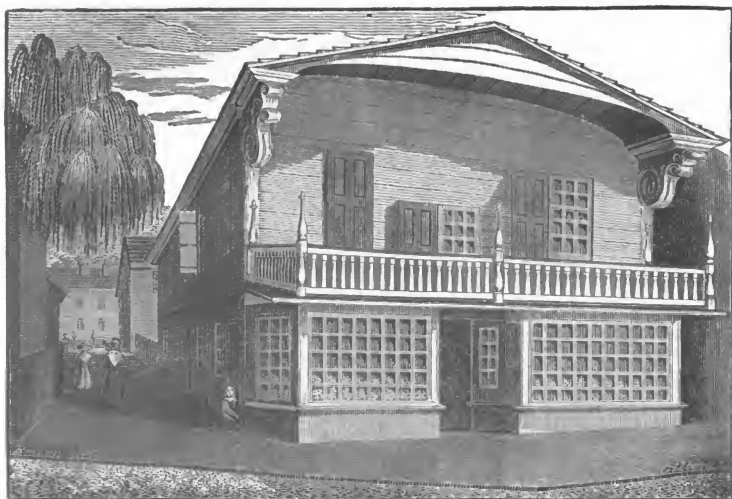
retire, he would say, in a half whisper, 'stay where you are.' Certainly this was not done with the design of getting what he said reported abroad; for it belonged neither to my character nor my duty to gossip what I heard. Besides, it may be presumed, that the few who were admitted as witnesses to the conferences of Napoleon were aware of the consequences attending indiscreet disclosures, under a government which was made acquainted with all that was said and done.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

PORTRAIT OF BONAPARTE.—The person of Bonaparte has served as a model for the most skilful painters and sculptors; many able French artists have successfully delineated his features, and yet it may be said, that no perfectly faithful portrait of him exists. His finely shaped head, his superb forehead, his pale countenance, and his usual meditative look, have been transferred to the canvass; but the versatility of his expression was beyond the reach of imitation. All the various workings of his mind were instantaneously depicted in his countenance; and his glance changed from mild to severe, and from anger to good humour, almost with the rapidity of lightning. It may truly be said, that he had a particular look for every thought that arose in his mind. Bonaparte had beautiful hands, and he was very proud of them; while conversing he would often look at them with an air of self-complacency. He also fancied he had fine teeth, but his pretension to that advantage was not so well founded as his vanity on the score of his hands. When walking, either alone or in company with any one, in his apartments or in his gardens, he had the habit of stooping a little, and crossing his hands behind his back. He frequently gave an involuntary shrug of his right shoulder, which was accompanied by a movement of his mouth from left to right. This habit was always most remarkable when his mind was absorbed in the consideration of any profound subject. It was often while walking that he dictated to me his most important notes. He could endure great fatigue, not only on horseback, but on foot: he would sometimes walk for five or six hours in succession, without being aware of it. When walking with any person whom he treated with familiarity, he would link his arm into that of his companion, and lean on it.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—Procrastination was his predominant failing; to this he owed almost all the discomforts of his life, many of his enemies, and no small portion of his embarrassments. Indeed, to such an excess did he encourage the undermining propensity of deferring till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, that he has been known, when money was owing to him at the Treasury, to put off even the writing of a receipt for it, until the pressing demands of his own creditors, and the most serious and annoying circumstances, compelled him to procrastinate no longer.—*Lady's Mag.*



TROY, N.Y. FROM MOUNT IDA.



LOXLEY HOUSE, SECOND STREET.

TROY, N. Y.

(With an Engraving.)

The City of Troy is situated on the Hudson, on the opposite side from Albany. It is the seat of Government for Rensselaer county. The site is a plain, bounded by hills rising tolerably abruptly. In the neighbourhood is Mount Ida, so called to correspond with the classic appellation of the place. The city contains the Court Buildings, five churches, and in the vicinity are eight or ten Flour Mills, an extensive Cotton and Woollen Cloth Factory, one for Fire Arms, a Paper Mill, a Rolling and Slitting Mill, Saw Mills, &c. It contains also a considerable number of wholesale and retail stores. This city has increased rapidly in population, trade and commerce. Before the year 1794 it was a very inconsiderable village. In 1810, the population was 3395; and in 1820, 5264.

LOXLEY HOUSE.

Many of our citizens, perhaps, pass this building almost daily without discovering anything in it very remarkable. It is situated near the corner of Second and Little-Dock street. It may be readily distinguished by its antiquated appearance. This house is considered a curiosity on account of a circumstance which happened in it during the revolutionary war. The house was at that time occupied by persons of the name of Darrach, and when the British troops entered Philadelphia, it was chosen by some of the principal officers as their quarters. One night the Adjutant General was in consultation with some of his officers, supposing the family had retired to rest; but Mrs. Lydia Darrach overheard their conversation from an adjoining apartment. She heard a plan determined on for surprising the American forces who then lay a short distance from the city. Though it was in the dead of night, she determined to give notice to Gen. Washington of the intended attack.—She therefore left the city, repaired to the American encampment, apprised her countrymen of their danger, and thus probably saved the army from destruction. From the piazza of this house, the celebrated preacher Geo. Whitfield addressed a large congregation who were assembled in the space which then existed before the building, where the range of houses belonging to Mr. Girard has subsequently been erected. In former times there was a remarkable spring in the neighborhood, which was called "Bath-sheba's bath and bower." Mr. Loxley, the former proprietor of the house, was a noted officer of the Revolution.

The British Traveller in Brazil gives the following account of a Panther hunt near the *Villa de Fernaiba*.

"Finding I still persisted in my favorite pursuit, the Governor good naturedly resolved on gratifying me with the spectacle of a panther hunt. Accompanied by his sons, we rode out early in the morning to an extensive plain, in

the centre of which was a jungle; into this the Faqueiros had succeeded in driving, on the previous night, a large panther, preparatory to the morning's sport. We took our station on an eminence which commanded a view of the entire field. The loud barking of the dogs, the wild cries of the huntsmen as they galloped round the skirts of the jungle cheering on the dogs, formed an animated scene. Aroused in his lair, the panther, furious with rage, sprang forth to meet its enemies. The Faqueiro nearest to the point from which he had issued, now advanced to the attack. He exhibited a beautiful sight, whirling in the air his lasso, and urging forward with the spur the spirited little steed on which he was mounted, whose dilated nostrils, fiery eye-ball, and erect mane, proclaimed his instinctive dread of the enemy in his front. The panther crouched in the act to spring on his advancing foe, but he was forestalled by the well-skilled assailant, who, at the distance of twenty yards, threw his lasso with unerring aim. Scarcely had it left his hand before the well-trained horse wheeled round and flew across the plain, dragging after him the already disabled panther; for with such beautiful precision had the lasso been thrown, that the fore paw of the animal was fairly strapped to his neck. The whole party now dashed forward to be in at the death. The Vaqueiro, slackening his pace, gradually shortened the length of the cord till he brought his enemy within a few yards of him, and then, in less time than I can narrate it, I saw him leap from his saddle, his broad knife gleaming in the morning sunbeam, and, with the rapidity of lightning leaving the cloud, it was buried in the heart of the panther."

THE POSTMASTER OF ARECIFE.

Stopped at the post of Arecife, the master of which is probably the greatest man in the new world—if size and weight constitute greatness. He seldom walks above a few yards from the door of his house, and then drags a chair with him, for the convenience of immediate rest. Of the importance of his person he seems himself to be fully aware, as are all the vassals of his domain, for he employs it occasionally as a punishment for the idle and refractory. When a culprit is brought before him, he orders him to lie upon the ground, and then seats himself upon him, and smokes a cigar, or perhaps two, according to the nature of the offence; and the poor groaning wretch can no more move under the weight than if buried beneath Mount Athos.—The protuberance of this great man's stomach is so large, that the hands of others are required to adjust the buttons of his waistcoat and nether garment, it being impossible for his own to meet for that purpose; and yet he is married to a respectable and good looking woman, by whom he has three very fine children. We may reasonably suppose that, as a Gaucho, he is in easy circumstances, from the simple fact that he has at this day upwards of ten thousand head of horned cattle, sheep, and horses, grazing in the Pampas, round his premises.

Written for the Casket.

MARION BOTHWELL.

A short time previous to our revolution, Robert Bothwell, an English gentleman of high birth but small fortune, fell heir to a rich and romantic seat in one of our eastern provinces. Circumstances unconnected with my story induced him to remove thither; but he carried with him prejudices little calculated to soften the natural regrets of the emigrant: He was a man of sound principles; stern honour, and generous and deep feeling; but his political views were strongly tinctured with aristocracy, and his character imbued with that national pride which, however it may spring from the better elements of our nature, fetters all liberality of opinion.—England, his own dear England, was, in his honest belief, the favoured spot, where man had attained his highest altitude; and he looked upon the unpretending colonists somewhat in the same manner as their forefathers had regarded the forest native, ere the strength of his vengeance had invested him with terror. Possessing, however, a just and lively sense of the picturesque and lovely in creation, Mr. Bothwell could not view with indifference the palpable beauty of the scenery with which he was now surrounded; nor the charms of an estate whose high cultivation was only rendered more striking by the contrast of a country but half reclaimed from the wilderness. He entered at once into the spirit of agricultural improvement, and as new beauty sprang up beneath his hand, he contemplated his domain with the growing attachment of the painter for the progressive creations of his pencil. The minister of the neighbourhood was fortunately a native of his own vaunted isle, and with him he soon contracted a warm and intimate friendship. The Reverend Dunseath had, however, far higher claims to his esteem than those of country: He was one of those benevolent christians who merged every distinction of name in that general relation which, as man to man, we bear to all nations and all kindreds. His feelings were of too great a depth to sweep lightly in their course, but they flowed only in the purest and most sacred channels. He was attached to America by sentiment. Accustomed to study his maker in His works, the bold and sublime features it presented afforded him a source of limitless and ennobling thought; while the upright principles and simple manners of its then unadulterated inhabitants, accorded with a spirit upon which religion had impressed the emptiness of earthly splendor. His intercourse with Mr. Bothwell gave rise to frequent argument on the score of colonial inferiority, but Mr. Dunseath at last grew weary of combating his opinions, and finally suffered him to express them without challenge. A season of sorrow had early followed his arrival thither. His wife had been long declining, and that insidious decay whose unseen progress none may arrest, had at length terminated a life that had passed like summer influences, diffusing light and pleasure on all around her.

His family now consisted only of himself and a daughter of sixteen, who, however her intercourse with their rustic neighbours was limited to mere accident, had somehow become known to most of the families near them. Not a child in the neighbourhood but could point out some kindness bestowed by her hand—not an aged or infirm person but had treasured up some attention received from Marion Bothwell. No matter how trifling these might have been, they came soothingly over many a heart which the repellent manners of her father had chilled. And when she reached the church door, at which she was a constant attendant, many a grateful face met her glance, and many an eye beamed on her with unspoken blessings. Marion's person—I need not say it was beautiful!—what heroine was ever otherwise? and in this writing age, the term has become so hackneyed I am weary of it. Yet, after all, what eye has been sated with the bright and bewildering reality?—Has description even yet exhausted the interminable combinations to which the attributes of beauty are subject? That of Marion, however, comes not within the reach of description. It was expression—it was movement—it was that mysterious something which has no name, but comes over the heart like an intoxicating spell; a strange charm, at once exciting and fettering the powerless faculties. Who has not stood gazing with a tranced eye at the slight stirrings of the leaf, the bending of the willowy bough, the heave of the breaking wave, or the curved path of the wild bird through the midway heaven? It was beauty that thus chained the spirit, but who shall define it? Such was the enchantment that hung round Marion. Her complexion was pale, but polished as marble—her eyes were large and dark, varying like “shaded waters,” and revealing in their changes “a world of pure thought.” Her form was rather above than below the middling size, but exquisitely proportioned; and her neck and arms, of an almost dazzling whiteness, would have formed a model for the highest efforts of the statuary. There was a settled quietude and repose on her countenance, except when some intense feeling flashed over it like a sun-set glow; and her step resembled the stealthy progress of the silvery vapors moving over the valley.

Declining all social intercourse with his American neighbors, Mr. Bothwell solicitously cultivated the friendship of those English families whom interest or appointment to colonial office had scattered through the province; and his house became the resort of brilliant and wealthy visitants, who, like himself, regarded the term American as one of unquestionable deterioration.

A party of these, attended by Mr. Bothwell and his daughter, were one evening returning from an excursion, to which they had been prompted by the fine prospects afforded by a distant elevation. A wild and broken country lay around them, and their road wound along a succession of narrow defiles and precipitous as-

cents. Little accustomed to so rugged a path, most of the party were far more disposed to rail against its difficulties than to admire the loveliness of the scenery that was spread around them. Marion was not of the number. Though her spirit was too calm, too elevated to be stirred by ordinary events, she found a deep and thrilling excitement in the fathomless and beautiful mysteries of natural creation, and often when she had turned coldly away from the gayest scenes of fashionable pleasure, the most powerful susceptibilities of her nature had been awakened by the wild flower which sprung up at her feet. Lost in the contemplation of objects whose stern grandeur was softened by summer accompaniments and the glorious colouring of declining day, she now forgot the dangers of her path, and her horse, a high mettled animal, was suffered to proceed with a loose and careless rein. The crash of a rock, loosened by the spring torrents near them, suddenly startled him. He sprang aside from his path, and dashed forward in another direction, with the speed of the wind. Her companions remained in motionless terror. Marion indeed kept her seat with a firmness that could have been the effect only of perfect self-possession, but a precipice lay immediately before her, and what was to stay the frightened and reckless animal in his course!

A moment before a youthful horseman had been observed approaching by an intersecting path, and Mr. Bothwell had remarked the ease and rapidity with which he advanced along a way still more broken and perilous than their own, guiding his horse as if by instinct rather than thought, and swaying to the occasionally startling movements and high action of the magnificent animal apparently with a perfect abandonment. His eye was now evidently caught by the danger of Marion, and the carelessness of his manner gave instant place to the seeming tension of every faculty. A deep ravine, or rather chasm, separated him from the precipice, and turning his horse towards it with a terrible spring, there was a space almost imperceptible, in which he seemed to pause on its slippery edge. What did he meditate? It was not a distance to be surmounted at a leap, and yet the next moment it was surmounted, and the adventurous horseman, still firmly seated on his equally adventurous steed, was bounding in an angular direction to that point of the precipice to which Marion was hurried. They reached the dizzy verge at the same moment, but the stranger had already flung himself before her, and dexterously catching the reins of the yet unchecked animal, arrested his headlong career. The broken and incoherent bursts of deep, deep thankfulness, which the agitated Bothwell poured out to the preserver of his child as he received her almost breathless form in his arms, may be easily imagined. To the stranger they were only oppressive; and though the momentary glance of strong interest which he flung on the silent Marion evidenced a wil-

lingness still to have lingered near her, he bowed to the party and turned to leave them. Mr. Bothwell detained him.

"Am I not to learn the name of him to whom I owe so measureless an obligation?" The young man still drew back.

"A mere act of duty," he said, "can give little interest to the name of a stranger;" and again bowing, he regained his former course by a circuitous path round the intervening chasm, and without remounting disappeared.

The following day Mr. Bothwell called to spend an hour with his friend Dunseath, and was received with even more than his wonted benignity.

"This visit," he said, "is particularly welcome. I would lay claim to your congratulations on the recent arrival of another guest.—Permit me to present to you my favourite nephew, Alfred Hallock."

A young man with a countenance of no ordinary interest advanced towards him, and Mr. Bothwell beheld the gallant stranger of the preceding day.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, turning to Mr. Dunseath, as he grasped the hand of his young acquaintance with the most animated pleasure, "you do not know that we have already met—that but for him I might probably ere this have been childless." A brief explanation followed. "But," said Mr. Bothwell, at length glancing at the right arm of Hallock, which was worn in a sling, "that arm was not yesterday carried thus; what is its meaning?"

"A mere trifle," he replied, somewhat hesitatingly; "a slight sprain occasioned by a sudden plunge of Miss Bothwell's horse, as I seized the reins."

But the entrance of the housekeeper with some emollient discovered the extent of the injury his delicacy would have veiled. His shoulder had been badly dislocated, and was still highly inflamed and painful. The interest of Mr. Bothwell in the young man increased, and gratitude was rapidly ripening into esteem.

"Is it long," he enquired of Mr. Dunseath, since your nephew left England?" His friend smiled.

"Alfred," he said, "has never crossed the Atlantic. He is an American by birth, by parentage, and by education."

Mr. Bothwell was silent. In spite of prejudice, circumstances now rendered young Hallock a pressed and favorite visitant at Bothwell house, and the strong prepossession already created in his favor was confirmed by subsequent interviews. The feeling of national superiority was suppressed from individual regard; and though Mr. Bothwell occasionally indulged a smile at the provincial peculiarities of his young friend, he was certainly well pleased when one of his English guests once ventured to address the colonist somewhat superciliously, to see him cowered beneath the rebuke of an eye whose sudden and withering severity none could have endured.

"His blood is all English," he would say to Mr. Dunseath; "he should be sent over immediately; his talents only require a congenial soil to give them expansion."

"Let him grow with his country," the minister would reply. "However in the shade, the scion of the wilderness gains nothing by a removal to cultivated grounds. The spot it springs from is best calculated to bring it to perfection."

Still the intimacy of the families met with no suspension, and Mr. Dunseath soon discovered that the manners of his nephew were assuming the deepened cast of some absorbing sentiment. It was easily traced to its source.

"Alfred," he said, "you must oppose the inroads of a passion which will only render your heart a waste. As favourably as Mr. Bothwell regards you in every other light, he would ill brook you as an aspirant to the favour of Marion."

But the counsel already came too late. Alfred had been admitted into the family upon that familiar footing so favorable to the amalgamation of kindred souls. He had set hours at the side of Marion, while her delicate fingers, passing like summer breezes over the chords of harmony, called forth sounds that seemed to have been chained in the magic spell for her touch alone. He had watched her countenance when she was free from the shackles of form and ceremony, and her eye was lighted up with the exciting visions of her own pure but fervid spirit. He had listened to the low, rich murmurs of her voice, or wandered with her in silence when the soft moonlight fell over her form like a silvery veil, and the hush of evening and all the thousand beautiful ascendants of creation were distilling their softening influence on his soul. Less familiar than his friend with the avenues of the human heart, or the tokens of its inwasting fires, her father had seen all this without alarm.

Among the frequent guests at his house, there was an English officer of distinction, from whose unequivocal admiration of Marion it was evident his visits were attracted by other views than those of friendship. Colonel Moreland was of that class of beings so commonly considered as irresistible with the fairer sex.—Possessing a handsome person—a style of manners that is only to be acquired by mixing with the highest circles—his brow strung with the laurels of military glory, and his conversation gay, humorous and diversified, embracing a variety of spirit-stirring scenes and romantic and distant adventure,—Mr. Bothwell had never dreamed that woman could turn away from fascinations like these; much less that a being thus endowed could find a rival in the young American, whose manners, though marked with the freedom of a high and frank spirit, had all the simplicity which then characterised his race.—But he was ignorant that Marion was not to be judged by common rules. Her mind, imbued with a gift of lofty and discriminating thought,

required a richer and warmer light than the mere glitter of accomplishment. It was only in the communion of intellect, the study of a character strong in itself, and brilliant without reflected splendor—glowing with the enthusiasm, not of complexional temperament, but exalted principle—whose aspirations embraced, not the pomp and parade of fame, but the more sublime and difficult, though less obtrusive, heights of virtue, that the deep affections of her nature could be called forth.

These were the traits which her intercourse with Alfred Halleck had gradually revealed; and in her converse with him, the tinselled eloquence, the elegant demeanor of the Colonel, were forgotten.

The long series of oppression familiar to every American had at length reached its ultimatum. The total subversion of the rights of a neighboring province had now rung the knell of American freedom, and the sound had reached the remotest and quietest shades of the startled continent. It was now that the strength of Halleck's character was developed—it was now that the simple provincial was seen rising like the hunted lion from his slumber; the energies of his mind thrown into powerful action—the shackles which habit had imposed flung off, and his countenance impressed with intense determination, and lighted up with the expression of principle and feeling. Mr. Bothwell felt the sudden brilliance with which the youthful patriot was invested, but with the political principles that he himself cherished, he could only regard it as a meteor light that would set in twofold darkness. And a revolution in the laws of nature could have scarcely astonished him more than when he heard the benevolent Dunseath not merely avowing the sentiments of his rebel nephew, but enforcing them from the pulpit, with all the eloquence of holy inspiration, and urging the oppressed colonist to resistance in the name of Jehovah! Dissenting opinions upon a point that was now to be decided by the dreadful arbitrement of blood, might no longer be discussed without bitterness. The confidence of friendship was shaken, and all intercourse between the families was at last suspended.

The provinces were rising, and Alfred with the first blast prepared to join his rallying countrymen. On the eve of his departure a natural impulse led him forth among those haunts which he might perhaps visit no more. Oppressed by a crowd of troubled thoughts, he unconsciously took a path that led to the summit of a romantic eminence, where, attracted by the wildness of the scenery it presented, he had often wandered with Marion. Her image now rose before him with all the distinctness of reality. It was some weeks since he had seen her. Report said she was soon to be united to Colonel Moreland, and he had determined to think of her no more. Why did the unbidden vision still haunt him? Why did the heated blood rush like lava through his feverish system as he thought of his rival? His rival!—had he made any pretensions

to the hand of Marion? Oh, no! Ere he was yet conscious of the extent of that passion which was now rioting on his soul, the stern aspect of her father had banished him from her presence. He reached the rock where they had stood together gazing on the lovely prospect below them, till the gorgeous clouds which lay piled up in flaming masses around the horizon had faded away, one by one, into the grey of twilight. That same sun-set glory again fell on the spot, and—was it imagination?—No! Marion herself again stood in a niche of the rock,—her white garments streaming on the evening breeze, and her dark eye gleaming with an unsettled and melancholy light. Alfred struggled for calmness. He approached her with respect, and strove to speak in measured terms of the privilege thus afforded him of bidding her farewell. He talked of the impulse which called him hence. He spoke of oppression, of wrong. He pointed to the wide extent of richly cultivated country, where field, and orchard, and woodland, lay stretched out before them in the deep livery of summer, telling of a happy and virtuous people; and he would have asked if a land like this did not claim the defence of rights, acquired by the industry that had thus clothed it in beauty, but he met the eye of Marion, and all was forgotten. It were no easy task to define the inexplicable communication of kindred natures, or to trace the rapid gradations by which hearts throbbing high and strong with youthful passion are finally mingled in unreserved and perfect trust. A few moments only had passed since Alfred, believing that an insuperable barrier was placed between them, had met Marion with the firm resolve of bidding her farewell, coldly, calmly, forever; and then burying her image in the sealed places of his memory. What had changed his purpose? Marion had turned away in silence—her countenance was hid, yet he was now at her feet, pouring forth in a flood of phrenzied eloquence the protestations of an uncontrollable attachment. A new, wild, and tumultuous hope had arisen: whence, what was its source?—A mystery, an intelligence that requires no sign. He was beloved in return, and what was the past, the future, to him? Now, now, when the low breathings of a reluctant avowal had at last confirmed the bewildering conviction? What power had events over a being thus assured of the highest boon that destiny could bestow? Speedily, indeed, came the moment when their separation might be longer deferred, but the covenant of reciprocal fidelity had softened its gloom. Was his patriotic devotion weakened by this covenant? Far otherwise. The affection of a being like Marion was only calculated to strengthen the sacred impulse; and in repairing to the standard of his country, he devoted himself to its defence, not for a season or a campaign, but till the tremendous struggle which awaited it should have finally terminated.

The formal proposals of Colonel Moreland, soon after, roused Marion from the languor

which was left on her heart, and the unbounded astonishment of her father was excited by her decided rejection. What could it mean? Marion, hitherto so gentle, so flexible, to become at once so determined, so immovable! Could it be the effect of some other prepossession? A vague suspicion of the truth flashed over his mind, and the name of the handsome rebel half rose to his lips; but Marion anticipated the charge. She began a low but distinct avowal of her attachment, and though the blood seemed ready to burst through her burning cheek, she gave a minute account of her parting interview with Alfred, and her vow never to become the wife of another. The fury of the elements could scarcely have exceeded that of her father. He interrupted her with the bitterest invectives, and threatened her with his eternal malediction if she did not immediately and formally revoke her engagement. This she mildly but firmly refused. "Yet I have not," she said, "forgot ten the duty I owe my father; and though I will enter into no bond which my heart rejects, I will assume none without his sanction." Threat and entreaty were alike unavailing to shake her resolve.

Col. Moreland joined his regiment, and a long season of dreary gloom succeeded. The warm glow of affection which gives such lustre to the paternal domicile was clouded, and the smile of unutterable fondness which was wont to beam on Marion had given place to the chilly aspect of unrelenting displeasure. She felt the bitterness of the change, but the exertion necessary to fulfil the various duties which a mind like hers will find in the narrowest sphere, is to the languid spirit what healthful exercise is to the languid frame. Marion still hovered around her father like the soft moon beam, embracing a cold, stern waste; and though her assiduous tenderness was frequently spurned, it only manifested itself through some new medium. Other duties, too, occupied her mind. War had obstructed the channels of domestic comfort. The husbandman was far from his fields—the instruments of agriculture were converted to those of bloodshed; and the neighborhood lately so rich, so happy, now presented daily instances of misery and want. Marion sought out the sufferers, and devoted herself to their relief. She was soon regarded as a sort of ministering angel among them, and the deep odium attached to the political principles of her father, was for her sake measureably suppressed. Information was one day brought to her by a domestic, that a man lay apparently dying by the way side. Her father was out, and Marion herself accompanied her informant back to the spot where he lay. A provincial soldier, from whose emaciated form it was evident that he was suffering under the effects of recent illness, lay senseless on the ground, and a comrade terribly disfigured with scars, and whose head was still bound round with stained bandages, was anxiously striving to recover him. Shocked with the situation of these men, and unwilling to incur the

displeasure of her father by having them brought under his roof, Marion hesitated for a moment what course to pursue. At all events the rites of humanity were paramount to every other, and she returned to the house with a winged step to procure restoratives. Mr. Bothwell had that moment re-entered it; and trusting to the better impulses of a nature which, though unyielding, was still compassionate, she flew to him, and with all the pathos of strongly excited feeling, described the situation of the soldiers, and implored him to afford them a temporary asylum. But Marion had yet to learn that the ascendancy of stormy passion differs from that of madness only that it involves responsibility in its course. The association existing in the mind of her father between the cause in which these unfortunate men had been engaged and the contemned Alfred, gave added bitterness to his national prejudices, and in a burst of rage he forbade the imploring girl to afford the most trifling assistance to the rebels, or to utter another syllable in their behalf. Appalled at the evidence of a hatred so unrelenting in its nature, Marion stood for a moment like one gazing at the fall of the avalanche. The day was intensely hot; the flocks and herds stood panting under the thick branches of the shade tree; the skies hung over the scorched earth like a brazen canopy; but the dying soldier lay where not a tree or shrub flung its friendly shadow. She had promised relief—it was ere this momentarily expected.—Half distracted with the thought, she flung herself at her father's feet.

"No!" she exclaimed, embracing his knees, "you will not spurn me from you; you will forgive me, though I dare to disobey you; you, on whose knees I first learned the precepts of mercy, will you still persist in so stern an injunction?"

Mr. Bothwell was silent. He pushed his child from him, and made an effort to rise; but his averted eye encountered a new object, and its sternness changed. Directly before him hung the portrait of his lamented wife, such as she was when he led her to the altar. It had been wrought with power. The countenance had all the unearthly beauty, the deep and holy tenderness of the original; and the beaming eye seemed looking down upon him as from another sphere, where human passion had no sway. His gaze instinctively turned from the picture to his child, and the resemblance he had delighted to trace seemed to have acquired new force.

"Go," he at length said, in a subdued voice, "give what directions you please. In a world where there is so much crime, it is well perhaps that there are creatures like yourself, whose peculiar attribute is pity, and not justice."

The family domestics were not slow in obeying the impulse of Marion. The soldier was brought immediately to the house, and, together with his companion, received every attention that his situation required. He had merely fainted with weakness and fatigue, and was soon restored. Mr. Bothwell took no further note

of the matter, except to avoid his guests; and Marion, left to her own guidance, left nothing undone that could conduce to their comfort, till renewed health and strength enabled them to pursue their way.

Attached to agricultural pursuits, and nothing doubting the speedy triumph of his countrymen, Mr. Bothwell would have gladly remained a quiet spectator of the conflict; but it had now assumed a more decided character, and the line of demarcation was necessarily drawn between the adherent of royalty and the votary of freedom. He became subjected to personal danger, and felt the necessity of abandoning his domain, to which he was now attached by many a tie.

"Marion," he said one evening, as they separated for the night, "in a few hours I set off on a mission which will take me something more than a day's journey hence, and on my return we must move immediately within the lines of our countrymen."

Marion started. "What, my father, are we to leave our home—the spot you have so fondly embellished, and which is consecrated by my mother's ashes?"

"My safety requires it, Marion; but it will be only for a season. When the turbulent spirits around us are crushed we will return. A few battles more, and these insolent insurgents will have ample employment to preserve their own persons."

A terrible conflict shook the heart of Marion. Her father and her lover arrayed against each other in deadly strife! How might she pray for them? How might she seek for strength in that deep trust which the soul finds by commending its hopes to heaven? What hope might she breathe for the issue of such a struggle? Yet Marion did pray. She implored for herself the guidance of the Most High in the path of duty, and support, not merely under His chastening visitations, but against the waywardness of her own heart.

Three days passed away after the departure of her father, and she was hourly expecting his return. Agitated with a thousand troubled thoughts, among which the image of Alfred, surrounded by thickening dangers, predominated, she was suddenly roused from them by the appearance of Alfred himself. Aware that Mr. Bothwell would be driven for refuge to the British lines, he had obtained leave of absence for a few days in the hope of procuring a clandestine interview with Marion. The absence of her father, which he had just learned, favoured his views, and he now wildly, madly, implored her to give him that *title* which would annul every adverse claim. He urged it as the only means of preventing their eternal separation.—He appealed to her acknowledged tenderness with every argument that despair could suggest, or the most seductive eloquence could enforce. Hearts purified from the dross of common feeling afford the deepest channels for that inimitable passion to which all are subject. Marion's senses reeled before the high-wrought visions

which her lover had conjured up. She beheld him waiting her reply with an intensity of emotion that rendered every feature articulate; his cheek flushed, his eye beaming with an unnatural brightness, and lifted to hers with the seductive appeal of unutterable tenderness; and she felt as if death were involved in her answer. Yet her principles had still the ascendant, and with lips icy and bloodless as those of death, she repeated her determination never to bow at the hymeneal altar in defiance of paternal authority.

An hour passed in deep but terrible communion; such as is held with the parting soul on the verge of eternity by its lingering mate. The last moment of the term allowed Alfred for absence was expired, and even amid the delirious excitement of passionate love, the honor of the soldier usurped an imperious control. He tore himself away, and the farewell, embracing the whole of the existence which it rendered so joyless, was finally uttered. Marion remained fixed to the spot where he left her in a sort of gloomy stupefaction, till she was at length roused by a note from her father. She opened it mechanically. The first word banished every other image. Mr. Bothwell had been arrested, and was now lodged in the jail of a neighboring county, in consequence of holding communication with the enemy. He added some directions relative to the steps he wished her to take, but Marion heeded them not. The idea of her father confined as a common felon engrossed her whole perceptions. Her purpose was at once fixed, and in half an hour she was on her way to the place of his arrest. A rapid journey brought her there early on the morrow, and the domestic who accompanied her already pointed to a gloomy stone building which was his prison. Marion shuddered. A group of armed men stood before it; and while yet she gazed, its massive door was opened, and a prisoner brought forth, in whose tall and dignified form she distinguished her father. He was placed in their midst, and they moved off playing a march whose solemn, dead notes distinctly indicated some "fearful preparation."

"Whither are they taking him?" shrieked Marion, with a vague perception of their purpose; and a passing farmer, who had stopped to look at the procession glanced carelessly towards her.

"They are going to hang him, I s'pose," was the reply. "The tories are making sad work of late," the farmer continued muttering to himself; "this tampering with the British will soon blow us up—it may be well enough to give them a little hemp for their profit."

But he was unheard by Marion. She had sprung from the carriage, and rushing towards her father, had broke the guard that surrounded him and fell senseless at his feet. However he must have struggled with the fierce agonies of a strong and unsubdued spirit thus under helpless durance, and the prospect of an ignominious death, Mr. Bothwell had till now remained ap-

parently unmoved. His countenance wore no expression save that of scorn, and he moved forward with a firm and haughty step. But the pride of the mightiest melts rapidly away before the holy affections of our nature. The unhappy parent now leant over his child in ungovernable anguish. He bent to raise her lifeless form to his heart—his hands were manacled—he strove to burst them, and every muscle seemed embued with a giant's strength. But the effort was vain. His broad chest heaved with emotion, and he groaned aloud.

"Bear her off," exclaimed the leader of the party to his men; "take her to the next house, and leave her with the women. We must finish our work."

They approached her.—"Stand off!" exclaimed the agonized Bothwell, "if ye are men, if ye are fathers."

"We are," they replied; "and it is for this that you shall die. We will preserve for our children those rights that you are leagued against."

"Claim not the motives"—of the patriot, he would have said, but he suppressed the half-uttered reproach. Aware that these men, amid the anarchy of the times, had taken upon themselves the office of dispensing life or death without the formalities of constituted authority, there was yet a possibility of moving them to mercy. "I have wealth," he added, glancing over the party, whose rugged countenances told of labor and privation—"It shall be yours, all, every thing; only grant me my life, for the sake of the helpless being who lies at my feet."

An exclamation of scorn broke from the whole group. Marion was already lifted in the brawny arms of a rough-favored man, whose brow was marked with a deep scar. She had begun to recover, and as the wind swept away her veil, she opened her eyes full on his stern features. Some new emotion had touched their hard expression. His eye was riveted on hers, and still supporting her, with one knee on the ground, he took off her bonnet, and seemed pursuing the lines of her face with intense scrutiny.

"Simmons," he said in a low voice to a soldier to whom he had given his gun, "don't you know this poor girl?"

The man started. Marion's features were again settled in insensibility, but their peculiarly placid expression was little changed.

"Know her!" repeated the man. "Yes, by the faith of my eyes." And then raising both his person and his voice to an unusual height, he exclaimed, "I tell you what, comrades, this is an awkward scrape, after all. This young woman here once treated me with the kindness of an angel. Through her means I was taken from the road side, where I had given up to die, as my fellow soldier at the time, and who was little better than myself, can tell you. And we were both sheltered for some days, and taken all possible care of; I believe, under the roof of her own father here; and as for hanging him up after all this, I hope I may die by a British bay."

onset if I have any thing to do in the business."

"And so may I," rejoined the other. "These white hands here bound up my own wounds at that same time, and they shall never be lifted to Heaven against me if I can help it: I take it that the well wishes of a kind heart may do our cause more good than the evil designs of a traitor, if he is well watched, can do it harm."

A warm and general altercation ensued, but it terminated in the reprieve of the prisoner.—The thongs which bound him were cut, and Marion, whom the voice of her father, assuring her of his safety, had at length restored, was pressed convulsively to his heart.

"And must he be still a prisoner?" she asked, as the jail door was again unbarred for his re-admission.

"Our duty to our country demands it."

"Then I will be his companion."

"It may not be," said Mr. Bothwell, embracing her, as she clung yet closer to his side; "but you can remain near me, and perhaps"—

"Yes," rejoined the party, understanding his petitioning glance, she shall be permitted to visit you."

"My own house is but a few paces distant," said one of the men who had interposed to save him; and thither Marion was conducted. The way had been already paved for her reception. The rustic but grateful family to whom she was presented, were familiar with the tale,—the kindness shown to the husband and the father; and a brief intimation of who the lovely stranger was, was sufficient to call forth their utmost exertions to sooth and tranquillize her. A few hours restored her wonted calmness.

"Can you still suffer me to remain with you as a boarder," she enquired, "while my father is a prisoner here?"

"Our lodging is so humble," said Mrs. Simons, mentally contrasting the rich garb of her guest with the coarseness of her dwelling.

"But there will be kind hearts round me," replied Marion; and the arrangement was settled. Her days were now spent in her father's prison. But mouths rolled away without bringing him any prospect of liberation; and as even the solace of filial tenderness became lost in the reflection, that for his sake she was thus shut out from the common privileges of existence, his fetters were gradually into his soul.

"This must not be," he would say to Marion; "your young life must be no longer wasted within the walls of a prison. Its perfect solitude is far more endurable than the sacrifice of my child!"

But Marion was not to be shaken; and though an asylum was proffered her by several of the more wealthy families around her, she persisted in remaining the constant attendant of her father. Her character was, however, creating a strong solicitude in his behalf. Her piety, her gentleness, her beauty, had attracted observation and awakened an interest in softening her fate. Her father was proffered his liberty upon condition of his future neutrality; but neither

his principles nor his pride would suffer him to enter into the required compact. His long estranged friend, the Rev. Dunseath, visited him, and strove by every possible argument to change his determination; but he remained inflexible. Marion's health was evidently failing, and many an eye looked on her rapidly fading form with painful interest. Mr. Bothwell's heart was wrung with unutterable pangs, but his spirit was still unbent. He was one night roused from a feverish slumber by a crash at his door. It was forced open—the murmur of several voices was heard, succeeded by the sound of retreating footsteps, and then a single man entered.

"Rise," he said, "and follow me."

"What would you have?" asked Mr. Bothwell.

"Nothing, but to set you at liberty."

Almost believing himself in a dream, he instinctively obeyed. His guide strode on before him at no ordinary pace, till having reached the border of a wood he suddenly stopped. A horse, tied among the branches, was dimly seen by the light of a few straggling stars. The man loosened it, and flinging the reins to the astonished Bothwell, exclaimed, "Now take yourself off as speedily as possible."

"I cannot go till I know to whose friendship"—

"Friendship has had little to do with your liberation."

"Who are you, then?"

"No matter;—whoever I am, I abhor your principles, and had you stood alone, you might have lain in your jail till doomsday; but there is one who shared it with you to whom I owe everlasting gratitude. I am now one of a self instituted company, whose business it is to scour the country and ferret out its skulking enemies; but I was once your neighbor—I was poor—a long train of sickness and misfortunes had swept away my little farm. I had a large family of motherless children, and one, a boy of seven years, helpless from infancy. I was unable to bestow upon him the tenderness or attention his situation required; and when I saw him sitting melancholy and alone, while other children were at play about him, and thought of her who used to keep him by her side, and form so many schemes to amuse him"—the man's voice grew tremulous—he paused—"I was employed to work in your fields, and having no one to whose care I could willingly entrust my crippled boy, I used to take him with me; and he would sit the live-long day braiding grass and straw, or weaving flowers. Your daughter noticed him; and she would take him away for hours; and at last he told me, with glistening eyes, that he had learned to read.—Yes, the daughter of the man who would have scorned to know his labourer away from his work, had spent hours and days in teaching my poor helpless child, whom I had no means of instructing. And, oh! what a source of comfort it opened to him; and when he would bring the fine books she had given him, his

pale face would light up so,—but I detain you. Go! you are but one man; you can do us little harm. There is no one who knows Marion Bothwell but will be glad of your escape. I found no difficulty in getting assistance to break your jail. Those who may pursue will not recognize you. Your horse is a fleet one; he is your own, he was taken from your own stables. Here is money—away.”

“Noble American! would to God yourself and countrymen were engaged in a better cause.—With hearts thus alive to better sentiments, why will you bring upon yourselves the ruin with which this war must terminate?”

“Give yourself no uneasiness for us—be satisfied that you have a chance of living to see the result. If you have sought of message for Marion, I will deliver it.”

“Tell her that I wish her immediately to seek that asylum with our Quaker friend, which he has so repeatedly proffered.”

When Marion rose the following morning, a hasty scroll announcing her father's escape, together with this brief message, lay in her window. The friend alluded to was an English gentleman living near New York, who, since Mr. Bothwell's imprisonment, had frequently solicited her to accept a home in his family.—Marion no longer hesitated to comply. She took a grateful leave of the humble family, whose uniform kindness had been a balm to her sorrows; and after a journey which afforded no incident was established an inmate of the quiet domicile, around which a peaceful religion had drawn a charmed and separating line from the tumults of war. Her perturbed and agitated heart soon partook of the holy calm which hovers, like an abiding Sabbath hush, with a pervading influence in the dwelling of the Quaker, and her health was rapidly restored. Her tranquillity, however, was of short duration. The commanding officer of a British foraging party, who halted near the house, appeared suddenly before her, and she was once more in the arms of her father. His purpose was briefly explained. He had come to bear her away, and a hasty farewell was all that was permitted her. As she was led to the vehicle intended for her conveyance, amid the gleaming ranks of a proud and well appointed escort, her eye was struck with the contrast they afforded to the suffering and destitute bands whom she had occasionally seen reduced to the extreme of human wretchedness. They were at length within view of the British lines, and Mr. Bothwell pointed to the glittering legions, whose numbers, stretched out in the rich light of a setting sun, were rendered yet more imposing by the sheen of polished arms and gilded harnessing—the glare of splendid uniforms, and all those gorgeous trappings which make up “the pomp, pride, and circumstance” of war.

“A little time,” said her father, with a look of triumph, as he glanced over the dazzling array, “and we may make the tour of these rebel provinces without a guard.”

“’Tis a fearful odds, indeed,” thought Marion, as her imagination at once reverted to the American army, whose winter marches had been marked with the blood of the half-naked and barefooted soldiery; “but surely it must be a just cause that thus nerves them to the desperate conflict.”

Marion was now ushered into a circle of boundless gaiety. She was surrounded with all the splendid pageantry, the seductive amusements, with which a gallant army, quartered in a rich city—flushed with its easy conquest, and reckless of the future as the dramatist personæ of some tragic pantomime, whiled away the intervals of inaction. Amid these scenes, too, she moved the object of general attraction;—the voice of flattery was on her ear, and gay and chivalrous forms were at her feet. But if these things wrought any change in the heart of Marion, it was to render yet more intense her still cherished affection for him whom, in her sleeping and waking dreams, she beheld struggling with the horrors of war without its adventitious excitements.

Her loveliness was not of that cast which calls forth the mere admiration of the moment: many a heart felt its influence, and among the aspirants to her hand, Colonel Moreland, bearing fresh laurels, again appeared; and again her rejection threw a cloud over the countenance of her father. But it was now of sorrow rather than anger. His feelings towards Marion were changed. His tenderness was mingled with a trust—a deep sense of her virtues, which would no longer suffer him to attempt the exercise of an arbitrary control. But when he found that equally splendid offers were repeatedly rejected, he ventured to expostulate.

“Tell me, Marion, whence this strange insensibility proceeds. Is it possible that you still cherish the unworthy attachment?”—Marion lifted her calm eye to his face.—“Unworthy!” she repeated: “what is there of worth in the characters my father approves that is wanting in Alfred Halleck's?” Mr. Bothwell was silent.—“Yet hear me, my dear sir, and do not look thus coldly on your child. While I have life, I shall indeed cherish his memory with sentiments that would render me criminal as the wife of another. But do not suppose I have a thought or hope of becoming his. When we last met there was no eye upon us but Heaven's—no earthly being near us with authority to enforce our separation; yet my promise to my father was not forgotten, and we bade each other an everlasting farewell—a farewell that was more dreadful to my heart than the pang which will still it for ever.”

Marion's countenance had become agitated, but the next moment it was quietly lifted in devotional thankfulness to the Power that had then supported her; for she recollected, that, had she listened to the solicitations of her lover, for her immediate flight, the execution of her father would have been consummated. Mr. Bothwell drew her silently towards him, and

kissed her cold cheek. "He would have given worlds at that moment to have rendered her happy. "If," thought he, as he marked the traces of inward struggle which shaded her soft features—"if Alfred Halleck would abandon this mad contest." He rose precipitately and left the room. The young insurgent was at this time a prisoner in the city, and though Mr. Bothwell had till now purposely avoided him, he suddenly determined to seek an immediate interview.

"If he will but listen to reason Marion shall be his, and ere this he must surely be satisfied that he is wasting his life in an unavailing strife." Thus musing, he reached the quarters assigned the American captives, and Captain Halleck was before him. His appearance afforded an impressive commentary on the sufferings to which he was subjected. His full and fine form was attenuated, the rich coloring of his cheek gone, his eye sunken, and the crisped and glossy hair that clustered round his capacious brow hung damp and heavy over his ashy temples. Still his countenance retained an expression of firmness, of steadfast and undeviating purpose—the seal of a spirit that death only could subdue; and for a moment the aristocratic Bothwell stood before the captive provincial disconcerted and awe-struck. Recovering himself, however, with some little effort, he soon opened the object of his visit. He regretted in the most flattering terms that energies like his should be squandered in a struggle which, to say nothing of its justice, must prove ineffectual. Not merely pardon and an exemption from inevitable ruin, but wealth and high advancement would be the reward of a return to his legitimate fealty. Deep, bitter, burning scorn curled the lip of Halleck as he spoke. His eye literally flashed, and his whole frame, sinking as it was with the weakness of disease, seemed dilated and breathing with power.

"I knew not," he said, "that the rules of civilized warfare subjected a prisoner to insult; and if this be the purport of your visit, I may at least be spared the trouble of reply."

Mr. Bothwell attempted some justification, but Halleck turning abruptly away, declined all further parley, and the former stood some moments silently contemplating the faded form on which the mastery of mind could still impress so intense an expression.

"Were he directed by proper views he would indeed be worthy of Marion;" and this sentiment yet urged him to further exertion. "If you knew," he began, in a hesitating manner, "that I have been prompted to this visit by the friendship of one—in short, that my wish to render my child happy"—The mounted blood again fled the cheek of Halleck; the soldier, became merged in the lover, and staggering back, he exclaimed, "Tell me at once if Marion yet takes any interest in my fate!"

"She does, and if you could be prevailed upon"—The young officer recovered.

"Did Marion commission you to make this degrading proposal? Would she accept a traitor

to his country? If so, though her affection otherwise would be priceless to me as my hopes of heaven, I would cast it from me. Know you not," he continued, pointing to a group of squalid and miserable looking wretches, many of whom were evidently hastening to that prison from which no earthly power could ransom them, "that the lowest, the vilest of these men, at whose sufferings, since we have been your prisoners, humanity would stand aghast, would spurn the offer of all the wealth that is arrayed against their country as the price of their deserting it?"

"I have been mistaken in the American character," exclaimed Mr. Bothwell, as he returned slowly homeward; and for the first time he was half convinced of the justness of the American cause. Yet, poor fellows," he added, "these high toned sentiments must be speedily damped, and they themselves swept away in the tide of our overwhelming victory."

From that moment he carefully forbore every subject that could probe the heart of his child, and seasons went and came without bringing aught of incident to change the joyless hue of her existence. Captain Halleck had been exchanged, and it was five years after the interview we have related ere they again met. It was then at Yorktown; and the young American stood at the head of his band among the ranks which were drawn up to receive the memorable surrender which formed the closing scene of the long and doubtful struggle. America was free; and the haughty power which had successively humbled France and Spain, had bent to the arm of provincial might.

A year afterwards, and while his subdued countrymen were preparing for their final embarkation, Mr. Bothwell, yielding to the influence of powerful recollections, went to visit the estate which his loyalty had forfeited. It was but little changed, and he could not wander an alien and an intruder over scenes which he had once regarded so fondly without the most painful emotions. What were the purposes of man, his cherished enjoyments, his anticipations of the future? What was the pride of nations, the distinction of name? Thus musing he reached the grave of his wife. The young willow he had planted beside it was full grown, and its long, streaming branches threw a waving shadow, like a veil of mourning, far over the spot. There were still traces of care—the care of some spirit yet cherishing a fond remembrance of the slumberer there round the grave. Even the violets which Marion had scattered over it, they seemed to have remained and blossomed there, or were these planted by another hand? As Mr. Bothwell stood gazing on the spot, a lad of some fifteen years old, who had been reclining under the shadow of the willow with a book in his hand, arose on crutches, and was moving away.

"Can you tell me," said Mr. Bothwell, who had not before observed him, "who is the owner of this estate?"

"It belongs to government, I believe, sir."

"And who occupies it?"

"The house is at present unoccupied, but the fields are rented out, and my father works one of them."

"Who is your father?" The boy named him. "Was he sometimes employed as a labourer on this estate by the former owner, before it was confiscated?"

"Aye, many a day, sir."

"And are you the little boy," enquired Mr. Bothwell, glancing with the liveliest interest over the disfigured limbs of his young informant, "whom he used to bring with him when he came to work?"

"I am."

"Do you still remember Marion Bothwell?"

"Remember her! Ah, sir, if you knew"—

"What?"

"How many hours I have set with her in this very spot, beside this grave, while she first taught me to read, and would hear me repeat the prayers my own dead mother had taught me. But for her I must still have been a burden to my poor father, who is well nigh worn out with the war; but I shall now be soon able to keep a small school, and can earn my own bread. No, sir, I can never forget her; and it is for her sake that I often come here to see that the weeds she used to pluck so carefully are still kept away."

Mr. Bothwell was deeply affected, and as the boy turned away he drew forth his purse, but his eye at that moment caught a view of the high road, and the intended donation, with the unfortunate object of it, were alike forgotten. A horseman, in the American uniform, was slowly passing, and his riveted gaze and abstracted manner indicated some strong interest in the scenes which he surveyed. They instantly recognized each other, and Captain Halleck sprang from his horse and approached.

"Must we still meet as enemies?" he exclaimed, extending his hand; but the subdued Bothwell grasped it with fervour, and some moments of silent emotion succeeded. "You are alone," said Halleck, at length: "may I ask for her who was once the presiding influence among these haunts?"

"Marion," replied Mr. Bothwell, "only awaits my return to New York to abandon forever a land that has afforded her little of happiness."

"Is she still—still yours, or has she assumed?"

"She is still unmarried," said the other; and a glow, like a flood of sunshine poured suddenly over a troubled sky, lighted up Halleck's features.

"Tell me then, dearest sir, if I may not yet aspire to happiness? Will you still withhold your sanction from an affection which has survived hope, and endured time, and separation, and change?"

"You ask me," answered the agitated Bothwell, "to resign all that now binds me to life. You would hardly abandon the country you have so faithfully defended to follow us to a foreign home."

"And why abandon it yourself? This spot, these scenes, were once dear to you. They may, they shall be restored. I have some influence with our government, and a representation of the peculiar circumstances by which you were influenced will procure their restitution. My uncle's interest, also, in your behalf."

"Let us see Mr. Dunseath," was the reply; "and then return with me to Marion, and she shall decide."

Shall we follow them to hear that decision—or shall we pass on to the moment, which in the course of a few short months actually arrived—when the no longer prejudiced Bothwell, finally reinstated in his beloved estate, and surrounded by his American neighbours, pronounced the deep paternal benediction, the bridal blessing, which hallowed the long and faithful attachment of his child—when the Rev. Dunseath lifted his hands to heaven in fervid prayer for the united objects of his dearest earthly regard? When the farmer who had forced the prison doors of the "loyalist," and who had received an ample reward from his now unfettered hand, partook of the festivities; and the pensive face of the young cripple beamed with joy, that his early benefactress was restored to the scenes where he had so gratefully cherished her memory?

J. L. D.

THE BLACK FERRY.

By John Galt, Esq. F. S. A. &c. Author of "Lawrie Todd," "Annals of the Parish," &c.

* * * * I was then returning from my first session at College. The weather had for some time before been uncommonly wet, every brook and stream was swolllen far beyond its banks, the meadows were flooded, and the river itself was increased to a raging Hellespont, inasmuch that the ferry was only practicable for an hour before and after high tide.

The day was showery and stormy, by which I was detained at the inn until late in the afternoon, so that it was dark before I reached the ferry house, and the tide did not serve for safe crossing until midnight. I was therefore obliged to sit by the fire and wait the time, a circumstance which gave me some uneasiness, for the ferryman was old and infirm, and Dick, his son, who usually attended the boat during the night, happened to be then absent, the day having been such that it was not expected any travellers would seek to pass over that night.

The presence of Dick was not however absolutely necessary, for the boat swung from side to side by a rope anchored in the middle of the stream, and, on account of the strong current, another rope had been stretched across, by which passengers could draw themselves over without assistance, an easy task to those who had the sleight of it, but it was not so to me, who still wore my arm in a sling.

While sitting at the fire side conversing with the ferryman and his wife, a smart, good looking country lad, with a recruit's cockade in his

hat, came in, accompanied by a young woman, who was far advanced in pregnancy. They were told the state of the ferry, and that unless the recruit undertook to conduct the boat himself, they must wait the return of Dick.

They had been only that day married, and were on their way to join a detachment of the regiment in which Ralph Nocton, as the recruit was called, had that evening enlisted, the parish officers having obliged him to marry the girl. —Whatever might have been their former love and intimacy, they were not many minutes in the house when he became sullen and morose towards her; nor was she more amiable towards him. He said little, but he often looked at her with an indignant eye; as she reproached him for having rashly enlisted, to abandon her and his unborn baby, assuring him that she would never part from him while life and power lasted.

Though it would not be denied that she possessed both beauty and an attractive person, there was yet a silly vixen humour about her ill calculated to conciliate. I did not therefore wonder to hear that Nocton had married her with reluctance; I only regretted that the parish officers were so inaccessible to commiseration, and so void of conscience, as to be guilty of rendering the poor fellow miserable for life, to avert the hazard of the child becoming a burden on the parish.

The ferryman and his wife endeavoring to reconcile them to their lot; and the recruit, who appeared to be naturally reckless and generous, seemed willing to be appeased; but his weak companion was capricious and pettish. On one occasion, when a sudden shower beat hard against the window, she cried out, with little regard to decorum, that she would go no further that night.

'You may do as you please, Mary Blake,' said Nocton, 'but go I must, for the detachment marches to-morrow morning. It was only to give you time to prepare to come with me, that the Captain consented to let me remain so late in the town.'

She, however, only remonstrated bitterly at his cruelty in forcing her to travel in her condition in such weather. Nocton refused to listen to her, but told her somewhat doggedly, more so than was consistent with the habitual cheerful cast of his physiognomy, 'that although he had been ruined by her, he trusted she had not yet the power to make him a deserter.' He then went out and remained some time alone. When he returned, his appearance was surprisingly changed; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes bright, febrile, and eager, and his lip quivered as he said,

'Come, Mary, I can't wait no longer; the boat is ready, the river is not so wild, and the rain is over.'

In vain she protested: he was firm; and she had no option but either to go or to be left behind. The old ferryman accompanied them to the boat, saw them embark, and gave the recruit some instructions how to manage the ropes

as it was still rather early in the tide. On returning into the house, he remarked facetiously to his wife,

'I can never see why young men should be always blamed, and all pity reserved for the damsels.'

At this moment a rattling shower of rain and hail burst like a platoon of small shot on the window, and a vivid flash of lightning was followed by one of the most tremendous peals of thunder I have ever heard.

'Hark,' cried the old woman, starting, 'was not that a shriek?'

We listened, but the cry was not repeated; we rushed to the door, but no other sound was heard than the raging of the river, and the roar of the sea-waves breaking on the bar.

Dick soon after came home, and the boat having swung back to her station, I embarked with him, and reached the opposite inn, where I soon went to bed. Scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow when a sudden inexplicable terror fell upon me, I shook with an unknown horror; I was, as it were, conscious that some invisible being was hovering beside me, and could hardly muster fortitude enough to refrain from rousing the house. At last I fell asleep, strange dreams and vague fears scared me awake, and in them were dreadful images of a soldier murdering a female, and open graves, and gibbet irons swinging in the wind. My remembrance has no parallel to such another night.

In the morning the cloud on my spirit was gone, and I rose at my accustomed hour and cheerfully resumed my journey. It was a bright morning, all things were glittering and fresh in the rising sun, the recruit and his damsel were entirely forgotten, and I thought no more of them.

But when the night returned next year, I was seized with an unaccountable dejection, it weighed me down; I tried to shake it off, but was unable; the mind was diseased, and could no more by resolution shake off its discomfort, than the body by activity can repel a fever. I retired to my bed greatly depressed, but nevertheless, fell asleep. At midnight, however, I was summoned to awake by a hideous and undefinable terror; it was the same vague consciousness of some invisible visitor being near, that I had once before experienced, as I have described, and I again recollected Nocton and Mary Blake in the same instant; I saw, for I cannot now believe that it was less than apparitional, the unhappy pair reproaching one another. As I looked, questioning the integrity of my sight, the wretched bride turned round and looked at me. How shall I express my horror, when, for the ruddy beauty she once possessed, I beheld the charnal visage of a scull; I started up and cried aloud with such alarming vehemence, that the whole inmates of the house, with lights in their hands, were instantly in the room; shame would not let me tell what I had seen, and endeavouring to laugh, I accused the nightmare of the disturbance.

This happened while I was at a watering place on the west coast. I was living in a boarding house with several strangers, among them was a tall pale German gentleman, of a grave, impressive physiognomy. He was the most intelligent and shrewdest observer I have ever met with, and he had, to a singular degree, the gift of a discerning spirit. In the morning when we rose from the breakfast table, he took me by the arm, and led me out upon the lawn in front of the house, and when we were at some distance from the rest of the company, said,

'Excuse me, Sir, for I must ask an impertinent question. Was it indeed the dream or the nightmare that alarmed you last night?'

'I have no objection to answer you freely; but tell me first, why you ask me such a question?'

'It is but reasonable. I had a friend who was a painter, none ever possessed an imagination which discerned better how nature in her mysteries should appear. One of his pictures was the scene of Brutus when his evil genius summoned him to Philippi, and strange to tell, you bear some resemblance to the painted Brutus.—When, with the others, I broke into your room last night, you looked so like the Brutus in his picture, that I could have sworn you were amazed with the vision of a ghost.'

I then related to him, what I have now done to you.

'It is wonderful,' said he, 'what inconceivable sympathy hath linked you to the fate of these unhappy persons. There is something more in his renewed visitation than the phantasma of a dream.'

The remark smote me with an uncomfortable sensation of dread, and for a short time my flesh crawled as it were, upon my bones. But the impression soon wore off, and was again entirely forgotten.

When the anniversary again returned, I was seized with the same heaviness and objectless horror of mind; it hung upon me with bodings and auguries until I went to bed, and then after my first sleep, I was a third time aroused by another fit of the same inscrutable panic. On this occasion, however, the vision was different. I beheld only Nocton, pale and wounded, stretched on a bed, and on the coverlet lay a pair of new epaulettes, as if just unfolded from a paper.

For seven years I was thus annually afflicted. The vision in each was different, but I saw no more of Mary Blake. On the fourth occasion I beheld Nocton sitting in the uniform of an aide-de-camp at a table, with the customary tokens of conviviality before him, it was only a part of a scene, such as one beholds in a mirror.

On the fifth occasion, he appeared to be ascending, sword in hand, the ramparts of a battery; the sun was sitting behind him, and the shadows and forms of a strange land, with the domes and pagodas of an oriental country, lay in wide extent around; it was as a picture but far more wide than painting can exhibit.

On the sixth time, he appeared again stretched upon a couch! his complexion was sallow, not from wounds, but disease, and there appeared at his bedside the figure of a general officer, with a star on his breast, with whose conversation he appeared pleased, though languid.

But on the seventh and last occasion, on which the horrors of the visions were repeated, I saw him on horseback in a field of battle; and while I looked at him, he was struck on the face by a sabre, and the blood flowed down upon his regimentals.

Years passed after this, during which I had none of these dismal exhibitions. My mind and memory resumed their healthful tone. I recollected, within these intervening years of oblivion, Nocton and Mary Blake, occasionally, as one thinks of things past, and I told my friends of the curious periodical returns of the visitations to me as remarkable metaphysical phenomena. By an odd coincidence, it so happened that my German friend was always present when I related my dreams. He in the intervals sometimes spoke to me of them, but my answers were vague, for my reminiscences were imperfect. It was not so with him. All I told he distinctly recorded and preserved in a book, wherein he wrote down the minutest thing that I had witnessed in my visions. I do not mention his name, because he is a modest and retiring man, in bad health, and who has long sequestered himself from company. His rank, however, is so distinguished that his name could not be stated without the hazard of exposing him to impertinent curiosity. But to proceed.

Exactly fourteen years—twice seven it was—I remember well, because the first seven I had been haunted as I have described, and for the other seven I had been placed in my living. At the end of this period of fourteen years, my German friend paid me a visit here. He came in the forenoon, and we spent an agreeable day together, for he was a man of much recondite knowledge. I have seen none so wonderfully possessed of all sorts of occult learning.

He was an astrologer of the true kind, for in him it was not a pretence, but a science; he scorned horoscopes and fortune-tellers with the just derision of a philosopher, but he had a beautiful conception of the reciprocal dependencies of nature. He affected not to penetrate to causes, but he spoke of effects with a luminous and religious eloquence. He described to me how the tides followed the phases of the moon; but he denied the Newtonian notion that they were caused by the progression of the lunar changes. He explained to me that when the sun entered Aries, and the other signs of the Zodiac, how his progression could be traced on this earth by the development of plants and flowers, and the passions, diseases, and affections of animals and man; but that the stars were more than the celestial signs of these terrestrial phenomena, he ridiculed as the conceptions of insane theory.

His learning in the curious art of alchymy was equally sublime. He laughed at the fancy of

an immortal elixir, and his notion of the mythology of the philosopher's stone was the very essence and spirituality of ethics. The elixir of immortality he described to me as an allegory, which, from its component parts, emblems of talents and virtues, only showed that perseverance, industry, good-will, and a gift from God, were the requisite ingredients necessary to obtain renown. His knowledge of the philosopher's stone was still more beautiful. He referred to the writings of the Rosicrucians, whose secrets were couched in artificial symbols, to prove that the sages of that sect were not the fools that the less wise of late days would represent them. The self-denial, the patience, the humility, the trusting in God, the treasuring of time by lamp and calculation which the venerable alchemists recommended, he used to say, were only the elements which constitute the conduct of the youth that would attain to riches and honor, and those different stages which are illuminated in the alchemical volumes as descriptive of stages in the process of making the stone, were but hieroglyphical devices to explain the effects of well applied human virtue and industry.

To me it was amazing to what clear simplicity he reduced all things and on what a variety of subjects his bright and splendid fancy threw a fair and affecting light. All these demi-sciences—physiognomy—palmistry—scaleology, &c. even magic and witchcraft, obtained from his interpretations a philosophical credibility.

In disquisitions on these subjects we spent the anniversary. He had by them enlarged the periphery of my comprehension; he had added to my knowledge, and inspired me with a profound respect for himself.

He was an accomplished musician, in the remotest, if I may use the expression, depths of the art. His performance on the piano forte was simple, heavy, and, seemingly the labour of an unpractised hand, but his expression was beyond all epithet exquisite and solemn; his airs were grave, devotional, and pathetic; consisting of the simplest harmonic combinations; but they were wonderful; every note was a portion of an invocation; every melody the voice of a passion or a feeling supplied with elocution.

We had spent the day in the fields, where he illustrated his astrological opinions by appeals to plants and leaves, and flowers, and other attributes of the season, with such delightful perspicuity that no time can efface from the registry of my memory the substance of his discourse. In the evening he delighted me with his marvellous music, and, as the night advanced, I was almost persuaded that he was one of those extraordinary men who are said sometimes to acquire communion with spirits and dominion over demons.

Just as we were about to sit down to our frugal supper, literary or philosophically so, as if it had been served for Zeno himself, Dick, the son of the old ferryman, who by this time was

some years dead, came to the door, and requested to speak with me in private. Of course I obeyed, when he informed me that he had brought across the ferry that night, a gentleman officer, from a far country, who was in bad health, and whom the could not accommodate properly in the ferry house.

'The inn,' said Dick, 'is too far off, for he is lame, and has an open wound in his thigh.—I have, therefore, ventured to bring him here, sure that you will be glad to give him a bed for the night. His servant tells me that he was esteemed the bravest officer in all the service in the Mysore of India.

It was impossible to resist this appeal. I went to the door where the gentleman was waiting, and with true heartedness expressed how great my satisfaction would be if my house could afford him any comfort.

I took him in with me where my German friend was sitting. I was much pleased with the gentleness and unaffected simplicity of his manners.

He was a handsome, middle aged man—his person was robust and well formed—his features had been originally handsome, but they were disfigured by a scar which had materially changed their symmetry. His conversation was not distinguished by any remarkable intelligence, but after the high intellectual excitement which I had enjoyed all day with my philosophical companion, it was agreeable and gentlemanly.

Several times during supper, something came across my mind as if I had seen him before, but I could neither recollect when nor where; and I observed more than once he looked at me as if under the influence of some research in his memory. At last I observed that his eyes were dimmed with tears, which assured me that he recollected me. But I considered it a duty of hospitality not to inquire aught concerning him more than he was pleased to tell himself.

In the mean time my German friend, I perceived, was watching us both, but suddenly he ceased to be interested, and appeared absorbed in thought, while good manners required me to make some efforts to entertain my guest. This led on to some inquiry concerning the scene of his services and he told us that he had been many years in India.

'On this day eight years ago,' said he, 'I was in the battle of Borupknow, where I received the wound which has so disfigured me in the face.'

At that moment I accidentally threw my eyes upon my German friend—the look which he gave me in answer, caused me to shudder from head to foot; and I began to ruminate of Nocton, the recruit, and Mary Blake, while my friend continued the conversation in a light desultory manner, as it would have seemed to any stranger, but to me it was awful and oracular. He spoke to the stranger on all manner of topics, but ever and anon he brought him back, as if without design, to speak of the accidents of fortune which

had befallen him on the anniversary of that day, giving it as a reason for his curious remarks, that most men observed anniversaries; time and experience having taught them to notice that there were curious coincidences with respect to times, places and individuals, things which of themselves form a part of the great demonstration of the wisdom and skill displayed in the construction, not only of the mechanical, but the moral world, showing that each was a portion of one and the same thing.

'I have been,' said he to the stranger, 'an observer and recorder of such things. I have my book of registration here in this house; I will fetch it from my bed chamber, and we shall see in what other things, as far as your fortunes have been concerned, how it corresponds with the accidents of your life on this anniversary.'

'I observed that the stranger paled a little at this proposal, and said, with an affectation of carelessness, while he was evidently disturbed, that he would see it in the morning. But the philosopher was too intent upon his purpose to forbear. I know not what came upon me, but I urged him to bring the book. This visibly disconcerted the stranger still more, and his emotion became, as it were, a motive which induced me in a peremptory manner, to require the production of the book, for I felt that strange spell so often experienced, returning upon me, and was constrained by an irresistible impulse, to seek an explanation of the circumstances by which I had for so many years suffered such an eclipse of mind. The stranger seeing how intent both of us were, desisted from his wish to procrastinate the odious disclosure which my friend said he could make; but it was evident he was not at ease. Indeed he was so much the reverse, that when the German went for his book, he again proposed to retire, and only consented to abide at my jocular entreaty, until he should learn what his future fortunes were to be, by the truth of what would be told him of the past.

My friend soon returned with the book. It was a remarkable volume, covered with vellum; shut with three brazen clasps, secured by a lock of curious construction. Altogether it was a strange, antique, and necromantic looking volume. The corner was studded with knobs of brass, with a small mirror in the centre, round which were inscribed in Teutonic characters, words to the effect 'I will show thee thyself.'—Before unlocking the clasp, my friend gave the book to the stranger, explained some of the emblematic devices which adorned the cover, and particularly, the words of the motto that surrounded the little mirror.

Whether it was from design, or that the symbols required it, the explanations of my friend were mystical and abstruse; and I could see that they produced an effect on the stranger so strong that it was evident he could with difficulty maintain his self possession. The color entirely faded from his countenance; he became wan and

cadaverous, and his hand shook violently as he returned the volume to the philosopher, who, on receiving it back, said,

'There are things in this volume which may not be revealed to every eye, yet to those who may not discover to what they relate, they will seem trivial notations.'

He then applied the key to the lock, and unclosed the volume. My stranger guest began to breathe hard and audibly. The German turned over the vellum leaves searchingly and carefully. At last he found his record and description of my last vision, which he read aloud. It was not only minute in the main circumstances in which I had seen Nocton, but it contained an account of many things, the still life, as it is called, of the picture, which I had forgotten, and among other particulars, a picturesque account of the old general whom I saw standing at the bedside.

'By all that's holy,' cried the stranger, 'it is old Iriplington himself—the queue of his hair was, as you say, always crooked, owing to a habit he had of pulling it when vexed—where could you find a description of all this?'

I was petrified; I sat motionless as a statue, but a fearful vibration thrilled through my whole frame.

My friend looked back in his book, and found the second description of my sixth vision. It contained the particulars of the crisis of battle, in which, as the stranger described, he had received the wound in his face. It affected him less than the other, but still the effect upon him was impressive.

The record of the fifth vision produced a more visible alarm. The description was vivid to an extreme degree; the appearance of Nocton, sword in hand, on the rampart; the animation of the assault, and the gorgeous landscape of domes and pagodas, was limned with words as vividly as a painter could have made the scene. The stranger seemed to forget his anxiety, and was delighted with the reminiscences which the description recalled.

But when the record of the fourth vision was read, wherein Nocton was described as sitting in the regimentals of an aid-de-camp, at a convivial table, he exclaimed, as if unconscious of his words:—

'It was on that night I had the first honor of dining with the German general.'

The inexorable philosopher proceeded and read what I had told him of Nocton, stretched pale and wounded on a bed, with new epaulettes spread on the coverlet, as if just unfolded from a paper. The stranger started from his seat, and cried with a hollow and fearful voice,

'This is the book of life.'

The German turned over to the second division, which he read slowly, and mournfully, especially the description of my own feelings when I beheld the charnal visage of Mary Blake. The stranger, who had risen from his seat, and was panting with horror, cried out with a shrill howl, as it were,

'On that night I was sitting in my tent, methought her spirit came and reproached me.'

I could not speak, but my German friend rose from his seat, and holding the volume in his left hand, touched it with his right, and looking sternly at the stranger, said,

'In this volume, and in your own conscience, are the evidences which prove that you are Ralph Nocton, and that on this night, twice seven years ago, you murdered Mary Blake.'

The miserable stranger lost all self command, and cried in consternation,

'It is true; the waters raged; the rain and the hail came; she bitterly upbraided me; I flung her from the boat; the lightning flashed, and the thunder—Oh! it was not so dreadful as her drowning execrations.'

Before any answer could be given to this confession, he staggered from the spot, and almost in the same instant, fell dead upon the floor.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

A military dandy of the bon ton.—"Will you take supper, Sir Harry?" said a noble hostess to a lieutenant of the 10th, who was rolling, and quizzing, and attitudinizing through her splendid apartments.—"Neo, my Leddy, I cut all suppers decoidedly." "You play?" "Neo, I cut all keords too." "Then you must dance?" "Neo, my dear Leddy Mary, I abamanate dancing." "But you must, Sir Harry, I have a partner for you." "Well, trot her out."

BABYLONIAN MARRIAGES.

An auction of unmarried ladies used to take place in Babylon annually. "In every district," says the historian, "they assembled, on a certain day in every year, all the virgins of marriageable age." The most beautiful was first put up, and the man who bid the largest sum of money, gained possession of her charms. The second in personal appearance followed, and the bidders gratified themselves with handsome wives according to the depth of their purses. But, alas! it seems that there were in Babylon some ladies for which no money was likely to be offered; yet these also were disposed of—so provident were the Babylonians. "When all the beautiful virgins," says the historian, "were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed to stand up; and after he had openly demanded who would marry her with a small sum, she was at length adjudged to the man who would be satisfied with the least; and in this manner the money arising from the sale of the handsome, served for a portion to those who were either of disagreeable look, or had any other imperfection."

DUTCH SPORTS.—An amusement, very singular in its nature, is kept up at Namur annually. The young men of the two parts of the town, called the old and new, assemble before the town-house, mounted on stilts, and, having marshalled themselves in two opposing battalions

under regular leaders, commence a contest of a most extraordinary kind; each party endeavouring, by the exertions of the elbows and legs of the combatants, to drive back the other. The engagement some times continues for several hours, while the female relatives of the contending parties cheer on and encourage them in their exertions. It is said that Peter the Great, of Russia, took peculiar delight in being a spectator of this strange combat; as also, that one of the Dukes of Burgundy exempted the brewers from the payment of excise, in testimony of the pleasure it afforded him.

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, gives it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bone lace.

In the reign of Queen Anne, in 1704, several freemen of the borough of Aylesbury, who proved their qualifications, were refused the liberty of voting at the election of a member of parliament. The law in such cases imposes a fine of 100*l.* for every such offence. On this principle they applied to Lord Chief Justice Holt, who ordered the officer to be arrested. The House of Commons, alarmed at this stay, made an order of the house to make it penal for either judge, counsel, or attorney, to assist at the trial; however, the Lord Chief Justice and several lawyers were hardy enough to oppose this order, and brought it on in the court of king's bench. The house, highly irritated at this contempt of their order, sent a serjeant at arms for the judge to appear before them; but that resolute defender of the laws bade him, with a voice of authority, "begone;" at which they sent a second message by the speaker, attended by as many members as espoused the measure. After the speaker had delivered his message, his lordship replied to him in the following remarkable words: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within this five minutes, or you may depend on it, I will send you to Newgate. You may speak of your authority, but I will tell you I sit here as an interpreter of the laws, and a distributor of justice, and were the whole house of commons in your belly, I would not stir one foot!" The Speaker was prudent enough to retire, and the house were equally prudent in letting the affair drop.



SCHOOL OF FLORA.

By C. S. RAFFINESQUE.

From the Medical Flora of the United States.

CUNILA MARIANA.

English Name—American Dittany.

Vulgar Names—Mountain Dittany, Stone Mint, Wild Basil, sweet Horsemint, &c.

Genus *Cunila*.—Calix tubular, striated with five sub-equal teeth. Corolla tubular, ringent, upper lip erect flat emarginate, lower lip three parted. Two exerted fertile stamina, two sterile stam. very short. Germen four lobed, style exerted, stigma lateral. Four seeds within the calix closed by hairs.

Species *C. Mariana*.—Smooth, stems slender and branched; leaves opposite, sessile, punctate, ovate, remote, serrate; flowers in terminal fasciculate, corymbs.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, fibrous, yellow. Stem about a foot high, smooth, yellowish or purplish; slender, hard, brittle, with many brachiate remote branches. Leaves remote, sessile, smooth, dotted, pale green, glaucous beneath, base subserrate, and acuminate or sharp, margin with small remote acute teeth, nerves regular, texture dry.

Flowers small but handsome, of a pink or white color, forming terminal clusters or corymbs, by the union of several branched fascicles of three to seven flowers, with very small short oblong bracteoles. Each flower peduncled and naked, calix green, nearly cylindrical, with ten furrows, and five small sharp teeth, nearly

equal. Corolla twice as long as the calix, nearly cylindrical, with two short lips, lower lip larger with three rounded lobes, upper lip smaller, flat and notched.—Four stamina, two of which are long, slender and protruding with the style, bearing small didymous anthers; two small, very short, without anthers. Fruit formed by four small oblate seeds at the bottom of the persistent calix, mouth of it closed by hairs.

HISTORY.—This genus belongs to the great natural order of Labiate, section with two fertile filaments, next to the genera *Lycopus*, *Collinsonia* and *Hedeoma*. It ranks with them in *Diandria monogynia* of Linnaeus. It contains now only this species, which has been called *Mariana* because first sent to Europe from Maryland. Linnaeus had united it to *Satureja* at first, and called it *S. origanoides*. When he made a new genus of it, he united with it the *C. pulegioides*, which is now *Hedeoma pulegioides*: these are examples of the botanical vacillations and errors to which great writers are liable when they wish to improve the science, and are not ashamed of correcting themselves.

The *C. Mariana* is a pretty plant, with a very fragrant smell, similar to Marjoran and Dittany. It is commonly called by this last name throughout the United States; but it is very different from the Dittany of the gardens, which is the *Dictamnus fragranella*, and the other Dittanies of Europe, *Origanum dictamnus*, *Marrubium pseudodictamnus*, &c. Our Dittany is peculiar to America, and distinguished by its corymbose flowers, which blossom in summer from July to September.

LOCALITY—All over the mountains and dry hills from New England to Kentucky and Carolina, common among rocks and sides of hills, unknown in the plains and alluvions.

QUALITIES—The whole plant has a warm fragrant aromatic pungent taste and smell, residing in an essential oil, which can easily be extracted by distillation, and approximates to the oil of *Origanum*, but is more balsamic. It is the most fragrant of all the native labiate plants, and the essential oil has a very strong balsamic fragrance.

PROPERTIES—Stimulant, nervine, sudorific, sub-tonic, vulnerary, cephalic, &c. The whole plant is used, and usually taken in warm infusion. Dittany tea is a popular remedy throughout the country for colds, headaches, and whenever it is requisite to excite a gentle perspiration. It partakes of the properties of all the grateful aromatic labiate plants, and also of Camomile, *Anthemis Cotula*, and the *Eupatorium perforiatum*; while it affords a more palatable drink. Its fragrant tea is preferable to that of Sage and *Monarda*—it has neither the pungency of Mint, nor the nauseous smell of Pennyroyal or *Hedeoma*. *Solidago Odora* comes nearest to this, by its fragrance; but is weaker, and not so grateful. It relieves nervous headaches and hysterical disorders. It is used in Carolina, Kentucky, &c., in fevers, to excite perspiration, and suppressed menstruations, &c. It is a useful drink in nervous diseases, cholics and indigestion. Externally it is employed like *Collinsonia* for bruises, sprains, &c., but is not so efficient. According to Schoepf, it was one of the plants resorted to for curing the bites of snakes; the juice was mixed with milk for this purpose. There are fifty plants in the United States, employed occasionally as an antidote for this purpose, which merely act as sudorifics. The essential oil possesses all the properties of the plant, and a few drops of it are sufficient to impart them to mixtures.

Lieutenant HARDY, in his **MEXICAN TRAVELS**, gives a striking description of what he experienced on his first effort to learn the trade of the pearl-fishermen. He tells us:—"If it be difficult to learn to swim, it is infinitely more so to dive. In my first attempts I could only descend about six feet, and was immediately obliged to rise again to the surface, but by degrees I got down to three or four fathoms; at which depth the pressure of the water upon the ears is so great, that I can only compare it to a sharp-pointed iron instrument being violently forced into that organ. My stay under water, therefore, at this depth was extremely short; but as I have been assured that so soon as the ear should burst, as it is technically called by the divers, there would be no difficulty in descending to any depth; and wishing to become an accomplished diver, I determined to brave the excessive pain till the bursting should, as it were, liberate me from a kind of cord which limited my range downwards, in the same way that the ropes of a balloon confine the progress of that machine upwards. Accordingly taking a leap from the bows of the boat, full of hope and resolution, with my fingers knit together over my head, the elbows straight, and keeping myself steadily in the inverse order of nature, namely, with my feet perpendicularly upwards, the impetus carried me down about four fathoms, when it became necessary to assist the descent by means of the hands and legs; but, alas, who can count upon the firmness of his resolution? The change

of temperature from warm to cold is most sensibly felt. Every fathom fills the imagination with some new idea of the dangerous folly of penetrating further into the silent dominions of reckless monsters, where the skulls of the dead make perpetual grimaces, and the yawning jaws of sharks and tintereros, or the death embrace of the manta, lie in wait for us. These impressions were augmented by the impossibility of the vision penetrating the twilight by which I was surrounded, together with the excruciating pain that I felt in my ears and eyes; in short, my mind being assailed by a thousand incomprehensible images, I ceased striking with my hands and legs; I felt myself receding from the bottom; he delightful thought of once more beholding the blue heavens above me got the better of every other reflection; I involuntarily changed the position of my body, and, in the next instant, found myself once more on the surface. How did my bosom inflate with the rapid inspirations of my natural atmosphere, and a sensation of indescribable pleasure spread over every part of the body, as though the spirit were rejoicing at its liberation from its watery peril! In fact, it was a new sensation which I cannot describe. I did not suffer it however to be of long duration—once more I essayed with a more fixed determination. Again I felt myself gliding through the slippery water, which, from its density, gave one the idea of swimming through a thick jelly; again I experienced the same change of temperature in the water as I descended; and again the agonizing sensation in my ears and eyes made me waver. But now, reason and resolution urged me on, although every instant the pain increased as I descended; and at the depth of six or seven fathoms, I felt a sensation in my ears like that produced by the explosion of a gun; at the same moment I lost all sense of pain, and afterwards reached the bottom, which I explored with a facility I had thought unattainable. Unfortunately, I met with no oysters to repay me for my perseverance; and as I found myself exhausted for want of air, I seized hold of a stone to prove that I had reached the bottom at eight fathoms water, and rose to the top with a triumph as great as if I had obtained a treasure. I no sooner found myself on the surface than I became sensible of what had happened to my ears, eyes, and mouth; I was literally bleeding from each of these, though wholly unconscious of it. But now was the greatest danger in diving, as the sharks, mantas, and tintereros, have an astonishingly quick scent for blood. However I was too much pleased with my success to attend to the advice of the diver, and I continued the practice till I had collected a considerable number of shells, out of which I hoped to reap a rich harvest. But although constancy has a great deal to do with success, it will not command it! Six very small pearls were all that the large number of shells produced, although many of the oysters were large, and evidently of considerable age; but, like myself, were 'quite old enough to be better.'"

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY JOHN THOMSON, ESQ., OF EDINBURGH.

THE WORDS BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

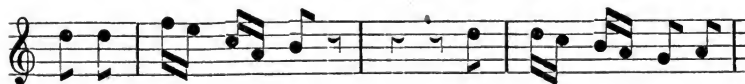
Rag: de Vach's.



Oh! welcome is yon lit-tle spot, My dear, my long-lost



na-tive home; Oh! welcome is yon hum-ble cot, Where I shall



rest no more to roam. Oh! I have wander'd



far and wide, o'er ma-ny a fo-foreign sea and land; Each



place, each province I have tried, And sung and danced my



sa-ra-band; But all their charms could not prevail, To



steal my heart from yonder vale, To steal my heart from yonder vale.

2.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support,
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And, oh! a thousand more delights,
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

3.

Now safe return'd, with wand'ring tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen,
Shall while away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband;
But all their charms could not prevail,
To steal my heart from yonder vale.



"Music and Poetry are like—in each
Are nameless graces, which no rules can reach."

SPRING.

Mail, beautiful spring, bright emblem of childhood,
How sweet to my soul are the blessings you bring,
When away 'mid the flow'rs of valley and wildwood,
I mingle with minstrels of nature that sing.

How blest at the hour of noontide to wander
Alone on the banks of yon silvery stream,
Or recline in the shade of the sumack, and ponder
On moments long mellow'd in memory's dream.

How delightful to dwell on the scenes that have shifted
Since spring broke in beauty on boyhood's bright day?
And the blest dreams of happiness time's tide hath drifted
From the bosom of manhood in fragments away.

Gentle spring, at thy shrine I bow down in devotion,
In thy blooms, and thy blossoms, a lesson I read;
Every rose as it buds, blooms and dies, gives emotion,
And reminds of decay and time's hastening speed.

MILFORD BARD.

TO ———.

By the late Col. W. T. Washington.

WRITTEN IN GREECE.

Fill high the cup, I'll drink to her
I've lov'd in youth beyond the wave;
For softly bright the days appear,
I've liv'd as hers and passion's slave.
Sweetly and smoothly swept they by,
And cloudless left my laughing brow,
And still a tear bedews mine eye,
While dreaming on them even now.
Then fill the cup; I'll drink to her
I've lov'd in youth beyond the wave,
Nor will I dry the starting tear—
Why should such sorrow shame the brave?
The oaths she swore on me to think,
Were sealed with many a burning kiss;
Then fill the cup, and let me drink
To her who made existence bliss.
I loved her when my heart was young,
And roses o'er my path were strewn,
Ere yet my heart with grief was wrung,
Or yet my path was marked with blood.

I loved her where its rich perfume
The bright magnolia round us threw,
Ere yet the exile's cheerless gloom
In ruder climes my bosom knew.
And now that bosom's skilled in pain,
Yet throbs for her no longer near—
Then fill the cup; and let me drain
Its sparkling tide to love and her.
Fill high the cup; I'll drink to her
I've left behind the stormy wave;
For she alone will shed a tear,
When lights on me the foeman's glaive.
Fill high the cup; tho' evermore
'Twixt her and me may roll the wave;
Yet may (this life of sorrow o'er,)
Our spirits meet beyond the grave.

THE SOLITARY CHIEF.

The following lines were occasioned by reading an account of an Indian Chief, who was driven from his home by the intrusion of white settlers.

Farewell, farewell! my ruined home,
To thee I bid a last adieu;
Far must my wandering footsteps roam
From where my dearest joys I knew.

The pale face came with savage hand,
He burned my hut, destroyed my corn;
And thus, with desolating brand,
Left proud Wyamba sad, forlorn.

The rosy east was beaming bright
On fair Ohio's sparkling waves,
The white man chose the gloom of night
To slaughter o'er our father's graves.

The morn burst forth, but oh! the scene
These wretched eyes were doom'd to see!
My lonely hut too dear had been—
And where was now a home for me!

The white intruder's careless tread
Had crushed each wildly blooming flower;
Yes!—every blossom bent its head
Around my path, from brake to bower.

My only boy was bold and brave;
The white man took him by the hand—
He led him to the silver wave,
And shewed the wealth he could command.

He pointed to the distant hills—
He spoke of hunting all our game;
And e'en the clear and silent rills—
All these, he said, shall own my name.

Toolesca's Indian heart was true,
And yet as youthful warrior's light;
With deadly aim his bow he drew,
And thus avenged insulted right.

He could not bear those hills, where oft
His childish gambols he had tried;
Those plains now clothed in verdure soft,
Should ever be a stranger's pride.

But vain each effort—all our grief,
Instead of sighs, excited mirth—
And I, Wyamba—I, the chief,
Am doomed a wanderer on earth.

The spot where once our wigwam stood,
Was guarded by the watch-dog's bay;
And far from all these scenes of blood,
I and Toolesca took our way.

We wandered far with footstep fleet,
But oft with light and cautious tread;
The pale-faced savage there to meet
Was all our exil'd hearts could dread.

We crossed Missouri's troubled stream;
We found our friends—they dried my eye;
But ended not was misery's dream,
My wife—my child—I saw them die.

Yes, now I hear their dying shriek!
Still, still it echoes in my ears;
It makes my arm as childhood's weak,
It wakens all a woman's tears.

Enough, enough! Wyamba mourns
A home, a wife, a warrior dead;
Great Spirit, calm my life's wild storms,
And, oh! protect my aged head!

Last of my tribe!—Oh, few the tale
Of all my griefs and woes shall tell;
But none again shall hear my wail:
Wyamba's done—Farewell, farewell.

INDIANA.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Go to the wild and lonely shore
Where mighty billows roll,
And mingle with their solemn sound,
The sorrows of thy soul;
Bend low thine ear, and catch the first
Deep murmur of the wind,
Listen—yet these can never tame
The yearnings of the mind.

Go, hold communion with the storm
In all its rushing might;
'Tis fitted well for sympathy
With madness, pain and blight;
Go, stand beneath the darken'd sky
When awful thunders roll,
Yet learn that these can never quell
The mournings of the soul.

Go to the trackless forest deep,
Where human foot ne'er trod;
There reigns in solemn majesty,
The wonders of a God!
Go tell thy sorrows there—a voice
Will answer every tone;
Yet this will only nurse the charm
Thy madness broods upon!

Go to the field of death—there bend
And offer up thy prayer;
The spirits of departed ones
Perchance may meet thee there;
And they will whisper in thy ear,
The mysteries of the grave;
Yet these can never dry thy tears—
The tomb can never save.

Mourner—oh! nature cannot bring
One sympathy for thee;
Thy soul is yearning after God—
Go to Mount Calvary:
The spirit's quenchless burning there
Shall meet a heavenly glow,
And, mingling, kindle for the skies—
Oh! precious mourner, go.

SONG—AIR, KNIGHT ERRANT.

Gently toll'd the evening bell,
The moon rose o'er the sea,
When first young Lubin came to tell
His tales of love to me;
I need not say the vows he swore,
'Tho' I can ne'er forget;
Oh! had my Lubin lov'd me more,
Or had we never met.
A purple flower he planted where
At eve we lov'd to tread,
But tho' I water'd it with care,
It wither'd when he fled;
'Twas where the hawthorn scents the air,
Its last fruits linger yet;
I dare not tell what happen'd there,
'Tho' I shall ne'er forget.

Yet, tho' the world neglect to smile,
'Tho' hope forget to cheer,
'Tho' pleasure ceases to beguile,
Or pain refuse a tear;
'Mid every change—of scene, or hour,
One joy is left me yet—
I'll cherish still my wither'd flower,
And never, ne'er forget.

W. F. MARVIN.

THE LAKE OF MELANCHOLY.

As I lay on my pallet one dark stormy night,
Forgetting in sleep the dull cares of the day;
My fancy her airy wings stretched for a flight,
And far to an unknown land wafted away.

On the banks of a wide spreading lake she came down
Whose black, profound waters, in sloth onward roll;
And over it heavy clouds fearfully frown,
As obscuring the moon's beams they pass to their goal.

Tho' dark cypress and sad willow grow thickly 'round,
And ivy and moss o'er the barren rocks creep,
And steep cloud-capt mountains the gloomy lake bound,
Where pale melancholy retires to weep;

My fancy not long o'er the cheerless scene mused,
Ere she saw down the mountains in silence descend;
The daughters of sorrow; their tresses were loosed,
And their eyes dropping tears, to the lake slowly
wend.

The sons of affliction, misfortune, and care,
A band without number in mournful array,
Passed solemnly down, their heads drooping and bare,
And their arms 'cross their heaving breasts carelessly
lay.

Thither tottered the sons of intemperance too,
And Fancy shrank back as she gazed at the host;
For the face spoke not man, their once healthy lips, blue,
And their eyes did no longer the soul's fire boast.

Nor these down the ample mounts' sides alone swept,
But all over the surface were wanderers spread;
Here the weary of life, there the cross'd lover crept,
And here shackled prisoners the weary way tread.

They loitered awhile on the lake's misty shore,
Augmenting its waters with many a tear;
Then into its black bosom listlessly pour,
And hide 'neath its big waves, and now reappear.

Then swam on its surface till weary and spent,
Some returned to the shore, climbed the mountains
again;
Remix'd in the scenes from which lately they went,
In friendship's sun basking forget their past pains.

And others did 'neath the dark cypresses stray,
Or under the willows in sorrow remain;
And some on the banks and the barren rocks lay,
To return to the waters again and again.

But the sons of intemp'rance my fancy saw not,
Either scaling the mountains, or straying on shore;
For e'en in the midst of the waves they had got,
And farther away a strong current them bore.

But what were her feelings no pen can portray,
And again such sharp anguish she hopes not to bear,
As she felt when resistless she saw borne away,
Intemp'rance's sons to the cave of despair.

Its mouth was immense, and as dark as the grave,
On a rock in the centre despair was chained fast;
No eye pierced its gloom, none its victim could save,
And hope veiled her face as she flew swiftly past.

Fancy eagerly gazed till the cave they drew near,
To gaze any longer forbade her moist eyes;
She hastily fled, driven forward by fear,
Again saught my breast, where now closely she lies.

FREDERICK.

A CHARACTER.

Train'd up in virtue's path from early youth,
His mind imbued with bright religion's truth;
Gifted with genius, varied, rich and rare,
In science skill'd—in person graceful, fair;

With tender heart, a generous, artless soul,
That none but noblest feelings could controul:—
Such was Alphonzo; Happy had it been,
If, spurning every thing base, worthless, mean;
If, heedless of each paltry, vicious joy,
That, soon or late, must gall, disgust and cloy;
Incited by one great and glorious aim,
He had but trod the way that leads to fame,
To usefulness and honor. Happy too,
If he had long continued to pursue,
With talents, form'd t' adorn and bless mankind,
Those precepts that had stored his youthful mind;
If as thro' life's eventful scene he ran,
His course had lasted bright as it began.
But soon a fearful change in him was wrought;
Despising all the virtue he was taught,
While yet his heart was pure and undefiled,
In temper fierce, untameable and wild,
Lured by the reckless, profligate and gay,
By every vice alternated late astray,
In fearless dissipation's giddy maze
He spent the prime and vigor of his days.
But chief at Pleasure's gaudy shrine he bow'd,
There worship'd with the young and thoughtless
crowd;

To his enchanted sight she held her cup,
And with unsated thirst he drank it up:
A draught that proved his sure and speedy bane—
The slave of countless passions now, in vain
He seeks his early peace of mind again.
He roams alone—alone upon the earth—
A stranger to all cheerful, social mirth;
With not one being in his woes to share—
With scarce a hope to save him from despair.

CARLOS.

THE REVENGE.

The following lines were written on a tradition of an
Indian's revenge for his murdered family.

The Indian stood in stately pride,
His eyeballs rolling wild and wide,
And glaring on his prostrate foe,
Writhing beneath the expected blow;
His teeth were clenched, his nostrils wide,
And ever and anon he cried,
'My father, wife and children died
By thee, thou cruel one;
My cherish'd hopes of years are o'er,
My friends are bleeding on the shore,
Thy hands are reeking with their gore,
And I am all undone:
And shall they unaveng'd still sleep,
And I still linger there to weep?

Nay, nay, I swear by sea and land,
The hour of vengeance is at hand;
Thou'st robb'd me of a father, wife
And children—what to me is life?
A desert wild, a waste of years,
A scene of trouble and of tears;
My children slain by thy white hand,
Are waiting in yon distant land;
I come, I come with vengeance dread,
White man, I go when thou art dead.'

He said, and seiz'd his foe,
Rushing upon the rocky height,
That overhung the abyss of night,
Where high he held the quivering form,
Above the cataract of storm,
And sung the death-song wild and high,
With yell that echoed thro' the sky,
Then with him plung'd below:
And long when they had disappear'd,
From echoing caves and rocks were heard,
The shrill and solemn sounding word,
'I come, I come.'

MILFORD BARD.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA. ODE XIII.—TO MOLLY BROWN.

"Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi," &c.
While you commend, my lovely Molly,
Young Jamie's ruddy cheeks and nose,
I feel astonished at your folly,
My liver burns, my bile o'erflows;—
It well may make me melancholy
To hear you talk, you may suppose;
It well may make, &c.

I did not think you'd prove so cruel,
To make me jealous at that rate;
If to my flames you would add fuel,
O then of Jamie never prate:
I vow I'll take to water gruel,
And starve my passion into hate;
I vow I'll take, &c.

When on your cheek, 'like crimson satin,
The rogue audacious sets his lips,
He hangs as if he there could fatten,
And bites you too, and cries "fend slips,"
Yes, bites your cheek, by mass and matin,
So deep the impassioned villain dips:
Yes, bites your cheek, &c.

O, never think that love is lasting
Which makes the tender maiden bleed;
If you allow him such a pastime,
He'll grow indifferent indeed.
Men will be hungry after fasting,
But when they're full, no more they need:
Men will be hungry, &c.

How blest are they, who loving truly,
Together pass their time away;
Freed from all wishes deem'd unruly—
From hopes that flatter to betray;
Each, with a fond affection, duly
Removing thorns that strew their way:
Each with a fond, &c.

How blest were I, if you, O Molly,
Would cease to play the gay coquette;—
Well, I'll forgive your former folly,
If you such teasing tricks forget;
Our life will then pass free and jolly,
And in no cloud our sun shall set:
Our life will then, &c.

LINES,

Sympathising with a father on the loss of an amiable
and virtuous son.

O, if there is one human tear
By mortal man in sorrow shed,
As pure and as an angel's dear,
'Tis that which falls for kindred dead;
'Tis that which rolls in silent woe
Adown a father's cheek for one,
His joy, his hope, his Heav'n below,
A dutious and a dying son.

A youth for whom long years were spent
In anxious hope of future joy—
For whom a thousand fears were felt,
When gazing on the much loved boy,
Who, oft the doating father rife,
In fancy, saw to manhood grow—
The solace of his lingering life,
The balm that heal'd his every woe.

And then to see the rich dream broke,
The vision of his hopes depart;
O, this was sorrow's keenest stroke,
This was a dagger to the heart;
Hope then was chang'd to sighs and tears,
And bliss to bitterness begun;
And all the joys of former years,
Sunk in the tomb of that dear son.

Ye who have lost the dearest tie
That bound you to the weary world—
Ye who have seen the lov'd one die,
And all your hopes by death's arm bur'd,
And buried in the grave—ay, you
Can feel for him who mourns a son;
And give to sympathy what's due
To bleeding hearts and hopes undone.

Years may pass on and seasons roll,
And other hearts be reconciled;
But never from that father's soul,
Shall pass the image of his child;
For oft when he shall contemplate
The scenes of other days gone by,
Oft shall that son's untimely fate,
Live in the father's memory.

MILFORD BARD.

TO CAMILLA.

O, say, Camilla, why that tear
That lingers in thy soft blue eye?
What future sorrows dost thou fear,
What present griefs call forth that sigh?

Let not anticipation spread
A gloom upon the present scene,
Nor future ills we so much dread
Spoil all the joys that intervene.

But now let love our thoughts employ,
And hope sit smiling at thy breast;
Heav'n bids us present good enjoy,
Or look beyond and hope the best.

'Tis such sweet intercourse as this,
The sympathies of amorous joy,
No greater sublimity bliss,
Can fortune give nor fate destroy.

Then, dearest, wipe that tear away,
Repress that fond foreboding sigh;
As gloom dissolves before the day,
So love commands our griefs to fly.

AYADOS.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Poor is the friendless master of the world,
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.—YOUNG

The smiling joys that round us play,
The airy hopes that rise,
And throw around their vivid ray,
To check our murmur'ing sighs,
Combine but in a social breast,
Which friendship's glowing light has blest.

Who would be doom'd to live alone,
Exploring contemplation's field?—
None but the wretch that's doom'd to moan,
And seek in solitude a shield
From disappointed friendship's smart,
To hide a 'reft and broken heart.

Her influence alike is felt
When wounded feelings pierce the heart;
We ask from whom the blow was dealt,
And then how doubly keen the smart,
On learning that a friend could aim,
'To blast our honor, hope or fame.

The fairest flowers must die away,
The clearest sky must be overcast;
But friendship's firm and ardent away,
Sincerely felt will brave the blast,
And prove the sweetest source of bliss,
As shin'd within her hallow'd kiss.

LOUISA V.—.

LINES,

Addressed to Miss Rachel G——, accompanying "*The Sorrows of Werter*," a novel by Goethe—written in August, 1827.

O, Rachel, observe what mischiefs may rise
From that worst of all torments, a pair of bright eyes;
While reading this story, so tender and sad,
Beware, lest you make us an hundred as bad.
If fate sacrificed one at this heroine's shrine,
How many, O Rachel, may expire at thine!
'Then let not the conquest of hearts be your aim—
To fire men's bosoms and laugh at the flame;
Tho' 'tis nothing but sport to yourself you may deem,
Like the frogs in the fable, 'tis destruction to them.
Let pity descend from the courts of the sky,
And restrain, cruel maiden, the shafts from your eye;
When the idea of angels we form in our mind,
With mercy the image is always combin'd,—
Then let not your cruelty rend them apart,
And teach us fair forms may conceal a hard heart,
Let the Florentine statue, dear Rachel, alone,
Have the form of an angel and heart of a stone;
See Werter resort to self murder, to cure
Those griefs which for Rachel so many endure.
O say, what remorse will that bosom invade,
When those eyes shall behold the ruin they have made;
When thy victims, unhappy, overwhelmed with despair,
Shall sink to the grave, 'neath the "sorrows" they bear?
Let beauty be ever the bright beaming star,
That sheds thro' the heav'n's its radiance afar—
That guides the poor wretch, doom'd o'er ocean to
 roam,
That smiles like an angel and points to his home;
But never, O, never, should beauty betray
The heart to despair with a Syrian ray,
Like that comet which o'er the mid-summer presides,
And sickness and sorrows to mortals betides.
And Rachel, remember, and cease to beguile
The hopes of mankind with a glance and a smile,
Until that cold bosom can feel a return
Of that warmth which from nothing but love can it learn;
O, then thou wilt know what delight 'tis to prove
The blissful endearment of mutual love.

TO A BOY,

On his Questions concerning the Planets.

O, who can gaze where yonder sky enrobes
The silver stars and glorious golden globes—
Who, to whose heart a taste of Nature's given,
Can view the hanging heraldry of Heaven,
Nor own, yea, worship Him who from thick night,
Clothed the vast concave in one cloud of light?—
Sublimely grand is all, O God, thy hand
Hath hung in Heaven—in wonder lost I stand,
And view those worlds that round the wide waste roll,
Sustain'd by thee, the centre and the soul.
How wise, O God, how good art thou to man,
Gav'st him a world, ten thousand more to scan;
Thou'st made the earth to wheel around the sun,
And on her half inclining axis run—
By which the seasons in their gradual range
Advance, perfect, and regularly change,
Spring's blushing blossoms and her flowery plain,
Summer's rich fruit and Autumn's golden grain;
So Venus more inclining, swiftly flies
Around the sun, the centre of her skies;
More varied too, her seasons and her year,
Two summers and two winters there appear—
While her equator owns the sun's control,
Full half his face is seen at either pole;
But the stupendous Jupiter afar,
Whirls on his axis perpendicular,
So vast, so far, that were he not upright,
His poles an age would be enwrap'd in night:

THE CASKET.

How wisely too, the Deity hath placed,
And how sublimely, beautifully graced
Those distant orbs with moons to give them light,
When Sol, in the profundity of night,
No longer shoots across the Heavens his rays,
And where full feebly shines in day his blaze;
And are those distant planets peopled too,
Where Herschel shines, and Saturn's ring we view?
Yea, reason teaches that those worlds, my boy,
Like us, were made for beings to enjoy;
Else why those worlds, those moons to give them light,
They serve not us, they seldom meet our sight.
Think you that Being of unerring powers,
Hath made those vast globes but to shine on ours?
The earth is but an atom to compare
With millions that meander thro' the air:
Yon evening star which circulates above,
Is larger than the earth on which you move;
Nay, wonder not, for Jupiter alone,
Twelve hundred times as large is as your own.

MILFORD BARD.

A SONG.

A spirit there is that haunts my dreams,
With azure eye and auburn hair,
And when o'er my couch she bends, it seems,
Mary, my dear, as thou wert there.

Her step is light as a fairy's tread,
Her cheek as soft as the down that lies
Where the spirit of sunbeams makes her bed,
When her god, in the blaze of his glory, dies.

Her lip is odorous as the breath
Of Apician gardens at nightfall;
And her form so fair, that even death
Would shudder to touch that form at all.

And in her voice there's a melody,
And on her cheek a token of love,
And a spell of witchery in her eye,
That prove her a being from above.

But then, my dear Mary, she is so bland—
So mild, so piteous, so like you—
With as smooth a brow, and as small a hand—
I fain would believe my fancy true.

That thou art an angel from heaven sent,
To guard and console this heart of mine;
And for lip or look more eloquent,
I never will care or wish than thine.

PIPER.

SONNET.

Ah! what avail the tears of filial love,
The bond—the tie, that twines the tender heart,
When Death's rude mandate bids congenials part?
What charms can stay—what tenderness can move—
Why must the parent leave his helpless child
Bereft of all his fragile youth requires;
Why must we mourn o'er tender, hapless sires,
In unavailing woe, and accents wild—
What then can soothe the hereditary grief
For all experience—but without relief;
Naught but religion in her doctrines mild,
Can give that balm that bide the mourner rest;
For in a parent's loss what cares oppress,
What grief and sorrow rankles in the breast.

FULLERTON.

INTERNAL IMPROVEMENT.

“Modern Philosophy anon,
Will, at the rate she's rushing on,
Yoke lightning to her rail road car,
And posting like a shooting star,
Swift as a solar radiation,
Ride the great circuit of creation.”

Jefferson's Decalogue of Canons for Observation in Practical Life.

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

CROSS READINGS.

To be seen, at Maelzel's room—the celebrated Col. Plouk—who swallowed—200 rats at the office of the Daily Chronicle, at 3 cents per piece.

Was found last week—the steeple of the State House—in the dock at Spruce street wharf.

Ran away on Thursday last—the back part of a house situate—in the mouth of the Anaconda.

A coal mine was discovered some time since in—the obby of the Walnut street Theatre—its head was chopped off—without further notice. T. B. D.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is Paris like the letter F. It is the Capital of France.
2. What town in Devonshire will denote a woman making a wry face. Cockermouth.
3. Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a man inquiring the hour of the day. He is asking for the time.
4. How many sides are there to a tree. Two, inside and outside.
5. If a woman were to change her sex of what religion would she be. He-then (heathen.)
6. Why is a pig with a curled tale like the Ghost in Hamlet. It can a tail (tale) unfold. A. J. D.

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth! 'twas an awful day;
And thought in that old age of sport,
The rufflers of the camp and court
Found little time to pray—
'Tis said, Sir Hilary muttered there,
Two syllables, by way of prayer.

My first to all the brave an . prond,
Who see to-morrow's sun,
My next, with its cold and quiet cloud,
To those, who find their dewy shroud,
Before to-day's be done:
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

The above I have often seen in print, and would gladly see a solution of it.



Published by S. C. Atkinson, to the Clerk.

THE WOODLANDS.

W. C. Atkinson, del.



FLOWERS OF LITERATURE WIT AND SENTIMENT.

"Through knowledge we behold the world's creation,
How in his cradle first he foster'd was,
And judge of Nature's cunning operation,
How things she formed of a formless mass;
By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to man, and what to God we owe."

[No. 10.]

PHILADELPHIA.—OCTOBER.

[1830.]

THE WOODLANDS.

This beautiful villa is situated near the city of Philadelphia, on the opposite side of the Schuylkill. The building embraces three different orders of architecture, but the Doric prevails. The north tract is ornamented in the front by six Ionic pilasters, and on each side is a pavilion; the south front has a magnificent portico twenty-four feet in height, supported by 6 stately Tuscan columns.

The vestibule at the north entrance is 16 feet in diameter, from which a corridor leads on the east side to an elegant dining room, of an oval figure, the length of which is 30 feet, and the breadth 22. Another corridor on the west side to the library, a square room with two bows, thirty feet by eighteen. In the library are many fine specimens of art, among which are several family portraits by eminent British and American artists. With these rooms communicate two others of smaller size, decorated with the works of several of the ancient painters, from the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools—many of which pieces are of great merit. The grounds are in extent about ten acres, and contain a variety of indigenous and exotic trees and plants, chosen for their foliage or fragrance; and the scene is diversified by land and water in a very tasteful manner. A winding walk leads through the shrubberies and copses. At one spot there is a charming prospect of the city; at another a large expanse of water is visible. At the descent is seen a creek, over hung with rocky fragments and shaded by the gloom of the forest. Ascending from thence, the green house appears in view, the front of which, including the hot house on each side, measures one hundred and forty feet and contains nearly ten thousand plants. There is surely no city on this continent in whose vicinity more beautiful country seats can be found than in the vicinity of Philadelphia—and, among these, the Woodlands are conspicuous for their taste and elegance. The admirers of rural beauty may here find many objects to arrest their curiosity and to invite their observation.

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A SONG.

NOT ENTIRELY BACCHANALIAN.

To woman!—a bumper! come pledge me my joys,
And pledge me with heart and with soul:
Give the peasant his learning, the statesman his toys,
But ours be the smile and the bowl!
Though it needs not the glow of the generous cup,
To make woman's presence divine,
Yet, where bumpers are drunk, be the highest fill'd
To the goddess who hallows the wine!

We love the dark juice of the ruby-hued grape.
For the bright thoughts it wreaths round the brain,
Like the stars which at twilight from bondage escape,
And come forth in the blue sky again;
But the thought of all thoughts is of her we love best,
The fond one whose heart is our own—
A thought whose effulgence escapes all the rest
As the sun walks through Heaven alone!

Then, to her, boys, to her, be the bumper now crown'd
With feelings which tongue cannot tell;
If the tone of her voice be a magical sound,
If the glance of her eye be a spell;
If the flush of her cheeks be the fairest of signs,
If her lip be the holiest shrine,
Then, believe me, the toast which her beauty invites,
Turns to gold every drop of our wine!

If life be a good, 'tis to her that we owe it—
If genius a gift, 'tis that she is the theme—
If love be a bliss, 'tis through her that we know it—
O: without her this world were a wearisome dream.
Then, a bumper, a bumper, if ever you fill'd it,
A bumper to her, both our hope and our pride—
A scheme for the future—if ever you build it—
Fill a bumper to woman and make her your guide!

THE SEA NYMPHS.

BY F. S. MULLER.

Come hither—come hither—fair stranger, come,
To this land of joy—to the sea-maid's home,
Where the lute's soft note, and the waves in song,
In music and murmur both float along.

Our bowers are deck'd with the sea-flower rare,
And the amber is shedding its perfume there:
And the blue lotos bends to the summer's wave,
When the bright sun sinks to his coral cave.

We roam o'er the tide in the moonlight hour,
When love's soft spell has the sweetest power;
And our harp's soft note o'er the shining sea
Is like an aerial melody!

When the angry storm lifts the billow's foam,
No sound is heard in our pearly home,
For our dwelling is far from the realms of air,
And pleasure flows on with the light waves there:

Then, stranger, haste, 'neath the blue waves roam,
Where gladness and joy have their smiling home:
Would'st thou be happy and bliss as we,
Come dwell with us 'neath the silver sea.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF GEORGE THE FOURTH.

George (Frederick Augustus) IV. was the first born child of the marriage of his father, George III., with Queen Charlotte (previously a Princess of the House of Mecklenburgh Strelitz) and, as the eldest born son of the King, he became Duke of Cornwall, from the moment of his birth, on the 12th of August, 1762, being created Prince of Wales by letters patent, on the 17th of the same month. The young Prince was the first Duke of Cornwall of the House of Brunswick; neither his father, grandfather, great-grandfather, having borne that title, or been entitled to the Duchy from the circumstance of not being the eldest born son of a King upon the throne, though each had possessed the title of Prince of Wales, peculiar to the eldest son, or eldest surviving son of the reigning sovereign, but always created by patent, whilst that of Duke of Cornwall, and the actual property attached to the Duchy, descends by a rule of inheritance, or rather of devolution, which cannot be altered by any fiat of the Crown.

The rejoicings on the birth of an heir-apparent were great and general throughout the Kingdom.—In the metropolis they were added to, at the moment, by a curious coincidence. Whilst the guns in the Park were firing in honor of the happy event, and his late Majesty, and the great officers of state were at St. James's Palace, a long train of wagons passed along St. James's street, laden with the treasures found on board the *Hermione* Spanish frigate, one of the richest captures made during the war in which the country was then, and had been for some time engaged, but which was not long afterwards terminated by the peace of 1764. Such a procession at such a moment, was of course doubly cheering. His Majesty and the officers of state came to the palace windows to view it, and re-echoing the acclamations of the populace, were again cheered with the most enthusiastic fervour. Amongst the little incidents connected with the birth of the young Prince, it is recorded that before he was a fortnight old, permission was given for his Royal Highness to be seen on Drawing-room days at St. James's, from one till three o'clock, and that in consequence all persons of rank and fashion who had been introduced at court, were admitted to see the Royal Infant, conforming to the prescriptions imposed, namely, that in passing through the apartment they should tread as softly as possible, and not attempt to touch him, to prevent which, indeed, part of the room was latticed off that curious individuals might not too nearly approach. It is said that the ladies who availed themselves of the permission thus given to see the "beautiful baby" were so numerous, that the daily expense for cake alone was estimated at 40*l.*, the consumption of wine for caudle being in proportion; these refreshments being of course indispensable at all assemblages, whether of royalty or of subjects. His Royal Highness, as Heir-Apparent to the Crown, and as Prince of Wales [the twentieth Prince of the Royal Family of England who had borne that title from the time of the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II.] was called upon to receive and give an answer to an Address before he was three years old, from the Society of Ancient Britons, the founders and patrons of what is commonly known by the name of the Welsh School, in Gray's Inn-road, and which, since its first institution early in the last century, has always had peculiar claims upon the patronage of the Prince of Wales, whenever such a distinguished personage has existed. The address was well adapted to the early age of the Prince, who appeared perfectly to comprehend the gentlemen

who presented it, when they told him that his Royal Parent had not thought any period of their lives too early for doing good, and that they hoped when a few short years had called forth his virtues, he would remember with pleasure the occurrences of that day.—The young Prince listened with great attention to this address, and most distinctly repeated the answer, which of course had been prepared for him, namely, "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of duty to the King, and wish prosperity to this charity." A short time afterwards, when he was three years of age, his Royal Highness was constituted Knight of the Garter, and invested with the insignia of that illustrious Order.

The education of the Heir Apparent, as of the Royal children subsequently born, was an object of sedulous anxiety with the late King, his father, who devoted all the time he could spare from affairs of State, and requisite exercise, to the task of instructing his infant progeny, till they attained an age to have regular preceptors. It was an observation made by his Majesty, that "it is chiefly owing to the parents, if the children are not impressed with proper principles." The King and Queen used to allow each of their children a certain sum as a kind of privy purse, without any express directions as to its expenditure, but subject afterwards to the Queen's inquiries as to the mode and manner of disposing of it, and to either praise or rebuke, as the circumstances might require. The first governor appointed to the Prince of Wales, was the last Earle of Holderness, who had been one of the Secretaries of State, a nobleman of great dignity of deportment, who, resigning his office, was succeeded by Lord Bruce, afterwards the first Earle of Aylesbury. The latter nobleman, though a good scholar, was not so good a one as the Prince of Wales, who was then turned of twelve years of age. His Royal Highness, soon after the appointment of a new tutor, detected, in a literary conversation, his Lordship's deficiency in Greek, and the pupil puzzling the governor became a subject of general merriment throughout the Palace. The incompetency of Lord Bruce to the task he had undertaken being thus proved, it became of course expedient for him to retire, and after being in office about a month, he was succeeded by his brother, the first and only Duke of Montagu of the family, who, however, was assisted by Bishop Hurd, as preceptor.—The distinguished talents and high character of the Prelate last named are well known, and presented the greatest security for the education, upon right principles, of the illustrious Heir Apparent. Dr. Markham, afterwards for many years Archbishop of York, had been previously, for some time, Preceptor to the Prince of Wales, with Dr. Cyril Jackson, as Sub-Preceptor. The latter was in 1776 succeeded by Mr. Arnold. Bishop Hurd, in a narrative written by himself, of the principal occurrences of his life, characterizes the Duke of Montagu, above mentioned, as a "Nobleman of singular worth and virtue, of an exemplary life, and of the best principles in Church and State." As Governor to the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick, (afterwards the late Duke of York,) he was very attentive to his charge, and executed that trust with great propriety and dignity. The Preceptor, (the Bishop himself,) was honored with his confidence, and there was never the least misunderstanding between them, or so much as a difference of opinion as to the manner in which the education of the Prince should be conducted. The education of George the Third is allowed to have been defective: it was not so decisive, however, as to make him undervalue sound learning, and he insisted

upon a much larger portion than he had attained being offered to the Prince. Perhaps his Royal Highness did not very willingly submit to the discipline of his noble governors and reverend tutors; which, in fact, was strict beyond all precedent and all propriety. The system derived its severer features of restraint and seclusion from the authority of the King, whose firmness in other matters sometimes rose to obstinacy, and who was often pertinacious when he only thought himself prudent. But if the Prince was trained according to the Royal mandate, the agents chosen to execute the stern decree were fitted for their work. It is sufficient to remember the official characters of the gentlemen we have named at Westminster, and at Christchurch.

In the course of the system of education acted upon, much attention was paid to the principle of utility. It is related by Arthur Young, that when the Prince of Wales was about twelve years of age, a plot of ground in Kew Gardens was dug by his Royal Highness and the Duke of York, his brother, (they resided at Kew,) which they sowed with wheat, attended to the growth of their little crop, and themselves weeded, reaped, and harvested it: they then thrashed out the corn, and, after separating it from the chaff, ground it, and, parting the bran from the flour, attended to the whole process of converting the latter into bread, afterwards eating with no little relish the produce of their own labor, whilst their Majesties with much delight partook of the repast. It is obvious that from such a process much useful knowledge could not fail to be gained, both experimentally and from reflection upon each step as they proceeded.

There can be no doubt that the system of education acted upon, as a whole, was highly calculated to render the Prince of Wales an excellent scholar, and an accomplished gentleman, as George IV. was universally allowed to be; but there is this objection to it, at least in part or partially, that his Royal Highness was too much secluded from society to enable him to obtain what was very essential to him, more so perhaps than to any other individual in the empire, namely, some knowledge of the world, previously to entering upon it in the highly distinguished character in which he must of course at his outset appear. It was this defect in the system of education, for such we cannot help considering it, that afterwards led the Royal pupil to plunge with too great ardour for a time into the gaieties of life, but with a tendency almost inseparable from his time of life, and his constitution, and which can only be corrected or checked by a previous acquaintance with society, its manners, and its customs, with the dangers to be avoided and the path most prudent to choose; neither puritanical or fastidiously severe or self-denying on the one hand, but, on the other, not giving a loose to the reins of dissipation. The error of his tutors, excellent in all other respects as they undoubtedly were, was this—that they did not adopt the most eligible, or indeed any sufficient means to guard their Royal pupil against the seductions which could not fail inevitably to await him on his first introduction to the great theatre of the world.

This important omission in the education of the Prince was by no means rectified on his Royal Highness attaining the age of twenty-one, in 1783, and having, of course, a separate establishment. Had his Royal Father consented that the Prince should have 100,000*l.* per annum, as then proposed, much of his Royal Highness's subsequent pecuniary embarrassments might probably have been avoided; but George III., from motives of economy, undoubtedly highly praiseworthy in themselves, insisted upon the Prince's

allowance being limited to 50,000*l.* per annum, with an outfit of 60,000*l.*; but which latter was increased by the House of Commons to 100,000*l.* It was, in truth, impossible for the Prince of Wales to live in a sufficient style of splendour, suitable to his dignity, upon an income of 50,000*l.* per annum, and this was in the course of a very few years too clearly demonstrated, but not until his Royal Highness had suffered great inconvenience, and been subjected to much obloquy, from the circumstance of his incurring debts, which were in reality unavoidable. The Coalition Ministry, then in power, of Lord North and Mr. Fox, with some of the principal members of which his Royal Highness had become intimately associated, made the greatest efforts to obtain for him 100,000*l.* per annum; but the King was inflexible, his Majesty alleging that it was an extravagant income, and greatly too much to be entrusted to an inexperienced youth. The Ministers seemed determined, for a time, to attempt to carry their point, even in defiance of their Royal Master; but the Prince at length interposed, with a feeling which reflected upon him the highest honor, insisting that the amount of the grant should be left entirely to the discretion of his royal parent, and expressing his willingness to accept whatever his Majesty thought proper. This is one incident among many which occurred during the life of the illustrious personage, now unhappily closed, of which we are attempting a brief sketch, proving to demonstration, that whatever apparent aberrations there might be in his conduct in his youth, that the heart of George IV. whether in youth, in mature manhood, or in advanced age, was (to use a common expression) always in the right place. When the Prince had declared the above determination, the Ministers had of course no alternative, and they obeyed his Majesty's commands. All parties, however, had reason afterwards to regret the inflexibility of George III. with regard to this point. The Parliament met in November, 1783, when his Royal Highness took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Cornwall, that House not formally recognizing the dignity of Prince of Wales, though always treating the Heir Apparent as such. It may be here observed, that his Royal Highness seldom addressed the House; but when he did, it was most impressive and gracefully, with remarkable dignity and ease, and in a manner peculiarly gentlemanly. The writer of this speaks from his own personal observation, he having had the pleasure of hearing his Royal Highness upon one occasion, arising out of a little dispute which had taken place between the Duke of Clarence and the then Lord Chancellor Eldon. An expression had been hastily used by the Duke, which most probably his Royal Highness afterwards regretted, and the Prince of Wales coming the next day to the House, took an opportunity of addressing their Lordships, in the course of which his Royal Highness adverted to the high importance of maintaining a gentlemanly demeanor in their debates, a subject on which no one was better qualified than his Royal Highness to give a suitable lesson, nor was it forgotten. It was several years previous to this occurrence that the Prince delivered his first public address in the House upon a motion of the first Marquis of Abercorn, respecting the Address upon his Majesty's Proclamation for preventing Seditious Meetings and Writings. His Royal Highness upon that occasion spoke with great eloquence, and in a manly and persuasive manner, eminently calculated, independently of his high rank, to command the attention of the House. He said that he should be deficient in his duty as a member of Parliament, unmindful of the respect which he owed

to the Constitution, and inattentive to the welfare, the peace, and the happiness of the people, if he did not proclaim to the world his opinion on a question of such magnitude. The matter at issue was, in fact, whether the Constitution was or was not to be maintained—whether the wild ideas of theory were to conquer the wholesome maxims of established practice, and whether the laws, under which we had flourished for a series of years, were to be subverted by a reform unsanctioned by the people. As a person nearly and dearly interested in the welfare, and, he would emphatically add, the happiness and comfort of the people, it would be treason to the principles of his mind if he did not come forward and declare his disapprobation of those seditious publications which had occasioned the present motion. His interest was identified with the interests of the people; they were so inseparable, that unless both parties concurred, there could be no happiness. "I exist," said his Royal Highness, with remarkable energy, "by the love, the friendship and the benevolence of the people, and their cause I will never forsake as long as I live." He afterwards delivered various speeches as Prince Regent and as Sovereign, and though they of course were written by the Ministers of the day, yet the delivery of them was always marked by appropriate dignity and peculiar grace, elegance and ease, in a voice which was admirably calculated to give them their proper effect.

Recurring, however, again, as we must do, in order to keep up the chain of connexion, to the earliest period of the life of our late illustrious and lamented Sovereign, it is well known that Carlton House, in Pallmall (since pulled down,) was assigned as a residence for the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness, however, in addition, purchased a mansion at Brighton, which received the name of the Pavilion, and became for several years afterwards his favorite place of abode; a preference, from which the inhabitants of that town may date their prosperity, as, through that circumstance, Brighton soon became populous and flourishing, the continual resort of gaiety and fashion. It was utterly impossible to expect that the Prince, at his early age, could personally superintend, or control an expenditure, ramified as it was through various channels; and the incurring of debts to a considerable amount was the natural, the unavoidable, consequence. But those debts, amounting in the course of a few years to 250,000*l.* might have obviously been avoided, had the income assigned to his Royal Highness, in the first instance, been fixed at 100,000*l.* per annum, which would still have been less than that enjoyed by some of the Noblemen of England. Let it, however, be recorded to the honor of the exalted Personage of whom we are now speaking, that when his father, and Sovereign, refused any assistance towards clearing off his incumbrances, he immediately set about reducing his household establishment, and curtailing every superfluous expense, in order to set apart a large portion of his income for the satisfaction of his creditors. His Royal Highness, with the same views, sold his favorite stud of horses at Newmarket, and even some of his coach-horses, and suspended the decorations then in progress at Carlton House. Let it also be recorded to his honor, that, at a subsequent period, his Royal Highness made every possible arrangement, and afforded every practicable facility for the payment in full of all his creditors.

Connected with this period of his Royal Highness's life, many stories have been told of sallies of conduct, of various features of character; but whatever they were, something very similar has been, or may be said, more or less, of every youth of high expecta-

tions or great possessions, only in a higher or slighter degree regulated, according to the care taken in their education, or rather something beyond the mere routine of education—that communication of knowledge of the world, under the guard of a requisite caution, which is so essential to enable them to pass through it without being too much attracted on one side or the other; and this it was, unfortunately, which his Royal Highness had only to learn from experience, which is too frequently a very rude, and embarrassing mentor. His Royal Highness was fond of seeing society in its various grades, and sometimes went incog, to places where his presence was least expected. One little incident of this kind came within the knowledge of the writer of this. A public house, in Gray's Inn lane, had become in some degree celebrated for its Burton ale, and the Prince of Wales wishing to taste it, took with him his then Groom of the Stole, Lord Southampton, both of course incog, and walking into the house they called for some Burton ale. After they had sat, however, a little time, some one recognized the Prince of Wales, and the word going round, the Prince, finding he was discovered, abruptly departed. The neighbors were a few days afterwards surprised by the Prince's crest being splendidly put up at the public house alluded to, with the inscription of "Purveyor of Burton ale to the Prince of Wales;" the landlord of the house so describing himself, in consequence of this royal visit. In that neighborhood also, in Ligonorpond street, lived the once well known Leader, the coachmaker, whom the Prince patronised, and thus made him for a considerable period the most fashionable coachmaker in London, by which means he accumulated a very handsome fortune. The Prince, when in town, was frequently in the habit of going to Leader's shop, frequently driving himself in a phaeton and four.

About this period, the King became desirous for the marriage of the Prince of Wales. His Majesty was then advancing in years, and the Prince was thirty-two. Independently of the reasons suggested by state policy, a circumstance, which could not have been overlooked, and must have tended to increase the wish of his Majesty to see the Prince married, was, that the Duke of York had no issue by his wife, and it was thought, by the Royal Family and the physicians of the Duchess, that none was to be expected. In 1794, the Duke of York left this country to take the command of the British army in Germany, in the war then prosecuting against the French Republic, the unfortunate result of which it is unnecessary here to record. With his uncle, the Duke of Brunswick, the Duke of York now became acquainted, and to his court and family he was introduced. Such introduction, unhappily, was the means of that subsequent alliance, which good and wise men can never cease to deplore. The accomplishments and personal charms of the Princess Caroline, made impressions of the most favorable nature on the mind of the Duke of York, and those feelings he communicated so warmly to the Prince of Wales and to his father, that the latter strongly recommended the union which shortly followed. This was at a time when the resources of the Prince were especially exhausted—his creditors importunate—his debts of honor required to be discharged; and when, therefore, the prospect of relief, even at any sacrifice, appeared desirable. The portrait of the Princess of Brunswick, which had been shown to the Prince of Wales, represented a woman of by no means a disagreeable appearance, and the promise of the King, in writing, that on the marriage of the Prince, his debts should be discharged, his income increased, and the favor of his father augmented

ed and secured; additionally operated on his mind in favor of the connexion. With Mr. Fox and Sheridan he consulted; the former advised acquiescence, and the latter was not averse. The Prince coldly consented, and the ill-fated marriage took place.

The gallantries of the young Prince, his extravagances and his gaming transactions, we pass over; but it requires only a slight knowledge of the human heart, and of the principles which operate in the formation of character, to enable any one to perceive that the habits of the Prince were such as naturally to have engendered an aversion to the married state. For the female sex he indeed professed admiration the most sincere, and friendship the most ardent, but, as Mr. Sheridan once jocosely said, "The Prince was too much a lady's man ever to become the man of one lady." Nor did the marriage of the Duke of York tend to remove his objections. How could it be expected that he who ruled the hearts and persons of some of the most beautiful and accomplished of his country women, could easily bring his mind to enjoy, or even endure, the retired and private joys of domestic life? To Mrs. Fitzherbert the Prince was also really attached, and she exercised her dominion over his passions and judgment, by presenting to him in fearful array the horrors of a matrimonial connexion. Yet, after marriage, the conduct of this lady was on the whole dignified and proper, and the Princess of Wales habitually spoke of her in friendly terms.—That Mrs. Fitzherbert should be unfriendly to the marriage of the Prince is not at all astonishing. Her dignity, her fortune, her rank, her happiness, would all of course materially suffer by the arrangement, and before therefore censuring her, it should be recollected that very few would have so felt and acted. Nor should it be omitted to be recorded that although, after his marriage, the connexion between her and the Prince was subsequently renewed, it was by his desire, and not at her request.

The Prince of Wales was married on the 8th April, 1795, when the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Pitt, the Prime Minister, voted an increase of income to his Royal Highness, so as to make it 125,000*l.* per annum; but with a provision that 25,000*l.* per annum should be deducted for the gradual liquidation of debts; and the sum of 84,000*l.* was also granted for the refurnishing of Carlton House, for the purchase of jewels and plate, and to defray the expenses of the marriage. The birth of a daughter, the late Princess Charlotte Augustus, on the 6th Jan. 1796, to whom their Majesties were sponsors in person, was hailed with great joy, though there was considerable disappointment at its not being a son, and still more that there was no further issue of the marriage. Soon after this event, unhappy disputes, foisted, it is said, by persons about the person of the Prince, which had commenced a very short time after the union of the royal pair, at length led the Princess to demand of her husband, after a virtual separation of many months, though living under the same roof, an explanation of the mode in which they were in future to live in regard to each other. This question was put through Lord Cholmondeley, and, in a verbal answer, the Prince proposed a separation.—The Princess having intimated that if she separated, she would have it expressly understood, in case of the death of the Princess Charlotte, that she would not consent again to cohabit with the Prince, required a written avowal from him of the terms he proposed, in order to justify herself in the eyes of the world.—With this request the Prince soon complied, and on April 30, 1796, he addressed to her the following letter, which has been the subject of much comment:

"Madam—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish I would define, in writing, the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavor to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness, and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power, nor should either of us be held answerable to each other because nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power; let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition, which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of the restriction by proposing, at any period, a connexion of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives will be passed in uninterrupted tranquillity. I am, madam, with great truth, very sincerely yours,
GEORGE P.

Windsor Castle, April 30, 1795.

A formal separation soon after took place, and we willingly draw a veil over the investigation of various kinds which the conduct of her Royal Highness underwent; how that unfortunate Princess passed through the ordeal is well known. Neither party can in truth be exonerated from blame, but surely the greatest lies with those with whom this inauspicious marriage originated. In circumstances the most favorable, the marriage of Princes excites some apprehension for their honor or their peace; but never could circumstances be more unfavorable than those which induced the Sovereign and his Ministers to ally the Princess of Brunswick to the heir apparent of Great Britain. His Royal Highness was known, as we have said, to be averse to marriage, and candour will attribute his aversion to the impossibility of choosing his own wife. The Princess chosen for him was extravagantly praised, beyond all precedent and propriety—an act of as great injustice to her as to him. The policy began its operation on his ingenuous mind when deep and desperate embarrassments had unfitted him to examine its tendency, or question its truth. And, to crown the calamitous enterprize, his complete emancipation from debt was offered as a reward of his compliance, leaving him of course to apprehend a continuance of the thralldom as the consequence and punishment of his refusal. Who could anticipate happiness or even tranquillity from such a commencement? In fact this union rendered our late Sovereign at intervals, whether as Prince of Wales, Prince Regent, or King—in consequence of the circumstances to which we have just alluded, and the bitter intermixtures with them of party spirit—unpopular; but no sooner had the exciting cause been removed by the death of Queen Caroline, than the real character of his Majesty shone forth in all its true lustre, and no Sovereign has been since more popular, or more deservedly so, than George IV.

In adverting to the marriage and its consequences, an important period has been passed over, when the Prince of Wales was placed in a delicate and trying situation. We allude to the years 1788 and 1789, when George III. was first afflicted with that malady which for a time incapacitated him from exercising the functions of sovereignty, and which at a subsequent period secluded him at Windsor, for several years, to the hour of his demise. It is of course well known that the opposition of that day, headed by Mr. Fox, strenuously endeavoured to obtain an unrestricted Regency for the Prince of Wales, urging it as a matter

of right appertaining to the situation of the heir apparent. This doctrine was successfully resisted by the Premier, Mr. Pitt, and his colleagues, who obtained large majorities in Parliament for their bill, nominating the Prince of Wales as Regent, but restricting his powers in the exercise of that high trust. The Irish Parliament, on the other hand, voted an unrestricted Regency to his Royal Highness by large majorities; and this marked difference between the proceedings of the two Legislatures led to the consideration of the project of union, which was afterwards, by the same minister, carried into effect. It was understood that had the illness of the King continued, and the Regency bill have been in consequence passed, as it must have been, there would have been a total change of Ministry, as Mr. Fox and his party would have come into office. The recovery of George III. however, put an end to all further proceedings upon the subject in the English Parliament, and of course prevented the Prince of Wales from assuming the Regency of Ireland, in pursuance of the address voted by both Houses of the Irish Legislature.

The same question, it is well known, came on again in 1811, in consequence of that unhappy malady again seizing George the Third, from which his Majesty never recovered. The Irish Parliament had then long ceased to exist, and Mr. Percival, the then Premier, and his colleagues in administration, adopting the policy of Mr. Pitt, proposed a bill for conferring the Regency on the Prince of Wales, under nearly similar restrictions to those contained in that trial of 1789, which was ultimately agreed to by considerable majorities in both houses—some who were still living, but then in opposition, such as Lord Grenville and others, still adhering to their former opinions, and supporting the measure of the administration; and others (Lord Grey &c.) who had opposed it in 1789, still maintaining also their former opinions. The Prince then assumed all the powers of Regency, on the behalf of his royal father, and was styled Prince Regent. Those restrictions expired in 1812, when the Prince became to all intents and purposes the sovereign of the empire, and so continued until he actually ascended the throne as King, on the demise of his royal father, on the 29th January, 1820. The Prince Regent having been by the restrictions prevented from creating any new Peers in dignity, it is well known that the first use he made of his unrestricted right, in this respect, was to advance Lord Wellington (now Duke) in the Peerage, in consequence of his successful career in the Peninsula. The glorious termination of the war in 1815, by the ever memorable battle of Waterloo, sheds a lustre over the Regency which enrolls it amidst the brightest pages of the history of this empire. We must now go back a little, to retrace some circumstances which took place in an earlier period of the war. George III. had refused the repeated solicitations of the Prince of Wales to confer upon him any military rank, his Royal Highness only holding that of Colonel of what was called his own regiment. When the renewal of hostilities with France commenced in 1803, followed by a threat of invasion, the Prince expressed great anxiety to have a military appointment equal to his rank; and a correspondence of some length took place upon the subject between his Royal Highness and the King, the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, and Mr. Addington, then Prime Minister, which was subsequently published. The sentiments expressed by the Prince on this occasion, were in the highest degree honorable to him. In a letter to the King, his "natural advocate," as his royal Highness called his Majesty, the Prince displayed the greatest eloquence and warmth of patriotism.

"I ask," said his Royal Highness, "to be allowed to display the best energies of my character, to shed the last drop of my blood in support of your Majesty's person, crown and dignity; for this is not a war for empire, glory or dominion, but for existence. In this contest the lowest and humblest of your Majesty's subjects have been called on; it would therefore little become me, who am the first, and who stand at the very footstool of the throne, to remain a tame, an idle, and a lifeless spectator of the mischiefs which threaten us, unconscious of the danger which surrounds us, and indifferent to the consequences which may follow. Hanover is lost—England is menaced with invasion—Ireland is in rebellion—Europe is at the foot of France. At such a moment, the Prince of Wales, yielding to none of your servants in zeal and devotion—to none of your subjects in duty—to none of your children in tenderness and affection—presumes to approach you, and again to repeat those offers which he has already made through your Majesty's Ministers. A feeling of honest ambition, a sense of what I owe to myself and my family, and, above all, the fear of sinking in the estimation of that gallant army which may be the support of your Majesty's Crown, and my best hope hereafter, command me to persevere and to assure your Majesty, with all humility and respect, that, conscious of the justice of my claim, no human power can ever induce me to relinquish it. Allow me to say, sir, that I am bound to adopt this line of conduct by every motive dear to me as a man and sacred to me as a Prince. Ought I not to come forward in a moment of unexampled difficulty and danger? Ought I not to share in the glory of victory, when I have every thing to lose by defeat. The highest places in your Majesty's service are filled by the younger branches of the Royal family; to me alone no place is assigned; I am not thought worthy to be even the junior Major-General of your army. If I could submit in silence to such indignities, I should indeed deserve such treatment and prove to the satisfaction of your enemies, and my own, that I am entirely incapable of those exertions which my birth and the circumstances of the times peculiarly call for. Standing so near the Throne, when I am debased the cause of Royalty is wounded. I cannot sink in public opinion, without the participation of your Majesty in my degradation. Therefore every motive of private feeling and public duty induces me to implore your Majesty to review your decision, and to place me in that situation which my birth, the duties of my station, the example of my predecessors, and the expectations of the people of England entitle me to claim."

These were sentiments worthy of the Heir apparent of Britain, worthy of the future Sovereign of the British Empire. It was not, however, thought expedient to rest any of the responsibility of command upon the Heir apparent, and his Royal Highness was compelled to submit to the decision of his father's Government. At this period, the Prince was in strong opposition to the Ministry, and the King and he were not upon the best terms; but in 1801, a cordial reconciliation took place between them. It is curious and highly gratifying to observe the contrast between the picture drawn by the Prince, and no doubt, with great truth, of the then situation of this country, and of Europe, with the bright and brilliant change that subsequently took place, under the auspices of the same Prince, when invested with the attributes of Sovereignty. It is also curious to observe the change that had taken place in the sentiments of his Royal Highness, between the periods of 1789 and 1811, respecting the formation of a Ministry. At the former period, had the Regency taken place, the Ministry would have been dismissed, to make room for their

opponents; but, in 1811, the Pitt party (the Minister himself, as well as his great opponent, Fox, having been some years dead,) being then in power, and the remains of the Fox party being then in opposition, with the addition of the Greenville party, the Royal choice took a different direction, and the administration remained in power, by the Royal command, whilst its opponents were not a little disappointed in their expectations. Various reasons were at the time assigned, for this step, and, amongst others, one, undoubtedly honourable to his Royal Highness, namely, that he wished, as far as possible, in the exercise of Sovereignty, to conform to what he knew to be, or rather to have been, the wishes of his Royal Parent.

The truth is, however, that at the age of forty-nine the Prince Regent, like many other individuals, thought differently with regard to many subjects, to what he had done at twenty-seven: adid to this that the Ministers in power at the time of his Royal Highness assuming the Regency were successfully carrying on the war, and were generally, in consequence, popular, whilst the opposition, many of whose gloomy predictions had been falsified by events, had lost ground considerably in public estimation. It was also understood at the time, that to some of the members of the then opposition the Prince Regent had a personal dislike. Be this as it may, the continuance in office, by command of his Royal Highness, of the administration which he found in power, was undoubtedly at the time a popular measure; and the glorious termination of the war, in four years afterwards, undoubtedly at the time a popular measure; under the auspices of the late Lord Liverpool who succeeded Mr. Percival as Premier, after the base assassination of the latter in 1812, set the final seal as it were to the judiciousness of the choice thus made by the Prince Regent.

But sorrow is, in some shape or other, the lot of man, whatever may be his station; and our late illustrious Sovereign had to encounter a considerable share of it. Without adverting again particularly to the unhappy disputes with his Consort, it may be here observed, that many circumstances arose out of them, calculated to give great pain to his mind, both before and after his assumption of sovereignty as Regent and subsequent accession to the Throne. But there was an only child; and the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to a consort of her own choice, Prince Leopold of Saxe Cobourg, the 2d of May, 1816, seemed to promise felicity calculated to overbalance the unhappiness of the parents, especially where there seemed a near prospect of an heir to the Throne. Alas!—short sighted is human vision, and fleeting are human expectations! The anxiously looked for Prince was still-born, and the Princess was in a few hours numbered with the dead. This melancholy event, which took place on the 6th of November, 1817, for a time as it were paralyzed the whole nation: never was dismay so sudden or so general—never was national sorrow more generally displayed—never was national mourning more in unison with the melancholy feelings of its Sovereign at this sudden bereavement of his own child. The demise of Queen Charlotte, to whom his Royal Highness was affectionately attached, followed soon afterwards; and was succeeded by the premature decease of his brother, the Duke of Kent, and that almost immediately by the demise of his Royal Parent, George III., on the 29th of January 1820, when his Royal Highness, of course, succeeded to the Throne, and was proclaimed on the 31st of the same month. He was for a time himself very ill, almost immediately upon becoming King. This was his Majesty George IV. visited by severe trials, and

in the course of a very few years had to encounter painful calamities, which tended greatly to balance the gratulation arising from the successful termination of the war, so far as the private feelings of the Monarch could be separated, as they must be in speaking of the individual, from those sensations which arise from gratifying public events.

Let us now be allowed for a moment to turn back a little, for the purpose of noticing and repeating one or two stories which were in circulation respecting the alleged conduct of his late Majesty to Prince Leopold. It was said, a short time before the marriage of the Prince with the Princess Charlotte, that his Majesty, then Prince Regent, had conceived a great personal dislike towards him, and behaved to him in a manner in unison with such distaste. Now the facts of the case were essentially different; they reflected the highest honor upon the Prince Regent. It is, of course, well known that Prince Leopold was not originally the consort of his choice for his daughter, all the diplomatic arrangements having been previously made, and actually published, with a view to the union of the Princess Charlotte with the Hereditary Prince of Orange, who came over to London for the purpose of paying his addresses to, as it was then supposed, his intended bride. Through some cause or other, or caprice, the Princess took a dislike to the Prince of Orange, or rather she had seen Prince Leopold, and preferred him. Now, what was the conduct of her father upon that occasion? Remembering his own ill-fated match, he refused to control her wishes on a subject involving her happiness through life, sent for Prince Leopold to England, and received him with kind and even affectionate attachment, placing his purse at the disposal of the Prince in the most generous yet delicate manner. Another report was also circulated of a quarrel between his late Majesty and Prince Leopold, in consequence of the latter paying a visit to the late Queen Caroline, after her return to England. The fact was simply this: it is well known that Prince Leopold, allowed some time to elapse after the Queen's arrival before he paid the visit alluded to, and in consequence of that circumstance, the King said that if the Prince had immediately visited his mother-in-law, it would have been thought a mere matter of course; but having waited sometime before he paid the visit it appeared as if he had first endeavored to ascertain the course of the popular current, and then attempted to increase the tide in opposition to the King. Is it then to be wondered at that the King, after, perhaps, feeling surprise that Prince Leopold had not visited his mother-in-law on her arrival, should feel astonished and hurt that the Prince should at length have paid a visit to the Queen, when she was set up as the idol of the mob, and the greatest exertion had been made, unhappily, for the moment, with too much success, to excite a popular odium against the King? But his Majesty, though sometimes, like other individuals, impatient and irritable, yet like other tempers of the same nature, the cause of temporary impatience was soon forgotten, and their momentary impulse was succeeded by those feelings of good will, kindness and benevolence which always predominated in his mind.

The Coronation of the King took place on the 19th of July, 1821. In the same year, subsequent to this event, his Majesty visited Ireland and Hanover, and in the following year went to Scotland. It is scarcely necessary to add, that in every part of his dominions his Majesty was received with loud and general acclamations; whilst the personal conduct of the King was every where eminently calculated to win and assure the affectionate attachment of his subjects. It

would be needless and superfluous to go through a detail of public events during the last few years of his Majesty's life, as they form part of the history of the Empire, but are not naturally included in a biographical sketch of the King, except so far as his Majesty was personally concerned in them, and this part of the subject of course admits of but little narrative, nor can the individual conduct of Kings, in this respect, be in general accurately known or justly appreciated till many years have elapsed after their departure from this transitory scene of existence. It is sufficient to observe, that the sagacity of his late Majesty, as Prince Regent or as the reigning Sovereign, has been eminently displayed in his choice and selection of Ministers, and in the general direction of the public affairs of the Empire; whilst the private acts of his Majesty, in relieving distress, in patronising works of genius, of art, and of taste, and in various demonstrations of kindness and benevolence towards numberless individuals, have placed his private character in the most amiable and exalted point of view. It is highly gratifying also to observe, that as his Majesty advanced in life those feelings and that disposition were more and more operative, proving, as this does, that they were prompted and heightened by sentiments and principles of a much higher cast and degree than mere worldly considerations.

We are now compelled, with painful feelings, to advance to the last and closing scene of life. The constitution of his late Majesty was naturally strong, and seemed to promise considerable length of life, which, indeed, has been allotted to his predecessors on the throne. It may be said that 68 is an age which comparatively but few human beings live to obtain; yet his Majesty's subjects, in general, had fondly hoped that their Sovereign might yet be spared for several years longer. His Majesty was a little indisposed in March last, but it was believed merely to arise from a slight cold, and towards the latter end of the month the King was supposed to be quite recovered, and went out as usual. In a few days, however, an unfavorable change took place in his Majesty's health, which was attributed to the unusual severity of the weather; but at the commencement of April no danger was apprehended, though rumours of a different nature obtained circulation; and by Easter Sunday (the 11th of April) the King was supposed to be again nearly recovered. But once more these favorable anticipations were dashed to the ground; the King's illness returned on the Monday night following, it increased the next day, and, still continuing, it was thought advisable on Thursday, the 15th, by Sir H. Hallford and Sir M. J. Tierney, his Majesty's physicians, to issue a Bulletin, stating, that the King had had a bilious attack, accompanied by embarrassment in breathing. The celebration of his Majesty's birthday, levee, and the drawing-room, were in consequence postponed, for a fortnight, but no suspicion was entertained by the public in general of the King's real disorder.

It was not thought necessary to issue another Bulletin till the following Monday, the 19th of April, when it was announced that his Majesty continued to suffer from embarrassment in his breathing.—There was again an interval till Thursday, the 22d, when another Bulletin was issued, containing only the emphatic words, "The King is better," an announcement which was re-echoed in the same words, at the Government Office during the next day, and which was received with great and heartfelt joy. But the rumours in circulation continued to be of a very unfavorable nature, and they tended greatly to damp the satisfaction which otherwise would have been felt at

the announcement in the last mentioned Bulletin, especially as there was no contradiction of those reports, which were relied upon as authoritative; whilst, on the contrary, some circumstances transpired through private channels that tended to confirm them. On Saturday, however, the 24th, another Bulletin announced that the King had passed two good nights and continued better, and thus there was again a favorable augury.

His Majesty's medical advisers were, however, unable to pronounce the disappearance of every unfavorable symptom. The real nature of the King's disorder, was, in truth, as is generally the case, not for some time made known. It was supposed to be of a spasmodic character, and therefore capable of being removed, but at length it could no longer be concealed that the complaint was a confirmed dropsy, admitting, at his Majesty's advanced age, of no cure, although its fatal termination might, perhaps, by medical skill, be delayed. It was at length found expedient to issue regular daily Bulletins, and to show them in state at St. James's Palace. Still, however, up to the 1st May, these announcements, though stating occasional embarrassments in his Majesty's breathing, were in general favorable, mentioning refreshing sleep, and alleviation of symptoms. During the succeeding week the Bulletins were not so satisfactory, as though some of them announced comfortable nights and mitigation of symptoms, yet others were of a contrary character; and that of the 8th of May, though stating that the King had had a comfortable night, with some hours of sleep, yet its concluding words—that his Majesty's symptoms continued the same—were of a nature which dashed to the ground the hopes that the first part of the Bulletin had seemed to raise, and appeared but too clearly to confirm the apprehensions as to the real nature of the King's disorder, whilst the private accounts were all of a gloomy character, and these again derived additional confirmation from the Bulletin of the next day, Sunday, the 9th of May, which, after announcing that the King had passed a tranquil night, concluded by making use of the remarkable words—"His Majesty's symptoms are essentially the same." This notification tended in a great degree to confirm the public opinion as to the nature of his Majesty's disorder; and though it appears that the King himself expected an early recovery, a circumstance by no means unusual, yet his Majesty's medical advisers gave no favorable opinion. It became, indeed, too evident to be denied, that whatever symptoms of mitigation might, from time to time, present themselves, the real disorder continued the same, whilst his Majesty's condition became every day less and less able to encounter it. Nothing was left undone by the King's attendant physicians that experience or skill could suggest; and at an interview which his Majesty had with his sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, on Saturday, the 18th of May, the King, in the course of a long conversation with her Royal Highness, said, as stated in a paper the Sunday following, that in consequence of the measures taken by his medical attendants, he had experienced great relief from the embarrassment of breathing, and other unfavorable symptoms.

The Bulletins of the succeeding week, up to the 16th of May, were nearly of the same character as their predecessors, and the apparent fluctuations at this period in the King's disorder, strongly call to mind the state, for some time, of his Majesty's brother, the late lamented Duke of York, who, for a considerable period lingered on with similar alternations of mitigated symptoms and favorable hopes, and changes for the worse. The Duke, too, had, for a time, the same

confidence in his recovery that prevailed in the mind of his Majesty. But by this time the true nature of the King's disorder became generally known; and when it transpired that his Majesty's legs had been punctured, and the operation repeated, there was of course an end of all hope of permanent recovery, though no one could venture to anticipate how long the royal sufferer might linger, or how soon the disorder might be totally terminated. His Majesty himself, indeed, began to lose confidence; but still, such is the nature of this disorder, that gleams of hope shot forth, and the case was not altogether given up as desperate.

The following week his Majesty appeared better; but unfortunately, though the punctures, which threatened gangrene, almost miraculously healed, yet the real character of the disorder remained the same, and the strength of the King's constitution was evidently waning. But the true indication of the King's state was to be found in the Message sent by his Majesty to both Houses of Parliament, on Monday, the 24th of May, stating that severe indisposition rendered it inconvenient and painful for his Majesty to sign with his own hand those public instruments which required the Sign Manuel. It is of course a matter of very recent notoriety, that an act was passed, which received the Royal assent on the following Saturday, authorising a Stamp to be issued, instead of the Royal Signature, by Commissioners authorised for that purpose, in the presence of, and by command of his Majesty, whose powers of mind had never in the least failed him during his illness though enfeebled and infirm in body. The Bulletins this week were rather of a favorable character than otherwise, but the recurrence of the ominous words at their close, that his Majesty's symptoms had undergone no change, proved the fact of the unaltered nature of the disorder; whilst his Majesty's Message, as well as the most authentic accounts, unhappily also proved, that the disease was, in a degree, much worse, inasmuch as the constitution of the royal patient became every day less able to bear up against it. The Bulletins of the succeeding week, up to the 6th of June, merely detailed, as it were, appearances; but that of Saturday, the 5th of June, stating that the King had been embarrassed considerably in his respiration during the night, and that his Majesty had had but little rest, was calculated (cautiously worded as these documents always have been) to lead to an impression which, in point of fact, was produced by it—that the King's disorder was very near a fatal termination—and this belief unhappily proved to be too true.

It is highly, though painfully interesting, at such a crisis, to record, if possible, what was said by the Royal Sufferer, the King still preserving entire, all the faculties of his mind. We have already stated, that on Monday morning, (the 31st of May,) his Majesty expressed himself with his characteristic equanimity to one of his earliest and dearest friends, remarking that it had been proposed to call in additional medical advice, but that he was satisfied the disease could not be arrested, and that every thing was done to mitigate his anguish that art could suggest. To an observation relative to Ministerial changes, his Majesty replied: "Come, let us not talk of politics, I have done with them, and I am sure every thing will go on well." The King's voice was firm, the self-possession and suavity of his manner unimpaired, and his Majesty expressed himself as enjoying the reflection of never having intentionally wronged or injured any individual. Nothing can be more consolatory to any person at the close of his earthly existence than such a reflection, nor can any thing be more gratifying to

a nation than the knowledge that its Sovereign could at the termination of a long life, conscientiously lay his hand upon his heart and so express himself. To what has been just stated, it has been elsewhere added, that his Majesty had repeated conversations with his sister, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, in the course of which the King gave instructions as to arrangements after his demise, and repeatedly said, "Now mind what I say, do not forget my instructions." The Illustrious Sufferer, however, never lost his equanimity, and conversed with others in the most cheerful way on ordinary subjects. His Majesty said nothing to them implying a consciousness of danger, or rather any apprehension; but, of course, the wishes he had expressed with regard to arrangements after his demise, showed that the King was perfectly aware of the precariousness of his state, and that he might be very soon summoned to another scene of existence.

On the night of Saturday, the 5th of June, and on the succeeding Sunday, a change took place in his Majesty's state greatly for the worse. Stupor was succeeded by intense pain, and the King was evidently suffering much. Another rally, however, took place, and on Sunday afternoon his Majesty was better, but no hope remained of recovery. The phrase, that no hope remained, seems somewhat at variance with the protracted existence of the Royal sufferer for nearly three weeks longer: but the melancholy truth is, that though life was prolonged, and some seemingly flattering indications presented themselves, the force and fatal nature of the disorder remained, and though even the Physicians were themselves for a time almost deceived, yet soon the fatal termination was to mock all human estimates and calculations. The public, however, read with astonishment the Bulletins of several succeeding days, announcing that his Majesty's respiration was less embarrassed, that the King had experienced considerable relief, etc.; and on the 14th inst. it was even supposed that a decidedly favorable change had taken place in his Majesty's state; and in various shapes public congratulations would have been put forth, on a subject so truly gratifying, had there been but a solid foundation for the supposition. The fact was, that his Majesty's respiration became evidently, and actually better, and the symptoms of the disorder appeared to be considerably alleviated. It was natural, therefore, to have the most cheering anticipations, from this apparently favorable change, and every royal subject cheerfully concurred in carrying to the utmost hopes of that description. The general and high estimation in which the King's character was held—the hope that he would be still spared to the ardent wishes of his people—all concurred in inducing the hope, that the apparent change was a real improvement.

The whole of Monday, the 11th, was passed in a tranquil and comfortable state, his Majesty's respiration continued easy, and the Royal patient felt better. The succeeding night was a good one, and again the King's respiration continued easy, and his Majesty felt better. It was, indeed, an undoubted fact, that the King enjoyed some sound sleep on Monday night, and that it was the best night his Majesty had passed since the commencement of his indisposition. With these favorable symptoms and indications, who was there that was not induced to draw the most favorable inferences? And, whatever might be the real opinions of his Majesty's physicians, or of the King's Ministers, nothing was stated that could tend to counteract these impressions. His Majesty was supposed to have deceived, as it were, his physicians, and to

have got the start of their knowledge in their profession, great as it is universally acknowledged to be. It unfortunately, however, appeared that a new enemy had taken the field, in the shape of a harassing and exhausting cough, and though this is sometimes beneficial, as relieving the constitution from offensive matter—the nucleus or stimulus of disease—and though it was fondly hoped that such was the case with his Majesty, and this hope continued even for a few days—yet it unhappily ultimately turned out fallacious.—The King's constitution had been always naturally strong; but advanced age and disease will, of course, wear out the strongest, and the more the strength of any constitution becomes on the wane, the less able it is, of course, to contend with the attacks of disease. A violent cough, under such circumstances, tends to exhaust and weaken without any spring or renovating power being left in the constitution to repair its ravages, and this was unhappily the case with our late Sovereign.

But the gratifying intelligence of the improvement in the King's health had continued for several days. It was not merely the official bulletins, but private communications concurred with them in representing that improvement; and, in fact, the dropsical effusion had so rapidly diminished, that the most sanguine hopes were entertained; and had his Majesty's constitution retained strength enough to combat with the disease, these hopes would probably have been gratified; but it was not to be; and soon another change took place, which substituted for hope the most poignant feelings of apprehension. The bulletins which had during the week ending the 19th inst. been constantly favourable, until the last, that of the day just mentioned, were now succeeded by others of a different character. A distressing cough, accompanied by great expectoration, had come on; it increased in spite of every possible effort of medical skill; it exhausted the strength of the Royal Patient, already too much enfeebled, and the bulletins, and private communications of this week, up to the fatal event of this morning, only varied the phrase, showing the continual exhaustion of the Royal Sufferer. That the Bulletins issued in this case were imperfect, arose from the nature of things, which could not be altered or controlled, especially by physicians, acting as it were under a sort of double responsibility—that which they owe to the government and the public, and that which they were under to their Royal Patient. We are now brought near to the last closing scene of the earthly existence of our late beloved monarch; and here we may just pause to observe, how little the last Bulletins of the last two days, Thursday and Friday, prepared the public for this appalling event. The continuance of his Majesty's cough, and the expectoration, sleep at intervals and great languor, were, it is true, most unfavorable symptoms, especially the latter indication; but they did not seem to point out the near approach of danger. But in the languor, or, in other words, the exhaustion, or prostration of the strength of the Royal Patient, consisted, in reality, the near approach of a fatal termination. So long as a certain portion of strength remained, to enable the Sufferer to contend with the disease, and to bear up against its attacks, and its exacerbations, so long was life preserved: so long as the morbid matter could by an effort of the constitution be discharged, so long did the vital functions continue to be performed; but the moment that spring in the constitution, (if such a phrase may be allowed,) ceased to act, or to operate, that instant life was extinct, and the spirit fled to other regions.—That his Majesty's constitution so long bore up against the exhausting attacks of such a disorder, is a decisive

proof of its great strength; but there is in all constitutions a period when their strength gives way, and this having unhappily arrived with our late Sovereign, the icy hand of death fastened upon its prey.

His Majesty expired suddenly, at fifteen minutes past three this morning, without any struggle or emotion, but calmly resigning his spirit to his Creator, he quitted the world in peace, and clarity, and good-will with all mankind.

A ROYAL VISIT AT OTAHEITE.

BY CAPTAIN KOTZEBUE.

I had scarcely begun to make preparations for the welcome of my illustrious guests, when the crowding of the people towards the shore gave intimation of their approach. In a few minutes, a man, dressed in the uniform jacket of an English drummer, and having a curious parti-coloured tapagirdle round his waste, made his appearance before our residence. In every other respect his attire was that of nature; his legs were adorned with tattooed pataloons, and, upon turning his back and stooping down, he displayed a large ingeniously tattooed compass, with the two-and-thirty winds carefully depicted upon it. He held a doornoot pallash in his hand, and had arrayed his caput in the glory of an old, tattered three-cornered hat, surmounted by a dangling scarlet feather. Our interpreter called him the master of the ceremonies, though it eventually proved that he united other offices in his person, among which were those of chief cook and grand-marshal; albeit his forte lay in playing the court-fool.—There was indeed so much vehemence in all his acts, and motions, and gesticulations, that he might have passed muster as a madman.—He did not consider me worth his attention, but, *sans ceremonie*, set about prying into every corner of our habitation. In his train came a host of servants, in the livery nature had bestowed upon them,—carrying miscellanies for the convenience of his royal superiors, on whose behalf he covered the floor with mats and arranged every thing in due form and order. All this was done with as much alacrity, as if a cat-o-nine-tails had been whistling at his back, and ever and anon he sprang from place to place cutting capers with both feet in the air. Not one of the servants could please his vagaries, and his tongue as well as his sword, which he cast about in every direction, were perpetual motion personified. His arrangements were not completely marshalled when we observed a long file of Otaheiteans advancing by pairs and carrying various kinds of eatables, which were suspended from bamboo-canes across their shoulders. This was the signal for redoubled agility on the part of our caperer. A leap or two brought him into the midst of the progressers, whom he directed to deposit the presents which the queen destined for me, in regular array before our dwelling. Three immense hogs constituted the right flank; then came potatoes, yams, potatoes and other articles, together with beautiful fruit of all descriptions.—After the master of the ceremonies had acquit-

ted himself of this branch of his duties, he turned to me for the first time since his arrival, and applied all sorts of comical devices to make me comprehend that the whole concatenation was for my use. At length the queen, with a numerous retinue, stood before us, she marched at the head, having the young king on her arm, and her daughter, the prince of Ulietea's bride, in her hand. Behind her followed her three sisters, in a row, all as tall and corpulent as herself; and upon their heels trod the whole body corporate of her court. The rear was brought up by the royal kitchen, which consisted of basket-dishes of various kinds borne by people of the lowest class. There was a portly hog in attendance; and he, as if aware of the fate which awaited him, made wretched amends, by his howling grunt, for the absence of a band of music in this well-ordered cavalcade. The queen and her sisters were decked out in counterpanes, and their straw hats were plentifully bedizened, with immense patches of black crape, in memory of the deceased king. Young Pomareh, the king in petto, was a pretty animated urchin, and wore an European dress, consisting of a jacket and trousers of bombazine; he had a round hat on his head, but his feet, like those of all his fellow countrymen, were bare; for they allege that any covering to those organs impedes them in walking. The youthful bride was a handsome girl, and lightly attired in a short, striped shift, without any head-gear whatever. The gigantic Jeris, of whom the courtly throng was composed, were in general habited in white shirts and wore round hats of straw with black ribbands.

It was the first time the queen had visited my tenement since the death of her consort.—A stream of tears gushed from her eyes at this memento of past days; and the whole court played to the same tune in concert. The cloud, however, quickly passed over; and her majesty, drying her tears, greeted me with much friendliness. The master of the ceremonies now led the royal family to their destined seats on the finest mats, and the queen sat herself down after the Eastern fashion. One of my chairs was placed opposite to the regal group, and I was invited to take my seat in it; the master of the ceremonies, in the interim, made his exit to prepare our meal. Whilst we were engaged in exchanging compliments, information, and presents, he had brought the hog's days to a close, and baked it in the ground, according to culinary prescription in Otaheite. He then brought it in upon a large banana leaf, and setting it before the queen, other servants served up, or rather laid down, for the earth was our table, the several appendages of breadfruit, yams, potatoes, &c.

CONSIDERING the vice, the slander, the infirmities, the mutilations, the poverty, which prevail in the world, happy are they who leave it in mature years without having suffered loss of character, bitter of penury, or severe physical ills.

ALBINA M'LUSH.

I have a passion for fat women. If there is anything I hate in life, it is what dainty people call a *spirituelle*. Motion—rapid motion—a smart quick, squirrel-like step, a pert, voluble tone—in short a lively girl—is my exquisite horror. I would as lief have a *diable petit* dancing his infernal hornpipe on my cerebellum as to be in the room with one. I have tried before now to school myself into liking these parched peas of humanity. I have followed them with my eyes, and attended to their rattle, till I was as crazy as a fly in a drum. I have danced with them, and romped with them, in the country, and perilled the salvation of my "white tights" by sitting near them at supper. I swear off from this moment. I do. I won't—no—hang me if ever I show another small, lively, *spry* woman a civility.

Albina M'Lush is divine. She is like the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz:—"her heart is full of passion, and her eye is full of sleep." She is the sister of Lurly M'Lush, my old college chum, who, at his Sophomore year, was chosen President of the Dolcefarniente Society—no member of which was ever known to be surprised at anything—(the college law for rising before breakfast alone excepted).—Lurly introduced me to his sister one day as he was lying upon a heap of turnips, leaning on his elbow with his head in his hand, in a green lane in the suburbs. He had driven over a stump, and been tossed out of his gig, and I came up just as he was wondering how in the d—l's name he got there! Albina sat quietly in the gig, and when I was presented, requested me with a delicious drawl, to say nothing of the adventure—"it would be troublesome to relate it to every body!" I loved her from that moment.

Miss M'Lush was tall, and her shape, of its kind was perfect. It was not a fleshy one, exactly, but she was large and full, and without the rosiness which would have made it vulgar, healthy. Her skin was clear, and transparent, her temples and forehead perfectly rounded and polished, and her lips and chin swelling into a ripe and tempting pout, like the cleft of a bursting apricot. And then her eyes—large, liquid, and sleepy—they languished their long black fringes as if they had no business with daylight; like two magnificent dreams, surprised in their jet embryos by some bird-nesting cherub. Oh! it was lovely to look into them.

She sat usually upon a *fautueil*, with her large full arm imbedded in the cushion, sometimes for hours without stirring. I have seen the wind lift masses of dark hair from her shoulders when it seemed like the coming to life of a marble Hebe—she had been motionless so long. She was a model for a Goddess of sleep, as she sat with her eyes half closed, lifting up their superb lids slowly as you spoke to her, and drooping them again with the deliberate motion of a cloud, when she had murmured out her syllable of assent. Her figure in a sitting posture, presented a gentle declivity from the curve

of her neck to the instep of the small round foot lying on its side upon the ottoman. I remember a fellow's bringing her a plate of fruit one evening. He was one of your lively men—a horrid monster, all right angles and activity. Having never been accustomed to hold her own plate, she had not well extricated her white fingers from her handkerchief, before he sat it down in her lap. As it began to slide slowly toward the floor, her hand relapsed into the muslin folds, and she fixed her eye upon it with a kind of indolent surprise, drooping her lids gradually, till, as the fruit scattered over the ottoman, they closed entirely, and a liquid jet line was alone visible through the heavy lashes. There was an imperial indifference in it, worthy of Juno.

Miss M'Lush rarely walks. When she does, it is with the deliberate majesty of a Dido. Her small plump feet melt to the ground like snow flakes, and her figure sways to the indolent motion of her limbs with a glorious grace and yieldingness quite indescribable. She was idling slowly up the Mall one evening, just at twilight, with a servant at a short distance behind her, who, to while away the time between his steps, was employing himself in throwing stones at the cows feeding upon the common. A gentleman, with a natural admiration for her splendid person, addressed her—he might have done a more eccentric thing. Without troubling herself to look at him she turned to her servant and requested him with a yawn of desperate ennui, to knock that fellow down! John obeyed his orders, and as his mistress resumed her lounge, picked up a new handful of pebbles, and tossing one at the nearest cow loitered lazily after. Such supreme indolence was irresistible. I gave in,—I—who never before could summon energy to sigh—I—to whom a declaration was but a synonyme for perspiration—I, who had only thought of love as a nervous complaint and of women but to pray for a good deliverance—I—yes—I—knocked under, Albina M'Lush! thou wert too exquisitely lazy. Human sensibilities cannot hold out forever.

I found her one morning sipping her coffee at twelve with her eyes wide open. She was just from the bath, and her complexion had a soft dewy transparency like the cheek of Venus rising from the sea. It was the only hour Lurly had told me, when she would be at the trouble of thinking. She put away with her dimpled forefinger, as I entered, a cluster of rich curls that had fallen over her face, and nodded to me like a water lily swaying to the wind when its cup is full of rain.

"Lady Albina," said I, in my softest tone, "how are you?"

"Bettina," said she, addressing her maid in a voice as clouded and as rich as a south wind on an Æolian, "how am I to-day?"

The conversation fell in short sentences. The dialogue became a monologue. I entered upon my declaration. With the assistance of Bettina, who supplied her mistress with cologne, I kept

her attention alive through the incipient circumstances. Symptoms are soon told. I came to the avowal. Her hand lay reposing on the arm of the sofa, half buried in a muslin foulard. I took it up and pressed the cool soft fingers to my lips—unforbidden. I rose and looked into her eyes for confirmation. Delicious creature! she was asleep!

I never have had courage to renew the subject. Miss M'Lush seems to have forgotten it altogether. Upon reflection too, I'm convinced she would not survive the excitement of the ceremony—unless, indeed, she could sleep between the responses and the prayer. I am still devoted, however, and if there should come a war or an earthquake, or if the millenium should commence, as is expected, in 1833, or if any thing happens that can keep her waking so long, I shall deliver a declaration abbreviated for me by a scholar friend of mine, which he warrants may be articulated in fifteen minutes—without fatigue.

A SKETCH.—The depopulating pestilence that walketh at noonday, the carnage of cruel and devastating war, can scarcely exhibit their victims in a more terrible array, than exterminating drunkenness. I have seen a promising family spring from a parent trunk, and stretching abroad its populous limb like a flowering tree covered with a green and healthy foliage. I have seen the unnatural decay beginning upon the yet tender leaf and gnawing like a worm in an unopened bud, while they dropped off, one by one, and the scathed and ruined shaft stood alone, until the winds and rains of many a sorrow laid that too in the dust. On one of those holy days when the patriarch, rich in virtue as in years, gathered about him the great and the little ones of the flock—his sons with their sons and his daughters with their daughters—I, too, sat at the festive board. I, too, pledged them in the social wine cup, and rejoiced with them round the hospitable hearth; and expatiated with delight upon the eventful future: while the good old man warmed in the genial glow of youthful enthusiasm, wiped the tear of joy from his glistening eye. He was happy. I met with them again when the rolling year brought the festive season round. But they were not all there. The kind old man sighed as his suffused eye dwelt upon the then unoccupied seat. But joy yet came to his relief and he was happy. A parent's love knows no diminution—time, distance, poverty, shame, but gives intensity and strength to that passion before which all others dissolve and melt away. Another clapsed. The board was spread but the guests came not. The old man cried "where are my children?" And echo answered *where!*—His heart broke—for they were not. Could not Heaven have spared his gray hairs this affliction? Alas! the demon of drunkenness had been there. They had fallen victims of his spell. And one short month sufficed to cast the veil of oblivion over the old man's sorrow and the young one's shame. They are all dead.

MERRY TERRY.

OR AN OLD REEFER'S YARN.

"His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eyes
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that sealed his fate,
Surviving left his quenchless hate:
And o'er him bends his foe, with brow
As dark as his that bled below."

"Come, spin us a yarn, Jack, my boy," said a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked young midshipman, to old Jack Palmer, one evening, as we were running down the Spanish Main, before as sweet a breeze as ever filled a to'gallant-sail. Jack Palmer was an old sea-dog, and a clever fellow, at least in the Yankee sense of the word. He had seen all sorts of service, and knew all sorts of stories, which were perhaps not the less amusing for their want of grammar, and their abundance of sea phrases. He was master's mate of the gun-deck; but when called upon for a story by Rosy Willy, (the name of the little reefer that had asked Jack for a yarn,) his business for the day was finished; the grog had been served, the bull stowed away in the spirit-room, and the key of the hatch returned to the master. It was a pleasant evening, too, and as it was only three bells of the second dog-watch, and of course too early to turn in, Jack sat down on the fo'castle chest, and signified his willingness to comply. He was immediately surrounded by a knot of midshipmen, eager to listen, and, after the usual preliminary of a fresh quid, he began as follows:

Merriville Terry, or as they used to call him for shortness, Merry Terry—and a right good name it was, for he was as gay a lark as ever gave life and animation to a steerage mess-table—was one of the noblest middies that I ever knew. He was as full of rigs and jokes as a French man-of-war is of music, and they were quite as harmless, too; for Merry never said any thing to hurt a shipmate's feelings, and no one ever thought of getting angry at his fun. There wasn't a reefer in the whole fleet that didn't love him like a brother; nor a luff, that when there was hard duty to do, didn't favour him all he could; for Merry had a delicate constitution, and couldn't stand the rough and tumble of the service as well as some. But he was no skulk, and, blow high or blow low, Merry never shrank from his watch. When the relief was called at night, whether it was calm or storm, all sail or a close-reefed top-sail and fore-sail, it made no difference, on deck he always was before the sound would be out of the bell. He didn't tumble up the hatchway either, as some of you reefers do, with your hands in your becketts, and your bow ports half shut, or fumbling at your button-holes, like a green-horn at a gasket; but up he sprung, wide awake, and rigged from clute to earing, as if all dressed to go ashore on liberty. As I said afore, every body from stem to stern, liked Merry Terry, or for the matter of that, from one end of the navy list to the other—all except one man. As for the sailors, it would have done your heart good to see how they watched his eye when he had charge of the deck, as if they wanted to spel out his orders before he had time to speak 'em. They would do more for a single look of Merry, than for all the curses and damns of the skipper,

though backed by the boatswain's mate, with the cats in his hand. It wasn't from any fear of him, you may be sure, for I don't b'lieve Merry ever stopped a man's grog, or as much as gave him a cross word, in his life; but it was from pure love and respect. When he spoke, to be sure, there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say he must be obeyed; and when he looked at a man who had been cutting up rusties, though he didn't frown, or swell, or try to look big, as I have seen some officers do, yet there was that in his eye that made the stoutest quail. It was just so among the reefers at the mess-table. If two of them was sky-larking or quarrelling, or doing anything ungentlemanly, Merry would just look at them, and they would leave off at once, and droop their heads like a dog-vane in a calm. I said every body loved him: I remember once, when we were beating up the Straits with a Levanter dead a-head, and blowing so heavy it almost took the very buttons off our jackets, that Merry, some how or other, happened to fall overboard. He had been standing on the taffrel, with his quadrant in his hand, trying to get a chance at a lunar, when all of a sudden the old hulk made a heavy lee-lurch, and away he went splash into the water. Though there was a sea running, like so many mountains chasing each other, yet before you could say Jack Robinson, no less than four stout fellows were overboard after him. It liked to have gone hard with the whole five, for it was more than the stoutest swimmer could do to keep his head above board, and before we could clear away the stern boat, though we didn't stop to cast off the gripes, but cut and slashed away, they was almost out of sight to leeward. Old Tom Bowman, the quarter-gunner, and Bill Williams, the captain of the fo'castle, made out to reach Merry just as he was going down the last time; and though it was as much as their own lives were worth, they held him up till the boat came to their assistance. I well remember the joy of all hands when the boat pulled up under the stern, near enough for 'em to see that Merry was in it; and when they hooked on the tackles, I don't b'lieve that ever a ship's crew ran away with the falls with as much good will, as ours did that evening in running up the jolly-boat that had saved Merry Terry.

The day Merry first came aboard our craft is as fresh in my mind as if it was yesterday, and a snug, trim-built little fellow he was, too, as ever broke a biscuit, or went coxswain of a captain's gig. He was then about as old as Rosy Willy here, and much such another; only he was taunter built, and broader in the bows, and carried sail more man-of-war fashion. His eye was as blue as the sea in the tropics, and as bright as the tropic sea sometimes is at night, when it seems all on fire. His head was covered with dark hair, that lay as thick and close as the nap on this monkey-jacket; and his skin was so white and soft, that it always seemed a pity when I saw him standing his watch in the heat of the sun, and his plump little cheeks looking as red as if the blood was going to start right through them. However, he didn't mind it the value of a scupper nail, and I don't know but it did him good, for he grew handsomer as he got a little tanned, and seemed never happier than when he was on duty. He was a little green at first, of course, but there

was no such thing as getting the weather-gage of Merry, for as sure as an older reefer tried to run a rig on him, he would just cock up his bright blue eye, and see what the other was up to in the turn of a glass.

It was a long cruise that we were together, and Merry got to be as much of a man in size and appearance as any of us, before it was over, though he couldn't have been more than eighteen then. On our arrival in New York the most of the middies got their walking papers as soon as they could, and made sail each for his home. Merry's connexions, who were of Irish descent, lived in Virginia, and it was that way he laid his course, you may be sure. I remember very well the morning when I had the third cutter called away and manned for him; and as we wrung each other's hand at the gangway, neither of us had voice enough to say good-by. My stomach felt all that day as empty as a midshipman's locker, and the ship seemed as lonesome to me as the old brig Nancy did once, when all hands died off of the yellow fever, and left me and the old toment the only living souls aboard of her.

For about two years after Merriville and me parted, I lost the run of my old shipmate. He continued ashore, but I soon got tired of being cooped up in narrow streets, with no chance of seeing more of the sky than chose to shine between the tops of dingy houses. Happening to hear that some of my acquaintances were going aboard a ship then fitting out at Boston, I applied for orders myself, and was soon once more where I had a little sea-room to ware and haul upon. That was a short cruise, and by the time twenty months were up we were all home again, the crew discharged, and I, with my hands in my beackets, spinning street-yarn, and having nothing in the world to do.

The next ship I was ordered to was my own name-sake, old Jack Adams; she was lying in Hampton-roads, ready for sea. The first man I met, as I went up the accommodation-ladder, was Merry Terry himself, who stood upon the gangway-sill to receive me. I knew him at a glance, though he was a good deal altered; and he knew me, too, as soon as his eye rested on my face. Merry was by this time about twenty years of age, or thereabouts, and a finer looking fellow never trod the quarter-deck. He had lately lost both his parents, and this had given a sort of sad expression to his countenance that made him appear handsomer than ever. I soon found that he was the general favourite on board the ship, as indeed he always was, go where he would; and it was expected that before we sailed he would get his parchment from Washington, and mount a swab. An elegant luff he would have made, too, for if ever man knew how to work a ship, it was Merry Terry. When he had the deck, the old craft herself seemed to know it; and no matter what kind of weather we had, she was sure to behave as obedient as a side-boy. I have seen him put her in stays where there wasn't a breaker of water to spare, with rocks both a-head and a-stern, and the wind whizzing round and round, like a bee in a bucket of tar. But when it was "helm's a-lee," and Merry had the trumpet, there was no such thing as missing stays.

I mind I told you a while ago that every body

liked Merry Terry, except one man—that man was the skipper. Somehow or other he hated him worse than the devil hates a marine. He used to ride him down like a main tack, would row him on all occasions, and put him on all sorts of disagreeable duty. It was even thought he had clapped a stopper on his promotion. The story among the reefer's went that Merry had come athwart the captain's hawse in some love affair; but whether that was so or not was mere dead-reckoning, for Merry was as close as an oyster, and never spoke a disrespectful word of his commander. In return for all the abuse he received, he would only curl his lip a little, and look at him dead in the eyes—but such a look as he would sometimes give him! I would rather, for my part, have been on short allowance of grog for a month. Well, things went on this way for some weeks, till at last sailing orders were given out, and of course there was no more going ashore for the middies. The boats were run up and stowed, the pole to'gallant-masts struck, and storm stumps sent up in their place; all hands were called to unmoor, and we even hove short, so as to be ready to trip and be off, whenever word should come from the cabin to that effect. When all this was done, the captain sent up an order to have his gig lowered away and manned, and directly after came on deck himself in a full rig of citizen's togs. Merry Terry stood in the gangway, leaning over the hammock cloth, when he heard the boatswain's mate pipe away the gigs, and as the familiar sound struck his ear, I noticed that he started and turned pale. It was a glorious night—much such an evening as this, only later, about two or three bells in the first watch, I think. As the captain passed over the gangway he gave a peculiar kind of a look at Merry—something like a monkey would at a marine after stealing his pipe-clay—and then turning round to the first luff, he said—"Remember, Mr. Orlop, that you are under sailing-orders, and that no one must leave the ship on any pretence." As he spoke this he turned another malicious glance at Merry out of the corner of his eye, and jumping into the stern sheets of the gig, ordered the men to let fall and give way.

As long as the sound of the oars in the rowlocks could be heard, Merry stood as still as a stock-fish, his eye following the wake of the boat till it was lost in the haze of distance. When he could neither hear nor see it any longer, he began to walk about as wild as the devil in a gale of wind; and the reefers, who would gladly have done any thing they could to soothe him, saw clear enough that it wasn't a matter for them to meddle with. In the midst of his agitation, a shore-boat came along-side, the waterman in which handed a note up to the middy that went to the gangway to receive it, and immediately shoved off again. The note, of course, was given to the officer of the deck, according to man-of-war fashion, and he being a stately, pompous sort of fellow, took his own time to send one of the side-boys for a lantern. When the glim came up, he walked to the fire-rail, and looking at the superscription discovered that the note was for Merry Terry. The latter, on learning this, eagerly extended his hand for it, and tearing it open, rapidly devoured the contents; then rushing to the gangway, he

would have sprung into the shore-boat, which he hoped was still alongside; but during the officer of the deck's delay it had already got far beyond hailing distance. Three or four times Merry paced up and down the deck in violent agitation, his lip as white and quivering as a jib in the wind, and his eyes shining like the top-glim of a Commodore's ship. All at once he walked right up to the first luff, who was standing abaft, leaning on the taffrel, and in a voice that seemed to come from the cable-tier, it was so hoarse and deep, he said,

"Mr. Orlop, I must go ashore, to-night."

"You cannot, Mr. Terry, you heard the captain's orders."

"Damn the captain!" (It was the first word I ever heard Merry swear, though he and I had been messmates going on five years.)

"Mr. Terry, you forget yourself!" answered the first luff, in a firm, yet mild tone. "If you use such language, sir, you will force me to a disagreeable exercise of my duty."

"I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Orlop," said Merry, partly recollecting himself; "but I am half distracted. If you will lend me your ear, sir, in a more private part of the ship, I will relate to you what may perhaps change your notions of duty."

Mr. Orlop was one of that class of officers who, to the knowledge and skill of an able seaman, added the feelings and address of a perfect gentleman. He, as well as every body else on board, had seen, and felt indignant at the treatment Merry received at the captain's hands; and some of the whispers respecting the cause had also reached him. Perceiving that poor Merry was now uncommonly agitated, and fearing that he might commit some indiscretion which would oblige him to exert unpleasant authority, he readily complied with his request, and led the way to his own state-room.

The conference, whatever was its nature, was of short duration; but while it lasted, many a curious glance was cast towards the state-room door, and—I'm most ashamed to own it—many a listening ear was inclined towards the bulk-head. There was little satisfaction got that way, however, for nothing was heard but a low, humming sound, now and then broken by a muttered curse in Mr. Orlop's voice; and terminated at last by a sudden exclamation of that gentleman, loud enough for the whole steerage, and birth-deck into the bargain, to hear.

"Enough, Mr. Terry, enough!" cried he. "You shall have it—if it costs me my commission, you shall have it! There is a point where obedience becomes a crime. When military discipline conflicts with the principles of honour, I will be the first to set an example of insubordination."

As he spoke thus, the door of the state-room was thrown violently open, and the two officers issued suddenly to view. The cheek and lips of Merry were still pale and quivering, while the face of the other was flushed with a deep red. They both ran rapidly up the companion-ladder, Mr. Orlop at the same moment calling out to me—"Mr. Palmer," said he, "call the boatswain, and order him to get out the first cutter immediately. Do you attend yourself, sir, on the birth-deck, and start up all the men!"

By this time his foot was on the top step of the ladder. As soon as his head was fairly above the combings of the hatch, he began again:

"Boatswain's mate!"

"Sir!" sung out old Reuben James, in his peculiar drawl.

"Call away the first cutters, and do you stand by and see to getting up the yard-tackles.—Captain of the fo'castle, there!"

"Sir!" bawled the captain of both starboard and larboard watch, at once, startled at the loud earnestness of the first lieutenant's voice.

"Lay aloft, and stand by to get your yard-tackles on the fore-yard!—Quarter gunners, do you hear? do you do the same on the main!—Foretop, there! out on the yard with you, and send down a whip for the yard-tackle block!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" promptly responded a voice from the foretop; and with these and similar orders and replies, intermixed with the shrill pipings of the boatswain and his mates, the spar-deck now resounded for several minutes. By the end of that time the cutter was hoisted out, and brought too at the gangway. She was no sooner there than Merry Terry sprang down the side, and the crew after, who, though they wondered as much as all the rest of us, officers and men, how all this was going to end, yet seeing they would oblige their favourite by moving lively, shoved off, and had up their oars in the crossing of a royal.

"Mr. Terry," cried the first lieutenant, "remember your word of honour that you will return to-night, provided you find or make all safe!"

"Upon my honour," answered Merry, laying his hand on his heart: then turning quickly to the men, "Let fall," he cried, "give way!" and as long as we could hear him, he kept saying every now and then, "give way, my hearties, give way—pull with a will," and such like.

And they did give way, too. They were a set of as stout oarsmen as ever manned a frigate's first cutter; but they never showed themselves afore as they did that night. The boat fairly jumped out of the water every clip, and the foam that she dashed off from her bows formed a long white streak in her wake, as bright and dazzling as the trail of a Congreve rocket. You may think it wasn't many minutes before they reached the shore, going at that rate as if the devil had sent 'em an end. Merry steered her right head on, and never cried "rowed of all," till she struck the sandy beach with such force that she ran up high and dry, pitching the two bow oarsmen, who had got up to fend off, about half a cable's length from her. At the first grating of the keel upon the gravel, he leaped ashore, and without stopping to say one word to the men, darted off like a wounded porpoise, running with all speed up the bank. For two or three minutes, the boat's crew looked at each other with their eyes stretched wide open, like the mouth of a dying fish, as much as to say what the devil all this? At length they began to consult together in a low, grumbling tone, as if they were afraid to hear themselves speak, and Bill Williams, who was coxswain of the cutter, was the first to offer a suggestion that met the approval of the rest.

"Damn my chain-plates," said he, "only bark how his feet go, clatter-clatter-clatter, as fast as

the flopping of a jib-sheet in the wind. I'm fear'd, my hearties, that Mr. Terry's runnin' 'mongst the breakers, and if you'll stay by the boat, I'll give chase—and, if so needs be, lend him a lift."

The proposal of the honest coxswain was resisted by all, and he accordingly set off in the same direction that his young officer had taken. But Bill Williams, though he could run about a ship's rigging, like a monkey in mischief, was no match for Merry in a land chase. His sea-legs wasn't used to such business, and he went pitching and heaving a-head like a Dutch lugger afore the wind, and seemed, at every step, to be watching for the weather roll.

In the mean time, Merry linked it off like a Baltimore clipper going large. He had proceeded perhaps about a mile from the boat, along the road which he had struck into directly after leaving the beach, and instead of shortening sail, appeared to be crowding more and more canvass all the time, when, all of a sudden, he luffed up and hove too, on hearing the clatter of an approaching carriage. The noise of the wheels sounded nearer and nearer, as they came rattling along over the rough road, and it wasn't long before the quick trampling of the horses' feet, and the clicking of their shoes against the stones, indicated that they were near at hand. The place where Merry had paused was about midway of a steep hill, and if he had chosen the spot it couldn't have been better suited to his purpose. The road, which had been rough and uneven from the first, was at this point broken into deep gullies by recent heavy rains, rendering, apart from the difficulty of the ascent, extreme caution necessary in passing with a vehicle. On one side, a steep wooded bank rose to a considerable height, and on the other, the surface of the ground gradually descended to the water, which was not quite excluded from view by a few scattering trees that occupied the intermediate space. Behind one of these trees, that grew close to the road-side, and threw a deep shadow over it, Merry, gritting and grinding his teeth, crouched down, like a young shark watching for his prey. The carriage had already gained the foot of the hill, and was slowly labouring up, when a deep gruff voice cried out to the driver from within, bidding him drive faster. At the sound of that voice, Merry's eyes fairly flashed fire. The black, with instinctive obedience, cracked his whip, and was about to make a more effectual application of it, when a figure suddenly sprang from the road-side, and seizing the reins, commanded him to halt! The command, however, was scarcely necessary. The jaded horses had reached a short level stage in the ascent, and not even the sound of the whip had elicited any indication that they intended shortly to leave it. Merry, with a sailor's quick eye perceiving this favourable circumstance, in an instant was at the side of the carriage, within which a voice of a very different tone from that which last issued thence, was earnestly beseeching succour.

"Help! for heaven's sake, help! save me from a ruffian!" cried a female in imploring accents. The last words were scarcely articulate, and were uttered with a smothered sound, accompanied with a noise of struggling, as if the ruffian was endeavouring to hold the lady still, and

to silence her cries by pressing his hand upon her mouth.

The incentive of this well-known voice seemed hardly wanting to add more fury to the rage of Merriville. Choking with mingled emotions, he called to the ruffian to hold off his hand, and, with an effort of desperate strength, tearing open the door, the fastenings of which he did not understand, he seized the inmate by the collar, and dragged him to the ground.

"Seducer!—scoundrel!—ruffian!" he cried, "I have you in the toils, and dearly you shall rue this night's work!"

"Mr. Terry!—I command—you shall suffer for this—a court-martial—" and various similar broken ejaculations were uttered by the wretch, who violently struggled to get loose from the strong grasp in which he was held. Merriville, though not of a robust constitution, yet possessed much muscular strength. In the present contest every fibre received tenfold vigour from the energy of the feelings that raged within him, and made him an over-match for the guilty being who writhed within his arms. The faces of both were inflamed and convulsed with mighty passions, though of a widely and obviously different character; for the rage of the one, though fierce as ten furies, had yet something noble and commanding in it, while that of the other seemed kindled by a demon. The clear, round moon shone on the occurrence with a silvery brightness, which, while it made every feature of the scene perfectly visible, yet imparted to the pallid faces, glaring eye-balls, and quivering lips of the combatants a more ghastly and terrible expression, than they derived from their own wild passions. The captain (for it's useless to tell you it was he) struggled hard, but was evidently becoming exhausted. In the excess of his emotion, he had bitten his lip nearly in twain, and the blood which, in their tossing to and fro, had been smeared over the faces and clothes of both, gave great additional wildness to their appearance.

The female, who by this time had recovered from the swoon into which she fell when the voice of Merriville first reached her ear, now screamed as she saw the blood with which he was profusely stained, and, imagining him to be mortally wounded, she sprang from the carriage, and tottered towards him across the road. A sudden movement of the two combatants, at the same moment, changed their position in such a way as to bring the back of Merriville towards the approaching figure, and at this instant, his antagonist having succeeded in releasing his arm from his grasp, hastily drew a pistol from his pocket, cocked, and fired it. The ball whizzed through the air, only slightly grazing the neck of the intended victim; but a piercing shriek from the lips of the female, heard above the loud report, announced that it had done more fatal execution in another quarter. As if by mutual consent, both parties ceased from their struggle for a moment, and rushed towards her. She staggered two or three steps forward, mumbled a few scarce audible words, among which the name of Merriville was the only intelligible sound, and fell bleeding to the earth. In the meanwhile the horses, which had been scared by the near and loud report of the pistol, pranced suddenly round, and dashing down the hill were soon lost to sight.

Poor Merriville, with a groan of agony which he could not, which he did not seek to repress, bent over the form which lay stretched and pale before him, and raising it partly from the ground, gazed for a stupid moment in utter unconsciousness of all things else, upon the features of her still lovely face. The ball had passed directly through the heart, from which life had already bubbled out in a crimson tide, though a few darker drops continued to ooze from the livid orifice of the wound. Merriville whispered her name, but she answered not. In vain he leaned his ear to her lips, or bent his eyes upon them, till the hot, tearless balls seemed bursting from their sockets—no sound, no motion, made reply. He laid his hand upon her heart—but its pulse was still. He looked into her eyes—but they returned not, as they were wont, an answering look: their light had gone out—the spirit had departed from its house of clay—she was dead, quite dead! As this fact impressed itself upon his brain, a maddening consciousness of the cause seemed slowly to return; his eyes rolled up till the balls were nearly hid, his face became of a livid darkness, and his teeth were clenched together, like those of one in mortal agony. Suddenly starting up, he turned quickly round, and with his arms extended, and his fingers curved like the talons of an eagle, he sprang wildly towards his guilty commander. The motion seemed to have been anticipated, for the wretch had prepared himself with a second pistol, which, as his antagonist approached, he deliberately aimed at him, and fired. Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's abject. He darted like a hungry tyger on the wretch, and with both hands seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid but the grasp around his neck, choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merriville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's, and his eyes, blood-shot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merriville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merriville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merriville dragged along

with him: he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merriville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed their young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with its features distorted and bloody, its hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which, with all their manhood, they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came too at the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr. Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted up together.

Just as Jack Palmer arrived at this part of his yarn, all hands were called to stand by their hammocks, and the bustle incident to that piece of duty put an abrupt end to his story.

WITHERED ROSE.

BY MISS BROWKE.

I saw at eve a withered rose—
The sun's warm ray had curl'd it;
Its powerless leaves it could not close,
And dewy tears impearl'd it.

I saw a moon-beam gently rest—
The withered flower it lighten'd;
And though it could not dry its breast,
Those crystal drops it brighten'd.

I looked again—that moon-beam fair,
Had gild'd o'er its weeping,
And that sweet flow'et calmly there
Beneath its rays was sleeping.

So, when misfortune's night blast sears,
Fair friendship's smile we borrow,
And though it cannot dry our tears,
'Twill chase the gloom of sorrow.

PULVINARA.

OR TALES OF THE PILLOW.

"Eternal youth,
O'er all her form its glowing honours breathed,
And smiles eternal from her candid eyes,
Flow'd like the dewy lustre of the morn."

In those days of fancy, when the warm rays of uncontrolled imagination, charmed into existence other associates for human beings than each other; when Fairies and Genii mingled converse, and sought sympathy with man, then lived three young female friends. Irama and Mira were sisters indeed. Their hearts were as "two roses on one stem," richly blooming, and fragrant with young affection. In the spring growth of truth-planted confidence the sisters met, loved, and received to this bosom circle, the laughing, gentle, Amena. In the fields, meadows, paths, and woods of Halcyonia, the three maidens were seen linked arm in arm, seeking health from the mountain breeze, or seated on a rock by the rivulet's brink, mocking the sweetest wild notes of the wood-sheltered warblers. Thus days, months, and years seemed to pass, silent and sweet, over the heads of the three maidens of Halcyonia—but a dark and gloomy tempest rose. Amena was laid upon the couch of pale disease. The song no longer breathed along the vale. The two sisters together, by turns, watched over the trembling frame and anxious eye, and felt in their own hearts the pain which wrung that of Amena.

It was near the deep and solemn hour of midnight, when a soothing sleep visited the eye-lids of the sufferer, after many days of wakeful torture. Mira, in a chair by the bed-side of her friend saw the delightful change, and heard with soul-reviving pleasure, the soft breathings of Amena. "Oh! why are we thus to be torn by delusive hopes for those we love?" silently ejaculated the tender Mira; but, worn by incessant watching, her own reflections were soon suspended, as sleep was calming her wounded and aching heart. Slumbers, such as innocence alone can procure and enjoy, came with balmy softness, and the soul of the enthusiastic Mira was wafted into the regions of fancy.

In her dream of joy, the new unconfined spirit of Mira at length rested on a high and rocky bank. Trees of richest foliage rose and wound their shadowy branches over her head. Flowers of more than earthly taints, embellished the broken cliffs and distant meads. Beneath her feet flowed a stream, pure and limpid, murmuring over sands of gold and pearl, and broken by the waving branches and mountain peak; the azure vault was decorated with clouds whose soft texture seemed to touch the eye of the beholder.

Beyond the babbling rivulet spread a meadow, whose emerald surface appeared a carpet spread by an angel hand. The heart of Mira bounded. Her late vigils were forgotten; the anguish of her mind changed to exulting joy. The surrounding earth and heaven breathed peace and delight, and more than vernal splendour. The

birds flitted from spray to spray, with such variety of note and effulgence of plumage, as almost completed the rapture of the youthful dreamer. But though wrapt in so soul-soothing a vision, Mira looked around and found herself alone. She remembered her friends, and exclaimed, "Where is Amena and Irama?"

"Thou art not alone, Mira," came in a voice of thrilling softness, borne by the winds which scarce moved the aspen leaf. Mira heard the pleasing annunciation, and cast her eager glances on every side, in search of the invisible speaker. "Thou art not alone," again met her listening ear; and suddenly, before her, on the rivulet's brink, arose a form, beneath whose light tread the grass blade remained unbent. Her robe played in the light breeze, and vied in whiteness with the cloud fringe. From her countenance beamed a sweetness which reached the very soul of Mira. The daughter of earth saw before her an ethereal being of another world, and met the stranger without fear. That being advanced, and smiling benignly, took the hand of the enraptured sleeper.

"Thou art not alone, Mira, nor can'st thou ever be alone. Where thou art I am with thee. I have heard thy silent prayer for thyself and friends, to be exempt from the cares and sorrows of thy earthly existence. I have witnessed thy care and affection over the suffering Amena. I know thy too feeling heart. Though, like thyself, I am unable to lift the veil from the face of futurity, I can speak to thee comfort. Be comforted, Mira. I am commissioned to lay before thee such pictures of human life as may teach thee, that it is not for the child of humanity to escape sorrow and pain; and again to show thee, that pain and sorrow to the innocent are as fleeting as the bubble on this stream, or the clouds of yonder sky. I have heard thy wishes, to have the friends of thy heart raised above the changes of life; but it is for me to convince thee, that to those very changes art thou indebted, in great part, for every joy, for every kind thought, and for every act of love thou canst give or receive. I do not say to thee, Mira, that thy prayers for more perfection are idle—they are not. To raise your minds far above what thou can'st now conceive depends upon yourselves.

"Upon ourselves!" interrupted the astonished Mira. "Willingly would we traverse oceans and deserts—labour with our hands in winter cold and summer heat, to obtain the boon thou now tellest me is within our reach. Tell me how we are, to pluck such fruit, Celestial stranger."

"Call me not celestial," replied the spirit. "I am a being of earth as thou art, but am, unseen, thy constant companion. I watch thy daily steps and nightly rest. I am the QUEEN of myriads of subjects, whose duty it is to follow mortals. To whisper peace to the good, and sting with remorse the heart of the evil-minded. Thy acts of kindred and social affection have obtained for thee the glad tidings that

thou needest not fly to distant regions, or toil with the slave to obtain thy best desires. Turn thine eye and behold who stands beside thee."

Mira turned as the geni pointed, and beheld a form the exact counterpart of herself, but rushing to embrace it, clasped a cold image of stone. The touch was icy. In terror she shrunk from the inanimate marble, and cast an imploring look on her guide.

"Child of mortality," said the geni, in an assuring voice, "calm thy terror, and listen attentively. Thou seest that this senseless block hath all thy features and form; even the downy bloom of thy youth is reflected from its stony cheeks. If thou couldst now with a touch of thy hand give life, warmth, reason, sensibility, and unstained virtue to this stone, wouldst thou not?—Be silent and attend.

"Suppose thou wert endowed with this great power, thou wouldst impart a living soul to this statue; breathe into it life, with all thy own faculties of reason, but in the excess of thy mistaken benevolence, without thy wants, or thy liability to pain, sickness, and sorrow. On the other hand, suppose thy power was exerted wisely, what wouldst thou then do?—Thou wouldst store this thy cherished creation with intelligence; make it like thyself the child of error; leave it to share the faults, and thus enable it to feel for others. Thou wouldst share with it thy every inmost thought; make it indeed the sister of thy soul. But thou wouldst guard it from every evil imagination. Thou wouldst make its breast a casket, in which thou wouldst pour and lock up the precious jewels of instruction. Into this thy casket, thou wouldst deposit only the most precious of all jewels. Every day of thy life would be consecrated to enlarge the invaluable store."

Here the geni paused, whilst Mira remained fixed in silent wonder.

"The great power I have been supposing," resumed the geni, "Mira, thou dost possess. This stony image is only a reflection of thyself. Turn thine eye back upon that world in which thou art a dweller, and reflect how few make their own bosoms a casket stored with the treasures of knowledge and imperishable virtue. Thou now knowst, that to these thy beloved friends, Irama, and Amena, and other friends, for thou hast many more, thou canst show the power made known to thee. Thou canst tell them, that during the years of thy co-existence, in all the plenitude of confidence thou mayst have between thee, not a single thought thou couldst fear to have written on tablets of adamant, and read before assembled angels."

Ineffable gladness now beamed from the face of Mira, as the geni continued smiling, as such geni smile upon the innocent. "I am Pulvinara, the Geni of the Pillow. I have taken to my own care the pillows of thyself and friends. To guard thee against sickness, or any other ill, is beyond my power, but I can, and do make the resting place of thy head soft and balmy. It is our province to watch over those committed to

our care, and to soften the most flinty rock under the head of the just, and to change down to thorns under the heads of the cruel oppressor. It is our province to inspire dreams of bliss to the worthy and pure of heart, and to impart to them gladness and joy amid suffering. It is also our peculiar province to depict before their eyes, their own deformity, whenever he seeketh rest who hath deprived others of rest. From our eyes nothing is hid when thou wast weeping over thy Amena, I was beside thee, but at the same moment many of my subjects were racking the very brain to madness, of many others, who, to the dull eyes of their fellow men, were slumbering on pillows of air-like softness.

"In future, when sleep closeth thy eye-lids in fancy, I shall transport thee to this my kingdom; for know, Mira, thou art now in the Empire of Dreams. Beneath this oak of ages I shall relate to thee, and so deeply impress them on thy memory, that thou canst relate to thy friends of Halcyonia, tales of some of those whose pillows I have guarded."—Here the transports of Mira became too strong for sleep, and she awoke, as the beams of morning were piercing the casement. The weakened frame but renovated spirits of Amena, met the awakened eye of her friend, but it was many minutes before Mira could be assured that her dream was not a pleasing reality.

Pulvinara kept her word, and whilst the trance of sleep sealed the eye-lids of Mira, her mind flitted to the banks of the rivulet Electridanus, in the Empire of Dreams, and held converse with Pulvinara, amid amaranthine groves. Of the thousand tales related by the queen to her protegee, these are a few, perhaps the best.

How the Fairy manuscript came into my hands is of no consequence to the reader. To teach the art of *softening pillows* to some whose aching heads ought to secure grateful hearts, is the only reason for publication which influenced

MARK BANCROFT.

When Captain Parry was preparing for his first expedition to the pole, sage conjectures were afloat, both from the learned and unlearned. To reach the Pacific through a region of ice was certainly deemed impracticable and every attempt has, as yet, demonstrated the fact. Two honest farmers in our neighbourhood had received a newspaper giving all the particulars of the intended expedition, and long, long they tried to conjecture what the pole was, and the reason why all this bustle was going on.—'Stop,' says Peter Davidson, 'I see it now; just look at that grunstone—that's the yearth and the iron axletree is the pole.' 'Weell' says Rab Scott, 'what o' a' that; what can Parry do wi' the axletree of the yearth—can he make it any better?' Our geographical hero, not the least daunted, immediately replied,—'He canna make it better, Rab, that I ken; but you know we have had some severe weather these twa winters back, and something maun be wrang and sae ye ken, Parry's just gone to oil the pole, to make it go round better.'—*Greenock Advertiser*.

CUTTING OUT.

(A GALLEY STORY.)

A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confused in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguished die.

ADDISON.

"COME, come, take a tarn, with that sort o' talk.—Stand fast your palaver. You're just like a parcel of pensioners—last battle, last breeze is always the hardest. What use in making more of a thing nor it is?—I knows what the Nile was; for I sarved with Sam Hood in the *Zealous*: and as I've a bit of a Traffylgar token about me, I suppose I knows someut o' that. So just stopper your prate for a while.

"I've seed as much sarvis as most o' my day, and I can tell you, my boys, (and there's Bill Tailor 'll tell you the same,) your reg'lar-built battles are no more,—no, no more, nor skriminagins aside some o' your West-Ingee boat work.

"Dang it, I knows what a gun is.—I knows a truck from a trunnion.—I knows pepper from powder, and a shot from a shovel—still, I knows, there's a deal of difference 'twixt blazing away with the barkers aboard, and stealing into an enemy's port, like a parcel o' pirates, to sarve out death in the dark on his deck. I don't say your danger's the more—nor I don't say your enemy's slaughter's the more; but I say, when you never see neither—why,—your head's all the cooler, and I'm blowed but your lighter at heart.

"When your blowing out brains, and lopping off fins, your *work's* just as well out o' sight. It's not the best butcher that's always the bravest,—no more nor your smartest that make the most noise. No, no, my boys,—I can tell you, to fight for a footing on an enemy's deck, with, may be, no more in your fist nor a capering cutlash, and that, too, as brittle in the blade as a bottle, is as different, ay,—as different from fighting you bulldogs aboard, as six-water grog is to double allowance.

"There's never no denying, but that a fleet in light winds, bearing down on an enemy's line, may get precious mauled afore they can open their fire;—for there was the *Suverun*, the *Victory*, the *Lee Billisle*, and a few more of us go-along leaders the 21st of October, as was reg'larly cut up in pork-pieces afore even as much as a shot was returned. It's galling enough, to be sure, to be 'stopping your vent,' (as Tom Cobb used to call it,) when Crappo's unreeving your gear, and disabling your men and masts with his long-winded whistlers; but once alongside, and unmuzzle the barkers, and, you know, the day's all your own.

"But just try back for a bend;—just look at your cutting-out jobs. See what a traverse you've sometimes to work in the dark with your boats, from not knowing the lie o' the land, or, what's worse, not properly *timing* your tide. There you are, ay, sometimes, for four or five hours on a stretch, tugging away on your oars, afore you can even get sight o' your bird; and then, when you closes to run her aboard,—you're so cursedly blown in the wind, and so fagged in the fins,—that if it warn't for your pluck, you'd drop like a dog. It's all very well to catch Crappo a napping, but once awake to your rigs, and he'll do you, or give you the devil's own dose. I knows him of old: and I knows when he wants to decoy

you,—he's more ways—ay, more ways nor Poll Potter a pay-day.

"Bill, you 'members the time we was down in the Bay, what a banging we got in the boats?"

"You may say that, my bo'," said Tailor, who had served with Turner in a former ship—"the time the coasters came out under kiver o' the fog."

"The same: I'm blest, but they weathered us there. 'Twas as thick as burgoo, the most o' the morn; and to make us believe they were running the rig in the fog, (for we never let nothing go by in the boats,) they sends out a parcel o' your cochmeroy craft, freighted with nothing nor sogers, who kept out o' sight in the hold: and knowing for sartin we'd dash in among 'em as soon as diskivered, they dodges about till it clears; when all on a sudden, (just to tice out the boats, which, you know, were in chase in a crack,) they shapes a sham-Abram course—deadens their way with ballast-bags over the bows, and let us come up with 'em hand over fist.

"Well, you know, just as the barge, pinnace, and two double-bank'd cutters—(for 'twas only a fortnight afore the launch was sunk by a shot from the shore)—well, just as we'd picked out four o' the largest, and each boat rows out, and runs alongside to take quiet possession, (for we never dreamt they'd as much as a musket aboard)—up pops a parcel o' your parley-voo sogers, and let's fly the infarnalest fire that ever was poured upon man. There we all went staggering astaru—there wasn't a soul as escaped in the barge. There was the killed and kicking, dropping every way at once—some across the gunnel—some on the tops of the thwarts—some laying under, and winged up, like ballast, in the bottom of the boat; whilst the few hands as was left with life were bleeding and bailing all the way back to the ship: for, as luck would have it, the frigate was to leeward,—and the fore lug brought us aboard—"

"Did the other boats buy it?" asked one of the group assembled round the fore bits.

"To be sure they did," said Turner—"though not so badly cut up as the barge; and what's more, they had to up stick for the barkey, as well as ourselves.

"Howsomever, we made amends for it after, on the West-Ingee station—for, you see, as soon as the ship comes back to Spithead, the first twenty-five on the books, as recovered their wounds, were drafted into the G——e frigate, as she was fittin' for foreign—"

"Ay, she was the ship, she took the shine: but it warn't wi' your polishing o' pins, and scrubbing o' copper, as changed—ay, colour with every cloud as passed over your pennant. She'd none o' your chaffing cheeks—none o' your Irish purchases, as wore out your hemp and your hands: and as for your blinking o' blocks—why, as we knew where to *clap* 'em, we just looked as light, and I'm sartin, led every thing fifty times *fairer*, nor one half o' your finniken, fiddle-rigged craft—go, no,—she was always like a Maltese biscuit, rough and ready."

"Well, but I say, Tom," interrupted Tailor, who was more anxious to drag the former into a relation of a story, where he was aware Turner was the principal actor, than the other he had anticipated, convinced that it would prove more amusing to his auditory. "Well, but never

mind the West-Ingee work to-night—come nearer home—give 'em the Conket business,—that'll give 'em a notion o' things."

"A notion!" said Turner, in a tone of contempt—"It's easy to talk of a notion—but I tell you, no one's never a notion o' nothing, but such as 'ave tasted the *thing* itself. Look at your picture's stuck up in your print-shops—painted by a parcel o' know nothing chaps, as don't know the main-brace from the captain's breeches.—D'y'e think that a dab of blue-water—a brush of black smoke—a few round holes in your sails, or a stick tumbling over the side, can give even the ghost of a notion of the work that's going on within. No, no; my boys—it isn't prating in a pot-house, or painting on paper, as can come within hail o' the naked truth."

"Well! we know that; but never mind," said Tailor, perceiving that, like most brave men, Tom felt a degree of repugnance at sounding his own praises—"give it us for once in a way—it does a fellow's heart good, to sometimes hear of a bit of a brush."

"Well, well; I suppose you must have her," said Tom—"but, blow me—though I'm not a fellow as would rather swallow a grape-shot nor a glass o' grog; but somehow or other, I doesn't know how 'tis—but, I'd almost rather be *in* it again nor tell it."

"Well, you see, when Bill and myself belonged to the saucy N——s,—Bill! wasn't she a beauty? I think I never seed such a craft—why, she'd wear in her own length—ay, and eat thee out o' the very wind itself."

"Well, in one of our cruizes off the Black rocks—(for, you see, as the skipper wasn't altogether one of old Billy-blue's favourites, the ship was, sometimes, for a six or seven month's spell, kept knocking about, as look-out frigate to the in-shore squadron)—and, as one day, we was working up with an easterly wind, to connitre the French fleet, laying in Brest-outer roads, the skipper sees, over the land, for he always went, like a man, to the mast-head himself, a whacking man-o-war brig, laying all a-taunto, close under the batteries, in Conket Bay. I was at the mast at the time; for, there's Bill knows, he never trusted (that's in the starboard watch) a soul to take his glass aloft but myself. 'Well,' says he, squinting through his bring-em-near, as he steady'd her over the cap—for, he was a fine fellow—sarch the sarvice from Nelson down, and, blow me, if you'd a-found a finer, he'd the pluck of one o' your reg'lar-built bull-dogs; he cared no more for a battery, nor he did for a breeze; though, of the two, I'm sartin he'd sooner be spiking a gun nor spilling a sail.—'Well,' says he, 'she looks like a *touch-me-not* too;—but never mind,' says he, shutting his glass, and shoving it into my fist, 'never mind, we'll at her to-night for all that—and down he goes upon deck."

"Well, there was, 'send for the first lieutenant'—'Mr. Smith,' says he, as soon as he pops his head upon deck—'Mr. Smith,' says he, in a half-an-half laugh, as if to try how the t'other would take it—'I think,' says he, 'we've a *job* for the boats to-night.'"

"Well, there was the first lieutenant rubbing his hands, strutting up and down the deck, and cutting as many capers as a midshipman over a dead marine—for you see he felt himself more

nor a half-made skipper. Well, you know, as soon as it gets wind, 'twas to be a reg'lar volunteering business, (for, you see, it flew through the frigate like wild-fire,) every man, fore-and-aft, from Dirty Dick, at the coppers, to the captain's oxen, cwere tumbling up to give in their names for the fray. There was the skipper picking out the ablest hands, and saying to them as he didn't seem to think came up to his mark,—'kase, you see, he wasn't the man as would offend a poor fellow, as was ready to risk a fin in the sarvice—no, not he—the men he refused, he refused like a man—'next time, my man—we'll have you *next* time—there's yet plenty,' says he, 'to do for us all.'"

"Well, there was the cutting-out party as busy—ay, as the devil in a gale o' wind, fitting out for the fun—some was a-muffling oars—some a-sharpening their cutlasses on the grindstone, in the galley—some fitting out the boats' magazines—some sewing a piece of white duck round the left sleeve of their own, and their messmate's jackets—for every man was to wear a badge round his arm, to mark him from Crappo—some were a-larning their new stations from the first leaftenant. There was Bill Tailor a-stationed aloft to lose the fore-tau'sle—myself to cut the cable—one to take the wheel, 'tother this, and 'tother that:—there never was a business more properly plann'd. Well, you know, to come the decoy over Crappo, we works five or six miles to win'ward o' the port; when, just a little afore dark, we puts her head off the land, and makes all sail, to make Johnny believe we was in chase of something we seed in the offing."

"As soon 'twas thoroughly dark—there was, in studden-sails, round to, trim sharp, and beat back within three or four mile o' the port. Then there was out boats, and man and arm, in a brace o' shakes. Well, just as we were all ready to shove off, the oars tossed up, and the first leaftenant going over the side, the skipper stops him, and says—'Smith,' says he, 'I doesn't know how it is, but some how or other, I never *could* be a looker on in my life—so, if you've no objection,' says he, 'I'll take up my berth in the barge.' This, in course, puts Smith in a pet; howsomever, there was no time for talk—both on 'em bundles into the boat—there was 'shove off'—'success'—and out o' sight of ship in a crack."

"Well, as the wind and tide was against us, we'd a tug of, ay, more nor an hour-and-a-half, afore we finds ourselves fairly in the mouth o' the harbour—I say, Bill—some o' your praters would a-larned a lesson that night—"

"You may say that, bo', " said Tailor."

"Hang, me—if dumb men were ever more silent. Why, we was all obligated to swallow our backy-juice, for fearing spitting it out should alarm the sogers ashore."

"The moon was down, but the stars were in farnally bright; and, what was worse, every stroke we gave, the blades of our oars looked all of a blaze—for, you know, with an easterly wind the sea seems always fire."

"Well, the anchorage was as still as a church yard—there was nothing to be heard but the ripple of the tide, and the squeaking, whistling chirrup of the sand-lark feeding on the beach. It was about two bells, in the middle watch; when just as we gets within—let's see—a matter of three or four cable's lengths of the craft, there was a lay

on our oars for the rest o' the boats to come up.—As soon as the boats had taken their station—two steering for one quarter, and two for t'other,—then,—there was dash alongside."

"And a dashing business it was," said Tailor.

"Why, yes," continued Turner, "the Frenchmen were all at their quarters—had their boarding-nettings traced-up fore-and-aft, and let every man Jack of us get caught in the meshes, afore they offered to fire as much as a musket. There we were, clinging in the shrouds and netting like a parcel o' spread eagles, for Crappo to pop and pike at us, in spite of ourselves; for you see, we couldn't get down on the deck. They made mince-meat of us all in a moment—some fell on the broad o' their back in the boats—some overboard, and were never seen more. This here seam in my cheek, was a plunge of a pike, which I'm sartin would 'ave gone through both sides—ay, and reg'larly spril-sail-yarded me, if my quid hadn't brought up the pint; well, down I drops on the top of a jolly, as was floored along two o' the thawts. I was a minute or so, afore I comes to myself; but, as soon as I finds the blood in my mouth—here's at 'em again, says I, and in I jumps head-foremost, through one of her ports,—thinking, in course, I'd be backed by the rest o' the barges' crew—for, you see, in a business o' that sort, it doesn't do to be looking astern to see if you're followed or no. It was just the port abreast of her capsten—and, as soon as I gets a fair footing on deck,—may I never see light, if I didn't clear the whole starboard side of her waist myself—and, why?—bekase I thought I was backed; and so did the French,—for for'ard they flies like a parcel o' dancing devils to get on the folksel. I mowed down, ay, four or five fellows myself; for, you see, there was no one left as could lend me a hand—though *that*, to be sure, I didn't know at the time: well, just as I turns round,—thinking, you know, to rally up my shipmates,—who the devil should front me, and fire his pistol slap in my face, but the French skipper himself! down I falls at his feet, for he follows up his fire with a cut of his cutlash, as nigh-handed severed my sconce! The ball missed my mug—but it splintered my neck—and reg'larly sprung my starboard collar-bone—What comed of the boats, you'd better ax Bill."

"Comed on 'em!" said Tailor—"gad, I don't know, what 'ould a-comed on 'em, if we hadn't cut and run when we did—why, except the first lieutenant and skipper, there wasn't in all the four boats, a man on us,—as hadn't, somewhere or other, eyelet-hole worked in his hide; nor was Mister Crappo (as Tom told you just now) satisfied with piking and pepperiug us, but he must pelt us with all sorts of combustibles—cold shot,—top-mauls,—marl-spikes, and billets o' wood."

Here Tailor paused to permit Turner to proceed; but Tom insisting on the speaker's continuing, exclaimed—"go on, Bill—go on, I'll spell you bine-by."

"Well," continued Tailor, "as luck 'ould have it,—the ebb tide drifted the boats clean out o' the harbour clear of the batteries—for us to pulling—there wasn't five men in the fifty, as could even sit on the thawts, much more strike-out at their oars. Howsomever, by the help of our sails, (tho' stepping our mast was no easy matter,) we soon fetches the frigate to leeward. There she

was laying-to-off the port like a pirate. All hands were on deck, waiting and watching to see us bring out the brig. As soon as she hails the barge, the captain sings out,—*'Up wi' the whip, up wi' the whip on the main-yard in a moment,'*—to hoist in the wounded, you know,—aye, and the killed, too: for, you see, in the dark, 'twas no easy matter to know the dead from the dying.

"Well, there was lights and lanterns flying fore-and-aft in a crack. The doctor, his two mates and loblolly-boys, were tumbling up the ladders with bandages, plasters, tow, tarniquets, and what-not from the cockpit; for as fast as whipped in, both killed and wounded were laid 'twixt the guns on the weather side o' the waist.

"But the worst of all was to see the poor women searching for their husbands. There they were, snatching the lanterns out of each other's fists, then showing 'em in our faces, and wiping, and swabbing-up wi' their aprons the blood from our mugs, to try and discern their men. There was Tom's poor wife—(poor soul, I'll mind her, as long as I live)—there she was, tearing her long beshivelled hair, which hung down, divided over each shoulder, for all the world like hanks of hemp. 'Kase, as *he* was one o' the missing, 'twas only nat'ral to suppose, he was one o' the six who was piked o'erboard from the brig.—Hang it, Tom," said Tailor, looking at Turner, who hung down his head—"You needn't be ashamed—she was a craft fit for a skipper—and what's more, I couldn't believe 'twas in woman to think so much for a man, as *she* did for you. So, spell, oh!"—said Tailor, thinking he had satisfied his auditory with that part of the narrative of which Tom was deficient.

"Well," resumed Tom, "as soon as I comes to myself next morning—where does I find myself but in the French skipper's cabin—hung up in his cot—laid out in lavender, and treated like a lady. There was the captain—let's see what was his name?—Lee-lee-lee-strange; and a strange fellow he was. There he was, sitting by my side, giving me drink to cool my mouth, and, tending me, for all the world, like one o' your Haslar hags. He sat up with me two nights himself, and not a soul but the doctor he'd let come, ay, within hail o' me. Well, as soon as I was able to shift my bob, ashore I goes to the hospital. There was the skipper coming day after day, sometimes bringing me fruit, sometimes giving me money—and many's the bottle o' brandy he'd a brought me, if the doctors had only a-let him. I hard often afore of your French politeness; but hang it, thinks I, this is *more* nor a bow or a scrape. What the devil does he see in *me*, says I, one day as he pulls out a 'Polion,—*I'm* one of the last, thinks I, he should treat in this sort o' fashion—for, you know, I happened to be the only fellow amongst us as did him a mischief. Wasn't I the chap as mowed down four of his men! and, moreover, didn't he lay me, with his own hand, stretched for dead on his deck!

"Howsomever, as soon as I gets well o' my wounds, they marches me inland to Verdun.—Well, I wasn't there a fortnight afore the Governor sends for me, and gets one o' your tarpetura to unlay his parlee-voo-lingoo, and tarn it into twice-laid English. 'Well,' said the tarpetur, 'the governor desires me to say, as you brought a good karector away wi' you from Brest—that

If so be, (for you see the fellow spoke capital English,) that if so be, you've any likin' for your liberty, you may have it—but mind,' says he, 'it all depends on yourself.' Well, I makes a sort o' a salam, for, you see, you'll never do nothing with Crappo if you don't bow and scrape, ay, and bend your body almost double, like a boot-jack. 'Well,' says I, 'I've nothing to say, no more nor this, that liberty's sweet all the world over.'—Howsomever, after a little palaver, the tarpetur comes to the pint:—'Well,' says he, 'the governor desires me to say, if so be you've a likin' that way, he'll make you a gemman; and, moreover, a lieutenant in Bonypartie's service.'

"I'm obliged all the same, sir," says I, making a grand salam to the governor, 'but as I never had a turn for the thing—that's to say, never sarked my time to the trade of a gemman—if it's all the same to the governor,' says I, 'I'd rather remain as I am.'

"Well, instead of giving him offence, I'm blest if the old gemman didn't shake me by the fist, and swore, as the tarpetur afterwards told me, I was a hanged fine fellow, and too good a man to be a gemman in any service."

NOTE.—This story is founded on fact, and the hero of it, is now living in London with Captain M——s of the Navy.

AN EVENING LOUNGE THROUGH THE STREETS OF RIO DE JANEIRO.—In the evening I proceeded along the Rua dos Pescadores to where it terminated in a large open square, called the Compo de Sta. Anna. The shops were again opened, and filled with all kinds of European merchandize, particularly Manchester shawls, handkerchiefs, cottons and calicoes of the most showy colors, broadcloths, silks, hats, boots, shoes, and stockings, all hung out in front of the houses, and covering the doors and windows with their rich drapery. These things were sent out in such profusion, and the market was so overstocked, that they were selling in the Rua des Pescadores for less money than in Cheapside. Having passed the shops, I arrived at that part of the street towards the country, where no business was carried on. The solitude and seclusion of the houses were strikingly contrasted. The windows were barred up like those of the Turks, with lattices of close cross-barred laths, which scarcely admitted the light, and through which it was impossible to see or be seen. These were suspended from above by a hinge, and opened from below, and, when any of the inmates wish to look out, they thrust their heads against them and push them forward. In almost every house as I went along, I saw some woman's forehead pressed on this blind; and in the opening was a black, brown, or sallow visage, with dark eyes, gleaming obliquely through the aperture, one up and the other down the street. On the arrival of the court, the windows of all the houses of the town were hung with these *gelosias*, projecting into the narrow streets when opened, and intercepting the passage; but an edict was published, that, as Rio was elevated to a high destiny, it should

show its sense of it by abolishing all its Gothic customs, and assimilating itself to the improvements of Europe, that these barred up windows were as unwholesome as they were barbarous and unseemly, by interrupting the free current of air; that therefore, within six months, they should all be removed, except from clay-built houses. This edict had the desired effect, and they have disappeared, except from the low edifices of this description in the remote streets. The aspect of the streets was extraordinary; they were narrow and crossed one another at right angles, and were called Rua and Travessa. The Rua commenced on the shore of the bay, and ran in a right line till it terminated in a large open space inland. The Travessa, or cross street, was closed up by two ranges of hills, so that when I stood at the angle of crossing, and looked both ways, I saw at the extremities of one the sea and the country; and at the extremities of the other the abrupt face of two steep rocks. If the defile in which this most opulent and populous, as well as largest portion of the town is crammed, lay in the direction of the bay, it would be ventilated continually by alternate currents of air caused by the regular land and sea breezes; but, unfortunately, it lies across it, and every breath of passing wind is interrupted by the two ridges of hills that cut their course. On emerging from this suffocating gorge, I found myself in an open plain into which all the streets leading from the sea debouch; and I perceived that the land views of this magnificent country were equal to those of the coast. The plain was nearly surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of mountains; their bases were sloping lawns of the richest verdure, terminated by belts of forest trees of immense growth and variety, from which issued their summits, rugged and shaped in all varieties of form; some ridged, some peaked, and some abruptly bent. One of these latter is called, from its very extraordinary and fantastic shape, the Corcovado, or broken back: an appellation which it well deserves. On advancing into this plain, I found it was enclosed with houses, so as to form an enormous quadrangle, among which was the senate-house, the museum, the camera, or town-hall, and other public buildings. It is, therefore, secured from further encroachment, and reserves to the capital of Brazil the boast of possessing, perhaps, the largest square in the world. It had been called the Campo de Santa Anna, but its name was changed to the Campo d'Acclamacao, and it is sacred to the Brazilians, as some of the most important events of their revolution were transacted upon it.—*Dr. Walsh's Notices of Brazil.*

EPITAPH.

Here lies escaped from busy scenes
A first Lieutenant of Marines,
Who lately lived in peace and plenty
On board the ship the *Atalanta*:
Now stripped of all his warlike show
And laid in box of elm below,
Confined to earth in narrow borders,
He rises not till further orders.

TURKISH BATHS.—While our supper was preparing we went to bathe, and for this purpose we took off our clothes and wrapped a shawl round our waists; another was thrown over our heads, and we were mounted on a pair of wooden pattens. Thus equipped we traversed the hall, and passed into a large inner apartment, with a fountain in the middle, and surrounded by marble benches, on which also a great many persons were lying. From thence we entered into the bath itself, a circular vaulted room, with a basin in the centre of nearly thirty feet diameter. This huge cauldron, filling the whole apartment with a dense vapor and strong sulphurous smell, the twinkling light of a few lamps and tapers, which were scarcely perceptible through the thick atmosphere, the grotesque figures of the bathers with their shorn heads and bushy beards, their discordant shouts and songs as they were swimming about, and the grinning visages of the negro attendants, formed altogether a scene which might have been taken for a representation of the infernal regions. We remained in the bath about twenty minutes; but, as the temperature of the water was above 100 deg., and the vapor very oppressive, we did not much enjoy it at the time. It left, however, an agreeable languor and disposition to repose. Some of our servants remained for an hour or two in a much hotter bath, and it is not unusual for invalids to go in at night and stay till morning. The heat of the fountain that supplied the larger bath was 110 deg. Another in a smaller apartment was 118 deg.—*Fuller's Travels in the Turkish Empire*

TEMPERANCE OF BONAPARTE.—Bonaparte was exceedingly temperate, and averse to all excess. He knew the absurd stories that were circulated about him, and he was sometimes vexed at them. It has been repeated, over and over again, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy; but, during the eleven years that I was always constantly with him, I never observed any symptom which in the least degree denoted that malady. His health was good, and his constitution sound. If his enemies, by way of reproach, have attributed to him a serious periodical disease, his flatterers, probably under the idea that sleep is incompatible with greatness, have evinced an equal disregard of truth in speaking of his night-watching. Bonaparte made others watch; but he himself slept, and slept well. His orders were, that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, the first to enter his chamber; but very frequently when I awoke him, he would turn himself and say, 'Ah, Bourrienne, let me lie a little longer!' When there was no very pressing business, I did not disturb him again till eight o'clock. He in general slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides taking a short nap in the afternoon. Among the private instructions which Bonaparte gave me, one was very curious:—'During the night,' said he, 'enter my chamber as seldom as possible. Do not

awake me when you have any good news to communicate; with that there is no hurry. But, when you bring bad news, rouse me instantly, for then there is not a moment to be lost.' This was a wise regulation, and Bonaparte found his advantage in it.—*Bourrienne's Memoirs.*

PRISON DISCIPLINE IN AMSTERDAM.—The principal prison is the house of correction, called also the Rasp-house, because the chief employment of its inmates is the cutting and rasping of Brazil wood. In this place of confinement no one is suffered to be idle; and thus the government is indemnified for much of the expenditure incurred, and the prisoners, on their part, are frequently reclaimed by its wholesome and rigid discipline, from the dissolute and vicious habits which led them to become its inmates. In the yard of the prison is one cell, and one only, for the treatment of the incorrigibly idle. A stream of water constantly flows into it, which can only be discharged through a pump set up within. The only means, therefore, by which the inmate can avoid being overwhelmed by the ingress of the water, is by working incessantly at the pump; if he persists in his idleness, he is inevitably drowned. It is said that it is now never used.

The most disgraceful massacres followed the death of the Gracchi. As a striking example, the son of Fulvius Flaccus, not implicated in the guilt of his father, was cruelly put to death by the order of the Optimics.—While they were carrying him to execution, a soothsayer Etruria, a friend of the young man, perceiving his tears and that he began to launch out into useless lamentation, nobly cried out to him to show greater firmness, and that he himself would set the example how he should meet his fate. With these words he rushed against one of the door posts of the prison, which were made of stone, and dashing out his brains with the violence of the blow, he expired on the spot.—*Sallust.*

LOSS OF BEAUTY.

THE world affects to commiserate the wounds of the heart, and to disregard those of vanity.—What a division of ideas is here produced by two phrases, that are in reality synonymous. With what superficial frivolity the loss of beauty is treated by authors of great merit in other respects, and also in those gossiping conversations in actual life which mean nothing; and yet, to the individual, how immense is that loss what consequences it involves!—often glory, honour, respect, consideration, esteem, power, love, extinction of influence either for good or evil; it strikes at all the moral part of being, and if these are not wounds of the heart, what are? Circumstances or dispositions sometimes render beauty a thing indifferent to its possessor; but often it is so identified with being, as to make the destiny of the individual, and its destruction unhinges the whole order of life, bringing more piercing ills to the heart of sensibility, than perjury, calumny, or even penury.



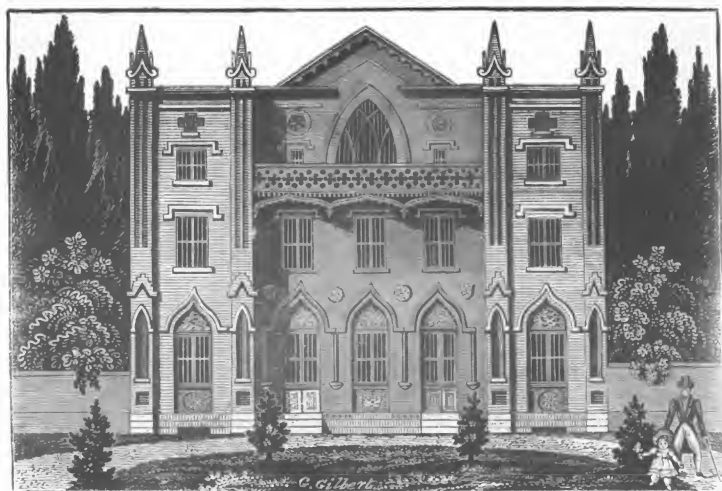
WOODS ON THE MOUNTAIN



THE NEW YORK STATE SCHOOL



NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.



GOthic MANSION, CHESNUT STREET.

NOTCH OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

The Notch of the White Mountains, of which this is a representation, is a very narrow defile extending two miles in length between two huge cliffs, apparently rent asunder by some vast convulsion of nature. Through this Notch runs the Saco river, which has its source in these mountains. About half a mile from the entrance of the chasm is seen a most beautiful cascade, issuing from a mountain on the right, about eight hundred feet above the subjacent valley, and about two miles distant. The road from Lancaster [N. H.] to Portland passes through the Notch, following the course of the head stream of the Saco. An event which occurred here a few years ago, has rendered this a scene of mournful interest. Nearly in the middle of this majestic chasm, lived, in the year 1826, a family by the name of Crawford, who kept a house of entertainment for those whom business or curiosity prompted to pass through this wild region. It consisted of eight persons. On the day before the event which we are about to record took place, dark clouds appeared gathering in two different points of the horizon, and at length collecting into one dark sullen mass, they hung gloomily on the tops of the mountains. A evening drew on, the heavens assumed a more and more portentous appearance, and at length the collected waters poured down, not in drops, but in a mass, as if the portals of heaven had been emptied at once. On the next day, some travellers passing through the Notch found the house deserted, and the road blocked up by immense masses of earth, rocks and trees, which had fallen from the mountains. Search was immediately made for the occupants of the house, and at length the bodies of five were found, mangled and torn by the avalanche that had thus brought death in its course. The remains of the other three were never found. From the appearances presented, it is concluded that two avalanches precipitated themselves from opposite mountains into the valley at the same time. One of them came directly towards the house, but before it reached it, divided into two parts, which passed each side of the house without injuring it. The inhabitants, it may well be supposed, alarmed at the tremendous uproar, fled with the hope of saving their lives; but, amid the utter darkness, and not knowing where to go, surrounded as they were on every side by the roar of ten thousand torrents, rushed into the very jaws of destruction. The avalanche found them in its path, and the moment of its meeting them must have been almost the same with that of their entrance into eternity.

DORSEY'S GOTHIC MANSION.

The annexed engraving represents the south front of the Gothic building in Chesnut street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, Philadelphia. The building has a front of sixty feet, and is twenty-six feet in depth, with a recess portico on the south, supported by oxeye consoles; is four stories high, including the attic or

garret story. Above the balustrade, which extends the whole length of the centre or recessed front, is a large antique principal window, which rises into the tympan of the triangular gable.—The buttresses of the eastern and western corridors are ornamented with niches and saracenic tablets. A gallery connects these in front, and passes by the great window. The walls of the porch, and the jams, and soffits of the entrances are enriched with antique quatre foil guilloches, shields, escutcheons and tablets, with appropriate bass-relief sculptures, in artificial stone, by the celebrated Mr. Coade. The building recedes one hundred feet from the line of the street, and is elevated on a terrace of sixty by ten feet surface, ornamented with grass and borders of shrubbery. The steps, plinths and basement, are of fine white granite.

This edifice, the whole exterior of which is a correct and chaste specimen of the Gothic order, was designed and erected by the late John Dorsey, Esq., whose architectural taste greatly ornamented his native city. The elevation of the central building of the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Anatomical Theatre there, (which, in beauty and convenience, is perhaps unrivalled,) much of the ornamental part of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge, the Academy of the Fine Arts, &c. and many private buildings, owe their beauty to the taste of this gentleman, which was liberally exercised, without reward, on all these occasions.

CHARLES CARROLL,

OF CARROLLTON.

The Last of the Signers—the sole survivor of that illustrious phalanx of free and fearless hearts! Who could contemplate without emotion, the venerable form of him whom the flood of death which has swept away all his colleagues, from Hancock whose signature stands the first, to Walton whose name appears the last, on the famous scroll, has as yet spared to us?—Well has it been said, “like the books of the Sybil, the living signers of the Declaration of Independence increased in value as they diminished in number.” Carroll is alone. The last relic of a noble band. Full of years, he still lingers among us, a fine specimen of dignified old age. With what a halo does his loneliness surround him!—“The last of the signers.” He is the link which connects us with the past.—When he departs, the Declaration of Independence will be a monument of the dead.—Now it still tells of living virtue, and patriotism, which yet burns in the aged, but warm, bold heart.—Yes, let the orator and the poet unite in weaving the flowery wreath to the praise of the last of the signers.—Long may it be ere that wreath is hung upon his urn. May we never forget the worth of those who put their names to the noble declaration of a people's high resolve—nor what is due to those who fought, and bled, and risked their all, to sustain it. It is good for us frequently to look back and ponder over the conduct—the deeds, the sufferings, of the fa-

thers of the republic. They are deserving of all our consideration, and all our praise. The subject may be often repeated, but can never become trite. It will be of service to us, often to have before our minds the men of 1776. It may kindle an emulation of their firm virtue—their disinterested patriotism—their contempt of narrow selfishness. It will do much to establish in the mind a true standard of political virtue and official desert; to knit us together in brotherly regard—by contemplating the unanimity, the mutual zeal, the equal perseverance of our common benefactors—to inspire and to strengthen a just respect for our country, and a beneficial nationality.

Ably and truly did Charles Carroll express the spirit that pervaded the great body of the people, when he wrote to Mr. Graves—the brother of the Admiral, and a member of Parliament:—“If we are beaten on the plains, we will retire to the mountains, and defy them. Our resources will increase with our difficulties. Necessity will force us to exertion; until, tired of combating in vain against a spirit which victory after victory cannot subdue, your armies will evacuate our soil, and your country retire, an immense loser, from the contest. No, sir, we have made up our minds to abide the issue of the approaching struggle, and though much blood may be spilt, we have no doubt of our ultimate success.”

Carroll was born on the twentieth of September, 1737, at Annapolis, in Maryland. He was educated in Europe. From the college of St. Omers, he went to that of Rheims, and from thence to the college of Louis Le Grand. He studied the civil law in France, and the common law in England. In 1764, he returned home, with a mind expanded and untainted by a foreign education. He had imbibed no admiration for monarchical institutions from spending his youth in a monarchical country; and had not learned to despise the simple manners, staid deportment, and economical habits of his own native land, amidst the glare and pomp of aristocracy, and the alluring display and elegant dissipation of the metropolis of fashion. Carroll entered into the discussions which preceded the revolution with an energetic pen. In 1770, a question relative to the fees of the civil officers of the colonial government came before the House of Delegates. The Governor settled the matter by a proclamation. Among the advocates of this measure, one came out in the public prints with an argumentative dialogue, as between two citizens. The second citizen supported the measure, and, of course, triumphed. The place of the visionary antagonist, however, was supplied by Mr. Carroll, and the “First Citizen” returned to the charge, with renewed spirit and wonderfully increased boldness, maintaining, that, “in a land of freedom, this arbitrary exertion of the prerogative will not, must not, be endured.” The “Editor of the Dialogue” retired from the field, and the place of the phantom defender was supplied by one of substantial

muscle and bone, in the person of Mr. Daniel Dulany, the provincial secretary, who undertook to answer the “First Citizen,” under the signature of “Antilore.” He was compelled to beat a retreat after a controversy of some length, and “Antilore” followed the shade of the “Second Citizen,” though not with quite equal precipitancy. The proclamation was burnt by the common hangman, and a numerous procession attended and assisted in the ceremonies. The able and talented effusions of Mr. Carroll drew from the representatives of the province a complimentary letter, of which the following is an extract:—“Your manly and spirited opposition to the arbitrary attempt of government to establish the fees of office by proclamation, justly entitles you to the exalted character of a distinguished advocate for the rights of your country. The proclamation needed only to be thoroughly understood, to be generally detested; and you have had the happiness to please, to instruct, to convince your countrymen.

“The free and independent citizens of Annapolis, the metropolis of Maryland, who have lately honored us with the public character of representatives, impressed with a just sense of the signal services which you have done your country, instructed us, on the day of our election, to return you their most hearty thanks.—Public gratitude, sir, for public services, is the patriot’s due; and we are proud to observe the generous feelings of our fellow citizens towards an advocate for liberty. With pleasure we comply with the instructions of our constituents, and in their names we thank you for the spirited exertions of your abilities.” In addition to this, the people of Annapolis waited upon him in a body, and presented their thanks. Some time afterwards, a conversation is said to have taken place between Carroll and Judge Chase. The latter observed—“Carroll, we have the better of our opponents. We have completely written them down.” To which Carroll replied—“And do you think that writing will settle the question between us?” “To be sure,” said Chase; “what else can we resort to?”—“The bayonet!” answered Carroll; “our arguments will only raise the feelings of the people to that pitch, when open war will be looked to as the arbiter of the dispute.” The revolution of America was founded on a proper basis. The intelligence of the country directed the feeling of the country. The ground was prepared before the seed was sown. It was not a sudden effort of the physical strength of the country against its constituted authorities. Our fathers had been educated in a school of freedom—nurtured in practical republicanism. Our earliest colonial institutions partook of its spirit. We had no domestic aristocracy; and our feeling for the sovereign whom we acknowledged, though respectful, as the head of the political system, was very different from what it would have been, had his throne stood on this side of the water, and had our eyes been accustomed to behold the state and circumstance of royalty. The

orders of the sovereign suffered from the distance, and by the medium, through which they were obliged to be conveyed. The throne was far from the persons and the hearts of the people. It was not an internal sovereignty, to identify itself with their interests, and link itself with their warm feelings. And their own representative councils, a portion of themselves, acting in those matters which concerned them most nearly, received much more of their attention, and a much greater degree of their esteem. The American Revolution was a revolution of principle; in accordance with long cherished habits of thinking; to prevent usurpation; to preserve liberty;—not to overthrow the one, or to obtain the other. It was rationally conducted, with prudence, foresight, and circumspection. The consequences were calculated. It was not a political convulsion—a violent uprooting of long established systems—the desperate leap of a people goaded by oppression continued beyond endurance, and hurried into anarchical excesses from ill timed opposition, and the want of due discipline and suitable preparation. The bulk of the wealth, the talent, and the respectability of the country, rallied round the standard of revolt; and the people received their first impulse, and their after strength, from their true Corinthian capital—the men of commanding intellect and superior virtue. In the troubling of the waters, the dregs were not east up and borne upon the surface. There was no chance for a ruffian *Marat*—a profligate *Egalite*—or a shallow, cold-blooded, cowardly, miscreant *Robespierre*, to play the demon. The way was gradually laid open and cleared by the active and the nervous arm. The popular heart was sound. The thinking principle predominated in the many; and every pains were taken by the public men to prepare and inspire them for rising difficulties and obstacles, whose unexpected would alarm, and might deter. The people knew for what they struggled—understood their menaced rights—had a certain substantial, visible aim of conduct to fix and influence the mind, were not left loose to be impelled by passion, cupidity, or a vague, uncertain, indefinite desire of change. They were in the habit of discussing the questions of taxation, and its dependence on representation, and the lawfulness of resistance; and when they drew their swords and made the last appeal of oppressed humanity, it was in obedience to the dictates of their judgment; and to those who asked, why they patiently suffered hardship and privation, and steadily persevered, and marched on with a firm step, though their path was on the frozen snow, which they pressed with their naked feet and tracked with their blood? they were ready to give an answer.—These remarks were naturally suggested by reflecting upon the conduct of the wealthy, strong minded, and well-educated Charles Carroll. Of some of which it is a striking illustration.

By a resolution of the delegates of Maryland of the twenty-second of June, 1774, the importation of tea was forbidden. Some time after-

wards, a brig came into Annapolis with a cargo of the obnoxious article; and the offended populace threatened to destroy the cargo, and to chastise the master and consignees of the vessel. The committee of delegates met and appointed a sub-committee to superintend the unloading and prevent the landing of the tea. But the excitement continued, and the friends of the owner called on Mr. Carroll, as a man of great influence, to protect him from any act of popular violence. Mr. Carroll plainly told them, that the importation of the tea in defiance of the known regulations of the convention, was "an offence for which the people will not be so easily satisfied;" and whatever might be his personal esteem for Mr. Stewart, the owner of the vessel, and his wish to prevent violence, it would not be in his power to protect him, unless he consented to pursue a more decisive course of conduct, than to export the tea to Europe or the West Indies. "My advice," says Mr. Carroll, "is, that he set fire to the vessel, and burn her, together with the tea that she contains, to the water's edge." There was a moment's hesitation, but it was considered safest to take the advice, and the peace offering of the burning brig was received with exultation by the assembled multitude.

In 1775, Mr. Carroll was chosen a member of the first committee of observation established in Annapolis; and the same year elected a delegate to represent Anne Arundel county in the provincial convention. Here he opposed, but unsuccessfully, the instructions given to the representatives of Maryland in the general Congress, "to disavow, in the most solemn manner, all design in the colonies of independence." He went to Canada in February, 1776, as one of the three commissioners appointed to effect, if possible, a coalition between that country and our own. His associates were Dr. Franklin and Samuel Chase. They were accompanied, at the request of Congress, by John Carroll, the late respected Archbishop, from whose influence as a clergyman of the Catholic persuasion much was expected. The ill success of the Commissioners, and its causes, are too well known to need repetition or detail. When Mr. Carroll returned, he took his seat in the convention, and strenuously urged the withdrawal of their former instructions, and the substitution of others empowering the congressional delegates "to concur with the other united colonies, or a majority of them, in declaring the United Colonies free and independent states." On the second of July, 1776, the instructions he desired were given.—Mr. Carroll was appointed a delegate. His name appeared on the list on the fourth, and he took his seat on the eighteenth of July, '76. The fact is now pretty generally known, that the copy of the Declaration of Independence engrossed for signing according to a resolution of the nineteenth of July, was not signed until the second of August, and then only by the members on that day present in Congress, of whom Carroll was one. The others signed

it at different intervals, as opportunity presented. A little incident has been mentioned. As Mr. Carroll returned from affixing his signature, some bystander observed, "there go a few millions." Mr. Carroll was appointed a member of the Board of War, and exercised its duties during his continuance in Congress. He was still a member of the convention of Maryland, and was one of the committee appointed to draught the constitution of that state. He was chosen a Senator of Maryland, and afterwards re-appointed a delegate to Congress, where he remained until the year 1778, when he resigned his seat, and gave his attention to the local concerns of his own state. In 1781, he was again sent to the Senate, and immediately after the adoption of the federal constitution, he represented her in the Senate of the United States. He left this station in 1791, and the same year became a member of the Senate of Maryland. He was one of the commissioners for settling the boundary line between Maryland and Virginia, and was an industrious and efficient member until the year 1801, when the federal party to which he was attached lost the election, and Mr. Carroll's public life terminated.

Charles Carroll is now in his ninety-third year. The hand of time, which has marked his brow and whitened his locks, has left something of the fire of the eye of his spirited manhood, and rests lightly on the expansive intellect and the benevolent heart. His faculties are unimpaired, and his deeds evince nothing of the icy and contracted selfishness which is sometimes laid to the charge of advanced age. He is still liberal, still patriotic; his spirit still looks abroad for the prosperity of his country—that country he has essentially served. To her he devoted the ardour of his youth, the vigor of his maturity, in the days of dark suspense and threatening evil. He continued firm when the lurid cloud hung over our land, and hope had well nigh fled. He gave to our councils the wisdom of his contemplative age. His wealth is very great. He has been blessed with this world's goods in abundance; and like a good steward, he has not abused his trust. He has been blessed in his family. The highest domestic felicity has been his. Smiling faces have surrounded his household hearth—faces, bright in the light of their own joy; and if the grandeur of an aristocratic alliance can impart gratification, that gratification has been added; for his posterity rank among the *magnates* of Britain's proud nobility. "In the land from which his father's father fled in fear, his daughter's daughter now reigns as queen." And is there one who will not join in the aspiration, may his days extend to the utmost limit of man's allotted existence; and with no shade dimming the clear mirror of his virtues, and no misfortune ruffling his course to the realm of eternal rest, with feelings pure and spiritualized, with faith high and steadfast—looking with a fixed eye beyond the clouds of earth, with the pillow of his infirmities free from a single thorn,

with a nation's benefactions upon his head, and the approving smile of his Maker in his soul,

"May his evening sun go down
Like the evening of the eastern clime, that never knows
a frown."

J. B. S.

RUPERT DE LINDSAY.

"Man walketh in a vain shadow; and disquieteth himself in vain."

THERE is one feeling which is the earliest-born with us—which accompanies us throughout life, in the gradations of friendship, love, and parental attachment—and of which there is scarcely one amongst us who can say, "It has been realized according to my desire." This feeling is the wish to be loved—loved to the amount of the height and the fervour of the sentiments we imagine that we ourselves are capable of embodying into one passion. Thus, who that hath nicely weighed his own heart will not confess that he has never been fully satisfied with the love rendered to him, whether by the friend of his boyhood, the mistress of his youth, or the children of his age. Yet even while we reproach the languor and weakness of the affection bestowed on us, we are reproached in our turn with the same charge; and it would seem as if we all—all and each—possessed within us certain immortal and spiritual tendencies to love which nothing human and earth-born can wholly excite; they are instincts which make us feel a power never to be exercised, and a loss doomed to be irremediable.

The simple, but singular story which am I about to narrate is of a man in whom this craving after a love—beyond the ordinary loves of earth, was so powerful and restless a passion, that it became in him the source of all the errors and the vices that have usually their origin in the grossness of libertinism; led his mind through the excesses of dissipation to the hardness of depravity—and when at length it arrived at the fruition of dreams so wearying and so anxious—when with that fruition, virtue long stifled by disappointment, seemed slowly, but triumphantly to awake—betrayed him only into a punishment he had almost ceased to deserve, and hurried him into an untimely grave, at the very moment when life became dear to himself, and appeared to promise atonement and value to others.

Rupert de Lindsay was an orphan of ancient family and extensive possessions. With a person that could advance but a slight pretension to beauty, but with an eager desire to please, and a taste the most delicate and refined, he very early learnt the art to compensate by the graces of manner, for the deficiencies of form; and before he had reached an age when other men are noted only for their horses or their follies, Rupert de Lindsay was distinguished no less for the brilliancy of his *ton* and the number of his conquests, than for his acquirements in literature, and his honours in the Senate. But while every one favoured him with envy, he was, at heart, a restless and disappointed man.

Among all the delusions of the senses, among all the triumphs of vanity, his ruling passion, to be really, purely, and deeply loved, had never been satisfied. And while this leading and master desire pined at repeated disappointments, all

other gratifications seemed rather to mock than to console him. The exquisite tale of Alcibiades, in Marmontel, was applicable to him. He was loved for his adventitious qualifications, not for himself. One loved his fashion; a second his fortune; a third, he discovered, had only listened to him out of pique at another; and a fourth accepted him as her lover because she wished to decoy him from her friend. These adventures, and these discoveries, brought him disgust; they brought him, also, knowledge of the world; and nothing hardens the heart more than that knowledge of the world which is founded on a knowledge of its vices—made bitter by disappointment, and misanthropical by deceit.

I saw him just before he left England, and his mind then was sore and feverish. I saw him on his return, after an absence of five years in the various courts of Europe, and his mind was callous and even. He had then reduced the art of governing his own passions, and influencing the passions of others, to a system: and had reached the second stage of experience, when the deceived becomes the deceiver. He added to his former indignation at the vices of human nature, scorn for its weakness. Still many good, though irregular impulses, lingered about his heart. Still the appeal, which to a principle would have been useless, was triumphant when made to an affection. And though selfishness constituted the system of his life, there were yet many hours when the system was forgotten, and he would have sacrificed himself at the voice of a single emotion. Few men of ability, who neither marry nor desire to marry, live much among the frivolities of the world after the age of twenty-eight. And De Lindsay, now waxing near to his thirtieth year, avoided the society he had once courted, and lived solely to satisfy his pleasures and indulge his indolence. Women made his only pursuit, and his sole ambition: and now, at length, arrived the time when, in the prosecution of an intrigue, he was to become susceptible of a passion; and the long and unquenched wish of his heart was to be matured into completion.

In a small village not far from London, there dwelt a family of the name of Warner, the father, piously termed Ebenezer Ephraim, was a merchant, a bigot, and a saint; the brother, simply and laicly christened James, was a rake, a boxer, and a good fellow. But *she*, the daughter, who claimed the chaste and sweet name of Mary, simple and modest, beautiful in feature and in heart, of a temper rather tender than gay, saddened by the gloom which hung forever upon the home of her childhood, but softened by early habits of charity and benevolence, unacquainted with all sin even in thought, loving all things from the gentleness of her nature, finding pleasure in the green earth, and drinking innocence from the pure air, moved in her grace and holiness amid the rugged kindred, and the stern tribe among whom she had been reared, like Faith sanctified by redeeming love, and passing over the thorns of earth on its pilgrimage to Heaven.

In the adjustment of an ordinary amour with the wife of an officer in the ——— regiment, then absent in Ireland, but who left his *gude-woman* to wear the willow in the village of T——, Rupert saw, admired, and coveted the fair form I

have so faintly described. Chance favoured his hopes. He entered one day the cottage of a poor man, whom, in the inconsistent charity natural to him, he visited and relieved. He found Miss Warner employed in the same office; he neglected not his opportunity; he addressed her; he accompanied her to the door of her home; he tried every art to please a young and unawakened heart, and he succeeded. Unfortunately for Mary, she had no one among her relations calculated to guide her conduct, and to win her confidence. Her father, absorbed either in the occupations of his trade or the visions of his creed, of a manner whose repellent austerity belied the real warmth of his affections, supplied but imperfectly the place of an anxious and tender mother; nor was this loss repaired by the habits still coarser, the mind still less soft, and the soul still less susceptible of the fraternal rake, boxer, and good fellow.

And thus was thrown back upon that gentle and feminine heart all the warmth of its earliest and best affections. Her nature was love; and though in all things she had found wherewithal to call forth the tenderness which she could not restrain, there was a vast treasure as yet undiscovered, and a depth beneath that calm and unruffled bosom, whose slumber had as yet never been broken by a breath. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that De Lindsay, who availed himself of every opportunity—De Lindsay, fascinating in manner, and consummate in experience, soon possessed a dangerous sway over a heart too innocent for suspicion, and which, for the first time, felt the luxury of being loved. In every walk, and her walks hitherto had always been alone, Rupert was sure to join her; and there was a supplication in his tone, and a respect in his manner, which she felt but little tempted to chill and reject. She had not much of what is termed dignity; and even though she at first had some confused idea of the impropriety of his company, which the peculiar nature of her education prevented her wholly perceiving, yet she could think of no method to check an address so humble and diffident, and to resist the voice which only spoke to her in music. It is needless to trace the progress by which affection is seduced. She soon awakened to the full knowledge of the recesses of her own heart, and Rupert, for the first time, felt the certainty of being loved as he desired. "Never," said he, "will I betray that affection; she has trusted in me, and she shall not be deceived; she is innocent and happy; I will never teach her misery and guilt!" Thus her innocence reflected even upon him, and purified his heart while it made the atmosphere of her own. So passed weeks, until Rupert was summoned by urgent business to his estate. He spoke to her of his departure, and he drank deep delight from the quivering lip and the tearful eye with which his words were received. He pressed her to his heart, and her unconsciousness of guilt was her protection from it. Amid all his sins, and there were many, let this one act of forbearance be remembered.

Day after day went on its march to eternity, and every morning came the same gentle tap at the post-office window, and the same low tone of inquiry was heard; and every morning the same

light step returned gaily homewards, and the same soft eye sparkled at the lines which the heart so faithfully recorded. I said every morning, but there was one in each week which brought no letter—and on Monday, Mary's step was listless, and her spirit dejected—on that day she felt as if there was nothing to live for.

She did not strive to struggle with her love. She read over every word of the few books he had left her, and she walked every day over the same ground which had seemed fairy-land when with him; and she always passed by the house where he had lodged, that she might look up to the window where he was wont to sit. Rupert found that landed property, where farmers are not left to settle their own leases, and stewards to provide for their little families, is not altogether a sinecure. He had lived abroad like a prince, and his estate had not been the better for his absence. He inquired into the exact profits of his property; renewed old leases on new terms; discharged his bailiff; shut up the roads in his park, which had seemed to all the neighbourhood a more desirable way than the turnpike conveniences; let off ten poachers, and warned off ten gentlemen; and, as the natural and obvious consequences of these acts of economy and inspection, he became the most unpopular man in the county.

One day Rupert had been surveying some timber intended for the *axe*; the weather was truly English, and changed suddenly from heat into rain. A change of clothes was quite out of Rupert's ordinary habits, and a fever of a severe nature, which ended in delirium, was the result. For some weeks he was at the verge of the grave. The devil and the doctor do not always agree, for the moral saith that there is no friendship among the wicked. In this case, the doctor was ultimately victorious, and his patient recovered. "Give me the fresh air," said Rupert, directly he was able to resume his power of commanding, "and bring me whatever letters came during my illness." From the pile of spoilt paper from fashionable friends, country cousins, county magistrates, and tradesmen who take the liberty to remind you of the trifle which has escaped your recollection—from this olio of precious conceits Rupert drew a letter from the Irish officer's lady, who, it will be remembered, first allured Rupert to Mary's village, acquainting him that she had been reported by some good-natured friend to her husband, immediately upon his return from Ireland. Unhappily, the man loved his wife, valued his honour, and was of that unfashionable temperament which never forgives an injury. He had sent his Achates twice during Rupert's illness to De Lindsay Castle, and was so enraged at the idea of his injurer's departing this life by any other means than his bullet, that he was supposed in consequence to be a little touched in the head. He was observed to walk by himself, sometimes bursting into tears, sometimes muttering deep oaths of vengeance; he shunned all society, and sate for hours gazing vacantly on a pistol placed before him. All these agreeable circumstances did the unhappy fair one (who picked up her information second hand, for she was an alien from the conjugal bed and board) detail to Rupert with very considerable pathos.

"Now then, for Mary's letters," said the ~~my~~ valid; "no red-hot Irishman there, I trust;" and Rupert took up a large heap, which he had selected from the rest as a child picks the plums out of his pudding by way of a regale at the last. At the perusal of the first three or four letters he smiled with pleasure; presently his lips grew more compressed, and a dark cloud settled on his brow. He took up another—he read a few lines—started from his sofa. "What ho, there!—my carriage-and-four directly!—lose not a moment!—Do you hear me?—Too ill, do you say!—never so well in my life!—Not another word, or—My carriage, I say, instantly!—Put in my swiftest horses! I must be at T—— to-night before five o'clock!" and the order was obeyed.

To return to Mary. The letters which had blest her through the livelong days suddenly ceased. What could be the reason?—was he faithless—forgetful—ill? Alas! whatever might be the cause, it was almost equally ominous to her. "Are you sure there are none!" she said, every morning, when she inquired at the office, from which she once used to depart so gaily; and the tone of that voice was so mournful, that the gruff postman paused to look again, before he shut the lattice and extinguished the last hope. Her appetite and colour daily decreased; shut up in her humble and fireless chamber, she passed whole hours in tears, in reading and repeating, again and again, every syllable of the letters she already possessed, or in pouring forth in letters to him all the love and bitterness of her soul. "He must be ill," she said at last; "he never else could have been so cruel!" and she could bear the idea no longer. "I will go to him—I will sooth and attend him—who can love him, who can watch over him like me!" and the kindness of her nature overcame its modesty, and she made her small bundle, and stole early one morning from the house. "If he should despise me," she thought, and she was almost about to return, when the stern voice of her brother came upon her ear. He had for several days watched the alteration in her habits and manners, and endeavoured to guess at the cause. He went into her room, discovered a letter in her desk which she had just written to Rupert, and which spoke of her design. He watched, discovered, and saved her. There was no mercy or gentleness in the bosom of Mr. James Warner. He carried her home; reviled her in the coarsest and most taunting language; acquainted her father; and after seeing her debarred from all access to correspondence or escape, after exulting over her unupbraiding and heart-broken shame and despair, and swearing that it was vastly theatrical, Mr. James Warner mounted his yellow Stanhope, and went his way to the Fives Court. But these were trifling misfortunes compared with those which awaited this unfortunate girl.

There lived in the village of T—— one Zacharias Johnson, a godly man and rich, moreover a saint of the same chapter as Ebenezer Ephraim Warner; his voice was the most nasal, his holding forth the most unctuous, his aspect the most sinister, and his vestments the most threadbare of the whole of that sacred tribe. To the eyes of this man there was something comely

in the person of Mary Warner: he liked her beauty, for he was a sensualist; her gentleness, for he was a coward; and her money, for he was a merchant. He proposed both to the father and to the son; the daughter he looked upon as a concluding blessing sure to follow the precious assent of the two relations. To the father he spoke of godliness and scrip—of the delightfulness of living in unity, and the receipts of his flourishing country-house; to the son he spoke the language of kindness and the world—he knew that young men had expenses—he should feel too happy to furnish Mr. James with something for his innocent amusements, if he might hope for his (Mr. James') influence over his worthy father: the sum was specified and the consent was sold. Among those domestic phenomena, which the inquirer seldom takes the trouble to solve, is the magical power possessed by a junior branch of the family over the main tree, in spite of the contrary and perverse direction taken by the aforesaid branch. James had acquired and exercised a most undue authority over the paternal patriarch, although in the habits and sentiments of each there was not one single trait in common between them. But James possessed a vigorous and unshackled, his father a weak and priest-ridden, mind. In domestic life, it is the mind which is the master.

Mr. Zacharias Johnson had once or twice, even before Mary's acquaintance with Rupert, urged his suit to Ebenezer: but as the least hint of such a circumstance to Mary seemed to occasion her a pang which went to the really kind heart of the old man, and as he was fond of her society and had no wish to lose it, and as above all, Mr. James had not yet held those conferences with Zacharias, which ended in the alliance of their interests—the proposal seemed to Mr. Warner like a law-suit to the Lord Chancellor, something rather to be talked about than to be decided. Unfortunately, about the very same time in which Mary's proposed escape had drawn upon her the paternal indignation, Zacharias had made a convert of the son; James took advantage of his opportunity, worked upon his father's anger, grief, mercantile love of lucre, and saint-like affection to sect, and obtained from Ebenezer a promise to enforce the marriage—backed up his recoiling scruples, preserved his courage through the scenes with his weeping and wretched daughter, and, in spite of every lingering sentiment of tenderness and pity, saw the very day fixed which was to leave his sister helpless forever.

It is painful to go through that series of inhuman persecutions, so common in domestic records; that system, which, like all grounded upon injustice, is as foolish as tyrannical, and which always ends in misery, as it begins in oppression. Mary was too gentle to resist; her prayers became stilled; her tears ceased to flow; she sat alone in her "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart," in that deep despair which, like the incubus of an evil dream, weighs upon the bosom, a burden and a torture from which there is no escape nor relief. She managed at last, within three days of that fixed for her union to write to Rupert, and get her letter conveyed to the post.

"Save me," it said in conclusion—"I ask not

by what means, I care not for what end—save me, I implore you, my guardian angel. I shall not trouble you long—I write to you no romantic appeal:—God knows that I have little thought for romance, but I feel that I shall soon die, only let me die unseparated from you—you who first taught me to live, be near me, teach me to die, take away from me the bitterness of death. Of all the terrors of the fate to which they compel me, nothing appears so dreadful as the idea that I may then no longer think of you and love you. My hand is so cold that I can scarcely hold my pen, but my head is on fire. I think I could go mad, if I would—but I will not, for then you could no longer love me. I hear my father's step—oh, Rupert!—on Friday next—remember—save me, save me!"

But the day, the fatal Friday arrived, and Rupert came not. They arrayed her in the bridal garb, and her father came up stairs to summon her to the room, in which the few guests invited were already assembled. He kissed her cheek; it was so deathly pale, that his heart smote him, and he spoke to her in the language of other days. She turned towards him, her lips moved, but she spoke not. "My child, my child!" said the old man, "have you not one word for your father?"—"Is it too late?" she said; "can you not preserve me yet?"—there was relenting in the father's eye, but at that moment James stood before them. His keen mind saw the danger; he frowned at his father—the opportunity was past. "God forgive you!" said Mary; and cold, and trembling, and scarcely alive, she descended to the small and dark room, which was nevertheless the state chamber of the house. At a small table of black mahogany, prim and stately, starched and whaleboned within and without, withered and fossilized at heart by the bigotry, and selfishness, and ice of sixty years, sat two maiden aunts: they came forward, kissed the unshrinking cheek of the bride, and then, with one word of blessing, returned to their former seats, and assumed their former posture. There was so little appearance of life in the persons caressing and caressed, that you would have started as if at something ghastly and supernatural—as if you had witnessed the salute of the grave. The bridegroom sat at one corner of the dim fireplace, arrayed in a more gaudy attire than was usual with the sect, and which gave a grotesque and unnatural gaiety to his lengthy figure and solemn aspect. As the bride entered the room, there was a faint smirk on his lip, and a twinkle in his half-shut and crossing eyes, and a hasty shuffle in his unwieldy limbs, as he slowly rose, pulled down his yellow waistcoat, made a stately genuflection, and regained his seat. Opposite to him sat a little lank-haired boy, about twelve years old, mumbling a piece of cake, and looking with a subdued and spiritless glance over the whole group, till at length his attention riveted on a large dull-coloured cat sleeping on the hearth, and whom he durst not awaken even by a murmured ejaculation of "Puss!"

On the window-seat at the farther end of the room, there sat, with folded arms and abstracted air, a tall military-looking figure, apparently about forty. He rose, bowed low to Mary, gazed at her for some moments with a look of deep

interest, sighed, muttered something to himself, and remained motionless, with eyes fixed upon the ground, and leaning against the dark wainscoat. This was Monkton, the husband of the woman who had allured Rupert to T——, and from whom he had heard so threatening an account of her liege lord. Monkton had long known Zacharias, and, always inclined to a serious turn of mind, he had lately endeavoured to derive consolation from the doctrines of that enthusiast. On hearing from Zacharias, for the saint had no false notions of delicacy, that he was going to bring into the pale of matrimony a lamb which had almost fallen a prey to the same wolf that had invaded his own fold, Monkton expressed so warm an interest and so earnest a desire to see the reclaimed one, that Zacharias had invited him to partake of the bridal cheer.

Such was the conclave—and never was a wedding-party more ominous in its appearance. “We will have,” said the father, and his voice trembled, “one drop of spiritual comfort before we repair to the House of God. James, reach me the holy book!” The Bible was brought, and all, as by mechanical impulse, sank upon their knees. The old man read with deep feeling some portions of the Scriptures calculated for the day; there was a hushed and heartfelt silence; he rose—he began an extemporaneous and fervent discourse. How earnest and breathless was the attention of his listeners, the very boy knelt with open mouth and thirsting ear. “Oh beneficent Father,” he said, as he drew near to his conclusion, “we do indeed bow before thee with humbled and smitten hearts. The evil spirit hath been amongst us, and one who was the pride, and the joy, and the delight of our eyes, hath forgotten thee for a while; but shall she not return unto thee, and shall we not be happy once more? Oh, melt away the hardness of that bosom which rejects thee and thy chosen for strange idols, and let the waters of thy grace flow from the softened rock. And now, oh Father, let thy mercy and healing hand be upon this thy servant, (and the old man looked to Monkton,) upon whom the same blight hath fallen, and whose peace the same serpent hath destroyed.” Here Monkton’s sobs were audible. “Give unto him the comforts of thy holy spirit; wean him from the sins and the worldly affections of his earlier days, and both unto him and her who is now about to enter upon a new career of duty, vouchsafe that peace which no vanity of earth can take away. From evil let good arise; and though the voice of gladness be mute, and though the sounds of bridal rejoicing are not heard within our walls, yet grant that this day may be the beginning of a new life, devoted unto happiness, to virtue, and to thee!” There was a long pause—they rose, even the old women were affected. Monkton returned to the window, and throwing it open leant forward as for breath. Mary resumed her seat, and there she sat motionless and speechless. Alas! her very heart seemed to have stilled its beating. At length James said, (and his voice, though it was softened almost to a whisper, broke upon that deep silence as an unlooked-for and unnatural interruption,) “I think, father, it must be time to go, and the carriages must be surely coming, and here they are—no, that sounds like

four horses.” And at that very moment the rapid trampling of hoofs, and the hurried rattling of wheels were heard—the sounds ceased at the gate of the house. The whole party, even Mary, rose and looked at each other—a slight noise was heard in the hall—a swift step upon the stairs—the door was flung open, and, so wan and emaciated that he would scarcely have been known but by the eyes of affection, Rupert de Lindsay burst into the room. “Thank God,” he cried, “I am not too late!” and, in mingled fondness and defiance, he threw his arms round the slender form which clung to him all wild and tremblingly. He looked round. “Old man,” he said, “I have done you wrong, I will repay it, give me your daughter as my wife. What are the claims of her intended husband to mine? Is he rich?—my riches treble his! Does he love her?—I swear that I love her more! Does she love him? look, old man, is this cheek, whose roses you have marred, this pining and wasted form, which shrinks now at the very mention of his name, tokens of her love? Does she love me? You her father, you her brother, you her lover—ay, all, every one amongst you know that she does, and may Heaven forsake me if I do not deserve her love!—give her to me as my wife—she is mine already in the sight of God. Do not divorce us—we both implore you upon our knees.” “Avaunt, blasphemer!” cried Zacharias—“Be gone!” said the father—The old ladies looked at him as if they were going to treat him as Cleopatra did the pearl, and dissolve him in vinegar. “Wretch!” muttered in a deep and subdued tone, the enraged and agitated Monkton, who, the moment Rupert entered the room, had guessed who he was, and stood frowning by the sideboard, and handling, as if involuntarily, the knife which had cut the boy’s cake, and been left accidentally there. And the stern brother coming towards him, attempted to tear the clinging and almost lifeless Mary from his arms.

“Nay, is it so?” said Rupert, and with an effort almost supernatural for one who had so lately recovered from an illness so severe, he dashed the brother to the ground, caught Mary in one arm, pushed Zacharias against the old lady with the other, and fled down stairs, with a light step and a lighter heart. “Follow him, follow him!” cried the father in his agony, “save my daughter, why will ye not save her?” and he wrung his hands but stirred not, for his grief had the stillness of despair. “I will save her,” said Monkton, and still grasping the knife, of which, indeed, he had not once left hold, he darted after Rupert. He came up to the object of his pursuit just as the latter had placed Mary (who was in a deep swoon) within his carriage, and had himself set his foot on the step. Rupert was singing with a reckless daring natural to his character, “She is won, we are gone over brake, bush, and scaur,” when Monkton laid his hand upon his shoulder; “Your name is De Lindsay, I think,” said the former—“At your service,” answered Rupert gaily, and endeavouring to free himself from the unceremonious grasp; “This, then, at your heart!” cried Monkton, and he plunged his knife twice into the bosom of the adulterer. Rupert staggered and fell. Monkton stood over him with a brightening eye, and brandishing the

blade which reeked with the best blood of his betrayer. "Look at me!" he shouted, "I am Henry Monkton!—do you know me now?"—"Oh, God!" murmured the dying man, "it is just, it is just!" and he writhed for one moment on the earth, and was still for ever!

Mary recovered from her swoon to see the weltering body of her lover before her, to be dragged by her brother over the very corpse into her former prison, and to relapse with one low and inward shriek into insensibility. For two days she recovered from one fit only to fall into another—on the evening of the third, the wicked had ceased to trouble, and the weary was at rest!

It is not my object to trace the lives of the remaining actors in this drama of real life—to follow the broken-hearted father to his grave—to see the last days of the brother consume amid the wretchedness of a jail, or to witness, upon the plea of insanity, the acquittal of Henry Monkton—these have but little to do with the thread and catastrophe of my story. There was no romance in the burial of the lovers—death did unite those who in life had been asunder. In the small churchyard of her native place, covered by one simple stone, whose simpler inscription is still fresh, while the daily passions and events of the world have left memory but little trace of the departed, the tale of her sorrows unknown, and the beauty of her life unrecorded, sleeps Mary Warner.

And they opened for Rupert de Lindsay the mouldering vaults of his knightly fathers; and amid the banners of old triumphs and the escutcheons of heraldic vanity, they laid him in his palled and gorgeous coffin!

I attempted not to extract a moral from his life. His existence was the chase of a flying shadow, that rested not till it slept in gloom and for ever upon his grave!

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

A FRAGMENT.

"——— O! there lie such depths of woe
In a young blighted spirit."—*Hemans.*

The sun was fast sinking in all his glory behind the blue hills that bounded the pleasant valley of W——, and, as he descended, deepening their lengthened shadows into an aspect of repose. Not a sound disturbed the death-like tranquillity of the scene, save now and then the rustling wings of some parent-bird, as with almost noiseless flight it hastened towards the home of its offspring; or when, perchance, the straggling tone of some distant shepherd's pipe awoke from their quietness the echoes of the neighboring hills. It was, indeed, a quiet scene; and the crimson clouds, as gathering up their beautiful drapery they slowly declined towards the western horizon, seemed, like benignant spirits, to look back with complacency upon the loveliness they were leaving, and to usher in with reluctance the calm twilight that was to succeed them.

The village of W—— was enviably situated. Placed in a delightful valley, and almost hidden by the many and tall trees that, like aged sentinels, stood around to guard it from unhallow-

ed intrusion, it appeared as secluded from the usual noise and bustle of busy life, as it was in a great degree exempted from its vices. It was not without its ornament. Towering above the green tops of the trees—the pride of the village—arose the lofty and not unhandsome spire and steeple of the village church; and beneath it, in impressive but most unostentatious solemnity, that holy building, which once at least in seven days beheld seated within it the principal persons of W——. By its side stood, in equivalent simplicity, the minister's habitation. A plain, snow-white edifice, whose sides were prettily overrun with shrubbery, that, creeping in at the bright green shutters, seemed to implore admittance into the hospitable mansion, whilst a neat paling fence encircled a sweet little garden, filled with vegetable luxuries, and was tastily divided into shady walks, interspersed with arbors, evidently fashioned by the hands of its amiable owner. Many another cottage might be traced by its white walls chequering the interstices of the little wood before it, or by the grey smoke that at meal time wreathed itself into graceful columns above it.

It was Saturday evening, a time appropriated from its contiguity to the Sabbath to universal rest; and many a groupe here and there, as you approached nearer, might be discovered of gay and laughing children, romping with unchecked vivacity upon the level sward; or the more sober parties of patient matrons, as they stood watching over the careless pastimes of their offspring, or sat engaged in cheerful and animating conversation at the door of some aged or valetudinary neighbor. But a larger and more serious group, composed of both sexes, and from the light-haired, laughing girl of sixteen, to the venerable and hoary head of seventy, were convened around the threshold of the minister; whilst from the restlessness of the young, and the earnestness of the elder portion, it might be gathered that the subject of their conversation was one of interest.

"Alice, my daughter—yes, thou art welcome, although I cannot longer call thee *all* my own!" uttered a voice half choked with emotion, as a young woman, pale but interestingly beautiful, entered the assembly, and throwing her arms around the speaker, murmured forth, "My father, I am thine—I will be no other!" and buried her head in his bosom.

"No! it must not be so, Alice!" gently rejoined her parent, as the feelings of the moment gave way to a temporary composure—"it must not be so! But Henry, does he linger while we await him?"

"He is here," responded the soft voice of the female, as an athletic young man, flushed with recent exercise, sprang to her side with the confident air of one too familiar to fear rebuke for the abruptness of his visit.

All eyes were for a moment turned upon the intruder. And then the sudden burst of joy—of congratulation, that succeeded—the eager press forward of the aged, to grasp his in their trans-

bling hands—the innumerable inquiries—the elation of the young—all proclaimed him to be no stranger to their affections, and that he had not overrated in his familiarity the extent of their acquaintance.

Henry Branton was two and twenty. He had been absent about three years. Providence had seen fit during that period to deprive him of his two best earthly counsellors; but, in rendering him an orphan, had not only taught him to put his trust in one who is ever present, and ever faithful, but had doubly endeared him, from that afflicting circumstance, to the hearts of the pious villagers of W—. He had departed a youth, wild, unstable, though virtuous and intelligent; and he returned a man, rich in worldly knowledge, and in the good things of this life; handsome, for time had inconceivably improved his personal appearance, and—it were useless to conceal, for the blushes of *one* present would have confessed it—the betrothed of Alice Howard.

“Come hither, my children,” faltered the broken voice of the minister, as the two knelt submissively before him; for in delivering up, even as he believed into worthy hands, the affections of his daughter, he felt that he was sundering the last tie that existence had on him; that in *her* he was disposing of his only, of *all* his earthly attachments—and that henceforth he might live with a subdued spirit, and one more exclusively devoted to that mission which he feared that, in times past, he had too much neglected for the vain things of this life. And he sorrowed—but it was the sorrow of a Christian!

“Come hither, my children!” and as at that beloved, but oh! how strangely altered voice, they knelt down, hand in hand, before him, he placed his hands upon them, as if to invoke the blessing of heaven upon their attachment. For a moment his soul seemed absorbed in emotions too deep for tongue to give them utterance. His eyes were closed—his lips moved not—and his features were compressed, as if for some mighty effort: yet not a sound escaped those pallid lips; the workings of his countenance alone betraying the fearful tumult that was going on within.—Every breath was hushed; every bosom seemed almost to cease to beat with an absorbing anxiety, whilst every eye was fixed with an indefinite presentiment, and a feeling of painful sympathy and interest, upon the objects before them. Earth never saw a quieter moment; but it was soon over. He knelt down beside them—and then broke forth in a torrent of impassioned and natural eloquence—the voice of entreaty—of hope—of prayer—of submission—in language such as the confiding Christian, placing his all in the hands of an Omnipotent Father, could invoke—in language I must not, may not, hope to imitate.

There was not—I need scarcely say it, for there could not be—a more truly religious, or a more pious congregation, than that which assembled under the ministry of the Rev. Charles

Howard. They, or more properly, their fathers, had emigrated to their present place of residence in consequence of religious persecution.—And though many a tie was severed—many an attachment broken off—and many a tear of regret started at the rude prospect of forsaking their homes and their cheerful firesides, and the numberless attractions of their native land, yet, like the pilgrims of old, they felt that the hand of God was upon them—that his finger had pointed out to them their destination—and like them, convinced of his ability to judge, they prepared to acquiesce without a murmur in his decision.

It was upon the western bank of the Mississippi, remote alike from the cupidity and sympathy of strangers, that they located their habitations, and in the unmolested exercise of their peculiar tenets, left their legacy of freedom to their equally devoted children. And truly they had got a pastor after their own hearts. Charles Howard was a man now bordering upon the verge of life. He had been with them in their prosperity—he had been with them in their trouble. Amid the bleak snows of the Scottish Highlands he had been born, and taught in the school of severe discipline, for which the Covenanters of that period were remarkable; he had shared in his youth, with that persecuted sect, not a small portion of their sorrows, their dangers, and their privations. Many a day had he been hunted, like a wild beast of the forest, amid the deep caverns and glens of that wild and singularly romantic region; and often would his heart have been filled with gladness, had the startled fox or timid hare, in their forsaken coverts, left a prospect of a hiding-place for the repose of his wearied limbs. And such, too, was the fate of his companions. Yet, they forgot not their God, in this their hour of desolation! Often might the voice of the strong in the faith be heard issuing from the bosom of some unfathomable hiding-place, or echoing from the brink of some fearful chasm, which, to less practised footsteps, threatened instant and inevitable destruction, calling to them to hold fast on *His* righteousness, and cheering, with abundant scriptural consolation, the fainthearted brother in affliction.

Such was the early life, and such the early companions, of Charles Howard. He had been educated in the school of adversity, and experience had been to him but as a book, fraught indeed with many a useful lesson, but of the most severe character, and exhibiting as its inducements, but the stern example of *him*, who was said to be “a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief.” But he had other and more immediate cause for suffering! His parents—his brother—his darling sister—all, *all* had dropped off one by one, silent martyrs to the faith! But one—the partner of his bosom—his joy—his comfort in distress, in destruction—*she*, too, had died! She died! but not as woman *should* die—in the quiet sick-room, attended by the assiduous and tender care of offspring and relatives,

and all the manifold comforts of a peaceful home! She died! but it was with a glazed eye fixed imploringly upon the blue, boundless heaven, that smiled placidly above, and soiling with her innocent blood the bright green earth beneath!—She died! But oh, it would have melted the heart of a monster to have seen! how! —to have heard those dying shrieks!—to have seen those dying struggles—to have looked on the convulsive shudderings of that tender frame, as it now lay gasping in excruciating agony, mutilated until it scarce bore the impress its Maker had given it—scarce resembled what once was the form of the beautiful Agnes Howard!

It was to these horrible moments that Alice—the helpless little Alice, owed her birth. A murdered mother!—a father bound, and bleeding!—tortured to the most inexpressible degree of human suffering, by wretches bearing the semblance of humanity, and in sight of his struggling, his expiring wife.—*Such* was the *first* scene ever beheld by the eyes of the Minister's Daughter! Did it lack barbarity? Did it want aggravation?—It was a fit picture of that life into which she had just been so painfully ushered!

In sorrow had she been born—in sorrow she lived. There was a mysterious something about the motherless child, an indescribable idea of sadness, somehow inseparably connected with her appearance, that insensibly led the mind into the conclusion that she was not altogether fitted for communion with this world, but rather lent as an example to it of a higher and a holier state of being. Like her surviving parent, she seldom smiled. When she did, it was like the moon-beam breaking from behind some lone cloud—interesting from its beauty and sweetness, and loved for that plaintive expression, which, even in the most callous bosom, calls into exercise the sweetest sympathies of our common nature. And you would have felt, could you but have seen her seated, as she was sometimes wont to sit, meditative and melancholy, perusing, perhaps, God's holy word, and her sad countenance betraying every varying emotion of her soul; you would have felt that death itself could not be too dearly purchased, if for the happiness of that loveliest of God's creatures!

The gentle twilight had now gradually faded away, and the blue sky was filled with a world of laughing little stars, all striving to compensate with their puny rays for the absence of that orb for whose brightness they seemed conscious that they were unable wholly to atone. One bright cloud hung lingering upon the horizon—the promise, perhaps, of a peaceful morrow—but it fled too! and then nothing was left to gaze upon but the darkened earth beneath, or the boundless continuity above, that, like Hope, though seemingly near, receded upon inspection, mocking with fancied illusions that which appeared but too much like reality. So, at least, thought the fair Minister's Daughter, as she sat alone, pale and spiritless, in the little arbour her own hands had raised, and for every plant that encircled which she had an affection

as the offspring of her own tenderness and care. But her thoughts were upon other things now! The little flowers that had ever enjoyed her first caresses, now hung their heads unheeded, unregarded. There, too, lay the roses she had so lately culled for her father's toilet, neglected, withering, and dying—but she eyed them not. She was sad, she knew not why. She sorrowed, she knew not wherefore. She looked around her, but it was with a vacant and a careless gaze. Every breath of wind as it played upon her cheek, or in wanton humour lifted the curling tresses that hung negligently upon her forehead, whispered nothing in her ear but to-morrow! And every dim object in the distant outline, seemed to have for her a voice of premonition! O how welcome to her would have been the storm, with its gathering tumults, its marshalling of clouds, and its sounds of devastation and destruction! It would have been music to her soul! for it would have effectually relieved her from that irksomeness of solitude, that silent loneliness, which lent redoubled energy to thought.

The Sabbath was a day of unusual solemnity in W—, for its inhabitants were particularly rigid in their attention to even the ordinary ordinances of their religion. It was a day of quietness—and yet there was *one* to whom that thought brought any thing but peace! There was *one* to whom it should have been a day of maidenly triumph, of rejoicing, of congratulation. But not so thought Alice Howard! The morrow was her bridal-day; and yet, a deeper shade passed over her brow, and, perhaps, a tear stole timidly down her cheek, as the memory of it came across her mind—but she breathed a sigh of pious resignation to her fate, as a tall form appeared suddenly at her side, and kissed away the fright occasioned by his intrusion.

"Alice," tenderly inquired her lover, "why so sad—always so unhappy? Has the prospect of our union aught in it so painful that you should deprecate its approach?" and he pressed her hand affectionately in his. She replied not; but with a look beaming with expression, she looked up timidly in his face.

"I know what you would say," he continued, playfully patting her cheek. "But is it not foolish, Alice, to be disturbed by such unfounded and superstitious feelings? Do not suffer yourself," he earnestly added, "to be thus imposed upon by the fanciful conjurations of your own imagination! Or can you believe me capable of acting falsely?"

"No! no! no!" she rapidly uttered; "but I know that something tells me we shall never be united! That you will never, *never* be mine!" and the tender-hearted and superstitious girl hid her face in her lover's bosom,

"Alice! Alice!" he soothingly replied, "far be it from me to say that mankind hath never been visited by tokens of the future; but is it not impious," he subjoined, "to arrogate to ourselves, poor sinful creatures, a gift that God has

vouchsafed to none but saints and the apostles?"

"I know it! I know it!" she weepingly exclaimed.—

—The song of praise never ascended from purer hearts, or more sincere, than were assembled upon this Sabbath, and on this occasion, within the open doors of the house of God. It was rarely, indeed, among the simple inhabitants of W——, that the hand of Death visited other than the aged or infirm, the stricken in years, and full of glory. It was rarely that the light step of the maiden, blooming in all the freshness of early life, or the flushed cheek of manhood, busy with the prospect of a long existence—it was rarely that *they* were arrested by his approach! That the middle aged had been obliged to pause in their career of usefulness, the bright eye dimmed, or the warm throbbing bosom silenced amid the circle of their endearments. And when, per chance, the hoary head had been left in quiet to its repose, though the new made grave, and the seat now vacant at the cheerful board, or at the blazing hearth, and the want of the many little services which to the living they had been habituated to perform; though all these smote upon their remembrances, and told the accustomed tale of mortality, still they felt that the days of the departed had been numbered in his weakness, and that he had gone down to the narrow house in peace, and with the hope of one "willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." (1 Cor. 2. v. 8.) But *now* the triumphing angel had passed, and one on whom all hearts doted, for whom unnumbered affections had been treasured up, (alas! to be outpoured in useless lamentations)—the destroying angel had passed, and the young, the beloved Henry Branton, lay numbered with the dead!

It was a beautiful Sabbath, that one of mourning in W——. The cloudless sky, and the clear, warm sun, that shone immeasurable splendour, would have gladdened the hearts of many a true Christian, and warmed it with feelings of thankfulness and love towards the beneficent Author of all Good: but the dark mantle of sorrow had been cast over many a bosom, and the voice of smothered grief, or of pious submission, was alone to be heard throughout the smiling precincts of that valley. Aye, many an 'aching void' was there, that time might in vain hope to fill; and many a thought, too, that for once rebelled against controul, as the bright anticipations of yesterday were brought into contrast by the gathering group that now darkened with the emblems of sorrow the front of the minister's house. Even the little children grew silent and reserved in their playfulness, and looked wistfully up into their parents' faces, as if they, too, might comprehend the extent of their bereavement.

But there was *one* to whom the full bitterness of that moment was *all* her own! He for whom she had mainly lived, had hoped, and

would have died whom, next to her God, and her parent, she loved, with all the deep fondness of a trusting soul, unchangeable and fixed on one whose faith it deemed impeccable! Where was he now? Could he loiter thus while his bride awaited him? Had the green fields aught for him dearer than the partner he had chosen? The wild rose, the lily, the violet, all, all the sweet flowers of the forest, were they sweeter to him than the love of that one tender, confiding bosom? Alas! she *might* have hoped, she *might* have vainly taught despair be still, and fancied that the grave was *not* for one so young, so beautiful! But hark! the deep, sullen tones of yonder iron-tongued messenger! Ha! brings it no recollection of the past? Poor, innocent, broken spirit,—Earth, earth is not for thee! and life, and its frail enjoyments, they cannot long be thine!

Silence was in the house of death. The little parlor with its simple furniture, betraying to no curious eye the useless paraphernalia of modern elegance, was filled with a crowd of weeping witnesses to the faith of him who now lay a cold covering of earth before them. The proud, the great, the mighty—Aye! ye may be borne in state—ly pomp, to the mausoleums of your fathers! A long train of cold, heartless, calculating ones attend you to your splendid sepulchres! Tell me is your bed more soft! Speak! are your slumbers sweeter? O pride! O Mammon! One spark of the hope which lit up *those* dying features; and ye were blessed indeed!

Silence is in the house of death! and gazing upon that loneless cheek—that cheek, but yesterday, burning with all the warm emotions of manhood—there stands a solitary one. It is the stricken, the broken hearted! Her brow is still. Her eye is tearless. Suffering has denied to her the assuaging torrent: her grief is the deep, slow, hidden, burning of the soul, that withereth in its growth the plant of life, and drieth up the fountain of existence! She is calm, but her's is the composure of despair! Another form has arisen, and now the clear subdued tones of the gospel minister is heard, pouring forth from the sacred volume its streams of consolation:—"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

A few months had scarcely elapsed when another procession was seen slowly emerging from amid the trees of the village church-yard, and shortly afterwards was placed by the side of Henry Branton's, a plain, white, stone, with the simple inscription—"Here lieth in peace, the remains of THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER. SENEX.

THE perusal of books of sentiment, and of descriptive poetry, and the frequent survey of natural scenery, with a certain degree of feeling and fancy, must have a most beneficial effect upon the imagination and the heart.

Butter.—The *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles* gives an account of the means used in the canton d'Issigny to procure excellent butter in winter. The cows are warmly clothed, so as to cause them to calve in the autumn, as it is found that the milk, after this process of nature at that time, becomes more abundant and richer in quantity; and during the severest weather in the winter, they were constantly kept clothed, and fed in the open air, as the taste of the butter is said to be much injured by confinement in the stable. The butter of this district is superior to any other on the continent.

Animalised Bread.—A new kind of bread, called *pain animalise*, is now manufactured in Paris. It having been found that the gelatine of bones, used for soups, was exceedingly nutritious, it was imagined that if this gelatine could be introduced into bread from potato flour, which is very much less nutritious than wheaten flour, the former would be equally pleasant, and even more nutritive than wheaten bread. The experiment has been tried with great success; and beautiful loaves of bread, made in this way, are now sold in Paris at a much lower price than bread from wheat flour. The gelatine is so purified as to impart no unpleasant flavour; and the potato bread, thus manufactured, is as agreeable as it is wholesome. As a cheap, nutritious, and useful article of food for the poor, the potato bread thus made is unequalled. A large quantity of the biscuit sent out with the African expedition was prepared in this manner.

NEW MEDICINE.—M. Leroux, an apothecary of Vitry le Francois, has extracted from the bark of the willow a new substance, to which he has given the name of salicine; and which he has found to be a powerful febrifuge. A committee of the French Academy, to whom M. Leroux's discovery was submitted for consideration, have pronounced most favorably with respect to it. They say that its medical properties are singularly energetic, and that it may be advantageously substituted for quinine. M. Majendie administered eighteen grains in a day, in three doses of six grains each, and that quantity sufficed to remove intermittent fever, without any return. Experiments have also been made in the various hospitals of Paris, especially at L'Hotel Dieu and La Charite; and it has always been found that eighteen, or at most twenty-four grains, administered in doses of six grains each, have been sufficient to prevent the return of a fit. It appears, therefore, that the quantity of salicine necessary for that purpose is smaller than the quantity of quinine.

SEDATIVE EFFECTS OF THE SPIDER'S WEB.—The web of the black spider has received commendation from many respectable sources, as a sedative agent, capable of calming, with peculiar ease and certainty, morbid excitability of the cerebral and nervous systems. It was lately administered in the case of an intel-

ligent young man, who, after consuming, by his own report, three quarts of brandy in thirty-six hours, fell into a state of tremulous excitation, so excessive that he was incapable of keeping a recumbent or even a sitting posture for more than a minute, but paced his chamber with a ceaseless step, or two days and nights. He was not delirious; on the contrary, his conversation was rational, though hurried and vehement. But he was so far under the influence of spectral hallucination, that if he closed his eyes for a moment, day or night, he was instantly visited by a host of phantoms of frightful aspect; hence chiefly his aversion to lie down, or make any voluntary effort to sleep. This patient took opium, with camphor, and black drop, at intervals, and in full doses, until the quantum of opiate approached the utmost limit of probable safe administration, without even partial relief of constitutional irritation, or any apparent proneness to sleep.—The tremulous excitement kept unabated for 24 hours, the second night passed in constant vigilance, locomotion, and mental excitement, and it seemed probable that excitation so intensely protracted, and unrelenting, must soon lapse into delirium or convulsions. At this time, the morning of the third day (the second of my attendance) he began the use of the fresh web in pills of five grains every hour. Its effect was prompt and unequivocal. The patient spoke emphatically, both the first and second day, of the soothing influence produced by the pills. He was not at the time informed of their composition.—*Abridged from the Medical Gaz.*

A surgeon, named Desplats, was, about six months since, condemned by default to several years imprisonment, for maiming conscripts, in order to render them unfit for military service.—Having recently surrendered himself to take his trial, he appeared on Saturday before the Court of Assize, charged with having inflicted severe wounds, and as being guilty of swindling. It resulted from the evidence, and from the confession of the prisoner, that when the young men were drawn for the conscription, he promised, for a pecuniary compensation, so to maim them as to produce a sufficient ground of exemption; and he accordingly made certain incisions through the flexor tendons of the fingers, which would prevent the individuals thus maimed from pulling the trigger of a musket. The evidence of a surgeon named Denis went to show that these wounds might have proved mortal.

It appeared that on the 6th of August, 1828, during the proceedings of the Council of Revision, four young conscripts were remarked as having the same grounds of exemption. All four were affected by an inflammatory swelling of the scrotum, with echymosis. They described the malady as hydrocele, which originated from a blow. The inspecting surgeon ascertained, by attentive examination, that the wounds were nothing but burns produced by the application of the caustic to the scrotum. The men became seriously ill, and, on inquiry, the authorities dis-

covered that Desplats was the author of the mischief.

The prisoner was declared guilty, and sentenced to five years imprisonment and the pillory.

EDUCATION IN AMERICA.

It is the universal attention paid to the education, and in the number of academical foundations, the Americans exhibit a public spirit with which we are proud to claim kindred. The great body of the people are, as regards the rudiments of knowledge, far in advance of the English. All can read and write; and to give his children an education, is the first concern of every parent. The oldest college in the United States, is Harvard College, at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, founded in 1638, only eighteen years after the first settlement at Plymouth. Yale College was founded in 1700. Besides these there are, in the Union, about fifty Colleges authorised to confer degrees. The number of benevolent and religious institutions in America supported by voluntary contributions, is almost incalculable.—Their Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, Prison Discipline Societies, Penitentiaries, Asylums, &c. are the noble results and evidences of a public spirit, an enlightened philanthropy, and a religious zeal, which certainly can find a parallel only in the parent country.—*Eclectic Review*.

LONDON POLICE.

About a month since, a man named Dando, was brought up to Union Hall, on the charge of entering a coffee shop, and devouring at a single meal three pounds of animal food, besides a half quartern loaf, sundry fresh eggs, and washing down the whole with upwards of a dozen cups of coffee, for which he refused to pay. He was committed to Brixton Jail. His term of imprisonment having expired, on Saturday, he came up to town, and had not been many hours at large before he was given into custody again, and yesterday he was brought before Mr. Chambers on the following charge:—Mrs. Hennell stated that she kept an oyster shop, and that on Saturday the prisoner walked in, and asked to have some natives opened for him. Having eaten a dozen first to try them, he asked for a half quartern loaf, and cut away until he did not leave a morsel, and with the loaf actually got through thirteen dozen of oysters. Before he had finished the repast, Mrs. Hennell was compelled to employ another oyster opener besides herself, the customer bolted them at so rapid a rate. He was talking about having another dozen, but Mrs. Hennell advised him not, saying that he would get ill if he eat so many at one time. "Bless your soul," exclaimed Dando, "if I was to eat twice as many oysters, they wouldn't hurt me a bit—I took a fancy to them, for I have not touched one for the last month; however, added he, "I don't think I'll have any more this time, and now, Ma'am, let me have some of your ginger beer, for it is good for the wind on the stomach." Mrs. Hennell opened a bottle, and he drank it off; in fine, he drank five bottles in quick suc-

cession; and then said that he had no money. He was making preparations to leave the shop, when he was given into custody. During the statement of the charge, Dando stood grinning at the bar, and at its conclusion, with the greatest effrontery exclaimed. "I was very 'pickish,' your worship, after living on the jail allowance so long, and I thought I would treat myself to an oyster." It was stated that previously to the prisoner's going to Mrs. Hennell's he had called at another shop in the neighbourhood, and had as many oysters and bread and butter as amounted to 4s 6d, for which he did not pay. The shop keeper kicked him out of the house. He was committed for three months.

TO REMOVE WATER-SPOTS FROM BLACK CRAPE VEILS.

IF a drop of water falls upon black transparent crape, it immediately turns it white, leaving a disfiguring mark. To remove this, spread the veil on a table, laying smoothly under the stain a piece of old black silk. Then dip a camel's hair pencil into some good writing ink and wet the white spot with it. Immediately, (and before the ink has time to dry) wipe it off with an old piece of canton crape or something of a similar soft texture, taking care to rub it cross-ways of the crape. This process will cause the water-stain entirely to disappear, and unless the ink is allowed to dry before it is wiped off, no mark will be seen on the place.

Bengal is enclosed on many parts by natural boundaries, which are nearly impassable; and would of itself continue a large, rich, and powerful state. The whole of the north side, from Assam westward, is fenced in by a vegetable wall of the most formidable character, and which is a far better defence, should a defence in that quarter be necessary, than the wall of China, or any other rampart thrown up by human art; and even here it has this advantage, that it is reared without labour, and contains in itself the principle of its own repair and continuance. This natural rampart consists of a belt of moist and extremely fertile alluvial land, formed by the debris of the northern mountains; and the humidity of those mountains, which is retained and gradually given out by the soil in perpetual springs, keeps the powers of vegetation in great and incessant action. The consequence is, a degree of productiveness, of which there is hardly any where a similar example. Trees of the largest dimensions, and laid together with climbing plants, extend over the whole; but, with all their size and vigour, they are not able to exhaust the powers of the soil and the climate; for the very grass which springs up between them, and which is more thickly sowed than wheat in England, emulates a forest. This formidable plant, to which the natives give the name of Augesh grass, rises to the height of thirty feet, with a stem nearly three inches in diameter, and is hardly permeable by the impenetrable hides and heavy masses of the elephant and rhinoceros; and, therefore, a complete barrier against human beings.—*Pict. of India*.

Written for the Casket.
TALES OF THE PILLOW.

LANDERMAN.

"What man is this, who to the front of war
Bareheaded offers thus his naked life?
Replete with power he is, and terrible."—*Southey*.
"Though not subject to the ills of mortality,"
said the Fairy Pulvinara to her beloved, Mira,
"our race feel intensely the pleasures of nature.
The breeze impregnated with the incense of
spring—the wild flower blooming alone in the
forest—and the river's murmur, are instruments
of music of deepest tones as we flit over earth's
wide surface."

This address of the fairy was interrupted by
strains so soothingly melancholy and plaintive,
that Mira felt the thrilling influence. The fairy
saw her emotion and smiled; but while smiling,
pointed her golden sceptre towards a mountain
vale, over which mists hung heavy and black.
A wind rose—the dense vapor curled before the
tempest. The storm was but for a moment,
and all was calm, clear sun-light.

A country spread on the far distance, over
which the hand of industry and taste seemed to
have combined to render charming to view.—
The cottages of a happy people stretched a de-
lightful fringe along a winding river.

"Behold that mansion seated amid fields,
meadows, pastures, orchards and gardens," said
the fairy—"That house is the centre of wealth.
The inmates are plain and simple children of
the harvest field."

The mansion in fancy seemed to come near
and more near. It was evening; and summer
shed its rich lustre over the fields. Before the
door of the mansion appeared a man and woman
in middle life, seated beneath an aged tree; be-
side them sat a young female, their daughter.—
Fair, sweet, and affectionate, she drank the
smiles of her parents. To join the little group
two men appeared. One was advanced to the
early gray of human life; his face was sinister,
though his address was apparently friendly.—
The second had not yet reached the meridian
of life. His form large and powerful; his ad-
dress insinuating, though in his eye sat a frown
from which Mira shrunk.

The scene changed: The mantle of darkness
enwrapped the earth; the father, mother, and
daughter had retired; as had all the busy in-
habitants of the valley, except the fell prowler,
who only sleeps in light.

The fairy touched the eyes of Mira with her
sceptre wand, and amid the thick gloom two
men approached the mansion. Their dress was
that of the savage of the wilderness. They ad-
vanced in silence. All was still and quiet in the
devoted house. The door was burst; the parents
rose at the sound, named their child—their
voices were lost in death. The child, in terror,
ran she knew not whither, and in a moment
vanished from the almost equally distracted gaze
of Mira.

"This picture is laid before thee, Mira, to
enable thee to understand the tale I am now to
relate. See that exulting savage."

Mira turned her eye upon the face—it was
that of the man who drank the hospitable cup a
few hours before.

"Thou art shocked, Mira, but await the end.
That man exults: he is the inheritor of that fair
domain, when the parent and child are gone.—
The parents are in the sleep of death; and 'the
feeble child cannot escape,' says the murderer."

Here Mira was transfixed with horror. The
elder of the two destroyers appeared dragging
the trembling lamb. The writhing victim and
her captors merged into the darkness and were
gone.

"Let me recal thy mind back to years long
past. In the early age of civilized habitation,
when the children of Europe crossed the im-
mense deep, and when their voices were first
heard in the then unbroken woods of western
Pennsylvania, one of my subjects followed over
the ocean surface an orphan German boy. Thou
must see a heart of purity, august queen, said
my assistant genii. I flew on wings of wind—I
found the youth reposing under an oak on that
stream now called the Schuylkill. I looked into
his heart. He is mine, said I: and for years I
followed the footsteps and cheered the pillow of
Landerman. His limbs and heart expanded.—
His strength and step were those of the lion in
his power. His arm and eye were steady, for
the heart of Landerman knew no fear. Among
the western warriors none was so distinguished
for watchful daring as Felix Landerman. His
very soul sought useful employment, and when
not guarding the dwelling of his employer, Felix
was in the field of labour. His employer was
rich; and the fine form of Felix, and his still
finer heart, made him the husband of an only
daughter, and the heir of her parents. In their
early years intimacy, not friendship—their hearts
were too unlike—subsisted between Landerman
and the father of Mat Wiall. Landerman was
rich, and his only child and daughter was sought
for by young Wiall. They were cousins, and if
Maria was removed, Mat was heir by law to
Landerman. Maria shrunk, as would a rose be-
fore the wintry blast, from the dark eye of her
cousin. She met, loved, and was beloved by
Ellison Warr; a man who deserved to live at the
same time, and to be the friend of Landerman.
Maria and Ellison were united; and hate, fell,
silent and smothered, rose in the heart of Mat
Wiall. To meet either Landerman or Warr
was death, and Wiall sought safer means of
vengeance, and a safer road to a fortune his
heart hungered to possess. He smiled on and
congratulated the new married pair, became
obsequious to his uncle, and lulled all suspicion
asleep. Guilt and fear only are the parents of
suspicion.

The voice of war was heard, and Landerman,
though already in the wane of life, sought the
forest of danger. He and his nephew Wiall
were two of a party sent to scour the woods.—
When the party reached one of the streams of
Susquehanna, they divided into pairs, and Lan-
derman and Wiall were together. They reached

a narrow, but deep and rapid stream, over which Landerman led the way on a fallen tree. "Now is my time," inwardly thought Wiall, and his uncle fell, severely wounded, into the current. Wiall flew backwards from the view of his work, and reported the death of Landerman from a savage hand. The tale was probable, and believed.

Landerman, though desperately, was not mortally wounded; and falling into the margin of the stream, was saved from suffocation. The strong love of life gave him strength to convulsively spring to the bank on which he fell. In falling he caught a fiend glance from the opposite shore. "Lord of hosts," he faintly exclaimed, "my nephew," and sunk to insensibility. It was the glaring last look of Wiall which met the view of the wounded man. "He is gone and safe," burst from the miscreant.

Through this night I watched the victim, and amid the dews and gloom of night in a hemlock forest, I saw returning life and reason. Morning came, and before the sun rose arrived at the spot four Indians. They found, pitied, and protected their prisoner. His wounds were dressed and healed, but years of captivity followed before Landerman could escape, and in those years of anguish, the fate of his daughter and little grand daughter was hid from the eye and heart of Landerman.

He made even the Indians his friends, and learning their language, related his story to a chief. The chief heard the tale and replied—

"Thou desirest to return to thy daughter, and return thou shalt."

And in a few days, well armed, Landerman was speeding his painful way through the tangled woods towards his once delightful home. He rose to a mountain-top, the view of his distant valley lay far below. He paused a moment, and then sought a fountain and resting place for the night. Care, health, and age, all marked his face as he reached one of those pellucid streams, distilled by a Supreme hand from the bosom of the mountain. Weary and thirsty he tasted the pure draught, and sat down.

"To-morrow evening I may see my children."

A thought that he might have no children crossed his heart. A tear started, which was sternly dashed away. I looked into his heart, and saw the fine affections of nature struggling with the remembrance of foul ingratitude. His eye glanced on the rising moon. His soul became calm as he opened his knapsack and tasted some dried venison.

Though in the advance of the season the air was bland and mild, and the old ranger soon found a bed by the side of a fallen tree, amid beach and oak leaves. He was soon wrapt in sleep, but the images of his Mira and his flaxen-headed Catharine were before him. He in thought opened his arms to receive them—awoke, and felt the moon beams falling between the trembling leaves. He was again in slumber, and before him appeared his blood-stained

nephew; the fierce glance of the injured warrior knit his brow—revenge, as a dark cloud, passed over his pale visage—but, like a cloud, it passed, and, like the orb which beamed upon him, all was soft and tranquil light.

Morning approached. It was a morning in November. The yellow and gray streaks of dawn were contending with the silver gleams of moonlight. The moon, full orb, was sinking behind the western mountains. The time-stricken ranger hailed the coming day; he rose, and was in the act of shouldering his piece and knapsack, when the sound of indistinct human voices met his ear. With the rapidity of youth, he darted into a thicket of laurel, and placing himself behind a very large tree, his powerful blue eyes flashing the fire of a tyger. His place of concealment was not more than ten steps from the fountain, but the closeness of the laurel thicket was an effectual cover. He was scarcely quiet when three persons made their appearance. Two were men on foot, coming from the east, and between them, on horseback, a most lovely girl. Her garments torn, and feet bound to the saddle girth.

The men were painted, and in the garb of Indians, but their language soon discovered their nation. Their aspect, indeed, was most ferociously savage. The sweetly pleading face of the child, for she was yet a child, would have won on actual Indian—with her present conductors her tears had no moving effect. Arrived at the spring, they, however, loosed her, and rather dragged her from the horse. Though terrified, lamed, and stiffened by ill treatment, she rushed to the spring, and quaffed the pure aliment for which her heart seemed to burn. The most brutal of the strangers waved his hand for her to sit down by a tree. To the tree she went, but fell on her knees, and was soon engaged in earnest prayer. The villains neither heard nor heeded her distress or her appeal, but both were seen and heard.

Raising his piece, the younger and most athletic of the savages levelled it on the girl, whose back was towards him, whilst grumbling, "By —, Landerman's estate is mine." The act of murder was stayed by the other, who stepped forward, and raising the rifle, observed, "For God's sake stop." The voice was feeble and interrupted, and the whole frame of the old man trembled as Wiall fixed upon him a glance I never have seen equalled. Gnashing with rage, he set down the rifle by a tree, and drawing his knife, made a giant plunge upon his companion, exclaiming, "take that, Kinker." Roused by the impending danger, Kinker skillfully threw himself backwards, and Wiall rolled over him, and was grappled by the old man. The contest was unequal and brief—superior strength and youth prevailed, and Kinker sunk under his dreadful foe. Securing the arms of his prisoner under his knees, Wiall sat a picture of rage which no beast of prey could imitate. "Take that from Mat Wiall, Carl, it will pay for your last night's work," and a sharp and broad knife

flushed ready to drink the life-blood of the prostrate wretch. His death scream, loud and piercing, was lost and silenced by another voice, which seemed to rend the foliage of the valley. The arm of Wiall was arrested, and he turned a gaze of horror towards the place from whence came:

"Behold, Landerman!—Behold your uncle, Mat Wiall." On the verge of the thicket, and raised to terrific stature by the rock on which he stood, appeared the old hunter. A breeze of wind at the moment threw back his white hair, and gave to his pale but expressive countenance a something most appalling. Upon Wiall the effect was terrible. The Angel of Vengeance stood before him—his whole frame was rendered stiff from extreme terror. "Look at Landerman," once more trembled along the forest. They were sounds the death knell of Wiall. They were followed by the flash of the rifle, and his head was pierced by an unerring ball.

Without moving a fibre, the lifeless body fell, and the impure blood mingled with and stained the mountain stream.

"Move a hand or a foot and you follow Wiall," said the dreadful Landerman, as he sprang forward seizing Kinker by the hair and dashing him to the earth. The terror-stricken Kinker made no resistance, but begged his life. "Your life is safe from me, Charles Kinker—your pleading for my child has saved your own blood from my hand." Landerman then compelled Kinker to mount the horse, and then, binding his legs and hands, turned to the poor distracted girl, who beheld the whole scene with horror indescribable. She was folded to a warm bosom. "My child, the child of my child," he sobbed, "my little Catherine, is it thus I find thee." The stern flashes of his eye were extinguished by tears. The breathings of Catherine were convulsive—but as her grandfather bathed her burning temples with the cool and pure element, she slowly recovered, and looking her protector in the face, exclaimed, "It is my Grandpa." As soon as she was able to proceed, Landerman placed her behind Kinker, ordering him on peril of instant death to guide them to the nearest settlement. Then seizing the bridle in his own hand, the party set out.

In about an hour and a half an opening appeared, and they reached an outpost. There was some danger in approaching within shot, as both the men had the appearance of Indians; but Landerman hailed, made known who he was, and was received. So the commander at the fort, and several of the militia men to whom he was known, and his presence, after being for years considered dead, excited delight and wonder. After the moment of meeting was over, and the trembling girl placed in the care of a decent woman in the fort. Landerman answered the question, "who is this?" in his own way. Without speaking a word he unloosed the feet of Kinker, pulled him from the horse, turning his haggard face to the Captain and his men.

"Charles Kinker!" came from several mouths.

"Yes!" at length, bitterly, said Landermann, "and I have left the corpse of Mat Wiall, disguised in the same manner, in the Whiteoak-spring."

There was no time for more words. Every eye was turned to a young and armed man, who rode up in most violent agitation. With difficulty he informed Captain Bovart, that in the night before, the family of Elison Warr, had been surprised by savages, and that the husband and wife of the narrator, "either murdered or made prisoners."

"Landerman now advanced, and looking the young man in the face, had his scrutiny returned. "It is Felix Landerman."

"Oh John Willstadt, thy reward awaits thee—thy Catharine, and my Catharine lives, but Willstadt, who is this?"

"Heaven and earth," exclaimed the wonder-stricken warrior, Carl Kinker; "but where is Matt Wiall?"

"His blood," replied Landerman, "is floating down the Susquehanna."

The eye of Willstadt assumed an expression of indescribable rage; his lip and every limb quivered as he regarded Kinker. A moment of silence and suspense was followed by fearful action. With the speed of an arrow Willstadt was on his feet from his horse, and the next motion sent a ball through Kinker, who groaned and fell.

The wound was mortal, but he lived to speak an acknowledgment of his guilt, and to even thank Willstadt.

"I am saved from—Oh!" were his last words.

The times were those of war and violence, and had it been in days of law and peace, the punishment of Wiall and Kinker was just. The remains of Ellison and Mira Warr, were wept over, and laid in the tomb by their father. Catharine Warr became Catharine Willstadt, and the house of Landerman again saw a prosperous family. The good old hunter lived to dandle his great grand children's children on his knee, and many is the evening their little eyes were closed whilst listening to the tales of former days.

MARK BANCROFT.

FOREST TREES.—No stranger of intelligence or observation could pass through Ohio, without noting the uncommon beauty and variety of our forest trees. Our climate is peculiarly adapted to their growth and development. Many, which are natives of the north and south, have been introduced, and are easily acclimated.—It is to be hoped, a due regard will be paid to variety, if we succeed in obtaining a public square. The Magnolia and Pride of India, of the south, and the Elms of the north, would look beautifully in contrast with the huge sycamores of the west.—*Cin. Amer.*



SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States,

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE.

GENTIANA CATESBEI.

English Name—Catesbian Gentian.

Vulgar Names—Blue Gentian, Southern Gentian, Blue-bells, Bitter-root.

Genus *Gentiana*.—Calix campanulate four or five cleft, segments unequal. Corolla with a tubular base, and a variable limb, with four to fifteen lobes or teeth. Stamina five equal, inserted on the tube, not exerted. One stipitate Germen oblong, two stigmas sessile or with a style. Capsule one celled, two valved, many seeded.

Species *G. Catesbei*.—Stem rough, leaves opposite, sessile, ovate lanceolate, subtrinerve, acute, flowers capitate; calicinal segments longer than the tube; corolla tubular, ventricose, plaited, with ten teeth, five alternate acute, five smaller bifid.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, yellowish, branching, fleshy. Stem simple, erect, cylindric, rough, one or two feet high. Leaves remote, opposite, decustate, ovate or lanceolate, entire, slightly trinerve, acute, rough in the margin. Flowers subsessile in a crowded terminal head, of six to twelve, surrounded by an involucre of four leaves and some lanceolate bracts, often some axillary flowers below the head. Calix with segments longer than the base, linear-lanceolate, unequal, acute. Corolla large two inches long, of a fine

azure blue, base short tubular, limb large, plaited, swelled, tubular, open at the top; border ten cleft; five smaller lobes alternating with the others, but opposite to the calicinal and staminal, bifid, acute, ciliate; the five larger lobes rounded, acute, entire. Five stamina shorter than the corolla, with subulate filaments and sagittate anthers. Germen oblong-lanceolate, compressed, stipitate; style very short, two oblong reflexed stigmas.—Capsule oblong, acute at both ends, one celled, two valved, many small seeds inserted on the valves or a longitudinal placenta on each valve.

LOCALITY.—It grows from Carolina to Alabama and West Kentucky, in glades and open plains.

HISTORY.—This species was long considered as a variety of the *G. Saponaria* of the Northern States; but distinguished by Walter and Elliott, and named after Catesby, who gave an imperfect figure of it long before. It is one of our best native medical Gentians, but we have many others; in the Northern States the *G. quinqueflora* is the official kind.

All the Gentians are beautiful plants, more or less bitter in the roots or leaves. There are many species in the United States, some of which have only lately been noticed, and many are as yet undescribed. The Genus *Gentiana* took its name from Gentius, King of Illyria; it gives its name to a large Natural Family, and belongs to *Pentandria digynia* of Linnaeus, although it has often more or less than five stamina, and seldom if ever two styles. That genus is a very heterogeneous one, although striking by its habit; but the flowers have the peculiarity of being variable in shapes and numbers; wherefore many botanists have rationally divided it into subgenera, which might be rather deemed Genera.—Almost all our species belong to the *S. G. Pneumonanthe*, having oblong or tubular corolla, and five stamina, except the *G. Crinita*, which belongs to *S. G. Eublephis*, having 4 stamina and a hypocrateriform ciliated rolla. While the official Gentian or *G. Lutea* of Europe belongs to *S. G. Rotularia*, having rotated corolla, with five to nine stamina.

All our Gentians are autumnal plants, blossoming very late from September to November. They are all ornamental, and would adorn our gardens, where some are already introduced.

QUALITIES.—The root has a mucilaginous and sweetish taste, followed by an intense bitterness like that of the official Gentian. It contains Amarine, Extractive, Mucilage, Resin, Sugar, Oil, and the principle *Gentia*, which is soluble in water and alcohol, as well as all the active parts: the solutions are more bitter than the root in substance: no astringency.

PROPERTIES.—Tonic, Sudorific, Antiseptic, Corroborant, Cathartic, &c. It is very little inferior to the official Gentian in strength and efficacy; it invigorates the stomach, and is very useful in debility of the stomach and the digestive organs: it increases the appetite, prevents the acidification of food, enables the stomach to bear and digest solid food, and thus cures indigestion or dyspepsia. It is much used in the Southern States in hectic and nervous fevers, pneumonia, &c., acting as a sudorific tonic. It may be used like common Gentian in general debility, marasmus, hysteria, and even gout. Also united to astringents for intermittents and other fevers. The dose is in substance from 10 to 40 grains, in tincture one fourth of an ounce to one ounce, in extract 2 to 8 grains. In large doses the gentians prove cathartic like *Frasera*. They enter in all digestive pills and preparations.

There are also seventeen or more varieties of the Gentians, native of the United States, which we have not room to insert. They are all medical, although little known as yet. For description of them see the Medical Flora of the United States.

If you wish to make friends and preserve their friendship, you had better say civil things than smart things.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

TEMPERANCE.—A DIALOGUE.

Dick—Sambo, your most obseekus.

Sambo—Dick, very grad to see you; how am de family?

D.—Putty reasonable, I tank you. But Sambo, you look brack in de face dis morning; any ting de matter at home?

S.—Why, I tell you what, man, dere was a great flusterashun at our house. Massa come home bery late tudder night. De fust ting we no, he tump de toe gen de steps, and he head knock de door in. Missy almost fright to det, cry out, 'murder! robber! fire.' But when Sukey bring de candle, dere was massa sprawling on de floor and he look for all de world as if he was [whispers in Dick's ear] as Darby sow.

D.—Ki! you don't say so, Sambo?

S.—'Tis de trute, Dick. Den missy hab him take him up, and den we wash him and put him to bed; and den missy send for tree ob de Temperashun Siety, to tell her what she must do—And da cum, and tell massa he must jine de Siety for it was a pity, as de mortal Shakespear say, dat a man should put an inemy in de brain to steal away de mout.

D.—And did you massa jine?

S.—Yes, Dick, but den it do him no good. Ha boy, white man berry unsartin. But come close here, Dick, [whispers in his ear.]

D.—Ki! you don't say so. Ebery night, Sambo?

S.—Yes, ebery night! But den you see he don't go into de street, nor to de shop, nor to de tabern now. He keep him in de closet on de sideboard, ebery night [crooks his elbow and mimicks] you may hear it go for two three hours, glub, glub, glugity glug.

D.—High! Sambo, I tell you what, white man too cute: he no take de rag off de bush but he take de rag bush and all.—*Constitutionalist.*

A MEDICINAL ANECDOTE.

A gentleman of narrow circumstances whose health was on the decline, finding that an ingenious physician, occasionally dropped into a coffee-house that he frequented, not very remote from Lincoln's-Inn, always placed himself vis-à-vis the Doctor in the same box, and made many indirect efforts to withdraw the Doctor's attention from the newspaper to examine the index of his constitution. He at last ventured a bold push at once, in the following terms: 'Doctor,' said he, 'I have, for a long time been very far from being well, and as I belong to an office, where I am obliged to attend every day, the complaints I have prove very troublesome to me, and I should be glad to remove them.' The Doctor laid down his paper, and regarded his patient with a steady eye, while he proceeded: 'I have but little appetite, and digest what I eat very poorly; I have a strange swimming in my head,' &c. In short, after giving the Doctor a full quarter of an hour's detail of all his symptoms,

he concluded the state of his case with a direct question;—'Pray Doctor, what shall I take?—The Doctor, in the act of resuming his newspaper, gave him the following laconic prescription: 'Take; why, take advice!'

A lady of great beauty, as far as concerned her face, but of very clumsy limbs and waist, gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit*:

O nature, was thy plastic hand
While forming her so hasted,
That charms unequalled in the land
Should be so badly waited?

Brummel once had his pocket picked in Pall Mall of a pretty considerable sum. The pecuniary loss he bore with his usual philosophy, but declared that he would hang, if he could meet with them, the ungentlemanly villains who had neglected to re-button the flap of his pantaloons, and caused him to walk the length of two streets with his pocket turned inside out.

A person who was very fond of poetry, lent a volume of poems to a lady; when the lady returned the book, he asked her if she did not think the figures of the poetry beautiful. 'They are very handy,' said she, 'for I was able to see by them how many lines I read in a minute.'—She had noticed only the figures which denote the number of lines. Exquisite taste!

BEAUTY.—That quaint old moralist Quarles, in his *Enchiridion*, gives us the following advice:—Gaze not on beauty too much, lest it blast thee; nor too near, lest it burn thee; if thou love it, it disturbs thee; if thou lust after it, it destroys thee; if virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise; if vice associate it, it is the soul's purgatory; it is the wise man's *bonne-fire*, and the fool's furnace.

Mathematical Wind.—The late professor Vance, one morning, (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with 'how d'ye do, sir? quite a blustering wind this.' 'Yes,' answered Vance, 'tis a rare *mathematical wind*.' Mathematical wind! exclaimed the other, 'how so?' 'Why,' replied Vance, 'it has extracted a great many roots.'

Men of gallantry are always loud in declaiming against the fair sex as deficient in those virtues it is their profligate ambition to deprive them of. They corrupt their victims first, and calumniate them afterwards.

Mr. Addison asserts "that every honest man sets as high a value upon a good name as upon life itself, and I cannot," says he, "but think that those who privately assault the one would destroy the other, might they do it with secrecy and impunity."

From the Euterpeiad.

AS THUS WE GLIDE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

EDWARD KNIGHT.

In Rowing Time.



As thus we glide with wind or tide, With sail or oar to



make the shore, Still the helmsman's voice we hear, Cheer, lads, cheer,



Cheer, lads, cheer, Cheer, lads, cheer, Cheer, lads, cheer; And



as the beacon's light we view, Though the tempest's deepen'd hue,



Still the helmsman's voice we hear, Calming every anxious fear:

Con Spirito.



Cheer, lads, cheer, Cheer, lads, cheer, Steady, boys, steady,



steady, Steady, boys, stea - dy, steady.

SECOND VERSE.

The breakers sweep the foaming deep,
With deaf'ning roar to make the shore;
Still the helmsman's voice we hear,
Cheer, lads, cheer,
Cheer, lads, cheer.
And as we swift and swifter glide,

The danger over we defied,
Still we hear the helmsman's voice,
Bid the drooping heart rejoice;
Cheer, lads, cheer,
Cheer, lads, cheer,
Steady boys, steady.

"Music and Poetry are like—in each
Are nameless graces, which no rules can reach."

THE SEPARATION.

ADDRESSED TO ELLEN.

There is a blot upon my mind,
There is a pang of woe refined,
That's of my soul a part;
There is a shade on memory
Of keen and killing agony,
A dagger in my heart,
Which o'er my youthful years have cast
A cloud of sorrow. Oh! the past.

There is an eye, a hallowed form,
A gentle bosom wild and warm,
Which I have often met;
There is a hand I've oft caress'd,
A lip of love as often press'd,
I never can forget;
The last lone sand of life shall run
Ere I forget the memory of that one.

From childhood thro' the lingering years
Of gradual growth, with joys and fears,
I watch'd her to that hour
When beauty blooms in radiant grace
On woman's heaven-form'd, angel face,
With its mysterious power;
I lov'd her with a fervor known
To poet's ardent soul alone.

How little thought I pride should be
The source of lasting misery;
That I should ever know
The anguish of a stricken heart,
When doom'd with all life loves to part,
My soul a waste of woe.
O, pride—O, jealousy—you've broken
The vow of faith of love the token.

We met, but not as we had met
In happier hours. Her eye was wet,
Her rosy cheek was pale;
The silver tone of love was still;
But to each heart went feelings thrill,
That told the tender tale.
Oh, Heavens! the memory of that scene
Comes o'er my soul with anguish keen.

The long embrace, the lingering kiss,
The last to me of earthly bliss,
Was mix'd with misery;
But when my trembling hand was press'd
By hers unto her throbbing breast,
Oh, then 'twas agony.
Each tongue was mute, but mutual eyes
Pour'd tributes to the sacrifice.

There was despair upon each brow,
And anguish in each breast. E'en now
I see her as she stood;
I see her hair in ringlets flow
Upon her beating breast of snow;
I see the crimson blood
Rush to her cheek as ivory fair,
Then leave the paleness of despair.

We parted, breathed the sad *farewell*—
That word that doth so often tell
Of broken hopes and hearts—
That word that severs souls in twain,
Blights all our bliss, and to love's chain
An agony imparts.
We parted—since that hour undone,
I've been a wretch below'd by none.

Years have roll'd on, and I have sought
To banish from my mind the thought,

The memory of that scene;
Reckless of life, I plunged in vain
Amid dark dissipation's train;
But still the dagger keen
Was in my heart—the fault my own,
Why did I blast the heav'n I'd won!

Yes, I have shunned society,
Alone in solitude to be,
A wretch below'd by none;
To meditate on hours gone by,
And o'er the wreck of hope to sigh,
Of brilliant hopes undone.
O, Ellen, thou my life hast given
A tinge of blessed prospects riven.

My faults, my errors, my distress,
My wanderings and my waywardness,
From that one cause have sprung;
For ne'er one sorrow had oppress'd
The blissful calm in my young breast,
Until that hour 'twas wrung,
By anguish which has left a blight
Upon the things of life so bright.

O, how unblest through life to roam,
In no kind heart to find a home,
By none lov'd or caress'd;
In no sweet bosom to repose
Our keenest cares, our weary woes,
All lonely and distress'd.
Yet, Ellen, since that hour we parted,
None, none have lov'd the broken-hearted.
I have bow'd down at beauty's shrine,
And worship'd woman's charms divine;
But none have lov'd a wretch like me,
Since at thy feet I worship'd thee.
Adieu! thy memory shall long
Be cherish'd by the child of song.

MILFORD BARD.

TO A STAR.

Hail beautiful wanderer, child of the sky!
Thou who look'st down with such complacent eye!
Whose home is the heavens, whose pathway the light
That courses the day-god's illuminous flight!
Whose language (how peerless!) no art can disclose;
Like the hectic that sunset flings over the rose:
And yet, whose deep utterance what heart can disown,
And whose eloquence what bosom pervert or dethrone?
How happy the wretch were, with bliss how endued,
Could he look on thy tokens nor credit a God,
Nor feel his own impotence! Yet, thou hast words
More pleasing, by far, than the music of birds;
More pure than the snow wreath that sleeps on the
mountain;
More deep than the tones of the echoless fountain;
More lov'd than the feelings that pleasure e'er cast
O'er the hopes of the present, the dreams of the past.

Star, star, thou art mighty! On earth, or in air,
Thou lookest on all that is lovely and rare;
Ev'n nature's dark mysteries, what are they to thee?
And what are the depths of the fathomless sea?
The depths and their secrets unveil at thy sight,
And earth and her hidden things spring into light.
Man boasts of his greatness, and bids thee look down
On his palaces, his temples, his castles of stone;
His towers that mock at thy most piercing ray,
And hurl bold defiance at time and decay:
Yet, where is his greatness? Tho' these should engage,
And the proud superstructure but smile at their rage,
Where, where is his greatness, his glory? Alas!
The hand that had formed it lies low at its base!

But thou diest not! And the worm and the grave
Are things that thou canst not have reck'd of; and, save
When thy glance may have fall'n on their victims be-
low,
Were errors thou scarcely rememb'redest to know.

THE CASKET.

And man, boasting man!—what hast thou not seen
Of the pride, and the pomp, and the weakness of men?
The prayer of the humble—the agony—the call
Of the desperate, the dying—thou 'st listen'd to all!
Full oft hast thou hearken'd to promises, frail
As the breath that had borne them.—And many a tale
Hath the bright eye of beauty unwittingly told;
Which the tongue, in its fearfulness, will'd to withhold;
And many a vow hast thou heard, too, that seem'd
Too warm to be faithless; too strong to be deem'd
The heart's passing homage, and not the bright token
Of feelings unchangeable, quenchless, unbroken.
Aye, many a tale, and full many a tear,
Hath the stillness of evening pour'd out on thine ear;
And many a face that look'd smiling and glad,
Before thee in grief's pallid semblance was clad!

When the silence of midnight creeps over the earth,
And hush'd are the accents of sorrow and mirth;
When the still voice of nature has sunk to repose,
And nought but the wild-fowl the quiet abuse;
When harrowing visions, and thoughts of the dead,
Like phantoms, flit round the half-slumbering head;
And shuddering fancy discovers a word
In each rustling leaf that the night winds have stirred;
It is *then* the contemplative mind is abroad,
To muse on the wonders that deck thine abode!
It is *then* thou canst lull the worn spirit to peace,
And sooth its rough elements with prospects of bliss!
To some teach devotion—to others betray
The nameless and numberless things of a day.
It is *then* that, released from life's baser control,
A soft-swelling sadness steals over the soul;
And holy-like feelings, with mystical sway,
Dispose it for converse with heaven and thee.

Sad, sad thou look'st, pale one! as if thou hadst known
All the sorrows that mortals exclusively own!
As if *thou* too inheritedst trial and pain,
And the complicate evils that subjugate man!
As if *thou* mightest welcome ev'n death or decay!
O, would that it were so! for then the dim ray
Of sympathy might every suffering beguile;
Ev'n misery, companionship greets with a smile.
O, would that it were so! for then I might gaze
With a feeling more fond on thy beautiful face!
I would call thee my sister, my pet one; and thou
Shouldst have all my heart—for 'tis loneliness now!
And if troubles should vex me, or cares should await,
I'd look on thee, lov'd one, and learn to forget!

SENEX.

THE PROEHECY.*

Old Gustavus rose at the peep of dawn,
With a heart that was joyous and gay,
And went forth at the call of the hunter's horn,
To share in the sports of the day.

But returned he that evening gloomy and sad,
No smile on his face was seen;
And the heart that before was so joyous and glad,
Was now changed like a fanciful dream.

"Oh, Gustavus!" he said, "my son,
(While pain his sinews tore,)
When sinks to rest the glorious sun,
Thy father 'll be no more."

He spoke, and laid him on the bed,
His weeping son stood by;
"Then leave me, Gustavus," he said,
"For none must see me die."

Then, when the evening breezes sighed,
Low moaning o'er the lea,
The prophecy was verified,
For he had ceased to be.

LORON.

* On reading the tradition of the singular death of Gustavus Toro.

TO LAURA.

With her Portrait and Character.

[FROM THE GARRET.]

O thou, the fairest of the fair, the tribute now I bring
Is on the golden harp of praise, thy beauties bright to
sing;

Deign, lady fair, to list the lay of lyre that hath so long
In silence slumber'd, waked again by sorrow's child of
song.

O, in thy large and melting eye there is a light of love
With which no eye can ere compare, save angel's eye
above;

It speaks without a tongue, and hath a language of its
own,
Far sweeter than the laughing lip may tell in melting
tone.

And yet I would not from thy lip of rich and rosy hue,
Rob one bright smile, or lovely grace, or nectar'd drop
of dew;

For on that smiling lip I've seen the graces often play,
And hung upon its silvered tones that sweetly died
away.

Nor would I from thy forehead fair withhold the meed
of praise,
Where oft thy lofty soul is seen clad in its own bright
rays;

Like some snow-mantled mount beneath the fair Ita-
lia's skies,
Where lightnings flash, yet all below one beauteous
summer lies.

O, thou art wild and giddy, yet thou hast the power
to be

All that we love in woman, or in gravity or glee;
In thy young brilliant soul there is capacity to shine
In all that's bright and beauteous here, and all that is
divine.

Within thy bosom virtue dwells, that stern and lovely
pride,

That dares e'en death, prefer'd to woes that hope and
heav'n divide;

That gives to woman all those charms so blissful here
to scan,

Without which beauty is but shame, and love a curse
to man.

Within thy pure and gentle heart that knows the art to
feel,

The sweetest passion lives, that thou'rt too timid to
reveal;

Ay, there love lives, in ambush sly, and only peeps
from eyes

That spread a sunshine on the soul, and make a Para-
dise.

Yes, Laura, thou art all that man might wish to make
him blest,

A generous soul, a feeling heart, and pure and guileless
breast;

A mind too bright for one so fair, for one so young re-
fin'd,

Thou art what I would wish should be the race of
woman-kind.

Adieu, thou bright and beauteous one, perhaps we meet
no more,

But memory oft shall bring to mind the hours that now
are o'er;

And oft in fancy's musing mood and silent midnight's
dream,

Thou shalt again be with me, and thy bright eye on me
beam.

Adieu, and if no more we meet on life's eventful shore,
O, may we meet in Heav'n above, where parting is no
more;

But not till in the gloomy grave my head shall rest at
last,

Shall I forget thee, or shall fade the memory of the past.

MILFORD BARD.

THE SPRING JOURNEY.

BY BISHOP HEBER.

O green was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dew on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
The chorus of rapture sung jovial and loud;
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath and around.

The mild summer breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleam'd broad overhead.

Oh, such be life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in its blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

THE THIEF.

I beg you, good people, draw near,
My story surpasses belief;
Yet deign for a moment to hear,
And assist me to catch a stray thief.

Have you chanced a fair damsel to meet,
Adorned like an angel of light;
In a robe that flowed down to her feet,
No snow on the mountains so white?

Silver flowers bespangled her shoes,
Amber locks on her shoulders were spread,
Her waist had a girdle of blue,
And a beaver plum'd hat had her head.

Her steps an impression scarce leave,
She bounds o'er the meadows so soon;
Her smile is like Autumn's clear eve,
And her look as serene as the moon.

She seems to have nothing to blame,
Deceitless and meek as a dove,
But there lives not a thief of such fame,
She has pilfered below and above.

Her cheek has the blushes of day,
Her neck has undone the swan's wing,
Her breath has the odours of May,
And her eyes has the dew of the spring:

She has robbed of its crimson the rose,
She has dared the carnation to strip,
As the bee who has plundered them knows,
And would fain fill his hive at her lip.

She has stole for her forehead so even,
All beauty by sea and by land,
She has all the fine azure of heaven
In the veins of her temple and hand,

Yes, yes, she has ransacked above,
She has beggared both nature and art,
She has got all we honour and love,
And from me she has pilfer'd my heart.

Bring her home, honest friends, bring her home,
And set her down safe at my door;
Let her once my companion become,
And I swear she shall wander no more.

Bring her home, and I'll give a reward,
Whose value can never be told,
More precious than all you regard,
More in worth than a housefull of gold.

A reward such as none but a dunce,
Such as none but a madman would miss;
Oh! yes, I will give you, for once,
From the charmer you bring me—a kiss

CAROLUS.

The Hero's Farewell to his Native Country.

And must I from my country part,
And must I scenes like these forego?
Oh! 'twill burst mine aching heart,
My country thus to leave thee so.

Oh, heaven, why hast thou caused this pain,
And thus my country lose to me?
Why not rather on the field be slain
Than, coward-like, my country flee?

But still I trust there is the time
My heart shall beat with anxious care,
Again my country shall be mine,
Again her battles I shall share.

My sword no more in eating rust
Shall pass the live-long day;
But from its scabbard it shall burst,
With retribution's dreadful away.

SIGMA.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

It is not true that music alone,
Or a thrilling glance or a touching tone,
Can memory's deepest answer call
From the startled soul upon which they fall.

For the world has a thousand things beside
That can waken memory's sleeping tide;
And the woods, the rocks, the earth, or sea,
Or the changing sky, that thing may be.

There's a tribute the heart will yield apace,
When some faded lines we chance to trace;
While the date of a letter alone hath power
To call up whole ages of thought in an hour.

Lady, I cannot but sigh to think,
And feel my heart in my bosom sink,
At thought of the years that to-day have flown
Since I breathed that it beat for thee alone.

Thou art changed! Oh, how much art thou changed
since when

You blushed at the words which I faltered then;
And I grieve for the charms which I've seen depart,
Though 'Time gives to thy face what he steals from thy
heart.

And I—I am fickle, and altered too:
When you varied so often how should I prove true;
How can I the slave of consistency be,
When thro' every caprice I am faithful to thee?

But the hour wears late while I'm lingering here,
And my lamp's going out with the last of the year;
Farewell, till another 'Time's tireless wing,
With its hopes, and its fears, and its changes, shall
bring.

Farewell! until then 'mid the world I'll conceal
What 'tis folly to speak of and madness to feel;
Yet, lady, I fear that, to judge by the past,
It will find me as foolish and mad as the last.

NUTS TO CRACK.

Reader, if you have ever seen
A man of bigotry and spleen
Who was a christian—or a miser
Whose gold had made him sixpence wiser—
If you have seen by hook or crook,
A man who could not boldly look
Upon your face yet was your friend—
If you have seen the man to lend,
More complaisant than he to borrow,
And afterwards there was no sorrow—

If you have seen a man by rule,
Boast of much learning and yet no fool—
If ever a girl has met your view
Who studied her mirror and Milton too—
If you have seen a flirting wife,
Who lived with her husband a happy life—
If you have seen a widow quite funny,
Whose heart was more tickled with love than money—
If you've e'er seen a widower colder or warmer,
Who loved the second as well as the former—
If ever you've seen second marriage, dear honey,
That was not a matter of moonshine and money—
If you've seen a young man more eager to marry
'Than he who has had the good luck to miscarry—
If you've seen a young woman for better or worse,
Reason'd out of her notion by reason or force—
If you've seen young or old with the notion to double,
Who would profit by former experience of trouble—
If you've seen man or woman with conjugal notions,
If advised who would utter no angry emotions—
If you've e'er seen a poet whose pocket was full,
Or that liked the meat less than the horns and the wool—
If you've seen all of these then I bid you goodbye,
For the Lord help your noddle, you've seen more than I,
And should you learn more or at court or at college,
Then I pity your nut that must hold so much knowledge.

MILFORD BARD.

TO MISS C. S. Y. OF PRINCE GEORGE'S, MD.

Child! though now it seems to thee
So sweet to be by me caressed,
And fondly seated on my knee
Thy lips on mine are freely pressed.

Yet times may come when thou wilt blush
To feel thy fingers pressed by mine;
And all my blood will wildly rush
To fill the hand that touches thine.

For both are young—in childhood thou,
And I the brow of youth retain,
And but awhile we'll scarcely know
Each other when we meet again.

A few brief years and thou wilt bloom
In all the pride of beauty's glow,
And I, perchance, ere this become
The weary wandering child of woe.

Remember then, oh happy child,
When smiles and sunshine light thy way,
Thine early friend who oft beguiled
Thine hours in childhood's joyous day.

W——N.

TO A C—,

BY S. J. ANDERSON.

So you sail o'er the seas to old Scotia again!
To the sand where the shades of the mighty repose,
Where the warbling of birds fills with music the glen,
And the woodbine entwines with the thorn and the rose.

Return to thy house! to its bosom returns!
Return to the scenes of thy childhood and mirth—
Return to the spot that's been hallow'd by Burns—
The birth-place of poets—the pride of the earth.

The heart of Mid Lothian—of Science the throne,
Of genius the fortress, the boast of the land!
Twine the wreath round her temples—the laurels her own!

The crown let her wear, for a SCOTT's of her band.
Return to thy home in the pride of thy youth!
Thou art gay as the lark, and as playful thy joy;
Return and redeem the first pledge of thy truth—
Return, and embalm her in wedlock, my boy.

Ah! Al—k, thy life's like a bright summer morn,
Or a streamlet that sports adown some happy vale;
I might envy the lot, but my bosom's been torn—
Yet cease! in *silence*—be buried the tale.
Now the sails are unfurl'd, and the ship quits the shore!
She leaves me to mourn while she bears you to bliss!
Farewell! from the depth of my heart, fare thee well—
But remember, my Sandy, the writer of this.

SONNET.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

SCIENCE, meet daughter of old time thou art,
Who alterest all things with thy piercing eyes!
Why pray'st thou thus upon thy poet's heart—
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities!

How shall he love thee, or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering,
To seek for treasure in the jewell'd skies,
Albeit he soar with an undaunted wing.

Hast thou not dragg'd Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood,
To seek for shelter in some happier star,
The gentle Nais from the fountain flood.

The elfin from the greenwood and from me,
The summer's dream beneath the shrubbery.

AN ENIGMA.

Four letters my whole will express;
A thing so well known,
Both in city and town,
That to tell you my virtues would be but, I guess,
To tell you that each has a nose on his face—
Though shaped I can't say so much like it:
But lest some dull wight
Should exclaim I'm not right,
Or declare that I still am intricate,
I will tell you some more,
And then, I am sure
That none but a blockhead can call me obscure.

In the first place you never can read
This paper, unless you are a lover,
(And such are but idiots indeed!)
Without passing over
My body so often,
That one would suppose,
(A sad thing, Heaven knows!)
I had long since been laid in my coffin.

And again, I'm so Proteus a creature,
That go where you will,
You'll discover me still—

Excepting it be where dame Nature
Has scorn'd man's approaches—
For steam boats and coaches
Are my most remarkable feature!

The maiden, the widow, the wife and the sire,
All welcome my visits with heartfelt desire;
And many a bosom, whene'er I draw near,
Will flutter with hope, or sink down in despair:
And many a heart in its pride will be bow'd,
And many a haughty soul quail at my nod;
For I can awaken

The slumbering snake, in
The roses where plenty has cinctured the proud.
To some I bring pleasure, to others renown;
Make a beggar of this one, to that give a crown:
Discourse upon morals, tho' known to exhibit
More crimes than o'er swung from the floor of a gibbet;
And yet, tho' so wild and capricious,
So fickle, so fearless,
So wicked, so careless,
There are none can, with sense, call me vicious!
For after you've traced me the universe o'er,
Ten chances to one but I'm fast by your door.

SENEX.





MARTIN VAN BUREN,
Secretary of State of the U. States.

*Engraved by W^m Chapin, for THE CASKET,
From a Painting by Inman.*



THE
CASKET
FLOWERS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

Deep subtle wits,
In truth are master spirits in the world;
The brave man's courage, and the student's lore,
Are but as tools his secret ends to work,
Who hath the skill to use them.

COWPER.

No. 11.

PHILADELPHIA.—NOVEMBER.

[1830.]

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

The annexed engraving exhibits a miniature of Mr. Van Buren, and is considered a striking likeness. There is a peculiarity of expression in the countenance of Mr. Van Buren, which has been skilfully transmitted by the painter to the canvass, and carefully preserved by the engraver. The engraving maintains throughout the characteristics of the original not often met with, and may be pronounced a fine specimen in the graphic art, highly creditable to this country. Of Mr. Van Buren's person we shall briefly observe, that he is about the middle height, of an erect and graceful figure, delicate frame, of a constitution naturally feeble, but not enervated by any of those excesses which often characterize political men in the higher walks of life, where art and fashion too often combine against nature, and render their votaries the victims of ill health and its usual concomitant, an impaired intellect. Mr. Van Buren was born and educated in the state of New York, among a people of steady habits and good principles, and thus was preserved from indulgence in those vices which infallibly prostrate the physical as well as moral energies of their votaries. Hence the equanimity of Mr. Van Buren's temper. In private life always the same, always cheerful, animated and graceful; and by the mere force of good habits, improved in his constitutional and mental powers, so as to be capable of sustaining long continued exertion, and of fulfilling the various arduous duties which devolve upon him.—Indefatigable in business—prompt to execute with his hand what is conceived by his head, and able at all times to sustain his part with energy, the duties of Secretary of State, however severe to ordinary men, are discharged by him apparently without the least exertion or fatigue.

Mr. Van Buren was born at Kinderhook, Columbia county, in the state of New York, on the 5th of December, 1782. He is therefore in the prime of life, being about forty-eight years of age, of vigorous mind and industrious habits,

long inured to active business. Bred to the profession of the law, under the able tuition of Mr. Van Ness, one of the most distinguished members of the New York bar, he commenced his professional career under favourable auspices. In 1803 he was licensed an attorney of the Supreme Court, and immediately commenced business in his native village. He was soon after admitted attorney and counsellor in the county courts, and enrolled with some of the most eminent members of the Columbia bar. In 1807 he was admitted as counsellor in the Supreme Court, which opened to his ambitious mind a wider field of legal discussion. Here he would undoubtedly have excelled, and raised himself to distinguished eminence as a lawyer, but for the political discussions which then agitated the members, and in which Mr. Van Buren entered with all the ardor of a youthful mind conscious of its vigorous powers, but greatly to the prejudice of his profession.

In 1809 Mr. Van Buren removed to the city of Hudson, where he became distinguished as a practitioner, no less than as the leader of his political party. With the increase of business he rose into greater eminence as a politician, and in 1815 was appointed Attorney General of the State.

The professional career of Mr. Van Buren was doubtless much impeded by the nature of his political principles. So early as the year 1801 he became conspicuous with the democratic party, whose principles he espoused, and ever after maintained with unwavering resolution.

When but 18 years of age he was sent as a representative from his native village to the convention of delegates, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for the House of Representatives. His first appearance as an elector was in the year 1804, when he warmly supported the democratic candidate, Morgan Lewis, in opposition to Aaron Burr. In 1807 the democratic party was again divided between Tompkins and Lewis, when Mr. Van Buren espoused the cause of the former, and was a powerful auxiliary in

his favor. In 1812 he was elected a Senator for the Middle District, and assisted in the selection of a candidate for the Presidency opposed to the re-election of Mr. Madison. He took a leading part during the session in support of his party, and was the most active and industrious opponent of the federal members. In the war of words which distinguished the two parties in the government, Mr. Van Buren never failed to advocate the interests of his party to their very extent, and as the champion of democracy, was involved in an arduous contest with his opponents on various subjects, which grew out of the war between the United States and England. In 1816 he was re-elected to the Senate, and continued a member until 1820, when his term of service expired. His opposition to Governor Clinton, in 1817, cost him his place of Attorney General. In 1821 he was again tendered this important station by his political friends then in power, but which he thought proper to decline, and was immediately afterwards appointed a Senator in Congress. In 1827 he was again elected to Congress. On the demise of Governor Clinton, Mr. Van Buren was elected Governor of the State of New York. This was at the commencement of the year 1829, at which time he delivered his message to the Legislature. He continued in this station but a few months, when he resigned to fill his appointment of Secretary of State, conferred upon him by President Jackson. Immediately upon his resignation he repaired to Washington, and assumed the duties of his new appointment, which he continues sedulously to perform.

Thus much may suffice as to the personal and political merits of Mr. Van Buren. As the office of Secretary of State is an important, responsible station, and is said to confer influence and power subordinate only to that of Chief Magistrate; and as Mr. Van Buren has been long esteemed by the cabinet party as the successor of General Jackson, we have presented this brief outline of his history for the consideration of the people, that they may be prepared for a decision upon a point of so much importance.

It is not, and I trust never will be, a sufficient reason for selecting to the highest offices in the gift of a free people, those only whose pretensions are circumscribed by mere party limits, and who happen to be incumbents in office. It is not those only who are distinguished by men in power, and on whom that power has lavished its favors, that the people are bound to look for a candidate. In the choice of a Chief Magistrate regard should be had to the qualifications, deportment and general character of the individual, not less than to the political consistency and party views by which a majority are often influenced in their decision. The question ought not to be whether the candidate be federal or democrat—the head of a clamorous ascendancy or the galled champion of a defeated party—but an honest citizen, of sober and industrious habits, with strength of mind and firmness of decision. The claims of Mr. Van Buren, according

to his numerous eulogists, are mainly upon the score of consistency. His public character partakes so much of party views and interests, and is so closely identified with the dominant powers, from the commencement of his career to the present period, as at once to determine his public conduct and political motives. The private worth of Mr. Van Buren, as a man and a lawyer, is, if we mistake not, worth considerably more than all that political consistency so warmly eulogized by his political confederates. In fact, the determined course which he appears to have marked out in early life, and scrupulously to have followed without regard to consequences, bespeaks great calculation and political sagacity. A wise man, saith Solomon, doubteth often; and of consequence may be the wiser for his doubts: but according to the opinions entertained of Mr. Van Buren by his admirers, he has always maintained the same political principles, manifested the same zeal and the same opposition. He has never once doubted his own superior discernment, or mistaken the characters of his opponents: but at all times, and on all occasions, as the champion of his party, whether in or out of power, he has not ceased to pour forth his invective and to throw the gauntlet of defiance. This may be tolerated in a man as regards his own good opinion of himself, but affords no proof of his claim to the good opinion of others.

The political zeal of Mr. Van Buren has uniformly tended to the same result—his own elevation. He is a mere dogmatist in politics; and this, in fact, constitutes much of that consistency which is the theme of his eulogists.

We forbear, in justice to the private character and professional talents of Mr. Van Buren, to descant more freely upon his political principles. The history of his ever active life, according to his biographers, has been little else than a scene of political contention. It was his zeal for abstract legislation, and his untiring devotion to the popular cause of democracy, which raised him to eminence in his native State, and which distinguished him in the estimation of the President. In the cabinet he has ample scope for the exercise of his legal talents, and to his counsels chiefly we may refer the opinions of the President upon all questions of law or national concerns. Should the opinion prevail that the members of the cabinet have the exclusive privilege of succession to the Chair of State, the election of Mr. Van Buren will be a matter of course, and the good people of the United States will have nothing to do but to acquiesce in silence. He is already designated as the heir apparent by those who aspire to govern by party motives, and waits the period to arrive when the present incumbent shall vacate the chair. What kind of administration that may be at the head of which so indefatigable a politician would be placed, we may readily conceive from the samples already afforded in subordinate stations.

We shall pursue the subject no further, but merely observe that we have not aimed to de-

nounce Mr. Van Buren, either on account of his political principles or his pretensions to consistency, nor have we felt ourselves authorised in this brief memoir to examine the claims of his competitors by way of parallel—such comparisons might be deemed odious, and certainly not beneficial either to themselves or the public.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

We make the following extract from an article under this head, in a late number of *Flint's Western Review*.

"There are in the United States one hundred thousand young ladies, as Sir Ralph Abercrombie said of those of Scotland, 'the prettiest lasses in a' the world,' who neither know how to toil or spin, who are clothed like the lilies of the valley, who thrum the piano, and a few of the more dainty, the harp—who walk as the Bible says, softly, lest brisker movement might snap tapes drawn to their utmost tentions; who have read romances, and seen the interior of some of the theatres; who have been admired at the examinations of their high schools—who have wrought algebraic resolutions on the black board—who have shown themselves no mean proficient in the casuistry of Paley—who are in short the very roses of the garden, the otter of life—who, yet can never expect to be married, or, if married, to live without—shall I speak or forbear?—putting their lily hands to domestic drudgery.

We go into the interior of our recent wooden country. The fair one sits down to clink the wires of the piano. We see the fingers displayed on the keys, which we are sure never prepared a dinner, or made a garment for their robust brothers. We traverse the streets of our own city, and the wires of the piano are drummed in our ears from every considerable house. In cities and villages from one extremity of the union to the other, wherever there is a house, and the doors and windows betoken the presence of the mild months; the ringing of the piano wires is almost as universal a sound, as the domestic hum of life within.

We need not enter in person. Imagination sees the fair, erect on her music stool, laced and pinioned, and bishop sleeved, and deformed with hair torn from another's scalp, and reduced to a questionable class of etymology, *secundo more*, dinging, as a Sawney would say, at the wires, as though she could in some way hammer out of them music, amusement, and a husband. Look at the taper and cream colored fingers. Is she an utilitarian? Ask the fair one, after she has beaten all the music out of the keys—'Pretty fair one, canst talk to thy old and sick father, so as to beguile him out of the headach and rheumatism?' Canst write a good and straight letter of business? Thou art a chemist, I remember at the examination. 'Canst compound, prepare, and afterwards boil a good pudding?' 'Canst make one of the hundred subordinate ornaments of thy fair person? In short, tell us thy use in existence, except to be contemplated as a pretty picture, unless it have a mind, a heart, and we may emphatically add, the perennial value of utility.

It is a sad and lamentable truth, after all the

incessant din we have heard, of the march of the mind, the talks about Lyceums, and the interminable theories, inculcations and eulogies of education, that the present is an age of unbounded desire of display and notoriety, of exhaustless and unquestionable burning ambition; and not an age of calm, contented, ripe and useful knowledge for the sacred privacy of the parlor. Display, notoriety, surface, and splendor, these are the first aims of the mothers, and can we expect that the daughters will sink into a better spirit? To play, sing, glide down the giddy dance, and get a husband, is the lesson; not to be qualified to render his home quiet, well-ordered, and happy.

It is notorious that there will be no intermediate class between those who toil and spin, and those, whose claim to be ladies is founded on their being incapable of any value or utility. At present we know of none, except the little army of martyrs, 'yclept school mistresses, and still smaller corps of editorial and active blue stockings. If it should be my lot to transmigrate back to earth, in the form of a young man, my first homages in search of a wife would be paid to the thoughtful and pale-faced fair one, surrounded by her noisy and refractory subjects, drilling her soul to patience, and learning to drink of the cup of earthly discipline, and, more impressively than by a thousand sermons, tasting the bitterness of our probationary course, in teaching the young idea how to shoot. Except as aforesaid, school mistresses and blues, we believe, that all other damsels, clearly within the purview of the term of 'lady,' estimate the clearness of their title precisely in the ratio of their uselessness.

ASIATIC AND AFRICAN POPULATION.—The extent of the Ottoman empire, comprehending Turkey in Europe (of which Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, Servia, and Bosnia, form a part, Asia Minor, the Islands of Candia and Cyprus, a large portion of Armenia, Kurdistan, Arabia, Mesopotamia, Assyria, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, and a great part of Nubia, with the exception of the new Greek state—is estimated at about 1,064,000 square miles; the population at about 25,000,000 souls. The population of the vassals of the Ottoman empire is estimated—Tripoli at 2,000,000; Tunis at 2,800,000; and Algiers at 2,500,000 souls. The extent of the empire of Morocco is estimated at 130,000 square miles; its population at 4,500,000 souls. The extent of the kingdom of Abyssinia is about 130,000 square miles; its population, 1,500,000 souls. The territory of the Iman of Muscat extends about 500 miles along the coast; the number of inhabitants probably does not exceed 1,000,000. The extent of Persia is about 350,000 square miles; its population about 9,000,000 souls. The extent of Afghanistan (between Persia and India) is 172,000 square miles; its population, 6,500,000 souls. Belouchistia [to the south of the country of the Afghans] has about 3,000,000 of inhabitants. The extent of Bokhara is 173,000 square miles; its population, 2,500,000 souls.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE FRIENDS.

Forget thee! in the banquet halls,
Go, ask my fellow men;
Or ask the tear that secret falls,
If I forget thee then?

At a lively pleasant party, towards the close of the fall of 18—, I was introduced to Charles N——. It was at the house of an intimate friend of mine some little distance out of town. We had a ball in the evening, and I recollect were uncommonly gay. I never was in better spirits than in moving through a cotillion with the pretty Miss T——: we both betrayed our ignorance of one part of the figure. There is something very agreeable, at times, in these mutual mistakes. When we had set down after the first cotillion, my wandering attention was arrested by a young gentleman whose entrance I had not observed. He was apparently about twenty-seven years of age; his figure was thin, but fine; his features were regular, his eye dark and expressive, and but for the gloom that rested on his pale countenance when I first beheld him, I should have called him eminently handsome. But in that gloom there was so much of mental suffering, and so much of absolute wretchedness—such an absence of all hope, and such a shade of settled despair; that you became uneasy while you contemplated it, and turned away as from an inspirer of painful thoughts. I felt the melancholy to be contagious, and began to chat and laugh with a group near me to draw off my attention from that gloomy brow and compressed and sunken lip: but in vain. My eyes involuntarily returned, as under the influence of fascination; and even while I talked with some appearance of earnestness to the lady who sat next to me, I could not avoid giving a stealthy glance at the young stranger. There he sat as I first remarked him—near a window, and somewhat retired from the rest of the company; his head resting on his hand, which he now and then passed through his rich, dark hair—from habit as it were, for he was evidently in a reverie, far from the present scene and its hilarity. The bright eyes of beautiful women, sparkling with animation and joyous excitement, attracted him not. The soft, half wanton whisper, and the louder tone of festal mirth, were equally unheeded. A lady was called upon to entertain the company with music. I was delighted to see her set down to the harp—that loveliest of instruments—it shows off a fine voice and a fine arm so well. She commenced a sweet and plaintive air. It was an old-fashioned strain that I was fond of when a boy. The deep swell of the music appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young stranger. He started from his reverie—roused himself, and seemed determined to make up for his former unsociability by striving to be agreeable. I never saw a more sudden change in an individual. I would scarcely have recognized him, so altered was his countenance and manner. He began a gay conversation with a smiling, rosy-lipped little girl, he

had not before condescended to notice; offered her his arm, and they joined a group around the fair harper. I observed him. It appeared to me that his gaiety was unnatural—unhealthy—forced. It was not the free flow of heart-felt joy. Probably it appeared the more so to me from contrasting it with the gloomy expression that first caught my notice. His deportment was now elegant and graceful; and his attentions were evidently by no means unacceptable to the lovely creature who was hanging on his arm, nor to those who joined her for a share of the handsome young gentleman's conversation.—

This person had deeply interested me, and when the music was over I desired my friend to introduce me. He immediately complied; and the stranger was introduced to me as Charles N——, an English gentleman, who had just arrived from a tour through our country. Young men are soon acquainted; especially where there is a congeniality of sentiment and feeling; and it was not long before we were engaged in an interesting conversation. His language was correct and polished, his address easy and gentlemanly; he had travelled over the greater part of Europe, and his mind was well stored with information; his observations displayed a knowledge of the world, and, on literary subjects, a refined elegance of taste. I was much pleased with him, for he was decidedly a superior man. When he grew animated on some subject that particularly interested him, and his eyes kindled, and his countenance shone with a transient enthusiasm, I thought him one of the most captivating beings I had ever beheld. But then there was that return of melancholy depression; and when he had been wrought up to an excitement on any favorite effusion of poetry or romance, his countenance would settle down into an expression of exhaustion—a repose of gloom, which seemed natural to it, and the necessary reaction of an unusual excitement: then by a painful effort he would endeavor to keep up his share of the spirit of the conversation, and beam forth with some brilliant stroke of wit or lively sarcasm, and be mirthful for a moment; and I could perceive that he possessed a keen sense of the ridiculous, and that at a time when his mind was freer and his heart calmer, he must have been a most entertaining companion. I was convinced that there was some hidden grief that lay like an incubus on his soul, and shut out all enjoyment. I felt a powerful sympathy for him—a desire to alleviate his melancholy—not unmingled with a curiosity as to the cause. I kept near him during the remainder of the evening; I exerted myself to appear cheerful; I endeavored to lead him into conversations on topics in which I thought he would feel an interest, and to prevent the mind from reverting upon itself, and feeding on its own dark thoughts; I tried to draw him into the dance, but without effect.—“I will enjoy it more by looking on,” said he, with a faint smile—“I am afraid,” added he, “my dancing days are over.” He sighed. I rallied him about such a bachelor de-

elation in a fine-looking young fellow to whom the girls were waiting to be gracious; but I saw it gave pain, and ceased.

We stole off before the company broke up, and as it was a beautiful moonlight night, with a fresh, bracing air, we agreed to walk home. He took my arm, and I accompanied him to his lodgings. Our conversation was on indifferent topics; the persons we had met,—the current news of the day; and there were long pauses; and each one appeared to be absorbed in his own meditations. Once we engaged on the subject of youthful hopes and attachments; but as I perceived it occasioned some painful emotion on his part, I began to chat about the beauty of the evening, and the pretty lady who had listened to his honeyed flatteries, nothing loth.

An acquaintance was formed, and we frequently met. Sometimes he was gay, and would give loose to his powers of wit and playful satire; sometimes he was reserved—moody, sad. On all occasions he was unequal, and restless and fitful in his mirth. His vivacity would be crossed by that continually returning depth of gloom; and his laugh would subside into an indescribable expression of internal suffering. There was a sadness that could not be removed; and there was clearly remorse in it. I could perceive this in his start; his secret shudder, almost imperceptible in his troubled eye; and the slight perspiration on his fine manly brow. The vulture might be scared away for a moment, but was sure to return with a keener glance and a whetted beak. Still he was anxious to amuse; and would open his port folio of engravings, some of which were very beautifully executed. He would describe such of the scenes as he had himself visited, and would now and then forget his griefs over some wild and beautiful landscape of Switzerland or Italy. He possessed a talent for drawing, and shewed me a number of sketches he had made of our own scenery; two of which I recognized, as they were views of scenery in my native State with which I was familiar. One of them was a romantic view on the Hudson near Catskill, the mountains in the distance. The other a lovely, picturesque landscape near the Mohawk, with an extensive prospect of the river gracefully meandering through a fertile and varied country. He had a true feeling for the beauties of nature, and it was delightful to listen to the remarks that fell from him.

One winter evening, about a month after our acquaintance had commenced, we were sitting together in his room before a low fire. Candles had not yet been called; and we sat for some time in silence, gazing upon the fire, that would kindle up into a bright flame, and then subside, in playful wantonness as it were. N——, was in one of his gloomiest reveries; and I did not feel inclined to disturb him. He turned abruptly—"S——," said he, "have you not observed a strange inconsistency of conduct about me?" I knew not what to reply, and hesitated. "You must—you must!"—added he in a mournful tone,

"you must have remarked it; but you want to spare my feelings. Alas! it is not worth while." He passed his hand over his brow. "Where is the medicine can minister to a mind diseased,—pluck from the heart a rooted sorrow?" His voice was tremulous, and his eye was filling.

"S—— you have no doubt wondered at the cause of my depression. Listen to me. It is, this day, a year and six months since Edward G—— and myself crossed the Atlantic together."—He stopped a moment. "We were school-fellows—class mates—companions in the same sports—as fond and as intimate as boys can be—O, those days of joy and disinterested kindness! Gone—gone—forever gone!—Well sir,—our destinations in life were different, but our intimacy continued. Edward went into mercantile life, and I, to the studies of a profession. He was high spirited, and rather irascible; but a generous, noble hearted fellow. Our affection was ardent, and I believe natural."—N—— paused, and then went on. "He called on me one morning, and told me that he had an excellent offer to go to America, as an agent, for a very respectable house; and, if I would accompany him, he would accept of it. I had frequently expressed a desire of visiting America; and we both thought the opportunity a good one. We bade adieu to our relatives and friends, and set sail; we shared the same bed; we nursed each other;—poor Ned was uncommonly sea sick; we were as brothers."—His voice trembled, and there was a convulsive motion of his lip.—"but I must get over this." He drew his chair closer towards the fire. "I will get on with my story with more firmness—I'm almost ashamed of myself, S——. We arrived safely in Baltimore, the place of our destination; and like most other young men in the heyday of life, mingled occasionally in scenes of dissipation. Edward had often spoken of his skill in a difficult and somewhat antiquated game of cards, and I thought with something of boasting and elation. I knew nothing of the game; but for the purpose of tormenting him a little for his vanity, and from a love of mischief, I resolved to apply myself secretly to it, and obtained a pretty good insight into the game without his knowing any thing of the matter; one evening we were sitting together with some acquaintances we had picked up, and to Edward's surprise, I defeated him to his favorite game at cards.

"Edward," said I, "you are always boasting of your skill. I know but little about the game, yet I lay you a wager I'll beat you."

Edward smiled with conscious superiority at my badinage, and produced the cards. We played—Edward was skilful. I exerted myself to the utmost, and succeeded. Edward was surprised and chagrined. I did not bear my victory meekly; on the contrary, I openly exulted, and gave free scope to my bantering humour. Edward demanded another game—he again lost. He became flushed, and drank several glasses of wine. He still persisted in the contest; cursed his cards; and was still unsuccessful. I was too

deeply occupied in the game to observe his countenance; and in my merriment at an uncommon turn of good luck, I let out an unfortunate witticism—it was the drop in the full cup. Edward rose in passion—dashed the cards from him—struck his clenched hand upon the table—and with eyes flashing fire, accused me of dealing unfairly. I was astonished; and replied in what I thought a conciliating tone. But it was only adding fuel to the flame. He repeated his charges with vehement rapidity; and my temper began to rise. I told him he behaved like a child—that he was heated with wine—and that, in the morning, when he had slept off the effects of it, he would be ashamed of his present conduct. He rushed across the table, almost overturning it, and aimed a blow at my face. I received it on my arm. The gentlemen present rose, and insisted on his leaving the room. He did so, breathing threats and vengeance against me. As I expected, a challenge was handed me that night; and, I must confess, that I felt so indignant at his behaviour, that I received it without reluctance. I arranged my papers, disposed of the little property I had, and wrote a letter to my parents. If the duel took place, I considered that the chances were against me; and I endeavoured to prepare my mind for a fatal result. I had no experience with the pistol; having only fired a few times in my life, at a mark, in sport. I requested a friend to act as my second, and appeared on the ground a little before the appointed time. Edward was not yet there. He shortly arrived, accompanied by a second. When I beheld my old school fellow—the friend of my youth—and considered the purpose of our meeting, I felt a pang at my heart; and I believe the tears were in my eyes when I went up to him.

“Edward,” said I, “has it come to this—must we fight—we, who have known each other so long—loved each other so dearly—and for such a cause? Is there no way of settling this unhappy difference?”

Edward’s countenance was fixed and unrelenting.

“Sir,” said he, coldly, “If you choose to apologise for your unhandsome conduct last evening, I may receive your apology, and let the business go no further.”

I felt provoked, but kept down the angry reply that rose to my lips.

“Edward,” said I, “you have grossly insulted me—struck me—if you will ask pardon for that outrage, I will willingly apologise for any provocation I may have given you.”

He interrupted me;

“The blow was deserved, sir; deserved by your insolent sneering and mean conduct. I will not apologise for that.”

“Edward,” said I, “You wrong me. You encroach too far—by Heaven! too far—the crushed worm will turn. And yet I cannot—I cannot make up my mind to fire at my old companion.”

“D—— it,” said Edward, with a sneer, turning to his second, “I believe the man’s afraid.”

This was enough.

“Take your stand,” said I, sternly, “and you shall see.”

The ground was measured—we took our places, back to back—the word was given—“Wheel and fire!”—I obeyed mechanically—raised my pistol—I am sure I took no aim—but my hand was firm—I fired; and the next moment beheld Edward spring from the ground—quiver—and fall. The ball had entered his side. I went up to him. He had just time to falter out—

“I am dying—I have brought this on myself. Charles—my dear Charles—make your escape.”

He gasped, and died. I stood over him till I was urged off. I saw his body conveyed to the next inn; when the seconds thought me riding off with speed. I secreted myself to give one last look at the remains of my friend. But self preservation impelled me, and I went away. I travelled through the country; I visited every place of note; I have been in every metropolis in the United States; I have been in the best and the gayest society; I have entered into scenes of high dissipation; I have made one of every festive celebration of any importance;—but I never can forget my friend’s last look—the impression will never wear off—in the festal hour, the figure of Edward G—— bleeding; with his countenance of agony; will rise before me. I hear his last words; I behold him stiffening in death. He is with me when alone; he is with me in my dreams; I fly to company and amusement, but he is with me there—he follows me with equal step—I cannot fly from myself, and his image is a portion of my being—no—no—no—I never shall forget him.”

He stopped, and leaned his head on the table.

“Now,” said he, “now can you wonder at my deportment?”

I was too much affected to reply. He continued—

“I lead a wretched, wandering, unsettled life. I have no spirits to enjoy any thing. I feel an unwillingness to engage in any active employment; and I take a morbid satisfaction in resigning myself with perfect inertness to the vagaries of my own gloomy fancy. My mind cannot exert itself even upon those subjects of which it was most fond, and with which it has been most familiar. I am in a mental lethargy. My mind has lost its grasp. I read, without pleasure. I think, without improvement. My nerves are unstrung, and I sometimes think my memory fails—on all subjects but one—one, stamped with indelible, with burning characters on my heart and brain. I ought to return home—to my parents—to my profession. But as yet I cannot.”

He ceased. I sat a few minutes; I could not conceal my agitation. I was grieved to see him thus, but knew that the voice of consolation or any cold reasoning would only prove offensive to him in his present state of mind. I took out my

watch; it was near ten. I pleaded that I had some papers to attend to before I went to bed; and rose to depart. He took my hand—

"Farewell," said he, "if I can, I will make up my mind to return home in the next packet."

I whispered something of the soothing influence of time, and the solace of home, sweet home, and friends most dear to the wounded heart. He sighed, and wrung my hand.

"Farewell," said he, "come and see me often. Do not wait for the ceremony of a return of visits. Between you and I that ceremony may now, I think, be well spared."

I bade him good night, and departed. I saw him but twice afterwards. He engaged a passage to the East Indies, and from thence he was to return to his native land. By this time I hope he is with his family, and happier than he was when I took leave of him on board the "Achilles," bound for Canton.

J. B. S.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT FLOOD OF AUGUST, 1829,

IN THE PROVINCE OF MORAY, AND ADJOINING DISTRICTS.

"Nothing can convey an idea of the violence and velocity of the water that shot away from the whirling sea above the cliffs. It was scarcely possible to follow with the eye the trees and wrecks that floated like straws on its surface.—The force was as much more than that of a raging ocean as gunpowder ignited within the confined tube of a cannon is more terribly powerful than the same material when suffered to explode on the open ground. I was particularly struck here with an example of the fact, that trees exposed to occasional struggles with torrents, instinctively prepare themselves to resist them. I observed one tall ash, growing a little way above Randolph's Bridge, covered to at least four-fifths of its height. It was broken over at last, but, having been taught by experience to resist the action of water, it was not rent away, whilst all those which had never been visited by floods before were torn up like weeds. Before I left this spot I saw one of the under-gardeners wade into the water as it had begun to ebb on the haugh, and, with his umbrella, drive ashore and capture a *fine salmon*, at an elevation of fifty feet above the ordinary level of the Firthhorn."

Among the incidents, where the inhabitants were rescued by the bravery of their neighbours from houses surrounded by the waters, and momentarily yielding to their force—we find the following:—

"After landing the Cumins, the next house of the hamlet the boat went to was that of Widow Speediman, an old bedrid woman, with whom resided her niece, Isabella Morrison, an elderly person. One of the walls of this house was gone and the roof was only kept up by resting on a wooden-boarded bed. Here those in the boat beheld a most harrowing spectacle. Up to the neck in water sat the niece, scarcely sen-

sible, and supporting what was now the dead body of her aunt, with the livid and distorted countenance of the old woman raised up before her. The story will be best told in her own words, though at the risk of some prolixity.

"It was about 8 o'clock, an' my aunty in her bed, fan I says till her, aunty, the waters are cumin' aboot's; an' I had hardly spoken fan they wur at my back. 'Gang to my kist,' says she to me, 'and tak oot some things that are to be pit aboot me fan I'm dead.' I had hardly tukken oot the claes fan the kist was floated bodalie through the hoos. 'Gie me a haud o' your hand, Bell,' says my aunty, 'an I'll try an' help ye into the bed.' 'Ye're nae fit to help me,' says I, 'I'll tak a haud o' the stoop o' the bed.' And sae I got in. I think we war strugglin' i' the bed for aboot twa hours; and the water floatit up the cauf-bed, and she lyin' on't. 'Syne I tried to keep her up, an' I took a haud o' her shift to try to keep her life in. But the waters war ay growin'. At last I got her up wi' ae haun to my breest, and hed a haud o' the post o' the bed wi' the ither. An' there wuz ae jaw o' the water that cam' up to my breest, an' anither jaw cam' and suppit my aunty oot o' my airms. 'Oh! Bell, I'm gane!' says she, and the waters just chokit her. It wuz a dreadful sight to see her! That wuz the fight and struggle she had for life! Willin' was she to save that! An' her haun', your honour! hoo she fought wi' that haun'! It wad hae drawn tears o' pity frae a heathen. An' then I had a dreadful spekulation for my ain life, an' I canna tell the considerable moments I was doon in the water, an' my aunty abeen me. The strength o' the waters at last brak the bed, an' I got to the tap o't; an' a dreadful jaw knockit my head to the bed-post; an' I wuz for some time oot o' my senses. It was surely the death-grip I had o' the post; an' surely it wuz the Lord that waukened me, for the dead sleep had cum'd on me, an' I wud hae faun, and been droont in the waters! After I cam' to mysel' a wee, I felt something at my fit, an' I says to mysel', this is my aunty's head that the waters hae torn aff! I felt wi' my haun', an' tuk haud o't wi' fear an' trumlin'; and thankfu' was I fan I faund it to be naething but a droon't hen! Aweel, I climbed up, an' got a haud o' the cupple, an' my fit on the tap o' the wa', an' susteened mysel' that way frae may be aboot half-past ten that night till three next afternoon. I suppose it wuz twelve o'clock o' the day before I saw my aunty again, after we had gane doon the gither, an' the dreadful ocean aboot huz, just like a roarin' sea. She was left on a bank o' sand, leanin' on her side, and her mouth was fou' o' san'. Fouk wondered I didna dee o' cauld an' hunger; but baith cauld an' hunger were unkent by me, wi' the terrification I wuz in wi' the roarin' o' the waters aboot me. Lord save me!" The corpse of the poor old woman Speediman was put into a cart, together with her niece, Bell, whose state of exhaustion was so great, that it was difficult to tell which was the living, and which the dead, body * * *

"At a place called Fosse, immediately above the hill of Birnie, there is an ancient course of the Lossie, by which it must have once run down through a totally different line of country from that which it now waters. Its modern level is considerably below the mouth of this. But, in the fourteenth century, Alexander Barr, bishop of Moray, had a plan for restoring it to this channel, in order to relieve the valuable lands of the church from its troublesome inroads. Birnie was the first episcopal seat of the bishopric of Moray. The sanctity of the old church is so great that it is common to send from great distances to ask the prayers of its congregation for people in extremity. The popular saying is, 'If a man be ill, let him be prayed for in the kirk of Birnie, which will either end him or mend him.' There is a beautiful Saxon arch in the interior, and a very ancient stone font. But the most curious piece of antiquity is the Ronnell bell of Birnie, said to have been brought from Rome by the first bishop. It is about eighteen inches high, by six inches one way, and four inches the other, at the mouth. Its shape angular, and joined at the sides with nails. It has a handle at the top, and no tongue remaining. Its metal seems to be bronze; but the popular tradition is, that there is a great deal of silver in it. I think I have seen bells resembling it, used in religious processions in Italy."

Speaking of the river Dulnan, we have a similar illustration (not of antiquities, but) of an old Catechan affair.

"Near the hamlet of Carr, on the right bank, a slate rock has been laid bare, which, if properly wrought, might turn out to some account. About 150 yards to the westward of the houses, there is a small patch of land surrounded by a few stunted birches, called Croft-na-croich, or the Gallows Croft, having the following story attached to it:—Near the end of the seventeenth century, there lived a certain notorious freebooter, a native of Lochaber, of the name of Cameron, but who was better known by his cognomen of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, Peter the Priest's son. Numerous were the creachs, or robberies of cattle on the great scale, driven by him from Strathspey. But he did not confine his depredations to that country; for, some time between the years 1690 and 1695, he made a clean sweep of the cattle from the rich pastures of the Aird, the territory of the Frasers. That he might put his pursuers on a wrong scent, he did not go directly towards Lochaber, but, crossing the river Ness at Lochend, he struck over the mountains of Strathnairn and Strathder—and ultimately encamped behind a hill above Duthel, called, from a copious spring on its summit, Cairn-an-Sh'uaran, or the Well Hill. But, notwithstanding all his precautions, the celebrated Simon, Lord Lovat, then chief of the Frasers, discovered his track, and despatched a special messenger to his father-in-law, Sir Ludovick Grant, of Grant, begging his aid in apprehending Mac-an-Ts'agairt and recovering the cattle. It so happened that there lived at this

time on the laird of Grant's ground a man also called Cameron, surnamed Mugach-more, of great strength and undaunted courage: he had six sons, and a step-son, whom his wife, formerly a woman of light character, had before her marriage with Mugach; and as they were all brave, Sir Ludovick applied to them to undertake the recapture of the cattle. Sir Ludovick was not mistaken in his man. The Mugach no sooner received his orders than he armed himself and his little band and went in quest of the freebooter, whom he found in the act of cooking a dinner from part of the spoil. The Mugach called on Padrig and his men to surrender; and they, though numerous, dreading the well-known prowess of their adversary, fled to the opposite hills, their chief threatening bloody vengeance as he went. The Mugach drove the cattle to a place of safety, and watched them there till their owners came to recover them. Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt did not utter his threats without the fullest intention of carrying them into effect. In the latter end of the following spring he visited Strathspey with a strong party, and waylaid the Mugach, as he and his sons were returning from working at a small patch of land he had on the brow of a hill, about half a mile above his house. Mac-an-Ts'agairt and his party concealed themselves in a thick covert of underwood, through which they knew that the Mugach and his sons must pass; but seeing their intended victims well armed, the cowardly assassins lay still in their hiding-place and allowed them to pass, with the intention of taking a more favourable opportunity for their purpose.

That very night they surprised and murdered two of the sons, who, being married, lived in separate houses, at some distance from their father's; and having thus executed so much of their diabolical purpose, they surrounded the Mugach's cottage. No sooner was his dwelling attacked, than the brave Mugach, immediately guessing who the assailants were, made the best arrangements for defence that time and circumstances permitted. The door was the first point attempted; but it was strong, and he and his four sons placed themselves behind it, determined to do bloody execution the moment it should be forced. Whilst thus engaged, the Mugach was startled by a noise above the rafters, and, looking up, he perceived, in the obscurity, the figure of a man half through a hole in the wattled roof. Eager to despatch his foe as he entered, he sprang upon a table, plunged his sword into his body, and down fell—his step-son! whom he had ever loved and cherished as one of his own children. The youth had been cutting his way through the roof, with the intention of attacking Padrig from above, and so creating a diversion in favour of those who were defending the door. The brave young man lived no longer than to say, with a faint voice, 'Dear father, I fear you have killed me!' For a moment the Mugach stood petrified with horror and grief—but rage soon usurped the place of both. 'Let me open the door!' he cried, 'and

revenge his death, by drenching my sword in the blood of the villain!' His sons clung around him to prevent what they conceived to be madness, and a strong struggle ensued between desperate bravery and filial duty; whilst the Mugach's wife stood gazing on the corpse of her first-born son in an agony of contending passions, being ignorant, from all she had witnessed, but that the young man's death had been wilfully wrought by her husband. 'Hast thou forgotten our former days of dalliance?' cried the wily Padrig, who saw the whole scene through a crevice in the door—'how often hast thou undone thy door to me when I came on an errand of love; and wilt thou not open it now to give me way to punish him who has but this moment so foully slain thy beloved son?' Ancient recollections and present affliction conspired to twist her to his purpose. The struggle and altercation between the Mugach and his sons still continued. A frenzy seized on the unhappy woman. She flew to the door—undid the bolt—and Padrig and his assassins rushed in. The infuriated Mugach no sooner beheld his enemy enter, than he sprang at him like a tiger, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him to the ground. Already was his vigorous sword-arm drawn back, and his broad claymore was about to find a passage to the traitor's heart, when his faithless wife, coming behind him, threw over it a large canvass winnowing sheet, and, before he could extricate the blade from the numerous folds, Padrig's weapon was reeking in the best heart's blood of the bravest highlander, that Strathspey could boast of. His four sons, who had witnessed their mother's treachery, were paralysed. The unfortunate woman herself, too, stood stupified and appalled: but she was quickly recalled to her senses by the active clash of the swords of Padrig and his men. 'Oh, my sons! my sons!' she cried—'spare my boys!' But the tempter needed her services no longer—she had done his work. She was spurned to the ground, and trampled under foot, by those who soon strewed the bloody floor around her with the lifeless corpses of her brave sons. Exulting in the full success of this expedition of vengeance, Mac-an-Ts'agairt beheaded the bodies, and piled the heads in a heap on an oblong hill, that runs parallel to the road, on the east side of Carr Bridge, from which it is called Tom-nan-Cean, the Hill of the Heads. Scarcely was he beyond the reach of danger, when his butchery was known at Castle Grant, and Sir Ludovick immediately offered a great reward for his apprehension; but Padrig, who had anticipated some such thing, fled to Ireland, where he remained for seven years. But the restlessness of the murderer is well known, and Padrig felt it in all its horrors. Leaving his Irish retreat, he returned to Lochaber. By a strange accident, a certain Mungo Grant of Muckrach having had his cattle and horses carried away by some thieves from that quarter, pursued them hot foot, recovered them, and was on his way returning with them, when, to his astonishment, he met Padrig Mac-

an-Ts'agairt quite alone, in a narrow pass, on the borders of his native country. Mungo instantly seized and made a prisoner of him. But his progress with his beasts was tedious; and as he was entering Strathspey at Lag-na-caillich, about a mile to the westward of Aviemore, he espied twelve desperate men, who, taking advantage of his slow march, had crossed the hills to gain the pass before him, for the purpose of rescuing Padrig. But Mungo was not to be daunted. Seeing them occupying the road in his front, he grasped his prisoner with one hand, and brandishing his dirk with the other, he advanced in the midst of his people and animals, swearing potently, that the first motion at an attempt at rescue by any one of them, should be the signal for his dirk to drink the life's blood of Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt. They were so intimidated by his boldness, that they allowed him to pass without assault, and left their friend to his fate. Padrig was forthwith carried to Castle Grant. But the remembrance of the Mugach's murder had been by this time much obliterated by many events little less strange; and the laird, unwilling to be troubled with the matter, ordered Mungo and his prisoner away. Disappointed and mortified, Mungo and his party were returning with their felon-captive, discussing, as they went, what they had best do with him. 'A fine reward we have had for all our trouble!' said one. 'The laird may catch the next thief her's nanesel, for Donald!' said another. 'Let's turn him loose!' said a third.—'Ay, ay,' said a fourth, 'what for wud we be plaguing oursel's more wi' him!' 'Yes, yes! brave, generous men!' said Padrig Mac-an-Ts'agairt, roused by a sudden hope of life from the moody dream of the gallows-tree, in which he had been plunged, whilst he was courting his mournful muse to compose his own lament, that he might die with an effect striking as all the events of his life had been; 'yes, brave men! free me from these bonds! it is unworthy of Strathspey-men,—it is unworthy of Grants to triumph over a fallen foe! Those whom I killed were no clansmen of thine, but recreant Camerons, who betrayed a Cameron! Let me go free, and that reward of which you have been disappointed shall be quadrupled for sparing my life!' Such words as these, operating on minds so much prepared to receive them favourably, had well nigh worked their purpose. But, 'No!' said Muckrach sternly, 'it shall never be said that a murderer escaped from my hands. Besides, it was just so that he fairly spake the Mugach's false wife.—But did he spare her sons on that account? If ye let him go, my men, the fate of the Mugach may be ours; for what bravery can stand against treachery and assassination?' This opened an entirely new view of the question to Padrig's rude guards; and the result of the conference was, that they resolved to take him to Inverness, and to deliver him up to the sheriff. As they were pursuing their way up the south side of the river Dulnan, the hill of Tom-nan-cean appeared on that opposite to them. At sight of

it the whole circumstances of Padrig's atrocious deed came fresh into their minds. It seemed to cry on them for justice, and, with one impulse, they shouted out, 'Let him die on the spot where he did the bloody act!' Without a moment's farther delay, they resolved to execute their new resolution. But on their way across the plain, they happened to observe a large fir-tree, with a thick horizontal branch growing at right angles from the trunk, and of a sufficient height from the ground to suit their purpose; and, doubting if they might find so convenient a gallows where they were going, they at once determined that here Padrig should finish his mortal career. The neighboring birch thicket supplied them with materials for making a withe; and, whilst they were twisting it, Padrig burst forth in a flood of Gaelic verse, which his mind had been accumulating by the way. His song, and the twig rope that was to terminate his existence, were spun out and finished at the same moment, and he was instantly elevated to a height equally beyond his ambition and his hopes. No one would touch his body, so it hung swinging in the wind for some twelve months or more after his execution; and, much as he had been feared when alive, he was infinitely more a cause of terror now that he was a lifeless corpse. None dared to approach that part of the heath after it was dark; but in day-light people were bolder. The school-boys of Duthel, who, like the frogs in the fable, gradually began to have less and less apprehension for him, actually bragged one another on so far one day, that they ventured to pelt him with stones. A son of Delrachney, who happened to aim better than the rest, struck the birchen withe, by this time become rotten, severed it, and down came the wasted body with a terrible crash. As the cause of its descent was hardly perceptible to any of them, the terrified boys ran off, filled with the horrible belief that the much-dreaded Padrig was pursuing them. So impressed was poor young Delrachney with this idea, that, through terror and haste, he burst a blood-vessel, and died in two hours afterwards. Padrig's bones were buried about one hundred yards to the north of the bridge of Carr; but, as if they were doomed never to have rest, the grave was cut through about thirty-five years ago, when the present Highland road was made; and they were reinterred immediately behind the inn garden.—Should any idlers, who may wander after dusk along the road leading by the base of the Tomnan-cann, see strange sights cross his path, let him recall the story I have narrated, and it may furnish him with some explanation of what he beholds."

DEATH.

He is a good fellow and keeps open house,
A thousand thousand ways lead to his gate,
To his wide-mouthed porch; when niggard life
Hath but one little, little wicket through.
We wing ourselves into this wretched world,
To pule and weep, exclaim, to curse and rail,
To fret and ban the fates, and strike the earth,
As I do now.—*Marston.—The Malecontent.*

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

The angel of time being commissioned by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation that he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet echoed far and wide, penetrating the cities, the valleys, the mountains, and reaching the uttermost extremes of the universe. The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass, to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone. The children were enjoying their youthful sports, and paid no attention to the proclamation; the youths and maidens were wandering in the labyrinths of love; and the men and women of a middle age were too much engaged in the pursuits of life to think on death.

The first who preferred his petition for a few additional years, was an old man of four-score and upwards, bent almost double with age.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth?" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead."

"Thou art in possession of wealth and honors?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name, and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am an hundred, and enjoy life yet a little longer."

The angel bestowed upon him the privilege of living an hundred years, and he went on his way rejoicing and trembling.

The next applicant for lengthened years, was a feeble old man, who was carried in a litter.—When he had preferred his request, the angel replied—

"I understand. Thou art enamoured of the charms of woman, of the beauties of the earth, the waters, and the skies, and wishest to behold them yet a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, and murmuring of the waters, the echoes of the mountains, and all the harmonies of the universe, and wishest to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely hear the sound of thy trumpet."

"Thou art fond of the delicacies of food?"

"Alas! my feeble health will not permit of such indulgencies. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread these seven years past, and more. I am a miserable, sickly old man."

"And still thou wishest to lengthen out thy miseries. What pleasure doest thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasure of living," said the old man; and the angel granted him a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel, was a decrepit female, almost bent to the earth, and trembling with a palsy. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—her cheek hollow and fleshless, and she could hardly prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice, and almost choked her.

"I am come," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my children, my grand-children, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up and flou-

rich before I die. I am bereft of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me; I beseech thee, Oh! beneficent angel, to grant my request!"

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling; "go and be happy."

"Strange!" cried a learned man, who had come to petition for a few years, to complete an explanation of the apocalypse, and had witnessed the scene. "Strange," cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should still covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence, fool," replied the angel, in a voice of ineffable contempt; "it rather becomes thee, ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of Providence, which hath ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go! take thy wish, and finish thy commentary on the apocalypse."

From McFarlane's Constantinople.

A TRAVELLING RESOURCE.

A Catholic Armenian, a clever, good-tempered fellow, who had known better days, thus described to me an ingenious contrivance by which he avoided the vermin that abounded at Orta-keni, *a ne pas le croire*. 'I take care to examine and clean a large wooden table; on it I lay my mattress, and then I put the four legs of the table each into a pan of water on the floor; I am thus insulated—the bugs can't very well cross the water!' 'And do you escape their invasion?' 'Yes; all but that of a few bugs that may drop from the rafters and ceilings of the old house!'

A lady going to seek a wife for her son, gives occasion to the following list of Turkish feminine accomplishments: "The large saloon into which the company was ushered by the hostess was empty, but presently a banging-to of doors, and a shuffling of papooshes were heard, and the nine unmarried daughters of the house came running in, one after the other, as if in a race. Once within the room, however, they became as meek and decorous as need be, and approached, like whirling dervishes about to begin their holy waltz, 'with measured steps and slow,' and with their arms crossed on their bosoms, to kiss the hand of the visitor who had come to choose a daughter-in-law among them. 'There they are, by the blessings of the Virgin! and all to be married,' said the mother; and then, as they passed before the low divan, one by one dropping their lips on the hands of her who had brought a husband for one of them into the world, she repeated the name and quality of each, in much the style and form that a horse-jockey or a 'guinea-man' would use in showing-up a stud to a purchaser. There was certainly a variety—from mature nine-and-twenty to girlish thirteen, and the variety was marked in other things than age. One possessed in an eminent

degree the accomplishment of embroidering tobacco-pouches; another was distinguished as a cook and a maker of sweetmeats; another made sherbets equal to any that were ever drunk in the seraglio; one was the soul of economy, for she could house a whole day for a rubieh less than any body else; another was the soul of taste, for she could paint doves and roses on Kalem-kiares, and sing psalms and Turkish songs to the accompaniment of some old Armenian pipers—very great performers, the attraction of the Tekke a Pera.

We must select one or two of the very curious remarks and descriptions of customs scattered over these volumes:—

HOURS' COMPLEXIONS.—Apropos of hours, I never have heard or seen any remark made on the odd properties of colour Mahomet gives to the bodies of these eternal virgins. 'Some of them,' says he, 'are white, some rose, the third are yellow, the fourth are green.' Imagine a mistress with a pea-green complexion!

LAUGHING TURKS!—A friend—a gentleman who loves a laugh himself, and has as fine a perception of the droll and the witty as any man I ever knew, tells a good story about Turks laughing. He was at a town of the Dardanelles with another English traveller: while loitering about, he all at once missed his English servant, a humorous creature, worthy of such a master. After some search, H — was found in the bazars, dancing a minuet with a tall tame pelican: noways disconcerted at their approach, he finished his dance, and then with a ball room bow, he took his partner by the wing, and, with a mincing gait, led her to take refreshments at a neighbouring kiban shop. The solemn Turks almost died of laughter, and the roar that arose from the bazar could be inferior only to that of the Dardanelles battery, when Baron de Tott fired his great gun!

THE FASULAR FOUNTAIN.—The water of this fountain is said to possess miraculous qualities; the man who has once drunk it, cannot leave Smyrna without taking with him a wife of the place. A jovial friend of mine, who had drunk of the fatal stream, and left Smyrna and returned, and was likely to leave it again, without the encumbrance alluded to, on being questioned how that should happen, said he believed it was because he never drank it neat—he always mixed brandy with his water!

We will conclude with the dying Janissary.

"He recognised in the disfigured, fallen form of the gigantic Janissary, a certain Noured-Agha, whom he had known in former times, and whose herculean proportions, beautiful manly face, and thick black beard, had frequently excited the stripling's involuntary admiration and envy. But there he lay in the dust; his voice of thunder softened to a moan, and his almost super-human strength with scarce remains enough to raise his bare and muscular arm to motion to his friends that they should leave him. Some of those desperate fellows, casting a farewell glance at their chief, went on their way—but a

certain affection—or respect, or awe, which the gigantic man imposed to the last on their barbarous minds, retained a few round the person of their chief, and after a long shuddering, as he seemed somewhat to revive, they proposed that he should rise from the ground, and they would carry him on, in their arms. ‘It is of no avail, my friends,’ said Noured, opening his eyes, which were glazed and ghastly, ‘my hour is come—I hear the angel of death rustling his black wings over my burning head!’ ‘Man knows not his destiny until it is accomplished; and while breath remains, there is hope that Azrael has not received his warrant. Noured-Agha was in as bad a state as this when he was dragged from the hoofs of the Muscovy cavalry, in the plain before Shumla, and yet Noured has lived twelve years since then.’ The dying man raised his head, and; after a tremendous effort, and a horrible rattling in his throat, he replied with a hoarse voice to his friends:—‘Hark ye! twelve years ago my arm was broken by a Muscovy bullet—the grape-shot, that fell thick as hail, wounded me in trunk and limb—a ghiaour’s bayonet threw me to the earth, and a troop of horse charged over me as I lay! But twelve years ago I was the father of two bold boys—I had friends, I had hopes—but now!—Have I not seen this morning my sons in manhood’s pride—my brother—the friends that gathered under my roof, fall one by one by my side? * * * Have we not seen ourselves deserted and betrayed, and does not triumphant treachery and revenge proclaim that our order—the glorious and the ancient—the order of Hadji-Bekdash, is for ever annihilated, and a price set upon each of our heads?’ * * * The horror depicted on the countenances of his wild-looking followers, was immeasurably increased. Before they went on their way, and left his body to the wolves, to the dogs hungry as they, and to the birds of prey, they each cut off a small piece of his dress—and one, a nearer friend, perhaps, than the rest, detached a stripe of leather fastened round the upper part of his colossal arm by a buckle, containing the treasured passage from the Khoran—the amulet which was to preserve its wearer from evil eyes and evil fortunes. These sentimentalities, however, did not prevent them from securing his purse—his bright English watch in its shagreen case, his silver sheathed yatagan, and richly-set pistols.”

SIBERIAN CEREMONIES.—In the evening the governor waited on me and invited me to accompany him to a house to see a ceremony performed previously to a wedding that was to take place next day. We repaired to the house, where we found a large party of ladies and gentlemen assembled. The bride and her attendants occupied one end of the room, near a large table on which were placed fruits, cakes, wines, &c. Tea and coffee were served. Afterwards I was called to look at a procession from an opposite building or store, called in this country an *amber*, where every sort of provision, effects, &c. are kept. I saw several low four-wheeled

vehicles, each drawn by a single ox, loaded with furniture, bedding, clothing, &c. &c. for the new married couple. Lights were carried near them, and a number of young girls, assembled near the door of the *amber*, sang in concert as each vehicle was loaded with the effects of the bride. This ended, the party returned to the house, when dancing commenced, and was kept up with spirit the whole of the night. Before quitting the house, the parents of the young bridegroom requested me to come the following morning and witness the ceremony of his taking leave of them, previously to his going to church.

At twelve on the 22d we attended at the father’s house, where a number of the friends of the bridegroom was collected; several large tables were laid for dinner, and at the principal one near the images, which in Russian houses are always at the eastern corner of the room, sat the bridegroom and his attendants. A female representing the bride, was placed in a chair on the left hand of the bridegroom, and the father and mother sat at the opposite side of the table. Three dishes of cold meat were placed before the principal attendant, and wine and *watki* (whiskey) being at the same time handed round, he cut a large cross on the first one, placing it aside, then the second, then the third in the same way, and, at the cutting of each, wine and *watki* were handed round to the company, who rose and drank to the wedding party. Nothing was eaten, this being merely a ceremony to prepare the feast for the young couple, when they should return from church. After this the bridegroom went round to the opposite side of the table, holding the image of the Virgin in his hand, and crossed himself on his knees, and bowed his head three times to the ground, before his father, who, when he rose, took the image from him, kissed him, and crossed him with it on his head. The same homage was paid to his mother, on which he delivered the image to another person, who preceded the bridegroom and his party to the church, where they met the bride and her attendants; and the couple were then led to the altar and united in the holy bands of wedlock by the protopope, or chief of the clergy. The ceremony resembled that of the Catholic Church, except that, towards the close, the priest places a hymeneal crown on the heads of the man and woman, and they walk three times round a table where lie the cross and the Bible. This part of the proceeding is regarded as alternately binding them in strict allegiance to each other during the rest of their lives. There are also two rings used, which are changed from the man to the woman during the ceremony. The party now returned to the house of the bridegroom’s father, where a repast was prepared for them, resembling all large entertainments of this sort. The healths of the principal persons of the place were drunk, and followed by a salute of three guns after each toast. The evening was crowned with an illumination and a ball, at which, as a stranger, I had the honour of leading off the bride.

THE CAVERN OF COVADONGA.

BY DON T. DE TRUEBA.

"And does the rebellious maiden still persist in her obstinacy?—will she still oppose my power?—fears she not my revenge?" said the Moor Munuza, as his confidant Kerim returned from delivering a message with which he had been intrusted.

"Neither prayers nor threats make the least impression upon her mind," answered Kerim; "the invincible pride and fearless resolution of Pelayo find a kindred habitation in the bosom of his sister. She rejects with scorn the offer of your hand.—Great Allah! what a degradation for the Moors; we have conquered the vast regions of the Christian empire, our will is imperious law, our wretched enemies tremble at the wrathful glance of our eyes; and yet a christian slave, whom her vanquished countrymen still foolishly address by her former title, dares to treat with contempt the honor of an alliance with Munuza, the powerful governor of these provinces of the North. I marvel that our magnificent chief ever condescended to make so great an offer, or that having made it, he tamely suffers a rejection, when by a single word he can bring the maid to his palace,—and even enforce his will, should gentle persuasion prove unavailing."

"By our Prophet! thy course is good, Kerim," said the Governor. "I have too long endured the slights of Ormesinda; my forbearance is exhausted, and it is time that force should obtain what love, constant attention, and kindness have endeavored in vain to procure. To your fidelity and zeal I intrust the charge of bringing the haughty beauty to this place; but, to prevent any disturbance, it would be well to fulfil your commission by night. Though the Christians are utterly destitute of the means of attempting any rescue with probability of success, yet their love and respect for a woman whom they still consider as a princess, might tempt them to some desperate undertaking. Their deep-rooted aversion for us, only wants an occasion to burst forth with all its fury. Not that I fear that aversion, or the results it may produce; but so desirous am I to spare Moorish blood, that I would not waste one drop of it in private feud, when it can be so much better employed in conquering more provinces. In the silence of night, therefore, proceed to the dwelling of Ormesinda, with a suitable escort, and convey her hither with secrecy and precaution."

"Your pleasure shall be obeyed," said Kerim, and withdrew.

The situation of the Goths at this period was deplorable in the highest degree; the conquest of Spain had been as rapid as the battles through which it had been obtained were sanguinary and numerous. The north of Spain held to the last, owing to its remote situation and the stubborn courage of its inhabitants. The mountainous provinces of Asturias and Cantabria were still unsubdued; for, although Munuza was governor of Gijon, the capital of the former, and the Christians were put down and watched with suspi-

cious vigilance, yet their spirit was unconquered, and they seemed only to wait for a fit occasion to rise in arms against their oppressors. But the uncertainty of Pelayo's fate proved a great impediment to their earnest desires. This prince had for some time quitted the north of Spain with the intention, as it was supposed, of exploring the assistance of the Duke of Aquitaine, in order to engage successfully against the invaders of his country, and effect their expulsion. But, from the moment of his departure, no certain news had been received from him. A variety of reports circulated among his followers; all, however, rather discouraging than otherwise to their prospects.

Some said that Pelayo had died by the treachery of Don Oppas, the prelate; others, that he had fallen in battle; almost all concurring in the opinion of his death. This persuasion damped the enterprising courage of the Gothic nobles, who still cherished in their breasts the hopes of asserting their independence. The most daring had proposed to revolt, and proclaim Ormesinda their queen; but in these views they were opposed by others, who, more prudent, considered that a rash attempt would only serve to increase those difficulties which would prove formidable even to a more mature and well arranged plan of operation.

Such was the posture of affairs at Gijon and the rest of the province, at the time that Munuza determined to follow the advice of his creature Kerim; with regard to the Gothic princess.

Night came, and Kerim proceeded on his iniquitous mission. In a retired mansion Ormesinda was conversing with her friend and foster-mother Elgira. She was lamenting the misery of her fate, and devising a scheme to fly from the town, in which the pressing importunity of Munuza rendered a longer stay dangerous to her honor.

"Yes," my faithful Elgira, she said, "the barbarous Moor will dare all, and I am now determined to fly from this odious town."

"And what place can we select for our retreat," demanded Elgira, "that can be secure from the research of the Moors?"

"What!" dost thou forget the vale and cavern of Cavadonga—that secret, wild, and almost inaccessible spot, in which my brother Pelayo once took refuge, after a disastrous attempt to assert our liberty? The accounts of my brother's death are every day increasing my apprehension, and affording just cause for my sorrow. You know upon his return I was to be united to the brave Alonzo. Perhaps the period of my situation will justify me in choosing him with a troop of devoted and brave Goths, for the companions of my flight. He will soon be here to concert measures for that purpose.—But hark! methinks I heard a noise—'Tis he!—Rise and bid him welcome."

The faithful Elgira opened the door, when, to the astonishment of the female, instead of Don Alonzo, in rushed a troop of fierce looking Moors. Ormesinda, with feelings of dread and

abhorrence, soon recognized in their leader, the odious Kerim, the favorite and vile minister of the governor. She rose from her seat, and with an imperious tone of voice inquired the reason of so untimely an intrusion. Her cheek was flushed with indignation, and the sense of wrong gave her strength to stand dauntless before the savage Moor. Kerim, neither moved by the majestic deportment of the Princess, nor by the alarm depicted in the countenance of her attendant, with impassive coolness proceeded to unfold the purpose of his mission.

"Lady," he said, "it is the pleasure of the Governor that you should accompany me into his presence; therefore, without farther delay, be prepared to follow me."

"Follow you, miscreant!" indignantly exclaimed Ormesinda. "The base intentions of Munuza are too well known, ever to induce me to appear before him, unless I am dragged thither by force. Therefore desist, and return to thy master. Tell him, that however unconquerable his hatred to the Christians, if he has a single spark of manly feeling in his heart, he will shrink from offering any violence to a female who looks upon him with dread and disgust."

"That message, lady," said Kerim, with a sarcastic smile, "you can deliver in person; and no doubt the Governor will pay due regard to your angry words.—You mentioned force as the only means that could succeed in bringing you to the Governor, look around, lady, and see if such a requisite is wanting, should words of persuasion prove unavailing in influencing your determination."

As he spoke, he pointed insultingly to his followers, who seemed indeed but too well disposed to obey the instructions of their leader, however ruthless and unmanly they might be. Ormesinda cast around a look of despair, and soon perceived the utter hopelessness of her situation, and that opposition would be vain. In the confusion of her grief, she reluctantly entreated the pity and generosity of the barbarous Kerim, who, instead of lending a pitying ear to the thrilling voice of her affliction, contented himself with reiterating his commands in a sterner tone. Elgira, in the mean time, was filling the house with more clamorous lamentations; but neither the prayers of the mistress, nor the cries of the attendant had the least influence upon the Moor.

"Enough, lady, enough," he cried impatiently. "Time presses, and you must either resolve to follow me without resistance, or submit to be carried by force into the presence of my master. Decide, therefore,—and decide quickly."

In the height of despair, and terrified at the dishonorable fate which awaited her, Ormesinda flew to the casement, with the intention of precipitating herself from it, and of preventing, by a frightful death, the disgrace which she so justly apprehended. But the vigilant Kerim, as if divining her intentions by the agony of her looks, was prepared for this alternative, and stopped her desperate resolution. He seized the unfortunate Princess rudely by the arm, and,

without the least pity, desired one of his attendants to bind with cords her delicate limbs. At the announcement of this cruel insult, the feelings of Ormesinda found vent in a storm of indignant reproaches. She fiercely struggled with the cowardly Kerim, and had almost succeeded in her desperate attempt, when she was mastered by his attendants, who, unmindful of her entreaties, proceeded to bind her, and then to carry her, like a lifeless burthen, to the governor. At this moment the door flew open, and a Christian warrior suddenly presented himself in the apartment. The two females uttered cries of joy at the prospect of a release; but the feelings of Ormesinda were thrown into a stronger excitement, when, in the person of the knight, she recognized her betrothed, the gallant and beloved Don Alonzo.

"Oh, my friend! my Alonzo!" she exclaimed in a tumult of joy, "you come in time to rescue thy Ormesinda.—Save me from the abhorred grasp of these hardened wretches!"

Don Alonzo needed no stimulus to impel him to a desperate attempt; for such a one was that of venturing to free the Princess, surrounded as she was by numerous foes, all equally determined and well-armed. But to the impetuous valor and enthusiastic love of the gallant knight, no undertaking appeared too difficult, that tended to serve the object of his devoted attachment.—"Base Moors," he cried aloud, in a fierce tone of voice, "relinquish your prey. You shall trample upon my lifeless and bloody remains, ere you accomplish this work of iniquity. Unhand that injured lady, immediately; for though I stand alone against such fearful odds, some of you at least shall rue the moment you ventured upon so dastardly an attempt."

A loud laugh of derision was the only answer he received from the insolent Moors. Don Alonzo's indignation was wrought to a degree of rage bordering on phrenzy. Without uttering a word more, he rushed against the miscreants, and soon laid the foremost prostrate on the ground. Regardless of the imminent danger, and instigated by vengeance and indignation, the young warrior charged his numerous enemies, and a most desperate and unequal contest was commenced. But though the courage and skill in arms of Don Alonzo might delay defeat, he could not prevent it. He was at length overpowered by his foes, and fell covered with wounds, though, to his sorrow and despair none of them was mortal. Death would, in the present circumstances, have been most welcome, as it really was the best alternative that offered itself to his desponding thoughts. But even this consolation was denied him; and to the horror of seeing his betrothed torn forever from his embrace, was added the mortification of considering his wretched existence protracted to view the disgrace of Ormesinda, while he, unable to strike a blow in her defence, was observed to be an object of derision to his barbarous foes.

In a state of the most poignant despair, the Christian princess was quickly borne away from

the sight of her agonized lover, while he himself strongly secured, was carried from the place, with blood streaming from his numerous wounds, and farther tormented by the taunts and insults of his enemies. Until his fate should be decided, he was thrown into a dungeon. The Moors, after this achievement, hastened to communicate the tidings to the governor. Kerim had by this time presented himself to Munuza with the wished-for prize.

"Kerim," quoth his master, in a congratulating tone, "thou art, in truth, a zealous servant. Thy commission has been satisfactorily discharged; but say, didst thou find resistance in its execution?"

Kerim gave the governor a detailed and circumstantial account of the adventure, not forgetting to dwell, with peculiar emphasis, upon the zeal and dauntless courage which he, as well as his companions, had exhibited in the discharge of their duty. Munuza was well pleased that Alonzo had thus, of his own accord, rushed headlong into his power, for he had long wished to find a specious pretence for seizing his person, and had only been deterred from offering open violence, by considerations of prudence and policy. The young Christian was particularly hateful to Munuza, for the latter could not but view him in the light of a successful rival. The obnoxious individual being now under his control, he secretly resolved that he at least should offer no farther obstacle to the fulfilment of his unruly desires. The doom of Alonzo was from that moment decided on; and the Governor's mind being settled on this point, the whole of his attention was turned towards the afflicted princess, who had been so barbarously forced into his presence.

The savage Moor now softened his features into something like human feeling, and in a gentle voice began to offer consolation to the unfortunate Ormesinda. But she recoiled with horror and disgust from his loathsome endearments. Her mind was worked up to desperation, and it was evident that she was meditating on some dreadful means of avoiding the calamity which threatened her future destiny. The black phantom of dishonor stood before her sight in its most hideous form; and the image of her bleeding lover next filled her mind with intense anguish. Munuza beheld the dreadful workings of her soul, and determined no longer to torment his victim with importunities in her present depressed state, but to postpone his odious schemes to a future opportunity. Having secured his prey, he was willing to delay his designs, in the hope that the overpowering grief of his victim would gradually subside.

Ormesinda was accordingly released for a time from the hateful presence of the Moor. A suite of apartments, appropriately decorated, were selected for her use; and under the pretence of treating her as became her rank, Munuza took especial care to have her constantly surrounded by Moorish women, who had strict orders to re-
port the most trifling circumstances to their

master. Ormesinda was deprived even of the consolation which she might derive from the company of her faithful Elgira. The old attendant had been dismissed from her service, in order to deprive the fair prisoner of any prospect of planning an escape. But these odious proceedings only served to strengthen the deeply-rooted aversion which Ormesinda felt for her oppressor. In every succeeding interview, Munuza found that the hatred and grief of his captive, instead of being softened by time and importunities, seemed, on the contrary, to acquire additional force. He was so enraged to observe he made no progress in conquering her abhorrence, that he turned in fierce anger from her presence, and began to ponder on some other more efficient plan of operation, before he resorted to actual violence.

The idea of Don Alonzo suddenly crossed his mind. That noble Christian, lingering from the effects of his wounds, had, by a refinement of cruelty, been spared, that he might suffer death when he was completely re-established in health. With a ferocious joy, Munuza now considered that the unfortunate lover might be made a most effectual agent to work upon the feelings of the proud beauty. The fear of seeing him die might have more influence upon her heart than the most dreadful threats which Munuza could invent. Under this impression, the wily Moor again presented himself to the princess, with greater confidence than he had yet experienced.

"Ormesinda," he said, "the prosperity of this infant kingdom, together with my most ardent passion, requires that your destinies should be united with mine. For the last time, I come to make a proffer of my hand; and, being fully determined to carry my views into effect, it is for you to decide whether you prefer the condition of a slave, suffered to live merely to satisfy the pleasures of a master, or the honor of sharing all the transports of love, as well as the power of a tender and affectionate consort."

Ormesinda preserved an unbroken silence. Munuza again and again urged all the arguments he could devise. He threatened and implored; whispered caressing words, and spoke with horrid curses. But he exerted himself to no purpose. Neither his soothing attentions, nor the wildest storms of his rage, could draw from her other acknowledgment than the silence of disdain, or phrases expressing every loathsome feeling towards him.

"Lady, lady!" exclaimed the Moor, convulsed with passion, "you know not how far you are in my power,—how boundless, how harrowing is the vengeance I can take, for this opposition to my wishes, and the unseemly scorn which you are continually heaping upon me. Cease, lady, ere the full weight of my accumulated wrongs fall, like a mighty ruin, upon your head."

"Moor," answered Ormesinda resolutely, "experience ought to have instructed you how fruitless is the attempt to awe my resolution by menaces, which I fear not. Think you death has any terrors in my sight?"

"Not your own, perhaps," observed Munuza with a malignant smile. "But what, if I can take away another life to you a thousand times dearer?"

He paused for a moment, and while the unfortunate Ormesinda trembled lest her fearful surmises should be realized, the cruel Moor proceeded, in a vaunting manner, to unfold the dreadful calamity which alone might have the power to shake her heroic resolution. Her agony, after the Governor had revealed his barbarous design, is not to be described. But still the distressing exhibition of her overwhelming sorrow did not soften the heart of the Moor. He remained inflexible. To her pathetic appeals, and tears, and painful entreaties, he coldly answered, by observing: "It is your turn to supplicate, and mine to deny. You are now acquainted with my fixed determination, and either you must accompany me to the altar, or your beloved Don Alonzo dies an ignominious death. For the present, farewell; and when next we meet, it must be to decide upon one of those alternatives. This day shall be granted to you to consider them; therefore bear well in memory my words; for no power on earth, no calamity, no device, shall compel me to deviate a single step from the path I have resolved to follow."

Saying this, he left the princess to ruminate upon the hopelessness of her situation. The alternative left her was as dark as the heart that framed it. To be the wife and companion of Munuza was a fate so dreadful, that she was fully conscious she did not possess sufficient strength to support it. But, on the other hand, the death of Don Alonzo filled her heart with dismay. Ormesinda, to the tender feelings of a woman, added the noble sentiments of a patriot; and in Don Alonzo she not only beheld an adored lover, but a warrior most useful to her country—the only one perhaps that could supply the place of her glorious brother Don Pelayo. These painful thoughts combined to throw the unfortunate Ormesinda into a state of the utmost alarm. She combated alternately with the predominant feeling; for she considered the last choice which she made, as the most terrible and insupportable. In this torturing suspense, in this wavering of despair, she remained the whole of the day allowed her to decide upon her choice. The night was passed in the same excitement; and the dawn of the fatal day found Ormesinda more wretched than she conceived it was in the power of fate to make her.

Munuza was not slow in demanding her resolve; and the distressing scene of the preceding day was renewed, but with as little success. The Governor, boiling with rage at the stubborn perseverance of his prisoner, called Kerim, and gave orders for the immediate execution of Don Alonzo. The detestable favorite seemed eager enough to obey them, and the crisis of Ormesinda's fate had arrived. The present chilling calamity made her momentarily forget every other misfortune. She could only see her beloved Don Alonzo murdered before her eyes. His

spectre seemed to rise from the tomb, and accuse her as the cause of his untimely end. The image, indeed, was so fearful, that she could not summon strength to bear with it; and in a mixed paroxysm of terror, pity, and despair, she murmured out her consent to the wishes of the abhorred Moor.

"It is well," cried the exulting Munuza. "You have chosen, lady, the most reasonable part. To-morrow you shall be mine, and rule with me in these dominions. Our union may create more friendly feelings between Moor and Christian. Kerim, go thou and order the most splendid preparations for to-morrow's festival: at the same time, give liberty to Don Alonzo."

The news of the approaching union between the Moorish Governor and the Christian Princess soon spread over the city, and created the deepest sensation of horror and surprise among the true Goths. They considered so odious an alliance the most dire calamity that could befall them, as all their hopes and affections had been centered in their idolized Princess Ormesinda. These fond hopes vanished; their affections withered when they considered the object on whom they were bestowed so totally unworthy of them. Alas! the multitude, so liberal of their reprobation, were ignorant of the trial to which the unfortunate Princess was subjected. They knew not the poignancy of her sorrow—the hopelessness of the situation in which she had been placed. The shame and distress which fell to the share of each Christian, was a trifling evil, when compared to the abject state of wretchedness that weighed on the victim of the approaching sacrifice. For sacrifice indeed it was, though to the deluded people it appeared to be the result of her free and uncontrolled consent.

Meantime, Don Alonzo was released from his prison; but it was to curse his life when he learned the horrid price at which that life had been purchased. The truth of the affair was soon known, and fully canvassed among the Christians; and the greater portion began to relax in their condemnation of Ormesinda. Many excused her weakness, and all felt pity for her misfortunes. Don Alonzo alone could find no palliation for an offence which he considered as the deepest and most degrading that could be committed by a Christian maiden—a princess—the sister of the great Don Pelayo—the betrothed of Don Alonzo!

The fatal day came, and the Christians with looks of shame and sorrow, began to assemble in groups to discuss the topic that filled them with so much emotion. The sight of the preparations for the approaching ceremony only served to augment their distress and indignation, and not a few proposed some desperate attempt to impede the odious nuptials; but the stoutest hearts sank, when they reflected how destitute the Christians were of all resources, and how rash and unavailing would prove any such attempt. A universal bustle now announced that the Governor and the forlorn bride were proceeding to

the altar, when a murmur of disapprobation and disgust ran through the assembled crowds. The Moors were on the alert. Numerous troops of horsemen paraded the town, so that it would have been next to madness for the Goths to essay the rescue of their princess. On a gentle eminence that commanded a full view of the Mosque, and separated from every groupe, stood a man absorbed in the deepest reverie. His pallid cheek and sunken eye but too plainly denoted the weakness of his frame; and the deep anguish of his fixed look, and the cloud that darkened his manly forehead, bespoke him laboring under some strong mental affliction. It was Alonzo, the most interested in the approaching ceremony which was to seal his irrevocable misery, who, scarcely recovered from his wounds, and a victim to the most exquisite torture, stood there a fearful picture of overwhelming despair. While his countrymen, in various groupes, vented their sorrow and indignation, he, the most wretched of them all, in confused murmurs and smothered imprecations, preferred to riot in his misery, thus solitary and unconsolated.

While the thoughts of Don Alonzo were bent on the theme that solely occupied his mind, and his glazed eyes fixed on the detested Mosque, a stranger closely enveloped, approached him unnoticed.—“Don Alonzo!” said a voice that thrilled to the desponding lover’s heart, “Don Alonzo, I did not expect to find you thus inert, Fie, noble Goth, fie! This is a day for action, not for meditation:—for blood, and not for tears!”

“Who art thou, stranger?” exclaimed Don Alonzo in surprise. “Thy words, thy noble enthusiasm bespeak thee a Goth.”

“I am a Goth—one perhaps not undeserving of that name, in these days of shame and degradation. Look on me well. Has a short absence so altered me, that you fail to recognize a brother?”

As he said this, and threw aside his cloak, Don Alonzo uttered a wild cry of surprise and joy.

“Heaven be praised! Pelayo, Pelayo!—my friend, my brother! Thou art alive! Is this no dream of my fevered fancy! Let me press thee to my burning heart! Oh, my God! thou art merciful. In the midst of my sorrows, thou hast comfort in store for the wretched Alonzo!”

Tears of mingled grief and joy poured down his cheeks, as he was locked in the arms of Pelayo;—tears that, instead of disgracing his manly heart, served only to enhance its value.

The emotion of the two friends was so powerful, as for some time to impede their utterance.

“Yes, it is Pelayo! your unfortunate friend. ’Tis Pelayo that proffers this brotherly embrace. “Oh, noble Goth! what dreadful times are these! How severely is the guilt of Don Roderick visited upon his people! But wherefore waste these precious moments in unavailing complaints, when the most bitter, the deepest of our calamities is at hand,—when the measures of our degradation will be filled to overflowing!”

“Then, my noble friend, thou knowest already—”

“Yes,” interrupted Pelayo, in a stern voice. “Yes, I know that I have a sister unworthy of the name. Curse on her degraded heart, that it should bring such foul dishonor upon her glorious race!”

“Blame her not rashly, oh, my friend! Her condition ought rather to excite our compassion.”

“Heavens! what words are these? Do I really hear the voice of a friend? Can it be possible that Don Alonzo of Cantabria—that a noble Goth can seek to palliate a deed of foul dishonor—a degradation so overwhelming, that it is the only calamity that could break the stoutest unbending heart of Pelayo? But enough! You are changed, Alonzo. In the weakness of the lover, you sink the character of the Goth, and you forget the duties of the patriot. A curse on the puny passion that could so far transform the bravest of the Christian knights!”

“Hold, Don Pelayo!” proudly exclaimed his friend. “You wrong me deeply by these ungenerous surmises. I am still a Gothic knight; still Don Alonzo of Cantabria. You see me weak, wronged, overpowered with affliction, worn out by suffering; but wasted as is my frame, and lacerated as my heart must be, my courage is unimpaired, my resolution entire, my hatred to our foes fiercer than ever. Speak! command. What is it you require to prove me the true friend of Spain? Put my honor to the test: you will then be convinced that I am still the worthy friend and brother of Don Pelayo.”

“Listen, Alonzo,” resumed Pelayo in a more tranquil tone. “My arrival at Gijon is a secret. Last night I was privately introduced into the town, and I entered it full of sanguine hopes, but how were those hopes blasted, by the dreadful news that welcomed my return! Yet, I thank Almighty God that He has permitted me to arrive before the sacrifice is consummated. Something can still be done—shall be done. The thought that occupies my mind is the offspring of desperation; yet it must be followed, for it is the only alternative that is offered us in this dreadful crisis. My application to the Court of Aquitaine has not been wholly unsuccessful; for, though the Duke has proffered me no assistance, I have succeeded in rousing the dormant energies of many brave Christians. To avoid suspicion, have gradually sent them in small detachments to the wild mountains of Asturias. The dark some cavern of Covadonga is the place of general rally, as it soon must be the seat of our new-born empire. Fruela, Feudes Ruscsevinto, and other noble Goths, are already waiting my instructions in its solitary and sombre valleys. Such was the cheering state of our prospects when I secretly arrived last night, in order to lead my sister and you, with the rest of our noble brethren, to the mountains, whence I expected soon to return and wage implacable and unsparing war against the hated destroyers of our independence. Such were my plans upon

revisiting Gijon. A few moments elapsed; my hopes were blighted, and a different course rendered imperiously necessary."

"And now, my noble friend, what hast thou in contemplation?"

"A deed chilling and desperate," answered the Goth with enthusiasm. "A deed that will freeze with horror the tame hearts of vulgar men, but a deed of magnanimity in the estimation of great and heroic minds."

"Name it, Pelayo. In life, in death, you can command me. Keep me not in suspense. Your destiny, however awful and terrific, shall be mine."

"Can I firmly rely upon your aid, Alonzo?" demanded the Gothic hero in a fearful tone.

"Brother," you affront me," said Alonzo with some degree of warmth. "I never gave you cause for these ungenerous doubts."

"Pardon me, Alonzo, pardon my hesitation," continued Pelayo, in a deep and impressive tone of voice. "It is natural in a man whose mind is laboring with such desperate thoughts. For, mark me well, O noble Goth! 'tis no common sacrifice which will be required of us. The mention of my design will chill thy blood with horror. Now tell me in truth, Alonzo——"

"Speak. I will in all sincerity answer you."

"I know the loftiness of thy mind. I have no full proof of thy dauntless courage. But say, Alonzo, couldst thou behold a son—wert thou a father,—crushed, torn, and bleeding in the agonies of death, ere thou wouldst consent to foul dishonor?"

"I could," resolutely answered Alonzo.

"And couldst thou see all the tenderest ties that bind mortal man broken asunder, ere thou wouldst submit to be covered with shame?"

"Yes; and to these dreadful suppositions, add every calamity that can befall human nature—I will still be Alonzo."

"It is well, my noble friend," quoth Pelayo. "Now I can unfold my design. My arrival here, as I have told you, is a mystery to all but yourself and two other faithful friends. The moment of the sacrifice approaches, and we must be present at the ceremony."

"You mean to attempt a rescue."

"No," mournfully answered Pelayo. "Such hopes are vain. Had the wedding been delayed but a few days longer, we might with justice have indulged such flattering expectations; but as it is we cannot. Our present honor and future independence must spring from a different source. It is the blood of my sister that must make it flourish."

"In the name of Heaven," cried his friend in amazement, what mean you, Pelayo?"

"Ormesinda must die," resolutely, but mournfully, replied the warrior; "and die by the hand of her own brother! Yes, my friend, this weapon, so often bathed in the blood of our enemies, is soon to be crimsoned by that which is dearer to me than my own. The sacrifice is dreadful, but imperious.—Does this announcement unman

you? Ah! think, my trusty Alonzo,—think of my agony, my despair; it is more intense than thine. Oh! could you but know the full measure of my love for that sister whom I am now hastening to destroy! That sister was my delight, my pride, my all: in her were centred all the affections of father, brother, lover, and friend. She was deserving of more than human love; an angel might have been proud of her form; her mind would have honored the most exalted man; of her courageous heart I myself would have boasted: but all these perfections perished the moment she consented to her degradation. How this dark miracle was wrought I cannot surmise; whether it was accomplished by sorcery, or by the simple instigation of a fiend, I know not; but this I know, that the horrid, the degrading change has been wrought, and now, before the sister of Pelayo is locked in the swarthy arms of a Moor, she must descend to the cold embraces of the tomb. Yes, the tomb—an unpolluted tomb—shall be her wedding couch; and by the sacrifice of her life, I shall free the better part of herself, her unsullied honor, from the shafts of scorn and shame. But, hark! dost thou hear tumultuous sounds? they proclaim the momentous crisis:—follow me, and lay to heart my words. Soon as you see me strike the fatal blow, summon with loud voice the assembled crowd to arms: the sight of the tragedy will rouse their courage to a holy enthusiasm; and my weapon, reeking with the blood of my murdered sister, shall then aim its avenging blows against the tyrant himself. In this undertaking, it is probable that I shall be obliged to lay down my life; but this will be no sacrifice, if I achieve my purpose. Should I fall, you must, Alonzo, lead your slender troop to the cavern and wild passes of Covadonga. There let the memory of Pelayo and Ormesinda stimulate you to new exertions, and constantly feed the holy flame of hatred against the Moor. Now follow me, Alonzo, and may just Heaven protect our cause!"

As he delivered these words in a tone of enthusiasm, he resolutely directed his steps towards the Mosque. Alonzo, amazed, but not intimidated, followed his heroic friend silently and fearlessly. In their course they observed the deep emotion exhibited by their brother Christians; and Pelayo interpreted the looks of grief and indignation which they cast around, as highly favorable to his hopes. The bridal procession meanwhile entered the Mosque; and among the promiscuous throng which followed, Pelayo and his friend found it no difficult task to enter unobserved. They approached the altar in a tumult of emotion, and their eyes soon encountered a scene of raddening interest. The odious Munuza seemed lavishing his tender caresses on the Princess, who stood in gloomy tranquillity, totally unconscious of the preparations around her. The whole powers of her mind seemed bent upon some deep and important thought. Her cheek was very pale, and her eyes shone with an unnatural light. Ill indeed did the expression of her countenance accord

with the splendor of her dress, and the emblematical chaplet of roses that encircled her brow!

When the ceremony commenced, the agitation of Ormesinda was so excessive, that she became gradually weaker. Munuza, alarmed at these symptoms, strove to calm her emotions; but she repulsed his tenderness with a withering smile.

"Heaven be blessed!" muttered Pelayo, softly, "she hates the Moor now, I see; a load of misery is removed from my heart."

He continued to advance towards the altar. Alonzo stood behind him, and two or three trusty followers were close behind.

A mournful cry now burst from Ormesinda; her haggard eyes had caught those of her lover, and she trembled violently. Munuza and his attendants turned to learn the cause of her emotion.

"By Allah!" fiercely cried the Moor, "if my eyes deceive me not, the hated Don Alonzo obtrudes his presence on this holy ceremony; guards, seize the traitor, and drag him hence!"

"Oh, Munuza! remember your promise," cried Ormesinda, in alarm.

"Shame! Ormesinda, shame!" exclaimed a powerful voice, that aved the assembled Moors and Christians. "Dost thou demean thyself to sue for pity of the tyrant! whither has thy pride fled?—canst thou forget the noble race from which thou art descended?"

All eyes were now turned on the speaker; and a murmur of astonishment suddenly filled the place. "Pelayo! Pelayo!" cried a thousand voices. The governor shook with anger; Ormesinda uttered a scream of joy, and the Christians sent forth a shout of congratulation; and, as Pelayo advanced close to the altar a scene of confusion ensued.

"Yes, Pelayo is here!" quoth he, in a firm, but melancholy voice. "Pelayo comes to be a witness of the last and most galling misfortune that can fall upon his head. Ormesinda, could I ever have expected this from thee? What diabolical witchery has turned thy better judgment, to the prejudice of thine honor!"

"Do not, my brother," said she, in a thrilling tone, "do not increase the torments of my wretched state by your killing rebukes; for it is to save the noblest of the Goths—thy dearest companion—that I have sacrificed myself! Ah! could you suspect that aught but what was noble could influence thy sister?"

"It is well," said Pelayo, in a more tranquil voice, "that I hear this intelligence from thee, for it lessens my misery."

"Oh! did you then consent to this hateful union to save my life?" interrupted Alonzo, in a tone of overwhelming grief.

Ormesinda's feelings were becoming more excited every moment, and every one imagined that the ceremony would bear down her strength, and that she would sink to the ground ere it was completed. Don Pelayo summoned all his courage for the horrid crisis, and he advanced a step with the firm resolution of plunging his

weapon deep into the heart of his sister; but he wanted some pretext for approaching near enough to strike the blow with fatal success.

"Munuza," he said, essaying to compose himself, let me press my poor deluded sister to my sorrowing bosom. It is the last time I shall see her; relentless as thou art, thou canst not deny this request."

"Oh! you speak truly," said Ormesinda, with a feeble voice; "it is indeed for the last time you see me, for I have but a few, very few moments of life remaining."

"What mystery is this? Whence the horrid paleness that overspreads thy countenance?—the livid color of thy lips?—the tremor of thy enfeebled and sinking frame?"

"Alas! Don Pelayo," answered his heroic sister, "knowest thou so little of thy sister, that thou canst not divine the cause of her present state? Could you for a moment suspect that Ormesinda would survive even a single hour of degradation? Oh, no! you have wronged me. To save the life of Don Alonzo, I consented to follow my persecutor to the altar; but at the time I made that resolution, another occupied my thoughts. Both have been fulfilled, and I die as becomes a noble maiden, and a sister of Pelayo."

"Bless the Providence!" cried her brother, with wild enthusiasm, "that made thy mind so noble—thy heart so magnanimous; thanks, merciful heaven! for thus releasing me from my dark resolve.—Ormesinda, I have injured thee; I thought thee guilty, and came to shed thy blood in the scene of thy disgrace. Oh, pardon, pardon my error!"

"My strength, alas! fails me—I feel the unrelenting grasp of death—the corroding poison bursting in my veins—it consumes me—I can no more—Where art thou Alonzo?—cherish my memory!—It is done!—Farewell, Pelayo—Mercy, mercy, oh God! for this act of desperation!"

The spectators of this dismal scene could not for some time form any resolution; but Pelayo, more collected, though as deeply affected as the rest, with a furious impulse rushed against Munuza; and before the Moor could stir in his defence, he lay weltering in his blood. Pelayo brandishing aloft his bloody weapon, loudly exclaimed—

"Christians!" strike for liberty. The tyrant has fallen; let the fate of my noble sister stimulate your courage, and impel you to deeds of heroism."

Don Alonzo nobly seconded the exertions of his friend. The Christians rose in a mighty body; and, though most of them were unarmed, they grappled with their enemies, and soon supplied themselves with weapons.

The Mosque became a scene of indiscriminate carnage and confusion. The news of the extraordinary event spread quickly through the town. The rising of the Christians became as universal as it was sudden. Every street was converted into a scene of strife. Blood flowed in streams; the noise, disorder, and devastation

were astounding and terrific. The voice of Don Pelayo now rallied around the Christian combatants; the Gothic standard was unfurled; and the cry of liberty resounded on every side.

"To the mountains, Christians! to the mountains!" cried Pelayo. "There lies our strong hold. Let every true Goth follow me to that cradle of our new-born independence."

At his command every one was ready to depart. The body of the unfortunate and heroic Ormesinda was carried on a couch, and the whole mass of Christians retreated from the town into the wild mountains of Asturias. Don Pelayo and his followers were joyfully greeted by their brothers in arms; and immediately upon their arrival at the valley of Covadonga, the mortal remains of Ormesinda were interred in the cavern, and a chapel was there dedicated to the Holy Virgin, in commemoration of the signal event that accompanied the death of the maiden.

After the funeral obsequies had been performed, the nobles assembled to give some form of government to the infant colony. Don Alonzo proposed that the magnanimous Don Pelayo should be elected King, as having, by right of birth and great services, the best claim to that distinction. Fruela, Tendes Rucsvinto, and the rest of the nobles received the proposition of the Prince of Cantabria with acclamations.

Pelayo then addressed the assembled warriors as follows:—

"My noble companions! I readily accept your trust:—not for the sake of the dignity which the crown confers, but because, in becoming your King, I accept a post of the greatest toil and danger. 'Tis not a crown of gold that I place on my head, but one of iron. The attributes of my sovereignty shall not be ease, wealth, and pleasures, but constant peril, poverty, and privations: those alone shall make the difference between me and my subjects. And here I pledge my honor to guard the interests of my sterile and wild dominions. My pursuit of the Moors shall be as active and unrelenting as my hatred is deep and lasting. They shall curse the day when Pelayo was proclaimed King at Covadonga. Here a Christian nation commences, that will, with God's assistance, achieve the recovery of the land. Yes,—the valley of Covadonga shall be renowned among posterity, and the children of Asturias and Cantabria shall, to the remotest ages, derive a virtuous pride from the place of their birth."

A burst of enthusiastic applause followed the speech of the patriot monarch.

Alonzo and Fruela now produced an enormous shield, on which the new King was requested to sit; and then, being lifted from the ground, he was borne aloft through ranks of the assembled Christians. The Gothic banner was carried before him, while the nobles marched in order with their heads bare, and their swords unsheathed.

In this manner Pelayo was paraded round the cavern and solitary passes of Covadonga;

which reverberated with the shouts of the people who had taken refuge in its solitude. How the infant colony procured a subsistence, historians do not mention. Their manner of living must have been as rude and hardy as the site of their kingdom was rugged. It is said that there were many caves which served the Christians of those times for resting places during the night, the day being spent under the canopy of heaven, either in waging relentless war against their enemies, or in procuring such sustenance as the neighborhood afforded.

It is, however, no less certain, that from this place they sallied forth continually, causing great havoc amongst the Moors, and gradually extending their dominions. In a terrible battle, the Moors were completely routed, and their chief Alcamas slain. The traitorous prelate, Don Oppas, who had previously been sent into the mountains, to enter upon terms of negotiation with his kinsman Don Pelayo, was found among the prisoners taken in the field. The Christians were filled with rage at the sight of the traitor. He was immediately put to death, and his memory condemned to lasting shame. The battle of Covadonga was decisive. Tradition has connected the valley and cavern of that name with the most glorious as well as most romantic associations. The spot displays a range of wild, but sublime and picturesque scenery. No Spaniard, especially if he be a native of those parts, can behold the place without emotion. The remains of a rude chapel are still discernable in the cavern, which has remained an object of veneration since the memorable rule of Don Pelayo, whose name to the ears of every true Spaniard, is synonymous with all that is good and heroic.

WILLIAM PENN'S TREE.

The following Stanzas were written by the celebrated William Roscoe of Liverpool, on receiving (during the last war) from Dr. ROSEN, an Inland, made of a piece of the ELIX, under which the Founder of PHILADELPHIA concluded his treaty with the INDIANS. This tree was blown down in 1812.

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
The War-fiend raised his hateful yell,
And 'midst the storm that tempest deplored,
Penn's honor'd tree of concord fell.

And of that tree, that ne'er again
Shall spring's reviving influence know,
A relic o'er the Atlantic main
Was sent—the gift of foe to foe!

But though no more its ample shade
Waves green beneath Columbia's sky;
'Though every branch be now decay'd,
And all its scatter'd leaves be dry,

Yet, 'midst this relic's sainted space,
A health-restoring flood shall spring,
In which the angel form of Peace
May stoop to dip her dove-like wing.

So, once the staff the prophet bore,
By wondering eyes again was seen
To swell with life thro' every pore,
And bud afresh with foliage green;

The wither'd branch again shall grow
'Till o'er the earth its shade extend—
And this—the gift of foe to foe—
Become the gift of friend to friend.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE LAST OFFER,

OR TRUTH IN FICTION.

[By Mrs. H. M. Dodge.]

"What! not young Bennington, the sole heir of old Billy Bennington's vast possessions? Certainly, coz, you have not slighted a proposition from him?"

"Why not, Sybil?" replied the gentle Ursula.

"There is every reason why you should not," returned the other, "and none why you should; why, coz, he's the handsomest and wealthiest man in all Alesbury, and you are poor, and turned of twenty-five in the bargain. Who knows but this is your last offer?"

"Then be it even so," replied Ursula, smiling with pity at her thoughtless cousin. "It would not be an impossible thing to live one's whole life out in celibacy, should Providence seem thus to order it. Marriage is not a covenant into which we *must* enter; yet it is instituted by a righteous heaven, no doubt to promote the happiness and good of mankind; but we must not choose a companion for life as we would purchase a garment, because we *must have* one; and although it is not such as we should altogether choose, still we take it, either because it is showy, or we think we cannot find so valuable a one in any of the shops for the same price, which is, perhaps, all we are able to meet. There must be love—sober, rational, and disinterested affection, to make the married state happy. We should choose a husband for his society, because it affords us knowledge and delight; and not for his gold, because it will purchase us gewgaws to wear, and a coach to ride in; nor for his respectability or distinction, because it will raise us in the eyes of our fellow mortals. We should so love a husband that we could go with him cheerfully from a palace to a cottage, and even feel it a precious privilege to soothe him in his day of adversity."

"I know nothing about your philosophy, coz," returned Sybil, more seriously; "but this I do know, that many young ladies reject proffered alliances with the hope of obtaining better, but in the result accept of one far inferior. Now I believe in securing an alliance which in every respect equals what our expectations ought to be, and not running the hazard of what the uncertain future may bring, for the hope of stepping higher in life."

"I do not approve a young lady's rejecting a proposition because she hopes to obtain a better one," replied Ursula; "neither do I disapprove her suffering it to pass if it does not meet her wishes. There can be no happiness in the married state unless the purest feelings of the heart enter warmly into the engagement; not that fancy alone is to be consulted without due deference to the voice of reason; but these two should go hand in hand in making up a choice for life."

"I do not think much of this love," returned Sybil, laughing; "it will do to make a figure in a romance or a ballad, and even smoothes off a pastoral very prettily sometimes; but I imagine

it should have but little weight when brought into the common every day concerns of life."

"But our happiness, cousin," replied Ursula, "lives in these every day concerns, as you call them; our whole lives are made up of shreds and small parcels of time, and if these be stript of their enjoyment, or filled up with cold, heartless views and feelings, they will at last form an aggregate of unhappiness extending over our whole existence. How can we live happily with those we do not love, especially in that union which binds us to their society for life?"

"I doubt not but love is a good article in its place," answered Sybil; "but we should not sacrifice the greater consideration to the less. I could be happy with young Bennington, not that I love him better than you do, but I should be happy in his elegant mansion and fine carriage, and particularly so in the idea that I had accepted a good offer which might have been my last; and should I have had fifty, how do I know I should ever love?"

"God has not been so unkind to his creatures, Sybil," replied Ursula, "as to create in them the most holy and reciprocal affections, and then give them no object for their exercise. I believe that every person, by waiting a suitable time, will find a full reciprocation of all the most tender feelings of the soul; at any rate, if they do not, I suppose they were designed for single life; and this life every one had far better live than so greatly to injure and abuse a fellow being as to accept his disinterested affections, and avow a proper return when the heart has no part nor lot in the matter. But here comes young Bennington; and as he has not seen you since your London tour, perhaps you may make a conquest." And this proved to be prophetic; for in just six months from that day, Sybil was removed from her paternal roof to become one of the joint heirs of old Billy Bennington's possessions when he should have done with them.

Ursula was a poor orphan, a niece of Sybil's mother, who kindly gave her a home, and protected her in all respects as she did her own daughter; yet she could not solve the mystery of her rejection of Bennington, and it was whispered among the prudent matrons of the neighbourhood as a matter of absolute mystery and astonishment. Ursula, however, had no regrets on the subject; but when she saw her cousin rolling in ease and splendor, she secretly pitied her for the aching void which she knew must exist at her heart, and felt happier in her humble lot.

Time passed along, and Ursula had reached her 29th year, without receiving another offer. Sybil often rallied her on the subject, but she still persisted in her sentiments as firmly as ever, and seemed perfectly contented and happy. It was not long after this, however, that she was introduced to the acquaintance of a respectable clergyman, who was in moral worth and all the high excellencies of the mind, just such an one as she had always fancied she could love: his person and manners were agreeable, and his in-

come gave him an "elegant sufficiency;" he owned a beautiful country seat in the township where the church of his charge was situated, and he had spared no pains to make it a rural and delightful retirement. Ursula retired with him into the bosom of this lovely retreat, and felt that she could cheerfully turn her back upon all the world beside, to devote herself to her husband and his precious flock. She loved him tenderly, and knew no unhappiness but in his absence or affliction; and he, fully returning the pure and generous affection of her heart, seemed constantly seeking out means to increase her happiness.

Never, perhaps, was marriage more honored, than by these votaries at her sacred shrine.

Very different is the picture we must draw of Sybil and her companion. After a few months they became mutually disgusted with each other, and found too late that pure and disinterested affection is an indispensable ingredient to happiness in the marriage state, and secretly sighed for a release from each other's society; but they were too proud to acknowledge it to the world, and dreading an exposure of their real feelings, they studied opportunities of shewing each other's marks of respect and affection; but this deception could not always continue, and even before Ursula's marriage, it began to be whispered that Billy Bennington had become dissatisfied with certain things transacted in the family of his brother's son, and intended not only to recognize him no longer as his heir, but also to withdraw all present support from him. Sybil, whose jealousy had long fed on her husband's pre-attachment to her cousin, which had been the cause of much bitterness between them, at length found ample cause for other and heavier trials. Now came the test of the worth of true affection, for had she felt what a wife ought to feel towards a husband, she would not have been driven to distraction at the thought of going into poverty with him, but they would have mutually studied means to retrieve their ruined expectations.

It was some time before the final blow was struck; but at last it *was* struck, and poor Sybil returned to her father's house disgraced and broken-hearted. Her husband accusing her as the cause of all his misfortune, wandered away in the hatred and bitterness of his heart, and was never heard of after.

Ursula, whose life passed on like a smooth and gentle rivulet, endeavored to sooth the desponding spirits of her unfortunate cousin, but all in vain. She never once referred to the conversations which they had so frequently had, years before, on the subject of marriage; but she only sought to divert her thoughts from brooding over her misery, and to impress her mind with the belief that she might yet be happy. She sometimes persuaded her to pass a few days with them in their beautiful retreat, but she always returned home more wretched than she went; for on these occasions she could not forbear mourning afresh over what she had lost, for

she firmly believed, had she been as prudent in her marriage as her cousin, she might have been as happy.

She seldom conversed much, but she sometimes warned young females never to trifle with the principles of honor and morality and their future happiness, by accepting an alliance which their hearts did not sanction; and she would always add, "do not fear it will be your last offer."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

TALES OF THE PILLOW.

THE WILL, OR HIGH EXPECTATIONS MODERATED.

— "Thou left'st me nothing in thy Will,
And yet, thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why? I crav'd nothing of thee." SHAKESPEARE.

FAITHFUL to her promise, Pulvinara, the pillow queen, led the spirit of Mira to the fragrant banks of Electridanus, and thus began the tales of by-gone time.

It was towards the close of that human strife called the War of the American Revolution, that one of my subjects, with such tears as Genii weep, related to me a story of woe. "Months have I stood by the bed-side of Ellen Ward, and her two babes," sighed the compassionate genii, "and in thousands of years have never witnessed such patience in hopeless distress. With all my power I have endeavoured to render sweet the slumbers of those innocents; but hunger, nakedness, and cold, I cannot remedy."

"I must see this group myself," said Pulvinara, and Elfa was ordered to another charge. A cold, stormy evening of December was closing; the shades of night came on in sleet and snow, as I flitted into a wretched hovel in ***** county, North Carolina. Over a few expiring embers sat and shivered one of the finest forms I ever beheld, with two as lovely infants; but despair was wringing the heart of the mother, as she shared her last crust with her eldest, and held her youngest to a breast dried by famine. My power of relief was as limited as that of Elfa; but, like her, I whispered hope. The thought of hope sprung sparkling in the parent's heart, whilst she covered her two little ones with the few tattered bed-clothes she possessed. The last ember was dying away, when, amid the howling tempest, a gentle knocking was heard at the door, and a loud but pleasing voice demanded shelter for the night.

"I am alone with my two babes," plaintively replied Ellen Ward.

"There is no one here to harm thee or thy children," said the stranger, gently pushing open the cabin door. A last bright gleam from the hearth flashed over the scene of poverty. That gleam discovered a man of middle age, of large frame, and in the dress of one of Gen. Morgan's riflemen. Without expressing one word more, the hunter-soldier threw down his knapsack and arms, opened the former, and a wood lamp threw its glare over the bed where sat the pale mother beside her babes. The hunter, aided by his light and hatchet, had a cheerful fire burning in a few moments. Ellen eyed him in silence; and, as she could trace the strongly-drawn lineaments of

humanity, bravery, and pity, which marked the face of the stranger, her fears were removed; but, in tears which I could see were wrung in part from remembrance of better times, she observed, "You are hungry, traveller, and I have not a morsel to set before you."

"I am not hungry, my daughter," replied the gallant warrior, "but I am afraid yourself and children are so, and I have plenty for us all for this night, at least." Saying so, he opened his ample knapsack, and exposed an abundance of bread and meat. Many is the feast these eyes have witnessed, but never did I behold one where so much of true enjoyment was possessed. With a care and tenderness no father could have exceeded, did the rough but generous soldier deal out to his grateful host the renovating morsels. His ample eloak was dried and thrown over the now sleeping infants, as Ellen, on whose face even a smile played, gave to her deliverer the following little history.

"Gentle stranger, I was the only and cherished daughter of a man whose life was given to his country at the Cowpens. My father was one of two brothers, Saul and Ralph Williams. My uncle Ralph, I can scarce remember; but I feel I love him, for, what I do remember, was kind: he rocked me on his knee; but, like my father, my uncle became a soldier, and is also gone, I fear, as for years I have heard nought of him. Young I became the wife of James Ward, the son of a cousin of my father. We were poor, but my husband's father rich. My undivided affection was all to the son, but nothing to the father; and we were driven to this cabin. My James did all that youth and health could do, and we were happy; but within two days after my youngest babe was born, my beloved husband was torn from my arms by a band of Tories, and left me to perish with my sweet infants. It is only two days since on my knees I begged food for his grandchildren, from him I ought to call father. I was sprung from his door!"

Here the soldier rose and strode with giant steps over the desolate rose cabin; but, in a moment, gaining composure, he sat down by Ellen, saying, in a soothing voice, "Go to rest, Ellen Ward; be at peace, thou knowest not what may be in store for thee." To rest Ellen did go; nor was ever rest more sweet; and after days and nights of pain unutterable, sleepless nights, her calmed senses found repose, whilst I led her in dreams of hope, to peace, plenty, and prosperity. The soldier, with his firelock and block of wood for his pillow, was also in a few moments in profound slumber. His firelock and block I changed to the richest down; and never did my office enable me to beam over a scene more lovely.

Next morning the hunter-soldier was up before dawn; and, leaving a blazing fire, and pouring out the residue of his provision, seized his arms, and, without an adieu, met the storm which still raged. Ellen rose, and a flood of tears bespoke her inward gratitude, but the prospect before her was dark and dreary. My office was suspended by the rising sun; but never since I hovered over mortals, did I so much desire the coming of another night. That night came, and I was in the cabin of Ellen Ward. "Can I be mistaken," said I to myself; "can this change be made in one day?" I found a fine, though, plainly and

neatly dressed woman, and two prattlers dressed like dolls. I found the ragged and tattered bed removed, and two really neat, clean, and well-supplied beds in its place. In one corner sat, with the eldest child in her lap, an old, but very benevolent-looking negro woman. But the most interesting figure was the happy mother, whose delicious tears flowed from a heart filled with gratitude to heaven and its instrument.

"This is the work of the soldier," said I to myself, as Ellen was putting her two infants to rest, and laying her own head on a pillow which, with no common delight, I assisted to render the fountain of hope. And now let us leave the sleeping Ellen and her children, and proceed to discover the cause of the prosperous change.

One of my male subjects, the Geni Roget, whom I had always employed to visit the pillow, and torment any cold hearted wretch whose accumulated treasures, were locked from all use even that of his own. Roget is an arch, mischievous, and active spirit, whose supreme delight it is to torture the objects committed to his charge. For many years past Roget had administered all the horrors of an evil conscience to old Simpson Ward, the father-in-law of poor Ellen. It was only this day when the sons and daughters of men were following their daily cares, and we enjoying that relaxation which your day only gives, that Roget related to me the following circumstances:

"I had not watched over the pillow of Simpson Ward the second night, until on looking into his heart, I beheld amid some slight sparks of natural affection, a mass of spite, envy, avarice, and vanity. The sparks were soon extinct, and it was only to the eye of a Geni, who could penetrate the darksome cell, and sustain the horrid pictures which flitted in its recesses. 'I have made my will in favour of my nephew Ralph, but to-morrow I marry and will have heirs of my own. The rebel, he dared this day to dispute my orders to scorch a negro—he shall repeat.' The very next night I found a bed-fellow with old Simpson. What felicity flowed from their union you may know, when I tell you, I have often turned my eye from the heart of the wife to seek relief from that of the husband. If I had indeed been a demon, in place of a Geni, I might have revelled in the wretchedness which this well paired couple inflicted on each other, and strange to say, the only fruit of their union was a boy, whose bosom from very infancy was the seat of every kind, tender, and generous feeling. His parents clung to little James from pride and not affection. He was to heir their great estate, and in the mind of both to cross the hopes of their now poor and discarded nephews.

Years rolled on, and James Ward, as he advanced to maturity, became the pride of every one who knew him except his depraved parents. Old Ward seemed to feast his eyes on the struggling poverty of his brother and his own sister's children. When that war commenced which ended as you already know, the two brothers took opposite sides, and the malevolence of Simpson Ward was inflamed to rancour when Saul and Ralph Williams joined that band who contended at the Cowpens. Saul fell on the field, but his brother, severely wounded, escaped, but

was a few days afterwards made a prisoner. From their tenderest years, James Ward and Ellen Williams were, as far as the parents of the former would permit, brother and sister to each other. As James advanced in life, the feelings of himself and parents became more adverse, and that money which the vanity of old Ward induced him to give to his son was, in great part, spent clandestinely on little Ellen.

"These affairs proceeded with the young ones, when by accident, the generosity of James was revealed to his mother. In a frame of mind which admitted of little to increase its self tortures, the old lady hasted home to share her torments with her husband, and in the attempt to open the subject, fell on the bed, and in my presence expired, with an expression of distorted rage which would mock the power of even a Geni to describe. The news which cost Dorothy Ward her life was contained in a letter, which, when found and read, inspired a fell revenge which absorbed every other thought; and his own son James, you may not wonder to be told, became now a more deadly object of hatred than was even either his two brothers-in-law, or the sweetly unoffending Ellen. The natural consequences followed. James, goaded to almost madness by his father, married Ellen, and met all that parental violence and indigence could inflict.

"Old Ward, on his part, preserved no form of decent regard to the ties of nature or public opinion, swore that no one of his blood should inherit his estate, and it was soon known, that the two Miss Prudeairs were to be the joint heirs of the immense estate of Col. Ward.

"As to myself I was not idle. I kept old Ward as miserable as earthly feelings would admit, and it was only three days past, his worldly career closed, and I have now," said Roget, with an inexpressible smile, "to display a scene which even the chequered affairs of inankind have perhaps never equalled. When it was known that Ward was dangerously ill, messengers were sent to apprise General Prudeairs, who arrived about midnight with an inimitable face of sorrow to lament over the remains of his friend Ward. Next hour more friends of similar sincerity arrived, and in due time the body of Ward was reposing in peace for the first time, and was laid in earth with a solemnity of grief, which to me, who was in the secret rather deeper than his earthly mourners, was a source of high amusement. In this case, I determined to forego my return to the palace of Dreams, and await the issue of what I knew would change the mock grief of General Prudeairs and his co-actors, into unfeigned sorrow.

"Rather before a prudent respect for appearances would admit, search was made amongst the papers of old Ward, for his will, and a bundle tied with black riband, and duly endorsed, was found—and it was opened; and behold, a will in favour of Ralph Williams, duly executed, was read. 'Oh his will must be in the proper office at ——— said General Prudeairs, in rather a husky voice. To ——— all parties went, but enough had leaked out to whet public curiosity, and, at the office amongst many idlers, appeared an athletic, and stern stranger, in the dress of a warrior-hunter. Search was made, and an envelope produced, also endorsed, the Will of Simpson Ward—and again bitterness, an exact

copy of that already found. Comparing the known events with the circumstance, astonishment held all parties silent—The silence was at length broken by the Rifleman, who advancing, claimed to be heard.

"*'I! am,'* said he, 'Ralph Williams, and I claim the estate of my uncle, Simpson Ward, not for myself, but for his grand children, and a woman, an angel might rejoice to claim as of his kindred.'

"This address brought every eye upon the gallant soldier, and even General Prudeairs was compelled to acknowledge, as did many others, with better feelings, that it was indeed Ralph Williams.

"Few words will close my tale," continued Roget. "No other will could be found, and the evening after this curious development, I sat beside the pillow of old Ralph in the once desolate cabin of Ellen. 'Not a splinter of this little mansion shall be touched, though a house besitting my Ellen shall rise over its roof,' said the warrior, as his eye closed in joy beyond the ordinary lot of mortals. Though it may be believed in the empire of dreams where I am known, on earth I would not, without other proof assert, that for nearly thirty years, I heard old Ward say to himself, on going to bed—'to-morrow I must arrange my will.' To-morrow came, and that remained unchanged, which, of all things within his power he most desired to have changed.—He 'resolved and re-resolved,' and left Ralph his Heir."

MARK BANCROFT.

THE WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF HUDSON, N. Y.

"She flung her white arms around him—thou art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;

I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown,
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be alone.

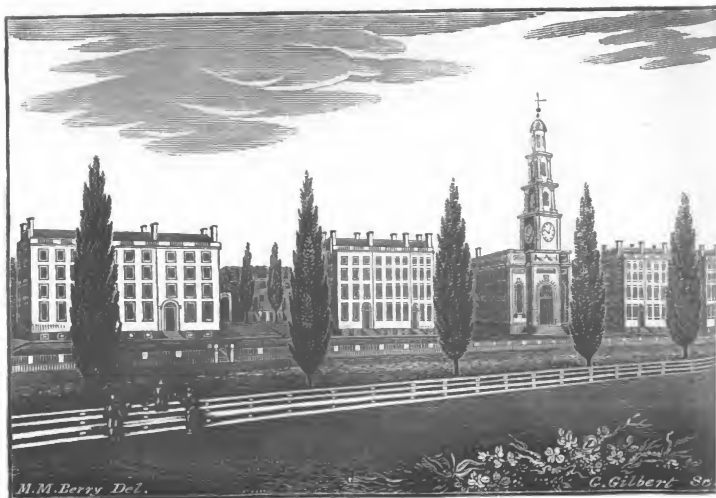
I could—I think, I could have brook'd
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;
For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back—and whilst I dwelt
On earth, not been alone.

But, thus to see, from day to day,
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,
And watch thy life-sand waste away
Unnumbered, slowly, neek:
To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever breathed to bless,
And feel, I'll be alone—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"
Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone—
It must not be, we may not part,
I could not live alone.



WISSAHICCON, ON THE SCHUYLKILL.



HAMILTON COLLEGE, N. Y.

WISSAHICCON CREEK.

We have formerly remarked that the scenery on the Schuylkill affords almost inexhaustible subjects for the delineations of the pencil. In ascending that river the tourist will observe, at every change of view which its meanderings present, new objects to admire, that are almost as much diversified as the images in a kaleidoscope. About five miles above Philadelphia, Wissahiccon Creek communicates with the Schuylkill.—The appellation of this creek is derived from a dialect of the aboriginal language, and is supposed to have originated in the circumstance of an Indian female of the same name, who, in attempting her escape from some enemies, took refuge in a cave about two miles from the mouth of the creek. This is one of the many traditions that cast a shadow of romance over some particular spots in our country; but this vicinity needs no such extraneous circumstances to render it interesting. Without affecting any common place raptures at the sight of beautiful scenery, the neighborhood of Wissahiccon is certainly one of the most inspiring places in creation; and when some bard shall arise among us worthy of celebrating its beauties, it will probably rival in description the Vale of Tempe and "resounding Albunia."

The principal building in the front ground of the engraving, is an ancient dwelling which has little to recommend it besides its venerable antiquity. Ruins that have once been the habitations of man are an impressive spectacle;—they recal forcibly the images of departed years—they speak of life's mutations with an eloquence scarcely to be disregarded by the most thoughtless. The moss-grown wall and the ivy-mantled window are objects of peculiar interest to reflective minds, and the "hearthless halls" which were once the scenes of mirth and enjoyment, point mournfully to the transient nature of all terrestrial happiness.

At a little distance in the picture part of a bridge is visible, near which is Robinson's mill, partly surrounded by trees, which at this season of the year presents a foliage richly diversified in its colors, and which is multiplied by the reflection of the water. The rocks on the banks are in some places so precipitous as to render their ascent almost impossible; but this is not the case in the spot from which the annexed view was taken. This view is near the mouth of the creek, and embraces a small portion of the shores of the Schuylkill. But those who are enabled to visit the place ought not to be satisfied with a verbal description. An excursion to the creek, by land or water, would be found productive of much pleasure to those who are capable of appreciating the beauties and grandeur of nature in her simplicity and her magnificence.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.

Hamilton College, so called in honour of the illustrious Alexander Hamilton, was first chartered, by the Legislature of the State of New

York, in June, 1812; and went into operation the succeeding fall. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was raised by individual subscription for the benefit of the institution, and the additional sum of fifty thousand dollars was soon after appropriated by the Legislature. That body some time afterwards made a further donation of forty thousand dollars for the same object, and this is about all the aid that has been received from the State.

The institution was organized under flattering circumstances, with an efficient and highly respectable Board of Trustees, and an able and learned Faculty. The late celebrated Doctor Bockus was the first President; and the other members of the first Faculty were Josiah Noyes, M. D., a skillful and learned chemist, at present attached to the college, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy; Theodore Strong, A. M., one of the most distinguished mathematicians of the day, Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; the late Rev. Seth Norton, A. M. Professor of Languages; and two Tutors. The College commenced with but about twenty-five students; but the number was soon increased to seventy-five, and subsequently arose, in 1824, to one hundred and fifteen, which, we believe, was the greatest number it ever had at any one time. From that period till within about a year, owing to peculiar circumstances, the prospects of the institution suffered a severe depression, from which it is now just beginning to recover. It would exceed the limits prescribed to this brief notice to inquire into the causes of this depression, even if they were capable of an easy and satisfactory explanation; but we must content ourselves by saying that they seem now to be entirely removed, and that the prosperity of the College appears to be established on a firm foundation. The present Faculty consist of the Rev. Henry Davis, D. D., who some months after the decease of the lamented Dr. Bockus, in 1817, succeeded to the Presidency; Dr. Noyes, Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy; John H. Lathrop, A. M. Professor of Languages; the Rev. Simeon North, A. M. Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy; the Rev. Mr. Smith, A. M. Professor of Belles Lettres; and Mr. E. B. Maltbie, A. M. Tutor. They are all profound scholars in their several departments, able and efficient officers, and in every way well calculated to give dignity and reputation to any collegiate institution. Professorships of Law and of Medicine are shortly to be established, and when this is accomplished, the institution will possess advantages scarcely excelled by any in the United States.

The engraving presents an accurate view of the college edifices, which are considered the most beautiful and commodious of the kind in the United States. They are delightfully situated in Clinton, Oneida county, near Utica, upon the brow of an elevated hill, overlooking the rich valleys of the Oriskany, the Sudaquoda, and the Mohawk, and commanding a prospect of a fertile and well cultivated country for many miles.

around, variegated with hill and dale, woodland and lawn, and interspersed with flourishing villages. Indeed the scenery, in point of quiet beauty and the soft harmony of nature's blending forms, is almost unrivalled. The second building in the range, as represented in the engraving, is not yet erected; but the symmetry of the plan is tolerably well preserved by its proposed location being occupied by a large wooden building, formerly called the Oneida Academy. This is shortly to give place to an edifice of stone, like the rest; and when the plan is completed, the College can easily accommodate 300 students, in a more than usually comfortable and convenient manner. The chapel, embracing in its limits a spacious room for public worship, and also large lecture and recitation rooms, a laboratory and Societies' Halls, is generally acknowledged to be a very beautiful structure.

The college library contains about 4000 well selected volumes, and the libraries of the two Societies of Students about 2500 volumes more. The philosophical and chemical apparatus is extensive and valuable, and the collection of geological and mineralogical specimens considerable.

This College is situated in the centre of the State, in the midst of a country distinguished for fertility of soil, occupied by a wholesome and intelligent population, and growing rapidly in wealth, resources, and moral and physical advantages; and there can be but little doubt that, under the auspices of an able Faculty and Board of Trustees, this favored seminary is destined to take the foremost rank among the literary institutions of the country.

THE FIRST AND LAST PRAYER.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

"PRAY for me, mother! pray that no blight -
May come on my hopes and prospects bright;
Pray that my days may be long and fair;
Free from the cankering touch of care;

Pray that the laurels I grasp at now
May live ere long around my brow;
And pray that my gentle ladye love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And lifting up her glistening eye,
Prayed for all blessings fervently;

And then she took one lock of hair
From his manly forehead, smooth and fair,
And he kissed her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride:

"Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
My soul may be free as a wild bird's song,
That away on the wings of the wind is driven,
And goes to rest with them in Heaven:

Pray for it mother!—nay, do not weep!
Thou wast wont to bless my infant sleep;
And bless me now, with thy gentle breath,
Ere I sink away in the sleep of death."

The mother knelt by his side again—
Oh, her first prayer had been all in vain!
His ladye love had been false to him—
His fame in slander's breath was dim;

She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt 'twas best that she should die;
Then she prayed for his death in his fond despair,
And his soul passed away with that last wild prayer.

DE L'ORME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RICHELIEU" AND
"DARNLEY."

In former days an historical novel meant a castle and a dungeon,—a heroine and a lute,—a tyrannical baron and a hero as handsome and as valiant as words could make him; but, save in name, all as much belonging to the nineteenth as to any other century. But we have reversed this law of perpetual imprisonment, and have been in danger of running into the other extreme, and making the novel a sort of antiquary's diary, full of dates and dryness, where the dress of the heroine is only inferior in interest and accuracy to the dinner and accoutrements of the hero. The work before us has steered happily between the two: the time, that of Louis the Thirteenth, was one of the strongest political excitement, when politics involved every species of romantic adventure; and nothing can be more varied than the career of DE L'ORME.—Bold, enterprising, yet with a vein of deep melancholy, which gives a touch of poetry to the character, without detracting from its activity; born among the wild mountains of the Pyrenees, he becomes equally engaged in the revolts of the Spanish and the conspiracies of the French side: but how he succeeds, we leave to the reader to discover, to whom we shall now endeavour to introduce him, enough for interest, but not for knowledge; and we rather think his further acquaintance will be strongly desired.—Chance circumstances threw De L'Orme into the very midst of the rising in Catalonia: he is taken prisoner, and brought before the Viceroy, whose short career is so animatedly sketched, that we must try to abridge it.

"Seated in an ivory chair, somewhat resembling in form the curule chair of the ancient Romans, appeared a short fat man, not unlike the renowned governor of Barataria, as described by Cervantes. I mean in his figure; the excessive rotundity of which was such, that the paunch of Sancho himself would have ill borne the comparison. His face, though full in proportion, had no coarseness in it. The skin was of a clear pale brown, and the features small, but rather handsome. The eye-brows were high, and strongly marked, the eyes large and calm, and the expression of the countenance, on the whole, noble and dignified, but not powerful. It offered lines of talent, it is true, but few of thought; and there was a degree of sleepy listlessness in the whole air of the head, which, to my mind, spoke a luxurious and idle disposition. The dress of the viceroy—for such was the person before me—smacked somewhat of the habits which I mentally attributed to him. Instead of the stiff *fraise*, or raised ruff, round the neck, still almost universally worn in Spain, he had adopted the falling collar of lace, which left his neck and throat at full liberty. His *juste-au-corps* of yellow silk had doubtless caused the tailor some trouble to fashion it dexterously to the protuberance of his stomach; but still many of the points of this were left open, showing a shirt of the finest lawn. His hat and plume, buttoned with a sapphire of immense value, lay upon a table before him; and as I entered, he put it on for an instant, as representative of the sovereign, but immediately after, again laid it

down, and left his head uncovered for the sake of the free air, which breathed sweetly in at one of the open windows, and fanned him as he leaned back on the cushions of his chair. Behind the viceroy stood his favourite negro slave, splendidly dressed in the Oriental costume, with a turban of gold muslin on his head, and bracelets of gold upon his naked arms. He was a tall powerful man; and there was something noble and fine in the figure of the black, with his upright carriage, and the free bearing of every limb, that one looked for in vain in the idle listlessness of his lord. His distance from the viceroy was but a step, so that he could lean over the chair and catch any remark which his lord might choose to address to him, in however low a tone it was made, and at the same time, he kept his hand resting upon the rich hilt of a long dagger; which seemed to show that he was there as a sort of guard, as well as a servant, there being no one else in the room when we entered.—I advanced a few steps into the room, followed, as I have said, by Achilles alone, and paused at a small distance from the viceroy, on a sign he made me with his hand, intimating that I had approached near enough. After considering me a moment or two in silence, he addressed me in a sweet musical voice; 'I perceive sir,' said he, 'notwithstanding the disarray of your dress, and the dirt and dust with which you are covered, that you are originally a gentleman—I am seldom mistaken in such things. Is it not so?' 'In the present instance your excellence is perfectly right,' replied I; 'and the only reason for my appearing before the viceroy of Catalonia in such a degraded state of dress, is the brutal conduct of a party of soldiery, who seized upon me while travelling peacefully on the high road, and brought me here without allowing me even a moment's repose.' 'I thought I was right,' rejoined the viceroy, somewhat raising his voice: 'but do you know, young sir, that your being a gentleman greatly aggravates the crime of which you are guilty. The vulgar herd, brought up without that high sense of honour which a gentleman receives in his very birth, commit not half so great a crime when they lend themselves to base and mean actions, as a gentleman does, who sullies himself and his class with any thing dishonourable and wrong. From the mean, what can be expected but meanness? and consequently the crime remains without aggravation; but when the well-born, and the well-educated, derogate from their station, and mingle in base schemes, their punishment should be, not only that inflicted by society on those that trouble its repose, but a separate punishment should be added for the breach of all the honorable ties imposed upon a gentleman—for the stigma they cast upon high birth—and from the certainty in their case that they fall into error with their eyes open.'"

De L'Orne soon clears himself of all participation, and is freed from his temporary restraint by an attack on the city, which is most spiritedly defended by the viceroy; and the chapter thus concludes:—

"I beheld the viceroy sitting on one of the steps, evidently totally exhausted; while Scipio the negro, kneeling on a lower step, offered him a cup of wine, and seemed pressing him to drink. At the sound of my steps the slave started up and

laid his hand upon his dagger, but seeing me, he gave a melancholy glance towards his lord, and again begged him to take some refreshment.—Unused at all to exertion, and enormously weighty, the excessive toil to which the viceroy had subjected himself, had left him no powers or any kind, and he sat, as I have described, with his eyes shut, his hand leaning on the step, and his head fallen heavily forward on his chest, without seeming to notice any thing that was passing around him. It was in vain that I made the proposal to parley with Garcias; he replied nothing; and I was again repeating it, hoping by reiteration to make him attend to what I said, when one of his officers came running down from above. 'My lord,' cried he, 'the galleys answer the signal, and from the observatory I see the boats putting off. If your excellence makes haste, you will get to the shore as they do, and will be safe.' The viceroy raised his head, 'At all events I will try,' said he:—they cannot say that I have abandoned my post while it was tenable. Let the soldiers take torches.' *

The immense iron door was trembling and shivering under the continual and incessant blows of axes and crows with which it was plied by the people, in spite of a fire of musketry that a party of the most determined of the soldiery was keeping up through the loop-holes of the ground story and from the windows above. A great number of the soldiers whose valor was secondary to their discretion, had already fled down a winding staircase, the mouth of which stood open at the farther end of the hall, with an immense stone trap-door thrown back, which, when down, doubtless concealed all traces of the passage below. When we approached it, only two or three troopers remained at the mouth holding torches to light the viceroy as he descended. 'Don Jose,' said the viceroy, in a faint voice, addressing the officer who commanded the company which still kept up the firing from the windows; 'call your men together, let them follow me to the galleys—but take care when you descend, to shut down the stone door over the mouth of the stairs—lock it and bar it as you know how: and make haste.' 'I will but roll these barrels of powder to the door, my lord,' replied the officer, 'lay a train between them, and place a minute match by way of a spigot, and then will join your excellence with my trusty iron hearts, who are picking out the fattest rebels from the windows.—Should need be, we will cover your retreat, and as we have often tasted your bounty, will die in your defence.' In dangerous circumstances there is much magic in a fearless tone; and Don Jose spoke of death in so careless a manner, that I could not help thinking some of the soldiers who had been most eager to light the viceroy, were somewhat ashamed of their cowardly civility. About 40 of the bravest soldiers in the garrison, who remained with the officer who had spoken, would indeed have rendered the viceroy's escape to the boats secure, but Don Jose, was prevented from fulfilling his design. We descended the stairs as fast as the viceroy could go; and at the end of about a hundred steps, entered a long excavated passage leading from the arsenal to the sea-shore, cut through the earth and rock for nearly half a mile and lined

throughout with masonry. At the farther extremity of this were just disappearing, as we descended, the torches of the other soldiers who had taken the first mention of flight as an order to put themselves in security, and had consequently led the way with great expedition. In a moment or two after, by what accident it happened I know not, an explosion took place that shook the earth on which we stood, and roared through the cavern as if the world were riven with the shock. 'God of heaven! they have blown themselves up!' cried the viceroy pausing; but the negro hurried him on, and we soon reached the sands under the cliffs to the left of the city. To the cold chillness of the vault through which we had hitherto proceeded, now succeeded the burning heat of a cloudless sun in Spain. It was but spring, but no one knows what some spring days are at Barcelona, except those who have experienced them; and by the pale cheeks, haggard eye, and staggering pace of the viceroy, I evidently saw that if the boats were far off, he would never be able to reach them.—

We saw them, however, pulling towards the shore about three-quarters of a mile farther up and the very sight was gladdening. Four or five soldiers remained, as I have said, with their commander, and lighted us along the gallery; but the moment they were in the open air, the view of the boats, towards which their companions who had gone on before were now crowding, was too much for the constancy of most of them, and without leave or orders all but two ran forward to join the rest. The tide was out; and stretching along the margin of the sea, a smooth dry sand offered a firm and pleasant footing, but a multitude of large black rocks, strewed irregularly about upon the shore, obliged us to make a variety of turns and circuits, doubling the actual distance we were from the boats. The cries and shouts from the place of the late combat burst upon our ears the moment we had issued from the passage, and sped us out with greater rapidity. Seeing that he could hardly proceed, I took the left arm of the viceroy, and his faithful negro supported him on the right, and hurried him towards the boats; but the moment after, another shout burst upon our ears. It was nearer, far nearer than the rest; and turning my head, I beheld a body of the peasantry pursuing us, and arrived at about the same distance from us that we were from the boats. The viceroy heard it also, and easily interpreted its meaning. 'I can go no farther,' said he; 'but I can die here as well as a few paces or a few years beyond;' and he made a faint effort to draw his sword. 'Yet a little farther, my lord, yet a little farther,' cried the African; 'they are a long way off still—we are nearing the boats—see the head boat is steering towards us! Yet a little farther, for the love of Heaven!' The unfortunate viceroy staggered on for a few paces more, when his weariness again overcame him, his lips turned livid, his eyes closed, and he fell fainting upon the sand. Running down as fast as I could to the sea, I filled two of the large shells that I found with water, and carrying them back, dashed the contents on his face; but it was in vain; and I went back again for more, when on turning around, I saw a fresh party of the insurgents coming down a sloping piece of ground that

broke the height close by. It would have been base to have abandoned him at such a moment, and I returned to his side with all speed. The first of the peasantry were already within a few paces, and their brows were still knit, and their eyes still flashing with the ferocious excitement of all the deeds they had done during the course of that terrible morning. As they rushed on, I saw Garcias a step or two behind, and called to him loudly in French to come forward and protect the viceroy, assuring him that he had wished the people well, and even had been the means of saving my life. The smuggler made no reply, but starting forward, knocked aside the point of a gun that one of the peasants had levelled at my head, and catching me firmly by the arm, held me with his gigantic strength, while the people rushed on upon their victim. The negro strode across his master, and drew his dagger—one of the insurgents instantly rushed upon him, and fell dead at his feet. Another succeeded, when the dagger broke upon his ribs—the noble slave cast it from him, and throwing himself prostrate on the body of his master, died with him, under a hundred wounds."

Though the interview with Richelieu is somewhat long for our pages, it is too well painted to be omitted.

"He led me into a small hall, and thence into a cabinet beyond, hung with fine tapestry, and lighted by a single silver lamp. Here he bade me sit down and left me. In a few minutes a door on the other side of the room opened, and a cavalier entered, dressed in a rich suit of black velvet, with a hat and plume. He was tall, thin, and pale, with a clear bright eye, and fine decided features. His beard was small and pointed, and his face oval, and somewhat sharp; and though there was a slight stoop of his neck and shoulders, as if time or disease had somewhat enfeebled his frame, yet it took nothing from the dignity of his demeanour. He started and seemed surprised at seeing any one there, but then immediately advanced, and looking at me for a moment, with a glance which read deeply whatever lines it fell upon—"Who are you?" demanded he: "what do you want? what paper is that in your hand?" "My name," replied I, "is Louis Count de L'Orme; my business is with the Cardinal de Richelieu, and this paper is one which I am charged to deliver into his hand."—"Give it to me," said the stranger, holding out his hand. My eye glanced over his clerical habiliments, and I replied, "You must excuse me. This paper and the farther news I bring, can only be given to the cardinal himself." "It shall go safe," he answered in a stern tone. "Give it to me, young sir." There was an authority in his tone that almost induced me to comply; but reflecting that I might be called to a severe account by the unrelenting minister, even for a mere error in judgment, I persisted in my original determination. "I must repeat," answered I, "that I can give this to no one but his eminence himself, without an express order from his own hand to do so." "Pshaw!" cried he, with something of a smile, and taking up a pen, which lay with some sheets of paper on the table, he dipped it in the ink, and scrawled in a large, bold hand,

"Deliver your packet to the bearer,

"RICHELIEU."

I made him a low bow and placed the letter in his hands. He read it, with the quick and intelligent glance of one enabled by long habit to collect and arrange the ideas conveyed to him with that clear rapidity possessed alone by men of genius. In the mean time I watched his countenance, seeking to detect amongst all the lines with which years and thought had cancelled it, any expression of the stern, vindictive, despotic passions which the world charged him withal, and which his own actions sufficiently evinced. It was not there, however—all was calm. Suddenly raising his eyes, his look fell upon me, as I was thus busily scanning his countenance, and I know not why, but my glance sunk in the collision. 'Ha!' said he, rather mildly than otherwise, 'you were gazing at me very strictly, sir. Are you a reader of countenances?' 'Not in the least, monseigneur,' replied I; 'I was but learning a lesson—to know a great man when I see one another time.' 'That answer, sir, would make many a courtier's fortune,' said the minister; 'nor shall it mar yours, though I understand it. Remember, flattery is never lost at a court!' 'Tis the same there as with a woman—if it be too thick, she may wipe some of it away, as she does her rouge! but she will take care not to brush off all!' 'To be detected in flattery has something in it so degrading, that the blood rushed up into my cheek, with the burning glow of shame. A slight smile curled the minister's lip. 'Come sir,' he continued, 'I am going forth for half an hour, but I may have some questions to ask you; therefore, I will beg you to wait my return. Do not stir from this spot. There, you will find food for the mind,' he proceeded, pointing out a small case of books; 'in other respects you shall be taken care of. I need not warn you to discretion. You have proved that you possess that quality, and I do not forget it.' Thus speaking he left me, and for a few minutes I remained struggling with the flood of turbulent thoughts which such an interview pours upon the mind. This, then, was the great and extraordinary minister, who at that moment held in his hands the fate of half Europe—the powers of whose mind like Niorder, the tempest-god of the ancient Gauls, raised, guided, and enjoyed the wind and the storms, triumphing in the thunders of continual war, and the whirlwinds of political intrigue! In a short time two servants brought in a small table of lapis lazuli, on which they proceeded to spread various sorts of rare fruits and wines; putting on also a cup and a vase, which I supposed to contain coffee—a beverage that I had often heard mentioned by my good preceptor Father Francis, who had tasted it in the East, but which I had never before met with. All this was done with the most profound silence, and with a gliding, ghost-like step, which most certainly have been learned in the prisons of the Inquisition. At length one of these stealthy attendants desired me, in the name of his lord, to take some refreshment, and then, with a low reverence, quitted the cabinet, as if afraid that I should make him any answer. I could not help thinking, as they left me, what a system of terror that must be, which could drill any two Frenchmen into silence like this? However, I approached the table, and indulged myself with a cup of most exquisite coffee, after which I ex-

amined the book case, and glancing my eye over histories and tragedies, and essays and treatises. I fixed at length upon Ovid, from a sort of instinctive feeling, that the mind, when it wishes to fly from itself, and the too sad realities of human existence, assimilates much more easily with any thing imaginative than with any thing true. I was still reading, and though sometimes falling into long lapses of thought, I was nevertheless highly enjoying the beautiful fictions of the poet, when the door was again opened, and the minister reappeared. I instantly laid down the book and rose, but pointing to a chair, he bade me be seated, and taking up my book, turned over the pages for a few moments, while a servant brought him a cup of fresh coffee and a biscuit. 'Are you fond of Ovid?' demanded he at length; and then, without allowing me time to reply, he added, 'he is my favorite author; I read him more than any other book.'

The tone which he took was that of easy, common conversation, which two persons perfectly equal in every respect might be supposed to hold upon any indifferent subject; and I, of course, answered in the same. 'Ovid,' I said 'is certainly one of my favorite poets, but I am afraid of reading him so often as I should wish: for there is an enervating tendency in all his writings, which I should fear would greatly relax the mind.' 'It is for that very reason I read him,' replied the minister. 'It is alone when I wish for relaxation, that I read, and then—after every thought having been in activity for a whole long day—Ovid is like a bed of roses to the mind, where it can repose itself, and recruit its powers of action for the business of another.' This was certainly not the conversation which I expected, and I paused without making any reply, thinking that the minister would soon enter upon those important subjects on which I could give the best and latest information; but on the contrary, he proceeded with Ovid. 'There is a constant struggle,' continued he, 'between feeling and reason in the human breast. In youth, it is wisely ordained, that feeling should have the ascendancy; and she rules like a monarch, with Imagination for her minister—though, by the way,' he added with a passing smile, so slight that it scarcely curled his lip, 'though, by the way, the minister is often much more active than the monarch. In after years, when feeling has done for man all that feeling was intended to do, and carried him into a thousand follies, eventually very beneficial to himself, and to the human race, reason succeeds to the throne, to finish what feeling left undone, and to remedy what she did wrong. Now you are in the age of feeling, and I am in the age of reason; and the consequence is, that even in reading such a book as Ovid, what we cull is as different as the wax and the honey which a bee gathers from the same flower. What touches you, is the wit and brilliancy of the thought, the sweetness of the poetry, the bright and luxurious pictures which are presented to your imagination; while all that affects me little; and shadowed through a thousand splendid allegories, I see great and sublime truths, robed as it were, by the verse and the poetry in a radiant garment of light. What can be a truer picture of an ambitious and daring minister than Ixion embracing a cloud?' and he

looked me full in the face, with a smile of melancholy meaning, to which I did not well know how to reply. 'I have certainly never considered Ovid in that light,' replied I, 'and have to thank your eminence for the pleasure I shall doubtless enjoy in tracing the allegories throughout.' 'The thanks are not my due,' replied the minister; 'an English statesman, near a century ago, wrote a book upon the subject, and showed his own wisdom, while he pointed out that of the ancients. In England the reign of reason is much stronger than it is with us in France, though they may be considered as a younger people.' 'Then does your eminence consider,' demanded I, 'that the change from feeling to reason proceeds apace with the age of nations, as well as with men?' 'In general, I think it does,' replied he; 'nations set out bold, generous, hasty, carried away by impulse rather than by thought; easily led but not easily governed. Gradually, however, they grow politic, careful, anxious to increase their wealth, somewhat indolent, till at length they creep into their dotage even like men. But,' he added after a pause, 'the world is too young for us to talk about the history of nations. All we know is that they have their different characters like different men, and of course some will preserve their vigour longer than others, some will die violent deaths, some end by sudden diseases, some by slow decay. A hundred thousand years hence, men may know what nations are, and judge what they will be. It suffices, at present, to know our contemporaries, and to rule them by that knowledge—and now, Monsieur le Comte de L'Orme, I thank you for a pleasant hour, and I wish you good night. Of course, you are still at an inn; when you have fixed your lodging, leave your address here, and you shall hear from me. In the mean time, farewell!'

We shall finish with one of many brief observations, which show the mind of an author as much as those in conversation do that of the speaker.

'Yet, although not knowing it, my mother, I am sure, did not escape without feeling some small share of maternal pride at her son's first achievement. I saw in her face, I heard it in her tone; and often since I have had occasion to remark, how like the passions, the feelings, and the prejudices, which swarm in our bosoms, are to a large mixed society, wherein the news that is painful to one is pleasing to another, and joy and sorrow are the results of the same cause, at the same moment. Man's heart is a microcosm, the actors in which are the passions, as varied as opposed, as shaded one into the other, as we see the characters of men, in the great scene of the world.'

As an historical novel, these pages have the great and rare merit of marking the spirit as well as the manners of their time; the real personages introduced, are drawn with equal animation and accuracy, while in the story itself, the interest is well sustained to the last, and a tone of imaginative reflection, and touches of picturesque description, are the lights and shades which fill up the picture. Public opinion has amply confirmed our praise of *Richelieu* and *Darnley*; ut we must say we think *De L'Orme* much superior to his predecessors.

Personal Narrative of Capt. Glasspoole,
Of the Company's ship *Marquis of Ely*, relating the captivity of that Officer amongst the Ladrones of the Chinese Sea, and describing the Habits and Habitus of those Warlike Pirates.

On the 17th September, 1819, the Hon. Company's ship *Marquis of Ely*, anchored under the island Samchow, on the south coast of China, about twelve English miles from Macoa, where I was ordered to proceed in one of the cutters to procure a pilot, and also to land the purser with the packets. I left the ship at 5, P. M., with seven men under my command, well armed—it blew a fresh gale from the north-east.—We arrived at Macoa at 9, P. M. when I delivered the packet to Mr. Roberts, and sent the men with the boat's sails to sleep under the Company's factory, leaving the boat in charge of one of the Comprador's† men. During the night the gale increased; at half-past three in the morning I went to the beach, and found the boat on shore half filled with water, in consequence of the man having left her. I called the people to bale her out, found she was considerably damaged and very leaky. At half-past 5 A. M. the ebb-tide making, we left Macoa with vegetables for the ship. One of the Comprador's men, who spoke English, went with us, for the purpose of piloting the ship to Lintin, as the Mandarines, in consequence of a late disturbance at Macoa, would not grant chopet‡ for the regular pilots. I had every reason to expect the ship in the roads, as she was preparing to get under weigh when we left her: but on rounding Cabaretta Point, we saw her five or six miles to leeward, standing on the starboard tack; it was then blowing a fresh gale north-east. Bore up, and stood towards her; when about a cable's length to windward of her, she tacked, we hauled our wind, and stood after her. A hard squall then coming on, with a strong tide against us, we drifted fast to leeward, and the weather being hazy, we soon lost sight of the ship, struck our masts and endeavored to pull. Finding our efforts useless, set a reefed fore sail and mizen, and stood towards a country ship at anchor, under the land, to leeward of Carbarretta Point.—When within a quarter of a mile of her, she weighed and made sail, leaving us in a very critical situation, having no anchor, and drifting bodily on the rocks to leeward; struck the masts; and after four or five hours of hard pulling, succeeded in clearing them. At this time not a ship was in sight; but on the weather clearing up, we saw a ship to leeward, hull down; shipped our masts, and made sail towards her; she proved to be the Hon. Company's ship *Glatton*. We made signals to her with our handkerchiefs at the mast-head; she unfortunately took no notice of them, but tacked and stood from us. Our situation was now truly distressing; night closing fast with a threatening appearance, blowing fresh with hard rain and a heavy sea, our boat very leaky, without a compass, anchor, or provisions, and drifting fast on

† The ship's husband
‡ Permis.

a lee shore, surrounded with dangerous rocks, and inhabited by the most barbarous pirates.—I close-reefed my sails, and kept tack and tack till day-light, when we were happy to find we had drifted very little to leeward of our situation in the evening. The night was very dark, with constant hard squalls and heavy rain.

Sept. 19th.—No ships in sight. About ten o'clock in the morning it fell calm, with very hard rain and heavy swell—struck our masts and pulled; not being able to see the land, steered by the swell. When the weather broke up, found we had drifted several miles to leeward during the calm. A fresh breeze springing up, made sail, and endeavored to reach the weather shore, and anchor with six muskets we had lashed together for the purpose. Finding the boat made no way against the swelling tide, bore up for a bay to leeward, and anchored at one, A. M., close under the land, in five or six fathoms water, blowing fresh with hard rain.

On the 20th, at daylight, supposing the flood-tide making, weighed and stood over to the weather shore, but found we were drifting fast to leeward. About ten o'clock, perceiving two Chinese boats steering for us, bore up and stood towards them, and made signals to induce them to come within hail; on nearing them, they bore up and passed to leeward of the islands. The Chinese we had in the boat advised me to follow them, and he would take us to Macoa by a leeward passage. I expressed my fears of being taken by the Ladrões. Our ammunition being wet, and the muskets rendered useless, we had nothing to defend ourselves with but cutlasses, and were in too exhausted a state to make much resistance with them, having been constantly wet, and eat nothing but a few green oranges for three days. As our present situation was a hopeless one, and the man assured me there was no danger of encountering the Ladrões, I complied with his request, and stood in under the lee of the islands, where we found the water much smoother, and apparently a direct passage to Macoa. We continued pulling and sailing all day. At six o'clock in the evening, I discovered three large boats, and anchored in a bay to leeward. On seeing us they made sail towards us. The Chinese said they were Ladrões, and that if they captured us, they would most certainly put us all to death! Finding they gained fast on us, struck the masts and pulled head to wind for five or six hours. The tide turning against us, anchored close under the land to avoid being seen; soon after we saw them pass to leeward.

At daylight the following morning the flood making, weighed and pulled along shore in great spirits, expecting to be at Macoa in three or four hours, as, by the Chinese account, it was not above six or seven miles distant; after pulling a mile or two, perceived several people on shore, standing close to the beach, they were armed with pikes and lances. I ordered the interpreter to hail them, and ask the most direct passage to Macoa. They said if we came on,

shore they would inform us; not liking their hostile appearance, I did not think proper to comply with their request. Saw a large fleet of boats at anchor close under the opposite shore. Our interpreter said they were fishing-boats, and that by going there we should not only get provisions, but a pilot also, to take us to Macoa. I bore up, and nearing them perceived there were some larger vessels, very full of men, and mounting several guns. I hesitated to approach nearer; but the Chinese assuring me they were Mandarin junks and salt-boats, we stood close to one of them, and asked the way to Macoa; they gave no answer, but made signs for us to go in shore. We passed on, and a large row-boat pulled after us; she soon came along side, when about twenty savage looking fellows, who were stowed at the bottom of the boat, leaped on board us. They were armed with a short sword in each hand, one of which they laid on our necks, and the other pointed to our hearts, keeping their eyes fixed on their officers, waiting his signal to cut or desist. Seeing we were incapable of making any resistance, he sheathed his sword, and the others immediately followed his example. They then dragged us into their boat, and carried us on board one of their junks, with the most savage demonstrations of joy, and, as we supposed, to torture and put us to death. When on board the junk they searched all our pockets, took the handkerchiefs, and brought heavy chains to chain us to the guns. At this time the boat came and took me and one of my men and the interpreter on board the chief's vessel; I was then taken before the chief. He was seated on deck in a large chair, dressed in purple, with a black turban on. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, a stout, commanding looking man. He took me by the coat and drew me close to him, then questioned the interpreter very strictly, asking who we were, and what business we had in that part of the country. I told him to say we were Englishmen in distress, having been four days at sea without provisions. This he would not credit, but said we were bad men, and that he would put us all to death; and then ordered some men to torture the interpreter until he confessed the truth. A Ladrone, who had once been in England, and spoke a few words of English, came to the chief, and told him we were really Englishmen, and that we had plenty of money, adding that the buttons on our coats were gold. The chief then ordered us some coarse brown rice, of which we made a tolerable meal, having eat nothing for nearly four days, except a few green oranges. During our repast, numbers of Ladrões crowded round us, examining our clothes and hair, and giving us every possible annoyance. Several of them brought swords and laid them on our necks, making signs that they would soon take us on shore and cut us in pieces, which I am sorry to say was the fate of hundreds during my captivity. I was now summoned before the chief, who had been conversing with the interpreter: he

said, I must write to my captain, and tell him, if he did not send an hundred thousand dollars for our ransom in ten days, he would put us all to death. In vain did I assure him it was useless writing, unless he would agree to take a much smaller sum, saying, we were all poor men, and the most we could possibly raise would not exceed two thousand dollars. Finding that he was much exasperated at my expostulation, I embraced the offer of writing to my commander to inform him of our unfortunate situation, though there appeared not the least probability of relieving us. They said the letter should be conveyed to Macoa in a fishing-boat, which would bring an answer in the morning. A small boat accordingly came along side and took the letter. About six o'clock in the evening they gave us some rice and a little salt fish, which we ate, and they made signs for us to lie down on the deck to sleep; but such numbers of Ladronees were constantly coming from different vessels to see us, and examine our clothes and hair, they would not allow us a moment's quiet. They were particularly anxious for the buttons of my coat, which were new, and, as they supposed, gold. I took it off and laid it on the deck, to avoid being disturbed by them: it was taken away in the night, and I saw it the next day stripped of its buttons. About nine o'clock a boat came and hailed the chief's vessel. He immediately hoisted his main-sail, and the fleet weighed, apparently in great confusion. They worked to windward all night and part of the next day, and anchored about one o'clock in a bay under the island of Lanton, where the head admiral of Ladronees was lying at anchor with about two hundred vessels, and a Portuguese brig which they had captured a few days before, and murdered the captain and part of the crew.

Early in the morning on the 23d, a fishing-boat came to the fleet, to inquire if they had captured an European boat; being answered in the affirmative, they came to the vessel I was in: one of them spoke a few words of English, and told me he had been sent by Capt. Kay in search of us. I was rather surprised to find he had no letters. He appeared well acquainted with the chief, and remained in his cabin smoking opium and playing cards all day. In the evening I was summoned with the interpreter before the chief. He questioned us in a much milder tone, saying he now believed we were Englishmen, a people he wished to be friendly with, and that if our captain would lend him seventy thousand dollars till he returned from his cruise up the river, he would repay him, and send us all to Macoa. I assured him it was useless writing on those terms and unless our ransom was speedily settled, the English fleet would sail, and render our enlargement altogether ineffectual. He remained determined, and said if it were not sent, he would keep us and make us fight, or put us to death. I accordingly wrote and gave my letter to the man belonging to the boat before mentioned. He said he could not return with an answer in less than

five days. The chief now gave me the letter I wrote when first taken; I have never been able to ascertain his reason for detaining it, but suppose he dare not negotiate for our ransom without orders from the head admiral, who, I understood, was sorry at our being captured. He said the English ships would join the Mandarines and attack them. He told the chief that captured us, to dispose of us as he pleased.

On the 24th, it blew a hard gale with constant rain; we suffered much from the cold and wet, being obliged to remain on deck without any covering, except an old mat, which was frequently taken from us in the night by the Ladronees, who were on watch. During this night, the Portuguese who were left in the captured brig murdered the Ladronees that were on board her, cut the cables, and fortunately escaped through the darkness of the night; I have since been informed they ran her on shore at Macoa.

At daylight in the morning of the 25th, the fleet, amounting to about five hundred sail of different sizes, weighed to proceed on their intended cruise up the river, to levy contributions on the towns and villages. It is impossible to describe what were my feelings at this critical time, having received no answer to my letter, and the fleet underweigh to sail hundreds of miles up a country never visited by Europeans, there to remain probably for many months, which would render all opportunities for negotiating and enlargement totally ineffectual, as the only method of communication is by boats, that have to pass from the Ladrone Islands, and they dare not venture above twenty miles from Macoa, being obliged to come and go in the night to avoid the Mandarines; and if these boats should be detected in having any intercourse with the Ladronees, they are immediately put to death, and all their relations, though they had not joined in the crime, in order that not a single person of their families should be left to imitate their crimes, or revenge their death. This severity renders communication both dangerous and expensive; no boat would venture out for less than an hundred Spanish dollars.

On the 26th, at daylight, we passed in sight of one ship at anchor under the island of Chun-to; the Chief then called me, pointed to the ships, and told the interpreter to tell me to look at them, for we should never see them again.—About noon we entered a river to the west of Bagne, three or four miles from the entrance. We passed a large town, situated on the side of a beautiful hill, which is tributary to the Ladronees; the inhabitants saluted them with gongs as they passed. The fleet was now divided into two squadrons, (the red and the black,) and sailed up different branches of the river. At midnight, the division we were in anchored close to an immense hill, on which a number of fires were burning, which at daylight I perceived proceeded from a Chinese camp. At the back of the hill was a most beautiful town, surrounded by water, and embellished with groves of orange

trees. The Chop-house, (Custom house,) and a few cottages, were immediately plundered and burnt down; most of the inhabitants, however, escaped to the camp. The Ladrões now prepared to attack the town with a formidable force, collected in row-boats from the different vessels. They sent a messenger to the town demanding a tribute of ten thousand dollars annually, saying, if these terms were not complied with they would land, and destroy the town with all the inhabitants; which they would certainly have done, had the town laid in a more advantageous situation for their purpose; but being placed out of the reach of their shot, they allowed them to come to terms. The inhabitants agreed to pay them six thousand dollars, which they were to collect by the time of our return down the river. This *finesse* had the desired effect; for during our absence they mounted a few guns on a hill which commanded the passage, and gave us, in lieu of the dollars, a warm salute on our return.

Oct. 1st.—The fleet weighed in the night, dropped by the tide up the river, and anchored very quietly before a town surrounded by a thick wood. Early in the morning, the Ladrões assembled in row boats and landed, then gave a shout, and rushed into the town, sword in hand. The inhabitants fled to the adjacent hills, in number apparently superior to the Ladrões.—We may easily imagine to ourselves the horror with which these miserable people were seized, on being obliged to leave their homes and every thing dear to them. It was a most melancholy sight to see women in tears, clasping their infants in their arms, and imploring mercy for them from their brutal robbers! The old and the sick, who were unable to fly, or to make resistance, were either made prisoners or most inhumanly butchered! The boats continued passing and repassing from the junks to the shore quick, laden with booty, and the men besmeared with blood! Two hundred and fifty women and several children were made prisoners, and sent on board different vessels. They were unable to escape with the men, owing to the abominable practice of cramping their feet; several of them were not able to move without assistance; in fact they might all be said to totter, rather than walk. Twenty of these poor women were sent on board the vessel I was in; they were hauled on board by the hair of their heads, and treated in the most savage manner. When the Chief came on board, he questioned them respecting the circumstances of their friends, and demanded ransom accordingly, from six thousand to six hundred dollars. He ordered them a berth on deck, at the after part of the ship, where they had nothing to shelter them from the weather, which at this time was very variable; the days excessively hot, and the nights cold, with heavy rain. The town being plundered of every thing valuable, it was set on fire, and reduced to ashes by the next morning. The fleet remained here three days, negotiating for the ransom of the prisoners, and plundering

the fish tanks and gardens. During all this time the Chinese never ventured from the hills, though there were frequently not more than an hundred Ladrões on shore at a time, and I am sure the people on the hills exceeded ten times that number.

Oct 5th.—The fleet proceeded up the river, stopping at several villages to receive tribute, which was generally paid in dollars, with sugar and rice, and a few large pigs, roasted whole, as presents for their Joss (the idol they worship.) Every person on being ransomed, is obliged to present him with a pig or some fowls, which the priest offers with prayers; it remains before him for a few hours, and is then divided amongst the crew. Nothing particular occurred till the 10th except a few skirmishes on shore between the Ladrões and the Chinese soldiers. They frequently obliged my men to go on shore, and fight with the muskets they had taken, which did great execution, the Chinese principally using bows and arrows; they have matchlocks, but use them very unskilfully.

On the 10th, we formed a junction with the black squadron, to proceed many miles up a wide and beautiful river, passing several ruins of villages that had been destroyed by the black squadron.

On the 17th, the fleet anchored abreast four mud batteries, which defended a town so entirely surrounded with wood that it was impossible to form an idea of its size. The weather was very hazy, with hard squalls of rain. The Ladrões remained perfectly quiet for two days.—On the third day, the forts commenced a brisk fire for several hours; the Ladrões did not return a single shot, but weighed anchor and dropped down the river. The reason they gave for not attacking the town or returning the fire was, that Joss had not promised them success. They are very superstitious, and consult their idol on all occasions. If his omens are good, they will undertake the most daring enterprises. The fleet now anchored opposite the ruins of the town where the women had been made prisoners.—Here we remained for about five or six days, during which time about an hundred of them were ransomed—the remainder of them were then offered for sale amongst the Ladrões for forty dollars each. The woman is considered the lawful wife of the purchaser, who would be put to death if he discarded her. Several of them leaped overboard, and drowned themselves, rather than submit to such infamous degradation. The fleet then weighed, and made sail down the river to receive the ransom for the town before mentioned. As we passed the hill, they fired several shots at us, but without effect. The Ladrões were much exasperated, and determined to revenge themselves; they dropped out of reach of their shot, and anchored. Every junk sent about an hundred men each on shore to cut paddy, and destroy their orange groves, which was most effectually performed for several miles down the river. During our stay here we received information of

nine boats laying up a creek laden with paddy; boats were despatched after them. Next morning the boats were brought to the fleet, and ten or twelve men who were taken in them having made no resistance, the chief said he would allow them to become Ladrone, if they agreed to take the usual oath before Joss. Two or three of them refused, for which they were punished in the following manner;—their hands were tied behind their backs, a rope from the mast head was rove through their arms, and hoisted three or four feet from the deck, and five or six men flogged them with their rattans twisted together till they were apparently dead then hoisted them up to the mast-head, and left them hanging nearly an hour, then lowered them down and repeated the punishment till they died or complied with the oath.

Oct. 20.—In the night an express boat came in with the information that a large Mandarin fleet was approaching to attack us. The Chief immediately weighed, with fifty of the largest boats, and sailed down the river to meet them. About one in the morning they commenced a heavy fire till daylight, when an express was sent for the remainder to join them; about an hour after a counter-order came to anchor, the Mandarin fleet having run. Two or three hours afterwards the Chief returned with three captured vessels in tow, having sunk two, and eighty three sail made their escape. The Admiral of the Mandarin blew his vessel up by throwing a match lighted into the magazine as the Ladrone were boarding her, she ran on shore, and they succeeded in getting twenty of her guns. In this action very few prisoners were taken; the men belonging to the captured vessels drowned themselves, as they were sure of suffering lingering deaths if taken after having made resistance. The Admiral left the fleet in charge of his brother, the second in command, and proceeded with his own vessel towards Lanton. The fleet remained in the river, cutting paddy and getting necessary supplies.

On the 28th of October, I received a letter from Captain Kay, brought by a fisherman, who told us he would get us all back for three thousand dollars. He advised me to offer these three thousand; if not accepted to extend it to four but not farther, as it was bad policy to offer much at first, at the same time assuring me we should be liberated, let the ransom be what it would. I offered the Chief the three thousand which he disdainfully refused, saying he was not to be played with, and unless they sent a thousand dollars, with two large guns, and several casks of gun powder, he would soon put us to death. I wrote to Capt. Kay and informed him of the chief's determination, requesting him, if opportunity offered, to send us a shift of clothes, for which it may be easily imagined we were much distressed, having been several weeks without a change, although constantly exposed to the weather, and of course frequently wet.

On the 1st of November the fleet sailed up a narrow river, and anchored at night within two

miles of a little town, called Whampoa. In front of it was a small fort and several Mandarin vessels laying in the harbor. The Chief sent the interpreter to me, saying I must order my men to make cartridges and clean their muskets, ready to go on shore in the morning. I assured the interpreter I should give no such orders, they must please themselves: soon after the Chief came on board, threatening to put us to a cruel death if we refused to obey his orders.

For my own part, I remained determined, and advised the men not to comply, as I thought, by making ourselves useful, we should be accounted too valuable. A few hours afterwards he sent to me again, saying, that if myself and the quarter master would assist them at the great guns, that if also the rest of the men went on shore, and succeeded in taking the place, he would then take the money offered for our ransom, and give them twelve dollars for every Chinaman's head they cut off. To these proposals we cheerfully acceded, in hopes of facilitating our deliverance. Early in the morning, the forces intended for landing were assembled in row-boats, amounting in the whole to three or four thousand men. The largest vessels weighed, and hauled on shore, to cover the landing of the forces, and attacked the fort and Mandarin vessels. About nine o'clock the action commenced, and continued with great spirit for nearly an hour, when the walls of the fort gave way, and the men retreated in great confusion. The Mandarin vessels still continued firing, having blocked up the entrance of the harbour to prevent the Ladrone boats from entering. At this the Ladrone were much exasperated, and about three hundred of them swam on shore, with a short sword lashed close under each arm; they then ran along the banks of the river till they came abreast of the vessels, and then swam off again and boarded them. The Chinese thus attacked leaped overboard, and endeavoured to reach the opposite shore; the Ladrone followed, and cut the greatest part of them to pieces in the water. They next towed the vessels out of harbour; and attacked the town with increased fury. The inhabitants fought about a quarter of an hour, and then retreated to an adjacent hill, from which they were soon driven with great slaughter. After this the Ladrone returned and plundered the town, every boat leaving it when laden. The Chinese on the hills perceiving most of the boats were off, rallied and retook the town, after killing near two hundred Ladrone; one of my men was unfortunately lost in this dreadful massacre. The Ladrone landed a second time, drove the Chinese out of the town, and then reduced it to ashes, and put all the prisoners to death, without regarding age or sex. I must not omit to mention a most horrid (though ludicrous circumstance,) which happened at this place. The Ladrone were paid by their Chief ten dollars for every Chinaman's head they produced; one of my men turning the corner of a street, was met by a Ladrone running furiously after a Chinese; he

had a drawn sword in his hand, and two Chinamen's heads, which he had cut off, tied by their tails, and slung round his neck. I was witness to some of them producing 5 or 6 to obtain payment.

On the 4th of Nov. an order arrived from the Admiral for the fleet to proceed up the river immediately for Lanton, where he was lying, with only two vessels, and three Portuguese ships, and a brig constantly annoying him; several sail of Mandarine vessels were daily expected. The fleet weighed and proceeded towards Lanton.— On passing the island of Lintin three ships and a brig gave chase to us; the Ladrões prepared to board, but night closing, we lost sight of them. I am convinced they altered their course and stood from us; these vessels were in the pay of the Chinese Government, and styled themselves the invincible Squadron, cruising in the river Tigris to annihilate the Ladrões.

On the 5th in the morning, the red squadron anchored in a bay under Lanton; the black squadron stood to the eastward; in this bay they hauled several vessels on shore to bream their bottoms and repair them.

In the afternoon of the 8th four ships, a brig and a schooner, came off the mouth of the bay. The pirates were much alarmed, supposing them English vessels come to rescue us; some of them threatened to hang us to the mast head for them to fire at, and with much difficulty we persuaded them that they were Portuguese ships.— The Ladrões had only seven junks in a fit state for action; these they hauled outside, and moored them head and stern across the bay, and manned all the boats belonging to the repairing vessels ready for boarding. The Portuguese observing this manœuvre, hove to and communicated by boats; soon afterwards they made sail, each ship firing her broadside as she passed, but without effect, the shot falling far short. The Ladrões did not return a single shot, but bared their colors, and threw up rockets, to induce them to come farther in, which they might easily have done, the outside junks lying in four fathom water.

On the 20th, early in the morning, discovered an immense fleet of Mandarine vessels standing in for the bay. On nearing us, they formed a line and stood close in; each vessel as she discharged her guns, tacked to join the rear and reload; they kept up a constant fire for about two hours, when one of their largest vessels was blown up by a firebrand, thrown from a Ladrone junk; after which they kept at a more respectful distance, but continued firing, without intermission, till the 21st at night, when it fell calm. The Ladrões towed out seven large vessels, with about two hundred row boats to board them, but the wind springing up, they made sail and escaped. The Ladrões returned into the bay and anchored. The Portuguese and Mandarines followed, and continued a heavy cannonading during that night and the next day. The vessel I was in had her foremast shot away, which they supplied very expeditiously by taking a mainmast from another vessel.

On the 23d, in the evening, it again fell calm. The Ladrões towed out fifteen junks in two divisions, with the intention of surrounding them, which was nearly effected, having come up with, and boarded one, when a breeze suddenly sprang up. The captured vessel mounted twenty-two guns, most of the crew leaped overboard, sixty or seventy were taken prisoners, immediately cut to pieces, and thrown into the river. Early in the morning, the Ladrões returned into the bay, and anchored in the same situation as before. The Portuguese and Mandarines followed, keeping up a constant fire. The Ladrões never returned a single shot, but always kept in readiness to board; the Portuguese were careful never to allow them an opportunity!

On the 28th at night, they sent in eight fire-vessels, which, if properly constructed, must have done great execution, having every advantage they could wish for to effect their purpose; a strong breeze and tide directly into the bay, and the vessels lying so close together, that it was impossible to miss them. On their first appearance, the Ladrões gave a general shout, supposing them to be Mandarine vessels on fire, but they were soon convinced of their mistake. They came very regular into the centre of the fleet, two and two, burning furiously. One of them came along side the vessel I was in, but they succeeded in booming her off. She appeared to be a vessel of about forty tons; her hold was filled with straw and wood, and there were a few small boxes of combustibles on her deck, which exploded along side of us without doing any damage. The Ladrões, however, towed them all on shore, extinguished the fire, and broke them up for firewood. The Portuguese claimed the credit of constructing these destructive machines, and actually sent a despatch to the government of Macoa, saying they had destroyed at least one third of the Ladrões' fleet and hoped soon to effect their purpose by totally annihilating them.

On the 29th of November, the Ladrões being all ready for sea, they weighed and stood boldly out, bidding defiance to the invincible Squadron and imperial fleet, consisting of ninety three war junks, six Portuguese ships, a brig and a schooner: immediately the Ladrões weighed, they all made sail; the Ladrões chased them two or three hours, keeping up a constant fire. Finding they did not come up with them, they hauled their wind and stood to the eastward.— Thus terminated the coast blockade, which lasted nine days, during which time the Ladrões completed all their repairs. In this action, not a single Ladrone vessel was destroyed, and their loss about thirty or forty men. An American was also killed, one of the three that remained taken in a schooner. I had two narrow escapes the first a twelve-pounder shot fell within three or four feet of me, another took a piece out of a small brass swivel on which I was standing.— The Chief's wife frequently sprinkled me with garlic water, which they consider an effectual charm against shot. The fleet continued under

sail all night steering to the eastward. In the morning, they anchored in a large bay, surrounded by lofty and barren mountains.

On the second of December, I received a letter from Lieut. Manghen, Commander of the Honorable Company's ship *Antelope*, saying that he had our ransom on board, and had been three days cruising after us, and wished me to settle with the Chief on the securest method of delivering it. The Chief agreed to send us in a small gun-boat till we came in sight of the *Antelope*, then the Comprador's boat was to bring the ransom and receive us. I was so agitated at receiving this joyful news, that it was with considerable difficulty I could scrawl two or three lines to inform Lieut. Manghen of the arrangements I had made. We were all so deeply affected by the gratifying tidings, that we seldom closed our eyes, but continued watching day and night for the boat.

On the 6th she returned with Lieut. Manghen's answer, saying he would respect any single boat, but would not allow the fleet to approach him. The chief then, according to his first proposal, ordered a gun boat to take us, and with no small degree of pleasure we left the Ladrone's fleet about four o'clock in the morning. At one P. M. saw the *Antelope*, under all sail, standing towards us. The Ladrone boat immediately anchored, and despatched the Comprador's boat for our ransom, saying, that if she approached nearer they would return to the fleet; and they were just weighing, when she shortened sail and anchored about two miles from us. The boat did not reach her till late in the afternoon, owing to the tide being strong against her. She received the ransom, and left the *Antelope* just before dark. A Mandarin boat, that had been lying concealed under the land and watching their manœuvres, gave chase to her, and was within a few fathoms of taking her; when she saw a light which the Ladrone answered, and the Mandarin hauled off. Our situation was now a most critical one; the ransom was in the hands of the Ladrone, and the Comprador's boat dare not return with us for fear of an attack from the Mandarin boat. The Ladrone would not remain till morning, so we were obliged to return with them to the fleet. In the morning the Chief inspected the ransom; which consisted of the following articles.—two bales of superfine scarlet cloth, two chests of opium, two casks of gunpowder, and a telescope, the rest in dollars. He objected to the telescope, not being new, and said he should detain one of us till another was sent, or a hundred dollars in lieu of it. The Comprador, however, agreed with him for the hundred dollars. Every thing being at length settled, the Chief ordered two gun-boats to convey us near the *Antelope*; we saw her just before dark, when the Ladrone's boat left us. We had the inexpressible pleasure of arriving on board the *Antelope* at seven, P. M. where we were most cordially received and heartily congratulated on our safe and happy deliverance from a

miserable captivity which we had endured for eleven weeks and three days.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

An English gentleman, of true John Bull dimensions, that is, weighing some eighteen or twenty stone, had occasion to travel in a stage-coach from Oxford to London. The stage carried six inside; and our hero engaged two places (as, in consideration of his size, he commonly did) for himself. The other four seats were taken by Oxford students.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, arrived at the stage before him, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant. The round, good tempered face of John Bull soon after appeared at the carriage door; and, peeping into the vehicle and observing the local arrangements that had been made, he said with a smile: "You see I am of a pretty comfortable size, gentlemen; so I have taken two seats. I will be obliged, if one of you will move into the opposite seat, so that I may be able to enter."

"My good Sir," said a pert young lawyer, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our claims to the seat we occupy are indisputable."

"I do not wish to dispute your claims," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"Oh, hang politeness!" said a hopeful young scion of some noble house, "I have a horror of a middle seat, and would not take one to oblige my grandmother. One sits so ungracefully; and, besides, one loses all chance of looking at the pretty girls along the road. Good old gentleman arrange your concerns as you please; I stick to my corner"—and he leaned back, yawned, and settled himself, with hopeless composure, in his place.

Our corpulent friend, though a man not easily discomposed, was somewhat put out by this unmannerly obstinacy. He turned to a smart looking youth, with a simper on his face—a clerical student, who had hitherto sat in a reverie, dreaming perchance of some fat benefice. "Will you not accommodate me?" he said: "this is the last London stage that goes to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"Some temporal affair, no doubt," said the graceless youth, with an air of mock gravity: "some speculation after filthy lucre. Good father, at your age, your thoughts should turn heavenward, instead of being confined to the dull, heavy tabernacle of clay that chains us to earth," and his companions roared with laughter at the "damned clever joke."

A glow of indignation just colored the stranger's cheek; but he checked the feeling in a moment, and said, with much composure, to the

fourth: "Are you also determined that I should lose my place; or will you oblige me by taking a centre seat?"

"Ay do, Tom," said his young Lordship, to the person addressed; "he's something in the way of your profession, quite a physiological curiosity. You ought to accommodate him."

"May I be poisoned if I do," replied the student of medicine; "in a dissecting room he would make an excellent subject; but in a coach, and this warm weather too! Old gentleman! if you'll place yourself under my care, I'll engage, in the course of six weeks, by dint of a judicious course of diuretics and cathartics, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat. But, really, to take a middle seat in the month of July is contrary to all the rules of Hygeia, and a practice to which I have a peculiar antipathy."

And the laugh was renewed at the old gentleman's expense.

By this time, the patience of coachee, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Harkee, gemmen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three quarters of a minute of twelve; and, with the first stroke of the University clock, my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him. It would lose me my situation." And, with that, he mounted his box, took up the reins, called to the ostler to shut the door, and sat listening, with upraised whip, for the expected stroke.

As it sounded from the venerable belfrey, the horses, as if they recognized the sound, started off at a gallop with the four young rogues, to whom their own rudeness and our fat friend's disappointment afforded a prolific theme for joke and merriment during the whole stage.

The subject of their mirth, in the meantime, hired a postchaise, and followed and overtook the coach, at the second stopping place, where the passengers got out ten minutes for dinner. As the postchaise drove up to the inn door, two young chimney-sweeps passed with their bags and brooms, and their well-known cry.

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman; "what say you to a ride?"

The whites of their eyes enlarged into still more striking contrast with the dark shade of their sooty cheeks. "Will you have a ride, my boys, in the stage-coach?"

"Yees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to believe the evidence of his ears.

"Well, then—hostler! open the stage door. In with you; and, d'y'e hear? be sure you take the middle seats; so—one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded; and coachee's voice was heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gentlemen; come on."

They came, bowed laughingly to our friend of the corporation, and passed on to the stage.—The young lord was the first who put his foot on the steps. "Why, how now, coachee, what damned joke is this? Get out, you rascals, or I'll teach you how to play gentlemen such a trick again."

"Sit still, my lads," said the fat gentleman. "My lord, the two middle seats are mine, regularly taken and duly paid for; and these youths are my two *proteges*.—An English stage-coach is free to every one. Your lordship has a horror of the middle seat. Pray take the corner one."

"Over-reached us, by God!" said the lawyer. "We give up the cause, and cry you mercy, Mr. —."

"Possession is nine-tenths of the law, my good Sir. It would be uncivil to dislodge the poor youths; you have your corner."

"Heaven preserve us!" said the clerical student.

"You are surely not afraid of a black coat," retorted the other. "Besides, we ought not to confine our thoughts to earthly concerns, but rather turn them heavenward."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than sit beside these black devils," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate the rules of hygeia by taking a middle seat.—Pray get in."

At these words, coachee, who had stood grinning behind, actually cheated into forgetfulness of time by the excellence of the joke, came forward. "Gentlemen, you have lost me one minute and a quarter already. I must drive on without ye, if so be you don't like your company."

The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their respective corners. As the hostler shut the door, he found it impossible to compose his features. "I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal," said the future churchman, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly evaded the blow.

"My white pantaloons!" cried the lord.

"My beautiful drab surtout!" said the lawyer expectant. "The filthy rascals!"

The noise of the carriage wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of the lamentations.

At the next stage a bargain was struck. The sweeps were liberated, the seats shaken and brushed, the worthy sons of the university made up among themselves the expense of the postchaise, the young doctor violated for once the rules of hygeia by taking a middle seat; and all journeyed on together, without further quarrel or grumbling, except from coachee, who declared, that "to be delayed a minute and a half at one stage, and within a few seconds of three minutes at the next, was enough to try the patience of a saint, that it was!"

R. D. O.

The man who would be known, and not know, should vegetate in a village; but he who would know and not be known, should live in a city.—*Spirit of Literature.*

A VISIT TO MARAT.

One of the Journals in which Marat preached murder and destruction, happened to fall into my hands the very day on which I learned my nomination to the Convention. Marat denounced to all France the choice of my Department as a crime, and lavished on me personally the most offensive language. I determined to see him.

I procured his address which was No. 1, Rue Saint Honore.

Having ascended a dark winding staircase, I knocked at a door on the fourth story, and a feeble, faltering voice, like that of an old woman, inquired who I was. "Deputy to the National Convention," I replied. I then heard the rattling of a bunch of keys and after several locks were turned the door opened.

"Mr. Marat, I presume?" said I; for the term citizen was not in use. "My name is Marat," replied a man not more than five feet high, dressed in a ragged cloak and dirty night cap. His hair was tied with a piece of pack thread, his neck encircled by a pocket handkerchief, his worsted stockings were ungartered, and his chin was overgrown by a dirty beard. His eyebrows and eyelashes were of a light brown, and his head was disproportionately large.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. Surely this cannot be the man of Saint Sulpice, thought I. I suspected there was some mistake, and I again said in a tone of inquiry. "Mr. Marat?" "That is my name," he replied ill humoredly, and darting at me a furious look—"What do you want?"—"A moment's conversation with you."—"Come in."

The apartment of this hideous dwarf was truly worthy of its occupant. The furniture consisted of a miserable bed; a desk covered with papers, pens and ink; a few wretched chairs, and a wooden timepiece, surmounted by a little guillotine. Such was the dwelling of the man who spread terror throughout the capital.

When I entered, Marat was conversing with a man whose tall figure, expressive countenance, and gentlemanly dress and air, presented a singular contrast to the person whom he had come to visit. As soon as he perceived me, he politely stepped aside. Marat offered me a chair, with the air of a man impatient to be rid of his visitor. I very coolly seated myself and opened the conversation.

*** Marat's eyes glistened like those of a hyena ready to dart upon her prey; and I know not to what lengths his rage might have carried him, had it not been for the sight of a dagger, which I in common with other Deputies of that time, carried about with me, and which I accidentally discovered in unbuttoning my coat.

The stranger, who observed Marat suddenly turn pale, approached us, and having made some excuse for interrupting our conversation, he took my hand and shook it with an air of cordiality. I took my leave of Marat, who remained silent, and sat as if petrified in his chair. The stranger conducted me to the door, and with a polite bow, bade me farewell.

What can two men, so dissimilar, have to say to each other? was the question I several times asked myself, as I descended the staircase.

When I reached the street, I found a crowd of people assembled round the door. Two men had on their shoulders a sort of hand-barrow, destined, as they informed me, to carry Marat in triumph through the streets of Paris. Cries of "Vive Marat!" soon resounded on all sides. The divinity speedily made his appearance, and having placed himself in his triumphal car, gave the signal for the procession to move on.

Three days after this, I happened to be crossing the Place Greve just as a criminal was ascending the pillory. I raised my eyes and what was my astonishment when I recognized, in the executioner, the gentlemanly looking stranger whom I had met at Marat's lodgings.

To ———

We met, you know, at 'Sans Souci,'
I didn't like you, altogether,
You played the iceberg so to me,
So stoccised upon the weather.
You dropped your foulard handkerchief—
I stoop'd—you said, 'I hate to trouble you'—
I knew your name was Mary F'.
You knew that mine began with W.

I saw that you were proud and tall—
I saw you wore divine mossiacs—
Your voice had a bewitching draw!—
To me it only drawled prosaics.
You had a very stylish air—
You wore your head quite *a la Dido*,
But, oh! how cold your manners were!
'Pray, don't you recollect it? I do.

I staid a week, and every day
I made you speeches by the dozens,
Partly to drive the time away,
And partly for your pretty cousins.
I paced with you the ball-room floor,
Was dull, of course, and you were civil;
I wish'd that you would like me more,
And you wish'd I was to the d—l.

Well, up one mora my Stanhope roll'd,
And lightly pranc'd my trotting pony;
I took some pains to have you told,
('Twas done by my especial crony)
You sat coquetting with your toast,
As if you'd die, a word to utter,—
Said Fred, 'he's going—gone, almost'—
'Indeed!' said you; 'pray, hand the butter!'

I loiter'd at Cohees, awhile,
And then we met upon the river—
You nodded, and I forced a smile,
And then my lip began to quiver;
And then—I know not how or why—
I'm sure it was very strange—was not it?
I can't remember if I die—
What did we say? Have you forgot it?

No matter! here I sit and scrawl,
Miss Mary F. the table over,
And paint my beau-ideal fall,
And wish a certain speech was over:
My cheek, I think, is growing pale;
I hope it will—no!—won't distress you;
The Doctor does not know my ail!—
Do you? *Toujours a vous*—God bless you!

COMPOSITION OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S NATIVE ARMY.—The native army is composed of five distinct castes, or classes of men differing most essentially in manners, in religion, and in customs, who never unite even at a meal or in marriage: the discipline and harmony which have ever distinguished those native forces are truly wonderful; the more especially, when the bigotry of one class and the superstitious prejudice of three others are taken into consideration. First, the Mussulman, of whom at least one-third of the army is composed. This class is again subdivided into four particular sects, viz., the Sheik, the Syed, the Mogul, and the Puthaun or Pattan, as they are usually called. They are generally brave, enterprising, and intelligent; and, upon the whole, being free from religious prejudices, make excellent soldiers. Second, the Rajahpoot, or descendants of the ancient rajahs, the highest cast of Hindoos, a race not very numerous, but extremely scrupulous; and, when their prejudices are humoured, the bravest and the most devoted soldiers, far surpassing all the other natives in a romantic but sometimes mistaken notion of honour. Third, the Telinga or Gentoo, a race of Hindoos generally remarkable for mildness of disposition and cleanliness of person; obedient and faithful, but not very intelligent or enterprising soldiers. Fourth, the Tamoul, or Malabar, similar to the former. Fifth, the Pariah, or Dhere, as they are called in the army. The latter class, poor Chowry Mootoo, brave, active, and attached as they were to their officers and the service with a few European failings, such as dram-dinking and eating unclean meats, &c., have of late years been excluded from the line, in order the more fully to conciliate the higher classes, who, however they differ from each other in many points, are all united in considering any mixture with these as a contamination. They are now enlisted only in the pioneers, and as artillery¹ and tent lascars. The former corps, one of the most useful in the army, is composed almost entirely of this degraded class, than whom there exists not in all India, a braver, more efficient, or zealous body of troops. I beg it to be understood, however, that though the preceding remarks are intended, in particular, for the Madras native army, yet they are almost equally applicable to those of the two other presidencies.—*Welsh's Military Reminiscences of Forty Years' Service in India.*

THE ROMAN NOBILITY.

ROME, 15th July, 1830.—You ask me for a snatch or two of Roman manners, and I will attempt to gratify you by a peep at the nobility. They are much the same in species here as at Madrid, under the fog of Cockaigne, or beneath the northern lights of Stockholm. They stand on an eminence where individual character is lost—like every thing else, indeed, that moves in an upper region. Such men as the Borgheses, Colonnas, Barberinis, Shivas, and Dorias, who can point at a pretty comfortable inheritance,

and coffers better replenished than those of the common herd, move in their own orbits. They are just as independent of the world as the leading stars at other courts. Pomp and splendor characterize their banquets; but these are incomplete if their residences and the neighboring highways do not blaze with light. When ambitious of making a public display of their magnificence, they pitch upon some religious doings at St. Peter's, or any other Basilica, as the arena; and thither they proceed, attended by a long retinue of pages, yagers, and domestics. The cavalcade moves, in solemn pomp and slow, through a file of military, between whom none of low degree dare intrude their noses; and when safely arrived at the haven of their destination, they are accommodated with a *premiere place*, close beside the pope or cardinals. The same scene is enacted at the evening mall on the Corso; at the Valle, the Argentina, and the Apollo; during the carnival, or, in summer, at the Focchettis in Augustus' Mausoleum. At night their approach is heralded by a couple or so of running footmen, dancing before the carriage with flaming torches. Their palaces are the abode of splendor and profusion; most of them derive their attraction from costly collections of pictures, to which the artist has at all times a ready access.

Richly appared as these palaces are in every possible respect, they are the personification of most admired disorder and uncleanness. The staircases are loaded with filth and dirt, the windows and apartments are encrusted with cobwebs and befoulness, and often the very glass has forgotten to be transparent.

It seems to be one of the marks of a Roman grandee to draw up at a *caffee nuova*, and take his *sorbetto*, or, in winter, his punch, without alighting from his carriage.

The lower classes of the nobility, on the other hand, are decided *characters*. The one only object, sphere, and use of life seems with them to centre in cutting a dash, and running the guuntlet against the pleasures of the table, the boudoir, the theatre, and the Corso. Numbers of the Roman lordlings pine, and yet live on and laugh, in their poverty; for their blood circulates too freely, and warmly, and blithely, to admit the existence of that melancholy incubus on the spirits which is born of poverty under more northerly skies. They must have a carriage, and a servant in the family liveries behind it, even though the day may almost go without its meal; nay, I have known the man, who had not the wherewith to hire a coach on the Monte Citorio, plump out his pride by ordering his domestic to parade behind him. Though the hire would be accounted of mean moment in "merry England," he will deny himself every comfort rather than miss the opportunity of exhibiting his finery in a ride from the Palazzo di Venesia, up the Corso, through the Porto del Popolo, and over the Ponte Molle—all on a Sunday evening.

I have had an instance under my own roof of

the low estate to which some of them are reduced. At one time I had an individual in my service for dusting clothes and cleaning boots—a tall, handsome fellow, about fifty years old; plump of appearance, full of life and good-nature, always well dressed, and (what much surprised me) of manners and education far above his standing in society. Though I had met with many of his caste whose language was fit for a ball-room, his deportment was such as to convince me that he was born to something better than blacking an Englishman's boots. He was so awkward a hand at his duty, that he was twice as long as usual in getting through with it. I contrived at last to worm his secret out of my landlady. My shoe-black was a true and genuine Marquis! He had succeeded to the enjoyment of a property worth some twenty thousand *scudi*, gradually eased himself of the incumbrance *a la Romaine*, and speedily found himself without a *bajocco* in his pocket. His son and daughter happened to be in excellent circumstances, and both of them offered to make him comfortable. But here, for the first time in his life, he gave evidence of possessing strength of mind: their offer was resolutely declined; he would not lay himself under obligations even to his own children; and became—a beater of clothes and blacker of boots and shoes to the first hirer!

G.

HURRICANE IN JAMAICA.

A letter received from a resident of the Port Royal Mountains, gives the following description of the Hurricane which occurred there on the 7th of August last:

"The hurricane has left Flamslead a heap of ruins. It has exceeded in violence the storm of 1815, and had it continued one hour longer, I suspect there would not have been a habitation left in the Mountains. It is impossible for words to convey more than a faint idea of the awful spectacle. It kept the brain in one constant whirl of excitement. Blast after blast came bellowing with resistless fury, rending to pieces every thing that opposed its progress. Large timber trees torn from the roots and laid prostrate—roofs of houses whirled into the air and scattered like chaff before the wind, the crashing of timbers, the crumbling of walls, one of the most terrific scenes it is possible for the mind to conceive. The preservation of property became no object; life itself was in imminent peril, and each succeeding blast was looked upon as the signal of instant destruction. When the storm subsided, it almost seemed to cease for want of fresh objects on which to wreak its vengeance. As yet, I know of no place that has suffered equal to this. I could not expect to go unscathed; a brief detail will best enable you to estimate the damage sustained. Early in the morning the kitchen door was wrenched from its hinges, and the wind gaining admission, split the roof in two, one half falling over flat on the ground, the other was carried up into the air,

torn to fragments, and scattered in the adjoining woods. The fowl house and rabbit house (partly built of stone) were next thrown down, and not a stick or stone left standing. The hospital and servants' room, (a long range of buildings,) were laid prostrate, and the roof carried entirely out of sight. The horse stable partly unroofed, and the whole building thrown so entirely out of plumb, as to require being taken down and rebuilt. The farmers' house and store were blown entirely down, and the fanning machine broken and pitched into the gully. The pulping house quite down, and pulper smashed. Of course almost all the negro houses were destroyed, and every fence about the place; but I make little account of these, amidst such universal devastation. I had flattered myself that the dwelling house, from its immense strength, might bid defiance to any hurricane. Built of solid mason work, with a low roof, and firmly braced, it looked the very picture of security. My confidence in its power of resistance was in a moment destroyed! One of the doors facing the Northward, and which closed from the outside, was during the very worst of the hurricane, shattered and driven in, by which means the wind gained full admission to a small bed-room, and the atmospheric pressure became so intense, that in a few minutes all the walls of the room burst with appalling violence. The adjoining bed-rooms being thus laid open, their outer walls soon gave way, the stones being hurled to a distance of 20 feet. The interior walls now fairly exposed to the battering of the elements, were straining and bending at every impulsion—it became evident that the building could stand little more. At this crisis, one terrific blast—the very acme of the tempest—swept through the broken rooms, caught the drawing-room door, and shivered it to splinters, with a noise resembling the bursting of ordnance. The walls leaned over—the ceilings fell in, and it wanted but one more such blast, and we should have been buried under the ruins. It would be an endless task to recount all the damages sustained by this calamity; coffee fields stripped, provision grounds destroyed, negroes unhoused, gardens laid waste, furniture, wearing apparel, &c. broken and destroyed, and this in the space of three short hours. As an example of the prodigious force of the wind, I may mention that a grind-stone was wrenched from its clamps, and pitched about four feet from the posts. The whole place is strewn with broken trees, fragments of walls, shingles and rafters, and bears the genuine aspect of desolation and despair.

ROYAL BARTER.—The reigning King of the Sandwich Islands a short time since forwarded a mantle of feathers to the reigning King of Prussia; and his European Majesty has returned the compliment by presenting his Pacific Majesty with a complete uniform, as worn by the first regiment of guards, accompanied by the insignia of the order of the Black Eagle.



SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE.

CASSIA MARILANDICA.

English Name—American Senna.

Genus *Cassia*.—Calix five parted, colored, deciduous and unequal. Corolla with five unequal petals. Stamina ten, unequal and free, the three upper sterile, the three lower longer, anthers linear curved. Pistil stipitate. Pod bivalve, curved, many celled transversally; leaves even pinnate.

Species *C. Marilandica*.—Herbaceous, leaves with eight or ten pairs of oblong mucronate folioles, petiole uniglandular; racemes axillar and terminal, paniced; pods linear, flat and pendulous.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, contorted, irregular, woody, black, fibrose—stems many, nearly smooth, upright, from three to six feet high, cylindrical and simple—leaves alternate, not many, large, horizontal, petioles compressed, channelled above, with an ovate stipitate gland at the base, bearing from eight to ten pairs of folioles or leaflets, which are smooth, green above, pale beneath, with short uniglandular petioles; shape ovate, oblong or lanceolate entire, equal, mucronate at the end—stipules subulate, ciliate, deciduous.

Flowers of a bright or golden yellow, forming a pani-

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cle, although partly axillary and in short racemes, having each from five to fifteen flowers; peduncles furrowed, pedicles long, glandular, with short bracts. Calix colored, with five oval obtuse and unequal segments.—Petals five, spatulate, concave, obtuse, unequal, two lower larger. Stamina with yellow filaments and brown anthers, the three upper filaments have abortive anthers, the three lower filaments are longest, crooked, with long rostrated anthers, all the anthers open by a terminal pore. Germ deflexed with the lower stamina and hairy, style ascending, stigma hairy. The fruits or pods are pendulous, linear, hardly curved, flat and membranaceous, a little hairy, blackish, from two to four inches long, holding from twelve to twenty seeds, or small brown beans.

HISTORY.—The genus *Cassia*, although very striking by the structure of its flowers, varies much in its pods, and must be divided into many genera. Tournefort and Gaertner had separated the *Cassia fistula*, &c. with cylindrical, pulpy, evalve pods, calling the others *Senna*; but Persoon, &c. called the *Cassia fistula* by the new name of *Cathartocarpus*, leaving the name of *Cassia* to the *Sennas*. This was superfluous, and if I was not unwilling to increase this confusion, I would call this species *Senna riparia*, the name of *Marilandica* being also improper; it was given to it because sent first from Maryland to Europe.

This plant blossoms from June to August; the best

time to collect it is in September, when the pods are ripe; since they are with the leaves, the efficient parts of the plant. It has been ascertained that this plant is more efficacious than the Senna of Egypt; it ought, therefore, to supersede it altogether with us, and even to be exported to Europe; but the East India senna is said by Bigelow to be a little stronger. The senna of the shops is obtained from different plants, *Cassia lanceolata*, *C. Senna*, *C. italica*, &c. and even from *Cynanchum oleifolium*.

LOCALITY—Found from Massachusetts to Missouri and Georgia, in rich moist and alluvial soils, near streams principally. Very common in the Western States.

QUALITIES—The taste of the leaves is slightly nauseous; they have no smell, they contain resin extractive and a volatile oil. The infusion and decoction have the taste of the plant; the distilled water is nauseous; the tincture is dark brown, and rendered turbid by water.

PROPERTIES—All the sennas are simple cathartics; some kinds occasion gripings and yet are not so active as rhubarb or jalap. This kind operates with mildness and certainty, at the dose of an ounce in decoction; both the leaves and pods are employed; the infusion is weaker, the tincture is less available, although stronger. They may enter into compound laxatives and cathartics, &c.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

INFIDEL WIT REPELLED.

A gay young spark of deistical turn, travelling in a stage coach, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the scripture, and, among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath; strongly urged the impossibility of a youth like David being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink it into a giant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and particularly to a grave old gentleman, of the denomination called Quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage: "Indeed, friend, replied he, I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

"Once," said a person, in a dispute concerning titles, "I had the honour to be in company with an Excellence and an Highness. His Excellency was the most ignorant and brutal man I ever saw; and his Highness measured just four feet eight inches."

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

Give me but the liberty of the press, and I will give to the minister a venal house of peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile house of commons—I will give him a full swing of the patronage of his office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place can confer upon him, to purchase up submission, and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack with that mightier engine the mighty fabric he has raised; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it beneath the ruins of the abuses it was meant to shelter.—*Sheridan*.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS,

I once had occasion to report, that a certain "noble Lord was confined to his house with a violent cold"—next morning I found his Lordship represented to be "confined with a violent cold." In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment, I had said, that "the first point of attraction and admiration were her Ladyship's looks"—this compliment was transferred by the printer to "her Ladyship's cooks." My praises of the "Infant Lyra," were converted to a panegyric on the "Infant Lyar." In an account of Gen. Saldanha's conduct at Oporto, I observed that he "behaved like a hero," while the printer made it appear that he "behaved like a hare." "We," says the John Bull, often suffer in this way: about two years since we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of *fiends* in Hampshire, for the purpose of shooting *peasants*; and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated, that a *surgeon* was taken alive in the river and sold to the inhabitants at 6d. and 10d. per pound."—*London Atlas*.

A wag after hearing that the election in Richmond County, N. C. resulted in the choice of a Blacksmith, very justly said, that he has quit laboring at the *Bar*, forsaken his *Vice*, left off *Forging*, and turned to legislating.

In England a retailer of small beer had in his window—"Trust is dead! Who kill'd him? Bad Pay!"

A HARD HEAD.

An old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half horse, half alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he, "he is a hard head, for he stood under an oak in a thunder storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

ELUCIDATION.—"My dear hearers," said a North Carolina preacher to his flock, "it is as hard for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven as for a camel to pass through a needle's eye; but, continued he, 'you probably do not understand this. I will endeavor to bring it within your comprehension. It is as hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, as it would be for a *shad* to go up a *smooth bark apple tree*, tail foremost.'

ANECDOTE.—Colonel Christie, an Irish Officer, who served with considerable credit in America, had the misfortune to be severely wounded. As he lay on the ground, an unfortunate soldier who was near him and was also badly wounded, made a terrible howling; at which Christie exclaimed, "What do you make such a noise for? do you think nobody is killed but yourself?"

SHREWD ANSWER.—A late municipal Judge in Boston, as famous for his ready wit, as for the lowness of his stature, was one day walking with five or six gentlemen of unusual height. "Well Judge, how do you feel, walking among so many tall fellows?" said one of his companions. "How do I feel, replied the Judge; 'why, I feel like four pence ha'penny among six cents."

FORGETFUL MINISTER.—The Rev. Mr. Parker, of Provincetown, had been for years in the habit of praying for the British Government; but at the period of the eventful American Revolution, he, together, with most other clergymen of that time, was zealously opposed to the oppressive measures of England; however, by a strange absence of mind, he, one Sabbath, long after America had been declared independent, continued his usual prayer, "We beseech thee to bless the King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family,"—then pausing, with evident embarrassment and vexation, he added, "Pshaw! pshaw! it was the Continental Congress I meant."

JUVENILE MAGNANIMITY.

A lad was recently called before the police court, for throwing a stone which struck a little girl in the eye—the respectability of the parties excited considerable interest and drew many persons to hear the examination. The boy was bound to appear at the Municipal Court, and Col. M. was engaged as his counsel. Soon after the examination, another boy, about 12 years of age, called upon the counsellor aforesaid, and asked, 'Sir, are you engaged to defend —?' 'Yes, I am; why do you ask?' To which the little fellow replied, with honesty worthy of his immortal grandfather, 'because, sir, I threw the stone, and cannot suffer a comrade to be punished for a crime of my own commission.'—'Well done—you are a fine boy; what is your name?' 'My name is —.' 'Well,' said the counsellor, admiring the noble-heartedness of the lad, 'will you tell the county attorney that you committed the act?' 'Yes, sir,' said he, and immediately went to Col. Austin's office, for that purpose. The friends of the injured girl, on learning these particulars, declined taking any further steps in the premises.—*Commentator.*

RUSTIC ECONOMY.—A stout, hungry lumberman, from the interior of Maine, who had been deprived for several weeks of his usual quantum of the good things which make up the principal daily meal, went into a hotel in Portland the other day, when dinner was preparing, and very seriously inquired the price of a dinner. "Fifty cents," said the landlord. "And what do you charge for a breakfast?" said the half-starved countryman. "Twenty-five cents." "Well, then, I guess I'll take a breakfast!"—*Boston Traveller.*

M. Jacques Lafitte, one of the ablest financiers and politicians of France, is indebted for his elevation to the following accidental occurrence:—During the consulship of Napoleon, Lafitte, being then a simple *commis*, with only 1,200 francs salary, was one day sauntering in the garden of the Tuilleries, when he saw a pretty young lady walking near him, and alone. He said to himself, loud enough to be heard by her—*voilà une belle femme; je vaudrais qu'elle fut la mienne*—(there is a pretty woman—I wish she were my wife.) The lady, like all the rest of the daughters of Eve, was not insensible to flattery—she sent for him to her dwelling—that dwelling was the Tuilleries, and the lady Pauline, sister of the First Consul! This gave a new turn to affairs; and Lafitte's fortune was made.

A BRAVE MAN.—Two tars, fresh from the salt seas and a little boozy withal, entered Westminster Abbey, and rolling from place to place, at length came to the tomb of Lord Nelson.—"Avast, Joe," said one, looking on the inscription with a comical sorrow, "here's the last port Nelson ever made."

"I don't believe that, Tom," replied the other, "he's gone aloft."

"You don't think he's got into heaven, do you?"

"Do I?" returned Tom, rolling his quid about fiercely—"who is going to stop him, when he wants to go?"

A HOT PLACE.—A preacher in this city, says the New York Constellation, who is famous for the fiery nature of his discourses, during the late excessive warm weather, is said to have described hell as being so much hotter than any thing of which his audience had any knowledge, that if a man who had been there long enough to get thoroughly injured to it, should be suddenly transported into a furnace glowing with the hottest Lehigh, he would freeze to death in five minutes.

A young Irishman who had married when he was about nineteen years of age, complaining of the difficulties to which his early marriage had subjected him, said he would never marry so young again, if he lived to be as old as Methusalem.

MUTTON'S BARY.—The Boston Commercial Gazette relates a laughable anecdote of Amblard, the Frenchman at whose house the Duke of Orleans boarded while at Boston. Amblard was a tailor. Having made a pair of pantaloons for a Mr. Lamb, but forgetting the name of his customer, he went into the market, and taking hold of a leg of mutton, inquired of the butcher "Vat you call die?" "That is mutton." "Ha, mouton, is it! Vell, vat you call de mouton's baby?" The butcher answered, "lamb."—"Oui!" exclaimed the Frenchman, "dat is him; Monsieur Lamb is de ver man vat for I make de pantaloqn!"

MY SWEET GUITAR.

A BALLAD SUNG BY

MRS. SHARPE.

COMPOSED BY JOHN BARNETT.

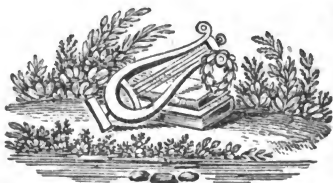
Andantino con moto.

The musical score is written on seven staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and sentimental, with lyrics written below the notes. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'Sweet Guitar thy wild notes cheer me, Let me wake thy'. The second staff continues: 'dearest lay; Sweet Guitar thy wild notes cheer me, Let me'. The third staff has: 'wake thy dear-est lay. Sweet Gui - tar Sweet Guitar,'. The fourth staff: ', Sweet Gui - tar, Sweet Gui - tar, whilst thou art near me, My'. The fifth staff: 'griefs are all beguil'd a - - way; Sweet Gui - tar, whilst thou art'. The sixth staff: 'near me, My griefs are all beguil'd a - - way; Sweet Gui -'. The seventh staff ends with: 'tar Sweet Gui - tar . . . Sweet Gui - tar.' and a double bar line.

Sweet Guitar thy wild notes cheer me, Let me wake thy
dearest lay; Sweet Guitar thy wild notes cheer me, Let me
wake thy dear-est lay. Sweet Gui - tar Sweet Guitar,
, Sweet Gui - tar, Sweet Gui - tar, whilst thou art near me, My
griefs are all beguil'd a - - way; Sweet Gui - tar, whilst thou art
near me, My griefs are all beguil'd a - - way; Sweet Gui -
tar Sweet Gui - tar . . . Sweet Gui - tar.

2.

Let my fingers once more press thee,
Calling forth thy tend'rest song;
Sweet Guitar,
Then my voice shall ming'ling bless thee,
As its murmurs sigh along:
Sweet Guitar.



"Music and Poetry are like— in each
Are nameless graces, which no rules can reach."

TO AMANDA.

If I have wrong'd thee lovely one,
'Twas not with man's dissembling art,
I would not thou shouldst be undone,
For all the transports of the heart.

Nay! think not that mine eyes could see,
Thy gentle soul with sorrow riven,
For in thy bosom dwells for me,
The sweet constituents of a Heaven.

Blame not this heart, these eager arms,
That dared to fold thee to my breast,
But blame thy own transcendent charms,
That forced my bosom to be blest.

How could I gaze on thy dark eye,
Dancing in liquid light and love,
Nor feel that it were bliss to die,
When Heav'n was smiling just above.

How could I gaze upon thy cheek,
Painted by modesty's gay brush,
Nor wish to press that lip so meek,
Redden'd by love's own rosy blush.

The cheek that all alike may kiss,
The lip that may be press'd by many,
I would not press, for there's no bliss,
They should not e'er be press'd by any.

But thy red lip because 'twas fair,
I sought to press and press alone,
But even with me thou wouldst not share,
The bliss of love's rubic throne.

Forgive me! O, forgive this breast!
That would not wrong thee for a world;
By Heav'n! I'd sooner ne'er be bless'd,
Than see peace from thy bosom hurl'd.

Forgive this throbbing heart of mine,
Whose fault love only can reveal,
That bleeds, alas! to think that thine,
Does not the same sweet passion feel.

But O! if thou wilt not forgive,
The sins occasion'd by thy charms,
Why should I longer wish to live,
Banish'd from bliss within thy arms.

Why should I wish to live and be,
An isolated being here,
A sighing sad misanthrope,
For whom no eye would shed a tear.

O, no! Amanda, let me live,
To feel the influence of thy charms,
To know thy bosom will forgive,
The wretch that clasp'd thee in his arms.

MILFORD BARD.

TWENTY-NINE;

Or, AN EPISTLE.—Written at the close of that year.

Adieu to the year Twenty-nine,
Its trials, it troubles, are over;
Its sins,—and alas! some were mine—
Its actions for trespass and rover.
It is gone with its fun and its frolic,
Its anti-society getuppers—
Its cures for the cramp and the choleric,
Its cures for intemperate hiccupsers:
Shall I give you a song on its bonnets?
Or write a lament for its death?
Or tell how old Time jumped upon its
Abdomen, and squeezed out its breath?

Adieu to the year Twenty-nine,
Its public, its private defaulters;
From he who could millions purloin,
Down to those less deserving of halters:
To the scenes in that tragical court,
Where so many have taken their—"benefits"—
Where mercy is sold by the quart,
And freedom's retailed that will any fit!
O liberty, what can disquiet ye,
Protected by spirits like these?
Thy temple—this soul of society,
And all for thy votaries!

Adieu to the year Twenty-nine,
Its fourth of July oration,
Its sermons on drinking of wine,
Its speeches on every occasion;
Its eloquence spent on the Tariff;
"Sky high's" oratorical nonsense,
George Reese's election for sheriff,
*P——'s aristocratical one-sense.
De Nates on canals and divorces,
The rising of stocks, (without leaven,)
Crude thoughts upon men, and on—horses,
The plan of a rail road to heaven.

Adieu to the year twenty-nine;
Adieu to its facts and its fancies;
Its masquerades, O! how divine—
Its comic songs—music by Francis.
Its Faustus, supremest of plays!
Mephistopholis, ergo, the d—l,
Condescending t' instruct us the ways,
"Propria persona," to evil.
And ye too, bright geniuses—Sloman,
Thou oddest of earth's odd fellows!
And Finn, who is equalled by no man,
Grotesque as ye are, Punchinellos!

Yes, yes, ye have fled, like its seasons;
And time, for his breakfast, hath swallow'd them,
And "pamphlets," and "essays," and "reasons,"
All, all, in their glory, have followed them!
Year hath fled year in succession;
The Goat is still chased by Aquarius—
Yet creation still lives in creation,
As wond'rous, as num'rous, as various.
And thus, by Fate's changeless decree,
Shall earth be still merged in commotion,
Till Time, in Eternity's sea,
Be emptied like waves into ocean.

Adieu, then, adieu, twenty-nine;
Full often thou'st caught me at "rhymin"—
But, mark me! henceforth 'tis a sign
I shall seldom be found the same crime in.
I'm done with the stanzas I sent L—
(L. never wrote stanzas to me!)
I'm sick of the sentimental—
What then should my next theme be?

* Two celebrated legislators.

Death?—it is out of the fashion:
Mirth?—why 'twould give me the rabies.
And then as to 'la belle passion!—
Sweetmeats for grown-up babies!

Adieu, my old friend, since thine exit
Seems fixed, as your iron-tongued bell
So sullenly tells me—why fegs! it
Shall never have aught to conceal!
We part not in anger, nor sorrow;
And when thou art gone, let another,
Resembling thee, rise with the morrow—
I fear not the face of thy brother.
He may find me in peace, or in quarrels—
Or wooing, as usual, the nine;
Will he find me improved in my morals!
No matter! Adieu—ever thine. S—X.

REFLECTIONS,

Written in Friends' Meeting House, near this village,
after an evening ramble.

Sweet Solitude, how soothing to the soul,
The "still small voice" within thy woodland cast—
How melting to the mind is thy control,
When memory meditates upon the past.

The soften'd sounds of evening from afar,
Steal on my ear from echo's silver shell—
No hum of busy industry can mar
The scene, O Solitude, I love so well.

Within these silent unembellish'd walls,
The spirit wakes to meditation deep—
How much unlike the pomp of grandeur's halls,
That charms the sight, but leaves the soul to sleep.

O sweet simplicity, thou reignest here
In all that's lovely to the soul or sight;
No pomp, no pride, to erring mortals dear,
Disgrace these walls—can God in pride delight?

Each object speaks sincerity and truth,
What man should be—alas, that he is not,
Come hither, O ye vain and gaudy youth,
Come with me and survey the silent spot.

Beneath these aged oaks to silence given,
Sleeps many a heart that meditated here;
The relics too of many a soul in Heaven,
Of many a soul in piety sincere.

No marble monument adorns the dead,
Or tells the story of a pompous name;
So let me die! so rest in peace my head,
Unknown to fortune's favors and to fame.

But O, not all unlov'd—let one kind friend,
O'er my lone tomb shed pity's tender tear,
As oft, perhaps, some gentle form may bend,
O'er once lov'd hearts that coldly slumber here.

I love simplicity in all I see,
In all I feel and all that I enjoy—
Yet strange to think, that charm is not in me,
Too much I trifle with each gaudy toy.

I love to gaze upon the neat attire,
That wafts the form of some fair female friend—
What eye can gaze upon her, nor admire
The grace and beauty that so softly blend.

O! she is lovelier to the soul and eye,
Than is the vain, the gaudy, or the gay—
Where'er I think how angels look on high,
I think of some fair friend in plain array.

Farewell! blest scene of Solitude, again
I will revisit thy delightful spot—
Again awake the harp to sweeter strain,
Nor by the child of song be thou forgot.

MILFORD BARD.

THE LOST SAILOR.

Brave son of the ocean, ah! sad is thy doom—
The storm is fast gathering amid the dark gloom;
The lightning's red flash, and the thunder's deep roar,
Proclaim the sad havoc on ocean and shore.

Thy father was brave as the boldest can boast—
His spirit was noble, but he, too, was lost;
The proud ship that bore him from India's shore,
With all her brave crew, has been heard of no more.

And thy frail bark e'en now, can no longer withstand
The repeated attacks of the tempest's rude hand;
See! she bilges, she fills, and another rude wave
Must make the wide ocean the young hero's grave.

With heart still undaunted, see the brave sailor kneel,
And mingle his voice with the thunder's loud peal,
In aspirations to HIM, who a deaf ear ne'er gave,
To the cries of the virtuous, needy, and brave.

Ah! rude wave, why not linger and leave for awhile
This brave 'son of the ocean,' the cares to beguile,
Of a widowed mother?—but no; he is gone—
Relentless, unfeeling, the rude billow came on,
And swept to oblivion, the widow's lost son! Z.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

"'Tween all his mother's pains and benefits,
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child.—*Shakespeare.*

And is it so? is this the sacred spot,
In which repose the bones of buried love?
Yes, it must be! they told me that a Grot,
Did yawn most hideously beneath—above
Dark branches of the cypress—which the grove
Had nourished, as 'twere, purposely to wave
O'er thy low tomb, incessantly had strove,
To wear away all vestige of thy grove,
That tears which yet might flow, my cheek might ever
lave.

And does no stone mark where thy body lies?
Nor has no cenotaph to thee been reared?
'Tis even so—yet deem not memory dies,
Of one by every tie to me endeared;
Of one, who, in my infancy has cheered,
With fond maternal smiles and sweet caresses,
Who anxiously my bark of childhood steered,
And watched me with a mother's tenderness,
Or, in my infant years, my childish grief suppressed.

Two fleeting years have gone since thy tried soul,
Departed to the land where spirits dwell;
A ruin wrecked on sorrow's fatal shoal,
And tossed upon distraction's surging swell,
The victim of unkindness thou hast fell,
Too weak to stem the current of thy woes;
At last thou'rt gone, and thy departure's knell,
Was greeted with a welcome by thy foes,
But what it was to me, one only Being knows.

I watched to see thy spirit leave its frame,—
Its frame so tortured with the pangs of death,
When nature could not feed life's glimmering flame,
And thou could'st draw but faintly thy spent breath;
Then was it that I felt myself bereft
Of hopes of thy existence and thy love
I felt, my soul almost in twain was cleft,
And nearly murmured at Him who removed
A friend—Ah! more than friend! a guardian hadst thou
proved.

The last look of affection on thy child,
Hath left deep impress on my sorrowing mind,
I joyed to know thy spirit, as it smiled
At Heaven's joys approaching—fled, resigned;

Fain would I beckon to some seraph kind,
To waft me upward—onward—e'en to thee—
Oh! why, said Fate, that I must stay behind,
And not from earth and "earth-born jars be free,
And bask beneath the smile of Heaven's avenging deity.

Oh! spirit of my mother! could thou roll
Away but for a moment, the dark veil
Which now divides our being—and behold
Thy sorrowing son with ghastly visage pale,
And voice upraised to thee in accents frail,
Would thou not speak to me with wonted love?
Would thou not bid my spirit cease to wail
O'er woes, which my ingratitude had wove
Into my being, and my soul to maddened phrenzy drove?
JUVENIS.

*On observing the alterations made in the Centre Square,
during the writer's absence.*

Where is that dome, which rear'd its head
In silent majesty?
And where the grove that round it sp
As 'twere, but yesterday?

The lady, with her milk-white swan,
The fountain at her feet—
The pile of rocks she stood upon,
Our eyes no more shall greet!

Oh! have I watch'd that crystal stream,
Piercing the sultry air—
Its spray-like sparkling gems did seem,
So brilliant and so fair.

Gone are they all—and, oh! my soul,
Sick of strange scenes, and sad,
Pines for forms trac'd on mem'ry's scroll,
That once could make it glad.

My infant hopes—my childish joys,
The thoughts of other years.
When men, now grown mature, were boys,
Draw forth regretful tears.

The youthful nymphs that sought the spot,
With child-like, harmless glee,
Are chang'd, alas! and some are not,
Yet live in memory!

But other hearts, and other minds,
Such changes will admire;
Some future bard, perchance, now finds
E'en these new scenes inspire.

Thus ancient friendship fades away,
And fresher flowrets bloom;
These, too, will live their summer's day,
Then seek oblivion's tomb.

O. G.

SONNET.

To part from all on earth we most esteem—
To burst asunder, link by link, the chain
Of tender, pure, and changeless love—to deem
In this wide world we ne'er may meet again,
To bid each thing of power to charm farewell,
To feel those pangs no outward sign may tell.
These, these are trials, o'er which mournful grief
May shed some bitter tears, but ne'er can have control;
And yet, when the lone bosom thinks how brief
Are all the woes that rend the tortured soul—
When, o'er affliction's stormy ocean driv'n,
No soothing spell—no kind and soft relief
Can heal the spirit, wounded, wearied, riv'n—
The heart, in meek en'd faith, may turn to Heav'n.

CARLOS.

TO ELLEN'S PORTRAIT.

O, there thou art—the same as when
I first upon thee gazed;
The same sweet smile I see again,
The blush I oft have praised.

Ah! yes, since we have met I see
The type of what thou'st been,
All save the mark of misery,
And shade of sorrow keen.

There is the bright and beauteous eye,
So soft and languishing,
Melting in love's rich luxury,
To us so anguishing.

And there is that deep glance of love,
That could my mind control,
Like lightning seen in clouds above,
Yet sunlight to my soul.

There is the ripe red lip that sung
So sweet the lake along,
When I so oft delighted hung,
Upon thy silver song.

That lip of love, the very tone
Of which could soothe my breast—
Its melting murmurs oft alone,
Have hush'd a heart distress'd.

There are thy clust'ring curls of hair,
That sport o'er beds of snow,
Like one thou gav'st me in despair,
Memento of my woe.

Dearest memorial of the past,
I'll keep thee fondly ever—
Mem'ry of her who gave shall last,
For ever and for ever.

And, O! there is thy angel form,
Thy swan-like neck of white,
Thy gentle bosom soft and warm,
So sensitive to sight.

O! yes, in'all thou art the same
That I both lov'd and lost—
To me is left a wretch's name,
A bosom crush'd and cross'd.

MILFORD BARD.

TO MUSIC.

What is it that bursts upon the ear,
When ev'ry sound is hush'd to rest
At dead of night—and draws the tear
Of transport from the bleeding breast?
Music, thy sweet accents tell,
'Tis thou that doth these feelings swell.

When exiles seek a wat'ry grave,
Reckless of sight that earth can give,
What floats along the silent wave,
Awaking feelings ceased to live?
'Tis melody's enchanting strain,
Renews each impulse once again.

What is it bids the passions rise,
Or calms life's jarring strife to rest,
That swells amid fierce battles' cries,
And softens down the stormy breast?
'Tis thy sweet sound; 'tis thy sweet voice,
Can cause to weep or to rejoice.

When sorrows dark have clouded o'er
The soul with anguish rent,
And hope has ceased her balm to pour,
Thy sacred voice is sent;
To open to the languid sight,
The bliss of heav'n serenely bright.

LOUISA.

TO ———.

My heart is sad! A cloud is cast
O'er things that once were bright and fair;
The glow of early hope is past,
And joy is fled and life is care.

My soul is bowed! My name is now
Clouded by ruthless slander's art:
It flings a shadow o'er my brow—
It steepens in bitterness my heart.

Yet mid the gloom a star-beam glows,
And mid the waste, a flower-bud breathes;
A fountain in the desert flows—
A garland round the ruin wreathes.

Thou art the rainbow on the storm,
That whisp'rst peace amid its wrath;
And through its rage thy blessed form
Sheds light and glory on my path.

How I have loved thee none can know,
Since first I dared to hope thee mine;
Through joy and grief, through weal and wo,
Each thought and wish have all been thine.

And now I feel thou art mine all—
Thou canst each faded scene renew;
Let blight and ruin on me fall,
I smile at them while thou art true.

And wilt thou leave me? must I see
My last hope shivered by the shock;
And be alone in misery,
While winds and waves my vessel rock?

It cannot be. Thou art too good,
Too pure, too true, at such an hour
To leave me in my solitude,
While clouds are dark and tempests lower.

Oh! change not now. The storm will part,
The winter days of life be flown;
yet shall clasp thee to my heart,
My loved, my faithful one, mine own!
MOYREN.

THE LAMENT.

TO AMANDA.

O tell me not of woman's love,
Of woman's faithful heart;
Seest thou yon moon so bright above,
Seest thou that moon depart,
So dazzles witching woman's smile,
Thus changeable her mind;
And O her heart is full of guile,
No vows can ever bind.

Within a shady silent dell,
A lovely rose I spied,
I lov'd that rose, I lov'd it well,
Sweet rose thou'rt mine I cried,
And o'er the blushing flow'r I hung,
O agony to start,
And find my breast with anguish wrung,
A thorn within my heart.

Then say not, that in woman's breast
An earthly Heav'n doth dwell;
For O that Heav'n, tho' brightly bless'd,
Hath been to me a hell;
For what more like a hell can be,
When at the gates of Heav'n,
Than by thy heart's divinity,
To be disgraced and driven.

O thus was I in sight of all
That makes a Paradise,
Nor thought so soon alas to fall,
To fall from love's bright skies—

Beauty was hers—in her dark glance
Of virtuous soul and sense,
I saw my Heav'n—delicious trance,
Sweet child of innocence.

I loved her with a fervor known
To none but poet's soul;
I loved her for those charms alone,
Which time can ne'er control;
I gazed upon her blushing cheek,
With modesty inspired;
I gazed upon her eye so meek,
And faithfully admired.

But ah! while thus with joy elate,
I bow'd at beauty's throne,
I little thought the blast of fate,
Had o'er my bosom blown;
I little thought the shade of shame,
Could on my bliss intrude,
Or I should own a villain's name,
My heart a solitude.

A voice there came within her ear,
And cried—Beware! beware!
Beware the spoiler he is near,
His joy is thy despair;
But O, the dagger lies not there,
'Tis that *she* should believe,
His heart a foe to virtue fair,
That never can deceive.

'Tis past—her seal is on me set,
A libertine to be,
We ne'er can meet as we have met,
Her confidence in me
Is lost forever—never more
My heart again shall rove
On woman, yet till time is o'er,
My soul shall still approve.

MILFORD BARD.

TO MISS H.

I've trifled out my shortened hour of pain,
I've passed the checkered moments of suspense,
I've sighed and trembled, 'till my aching brain
Has whirled in giddy phantasy—but hence
Those visions of a sicken'd soul—that light,
That light that lures to night.
I never told my love, but oft would laugh,
E'en when my heart was breaking 'neath its weight,
And a proud spirit beckoned from the path,
A soul that swelled at coldness—spurned at fate.
At fate! 'tis vain to spurn, my doom is cast!
Love bloomed, but bloomed to blast.
I could not trifle like those buzzing flies,
That perch and play 'round fashion's gilded shrine,
Unfold their wings before the sunny skies,
When the storm sleeps—my heart then throbb'd for
thine;
And feeling wears my tortured burning breast,
And dull and heavy pressed.
On, could it mingle with thy tender heart,
And warm infuse through every swelling vein,
Wind round the fibres, that no power could part,
As interwoven vines cheered by the rain,
Each mix their scented essence with the skies,
Or clasped together, die.
But no! 'tis vain, fate plunged the dagger *here*,
'Tbere let it rust—when the pent flame shall burst
Its bonds, still the cold embers on the bier,
Will glow with heavenly feeling pure as first,
For love creation's very soul shall last,
And glow when life is passed.
Adieu! sweet girl, adieu! still thy vision bright,
Floate round my mind and lingers at the ward;
But it has passed—ambition's slippery height
Now woo's my steps—and with the blinded herd,
I grasp the phantom o'er the fatal steep,
And raise the mouldering heap.

C.



LOUIS PHILIPPE 1^{ER}

ROI CONSTITUTIONNEL DES FRANÇAIS

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FLOWERS OF
LITERATURE, WIT AND SENTIMENT.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries;
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.—SHAKESPEARE.

NO. 12.

PHILADELPHIA.—DECEMBER.

[1830-

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF
LOUIS PHILIP I. KING OF THE FRENCH.

Louis Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Orleans, is a son of the well known Louis Philip Joseph, Duke of Orleans, by a princess of the house of Conde, and was born on the 6th of October, 1773. At his birth the title of Duke of Valois was conferred on him, but on his grandfather's death, he assumed that of the Duke of Chartres.—Though only the Dauphin, son of Charles X. and the young Duke Bordeaux, intervened between the Duke of Orleans and the regular succession to the throne, he is but distantly related to the Bourbon branch; the Orleans family being descended from the only brother of Louis XIV., who was born 1640. The part taken by the father of the subject of this memoir, in the early revolutionary movements,—his largesses,—his crimes, and his unhappy fate, are fresh in the recollection of all who feel any interest in the events of those times.

At the age of nine years, the present Duke of Orleans was placed for his education under the direction of Madame de Genlis, who by her numerous writings has acquired for herself an European reputation. The course which the distinguished lady pursued, in relation to the Prince and his brothers, is detailed in her "Lessons of a Governess to her Pupils," from which work it will be seen that they enjoyed advantages that rarely fall to the lot of persons in their position. At the commencement of the political commotions, the young Duke was made to attend the sitting of the legislative assemblies, and even of the popular societies, and was thus placed in a situation which the views of his father also favored, of appreciating the great events that were then occurring. He admired the eloquence for which the national assembly was conspicuous,

and of which France had till then been ignorant. It is well known with what noble simplicity he welcomed the decree of that assembly, which abolished the right of primogeniture, which conferred on the Prince prerogatives to which his noble mind was a stranger. "I am delighted with it," said he, "but it in no respect changes our position, as my brother well knows: every thing has long since been equal between us."

The Prince had been named, in 1795, Colonel of the 14th regiment of Dragoons. A decree of the constituent assembly having enjoined on all the titular Colonels to abandon the service, or take the command of their troops in person, the Duke of Chartres repaired to Vandome, where his regiment was in garrison. War had been just declared against Austria. Named Major General in 1762, he was, towards the end of the year, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant General, and received the command of Strasbourg, which he declined. "I am too young," said he, "to be shut up in a fortified town, and I beg to remain actively employed in the army." He consequently participated in the brilliant success of a Valmy, which was the dawn of twenty years of triumph, and in the victory of Genappe, which covered with glory General Dumourier and the French army.

Soon after, when the ingratitude of the government wished to extend the circle of its victims, and to reach all the members of an unfortunate family, the Duke had the good fortune to escape from the unjust persecution. Having withdrawn into Switzerland, the Prince was unwilling to be dependent on the support of others. Concealed under an obscure name, he gave lessons in geography, and made the instructions which he had acquired under happier auspices contribute to his subsistence. A few years the

government made the voluntary exile of the Duke of Orleans beyond the European Continent, a condition of the liberty of his august brothers. The Prince did not hesitate to comply with the requisition, and retired to the United States of America, where he soon had the happiness of pressing to his bosom the Duke of Montpensier and the Count of Beaujolais, to whose liberty he had the good fortune to contribute. After having spent some time in the American States, and studied the character and institutions of the people, relying frequently on the same resources that he had availed himself of in Switzerland, the Duke of Orleans went to Great Britain, where he had an interview with *Monsieur*, now Charles X. The Duke and his brothers were subsequently established in a country house a few miles from London, which had formerly belonged to the celebrated *Pope*. It was here that the Duke of Montpensier died of consumption, and the Count of Beaujolais, who visited Malta for the benefit of his health, did not long survive him. The Duke of Orleans, who had accompanied his youngest brother, afterwards repaired to Palermo, then the residence of the Neapolitan Court, where, on the 15th November, 1809, he married the sister of the King of the two Sicilies.*

At the first restoration, and after twenty-two years of exile and suffering, the Duke of Orleans returned to France, and recovered those portions of the immense property of his family, which had been alienated during the above revolution. Louis XVIII. gave him, in common with the other Princes of his family, admission into the Chamber of Peers, and named him Colonel General of the Hussars. All the steps taken by the Prince, proved to France that the school of misfortune had only developed those virtues and qualities for which his earliest years had been conspicuous.

In March, 1815, when the landing of Bonaparte was known at Paris, His Royal Highness was sent with *Monsieur* (Charles X.) to oppose the march of the army from the Isle of Elba.—The efforts of these two Princes having been without success, they returned to Paris. The Duke of Orleans accompanied Louis XVIII. to Lisle, and fulfilled the duties imposed on him by his birth, by following his august family into exile.

The Duke of Orleans entered France again immediately after the second restoration, and has ever since resided there, a model of the private virtues, of the most noble patriotism.—An enlightened protector of literature and the arts, he has chosen Casimir Delavigna for his librarian, and Horace Vernet for his favourite painter; this is sufficient to shew the recollections of our national glory touch him as much as the *chef d'œuvre* of the arts. Noble dispenser of an immense fortune, His Royal Highness has made the most glorious use of it. Never has misfor-

tune made a vain appeal to his generosity. The great works which he has caused to be undertaken, and which have been pursued without interruption since 1815, give an honourable existence to a large number of families, who find them their only resource. His fine gallery every year receives those pictures of our artists, which cannot be embraced in the acts of royal munificence.

There is one proceeding of the Duke of Orleans which has especially attracted the attention of France as being altogether worthy of his noble character, and of the enlightened love of rectitude which he has always manifested. His Royal Highness has wished that his sons should be educated in our colleges, in the midst of the rising generation at the head of which they are to be placed. The good sense of the French people has appreciated the magnanimity and generosity of this determination. They are convinced that Princes thus brought up cannot fail to be good citizens, and they have blessed His Royal Highness for the care that he has taken to secure himself worthy successors, and to our children illustrious models.

This sketch would be incomplete, if we did not offer our homage to the august Princess whose virtues constitute at the same time his most just pride, and his dearest recompense. These mild and unostentatious virtues, seem, by the modesty that encircles them, to fear to betray themselves by any public act. But, the crowds of unfortunate beings, who her Royal Highness seeks out and restores to happiness, bless them and reveal them to France.

We will terminate this article by an extract from the "New Biography of Living Characters."

"The Duke of Orleans has, in person, the simplest taste, but in his household magnificence reigns by the side of order. A protector of the fine arts and of French industry, he delights in decorating with their productions the superb apartments of the Palais Royal, and his delicious residence at Neuilly, the gardens of which he himself laid out. A friend of letters, he calls around him, and loves to attach to him those who cultivate elegant literature.

"Finally, this Prince, who, during thirty years, fertile in changes of every kind, has known how to maintain himself in the same line of conduct and principles, now finds in the esteem of his former brothers in arms who have forgotten neither Genappe nor Valmy, in the suffrage of the virtuous, and of the friends of well regulated liberty, in the affections of all who approach him, the oblivion of his misfortunes, and the sweetest reward of his virtues."

Women should not confine their attention to dress to their public appearance. They should accustom themselves to an habitual neatness, in their most unguarded hours, that they may have no reason to be ashamed of their appearance. An elegant simplicity is an equal proof of taste and delicacy.

* The Duchess of Orleans is aunt of the Duchess of Berri, the mother of the young Duke of Bordeaux.

The Revolution in France.

The French Revolution of 1830 stands alone in the history of the world; its singularity consists not in its causes, nor in any individual feature by which it is characterized, but in the union of qualities apparently the most incongruous—enthusiasm and moderation, disorganization and order, hatred and clemency all appear conspicuous in the eventful week which terminated the month of July. To present any thing like a detailed account of all the occurrences of those memorable days, would not only far exceed the bounds which could in a periodical work be allotted to the subject, but would also be in itself a task for which, at this moment, it would be almost impossible to collect sufficiently authentic materials. All that I propose in the present paper is to lay before my readers a very slight sketch of the state of the country at the time of the Revolution, and then narrate with fidelity those scenes of which I was myself an eye-witness, preserving the connection of the facts by details furnished to me by those on whose accuracy I can implicitly rely. In order to have a right understanding of the causes of the late events, it is necessary to recall to our recollection, that after the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, it was considered indispensable that some security should be given to the nation against the recurrence of such an assumption of arbitrary power on the part of the sovereign, as had been the immediate cause of the Revolution of 1789: in compliance with this feeling, Louis XVIII. agreed with the nation on the terms of a Charter, the principal articles of which guaranteed individual liberty and equality under the laws, the liberty of the press, the free elections of the deputies, and other essential ingredients to the formation of a constitutional monarchy. These restrictions on arbitrary power were in no slight degree galling to the partisans of the *ancien régime*, and various attempts were made from time to time by different ministers to elude the provisions of the charter; in some instances they were successful, particularly in carrying into effect an alteration in the law of elections, which tended greatly to increase the influence of the ministry in the formation of the chamber of Deputies. Still every thing was done with a show of attention to the forms prescribed by the Charter, and no open attempt was made to violate the Constitution during the reign of Louis XVIII. His successor, Charles X., a haughty, weak, and bigoted prince, filled with extravagant notions of the "right divine," and entirely governed by the priests, could ill brook the thoughts of being compelled to govern with moderation; and accordingly the Court Journals took every opportunity of insinuating that the Charter, far from being a compact between the prince and the people, was a mere voluntary grant on the part of Louis, and therefore not legally binding on his successors. Affairs continued in this situation until the 8th of August, 1829, when the King, finding that the administration of M. Martignac, though warmly attached to the interests of the Crown, was not prepared entirely to annihilate the liberties of the people, suddenly dismissed them and appointed in their stead an administration headed by Prince Polignac, and composed entirely of men of ultra-Royalist principles, most

of whom were also personally obnoxious to the Nation. This occurred during the recess of the Chambers; and from August until March the contest was carried on between the Liberal Press and the Government; the latter supplying by prosecutions their deficiency in argument. In March the Chambers assembled, and the House of Deputies immediately voted an address entreating the King to dismiss his ministers; the King returned an angry reply, and dissolved the Chambers. New elections were ordered, and the Chambers summoned for the 3d of August. In the mean time the expedition against Algiers was undertaken, in the hope of diverting the minds of the people from their causes of complaint at home; but the manœuvre was too evident to escape the observation of the Liberal press, and accordingly produced no effect. On the 9th of May the finishing stroke to the formation of the ministry was given by the retirement of Messrs. Chabrol and Courvoisier, the only moderate members of it, and the appointment of M. de Peyronnet, the most unpopular member of the most unpopular administration which had been in office since the Restoration. Up to this time no serious apprehensions of open attack upon the Charter had been apprehended; the timid and vacillating character of Prince Polignac rendered it tolerably certain that he would take no step which would place him in too great danger; but the case was now widely different; Peyronnet was known to be a man totally destitute of principle, but possessing both talent and intrepidity, and his accession to power gave the country every thing to fear for the welfare of the people. Contrary, however, to expectation, he affected a tone of moderation, and spoke of warm attachment to the Charter, and enmity only to its abuses. In the mean time the elections proceeded, and it soon became evident, that notwithstanding all the arts resorted to by ministers, in the destitution of Liberal prettexts, and other similar measures, the majority against them would be greater in the new Chamber than in the old. Still nothing indicated the approach of a political convulsion; the contest appeared to be a constitutional one between the Ministry and the Opposition; and every one was waiting in perfect tranquillity the meeting of the Chambers, when the fatal blow was struck. On the 22d and 23d of July, the usual letters summoning the members to meet on the 3d of August were circulated in the ordinary manner; on Sunday the 25th were signed at St. Cloud by the King and his seven Ministers, three Ordonnances, which while they pretended to adhere to the forms of the Charter, which gave the King power to direct by ordinance the mode in which the laws should be executed, virtually abrogated all its most important provisions. The first of these Ordonnances abolished the liberty of the press; the second dissolved the Chamber, which had not yet assembled; and the third altered the law of election in such a manner as almost to throw the nomination of the members into the hands of the Ministry. These Ordonnances appeared in the "Moniteur" of Monday morning, and some time necessarily elapsed before they were generally known. As the fatal intelligence gradually spread, anxious groups were seen assembled in the Palais Royal discussing the probable results

of the measures; gloom and despondency appeared the most prevalent features in their aspect, and it was not until late in the evening, when the mechanics had left work, and learnt what had been done, that any thing like a tumultuous assembly took place. I am informed that about ten o'clock in the evening the gardens of the Palais Royal were filled with citizens murmuring imprecations on the Ministry, but wholly unarmed; and that in an attempt made by the gens d'armes to compel them to disperse, the people had the advantage, and remained in the gardens until the usual hour of retiring, when they proceeded in groups through the Rue de Rivoli and the Rue Neuve des Capucines, hooting as they passed the residences of the various Ministers, but not attempting violence. This commotion was, however, quite local; I was at one of the theatres in the evening, and on my return home had to traverse the greater part of the Northern Boulevards, where I found every thing as tranquil as usual. During the day a meeting of the principal Journalists had taken place, in which a spirited remonstrance was agreed to, and it was resolved to publish the papers as usual the next morning notwithstanding the prohibitions—a resolution which received the judicial sanction of M. de Belleyne, President of one of the Tribunals. In the morning of the 27th, however, the presses were forcibly seized by the police, as well as all the copies printed which could be found, and all public reading rooms and coffee-houses were threatened with the severest penalties if they retained a copy of the obnoxious publications. I was fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the "Figaro," a paper eminently distinguished for the force and brilliancy of its sarcasms—as a specimen of its style I quote one passage from the suppressed number:—"The government of Algiers promised, on payment of a certain subsidy, to allow our ships the free navigation of the seas. The Ministers of the King of France agreed, on sufficient security being given, to allow the Press the privilege of thinking and publishing with freedom. In contempt of the treaty, the Pirates of Algiers seized vessels which had submitted to pay the subsidy; in contempt of the laws, the ministers of the King destroy the presses of journals which have given the required security. 20 days were sufficient to overthrow the government of Algiers." The effect of writing of this description on the minds of the French people is incredible. The morning of the 27th, however, passed quietly; the public buildings were open as usual; great agitation prevailed on the Exchange, but nothing gave signs of more than a momentary ebullition of popular discontent. I heard several orators declaiming, in the course of the morning, in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and many revolutionary placards were distributed, but there appeared nothing like an organized system of resistance. About four in the afternoon I had been to the Museum of the Louvre, and returning to the Rue St. Honore by the Rue de Coq, I found all the shops shut and the streets occupied by troops of the line. Forcing my way to the Place du Palais Royal, a large open space in front of the principal entrance, I found a strong body of mounted gens d'armes drawn up in order of battle, and was informed that the people had

assailed the military with stones and bricks, and had, consequently, been driven out of the Palais Royal at the point of the bayonet, and were attempting to make head against the soldiers in the Rue St. Honore and adjoining streets. Still the people appeared entirely unarmed, except with stones and bricks, which they obtained from a heap lying at the corner of the Palais Royal for rebuilding the wing which was burnt down sometime since. From time to time the mounted gens d'armes charged the people, who retreated in confusion, but returned to their old posts as soon as the military resumed their position. A few rounds were fired but did not appear to do much execution; indeed, I have some reason to believe that on this day many of the pieces were only charged with blank cartridges. It was not till after eight o'clock, when daylight had ceased to betray their operations, that any thing like regular preparations for resistance were made. By this time every quarter of Paris was in commotion, and it soon became evident that civil war was inevitable. The popular party, which had hitherto been composed wholly of the lowest orders, was now reinforced by numerous auxiliaries from among the young students in law and medicine, and also by the several members of the old National Guard, some of whom appeared in their ancient uniform. Under their direction, all the lamps were simultaneously destroyed, and the favorite Parisian system of barricading was commenced. All the armourers' shops were broken into, but not the slightest injury or depredation was committed on any species of property, the weapons only were taken. Several volleys were fired by the soldiers in the Rue St. Honore, and many individuals killed. At 10 o'clock I perceived the horizon brilliantly illuminated immediately over the Palais Royal; and in making my way across the Rue St. Honore, and by a circuitous course to the Place de la Bourse, I perceived that the light proceeded from the conflagration of the Guard House, near the Exchange, of which the people had gained possession, after disarming the whole Corps de Garde, and appropriating their arms to their own use. This was the first decided advantage gained by the people, and tended greatly to raise and confirm their courage. On crossing the Boulevard des Italiens, I perceived that considerable skirmishing had taken place; some of the trees had been pulled down, and a bonfire was blazing in the road, surrounded by a numerous group of the people. Lower down the Boulevards, in the direction of Prince Polignac's house, and just visible by the light reflected on their arms, appeared a strong body of troops, guarding the approaches to that quarter. I have since learned, that at the very time of which I am speaking, all the ministers were assembled at dinner at Prince Polignac's Hotel, the entrance to which was strongly fortified by artillery inside the gates; fortunately for them, this fact was not publicly known, or there is little doubt that an attack, too strong to be resisted, would have been instantly made, and the whole party would inevitably have been sacrificed. Every carriage which passed in the direction occupied by the people was stopped, and search made for the obnoxious Ministers, but no violence was offered to any one. In the course of this day, the Liberal Deputies who happened to

be in Paris assembled at the house of M. Lafitte, and agreed on a declaration, protesting against the Ordonnances, and announcing their determination to exercise the functions with which they had been legally invested, unless prevented by force. During the night, both parties were actively employed in reinforcing their strength; additional troops marched into Paris, consisting of Lancers, Chasseurs, and troops of the line, occupying the strongest positions in the neighborhood of the Tuileries and the Louvre; while, on the other hand, the people busied themselves in procuring arms from all quarters. Having obtained possession of the Museum of Artillery, they armed themselves with every thing it contained—not even the sword of Charlemagne was left behind. On Wednesday, the 28th, the battle may be said to have commenced in earnest. Early in the morning I traversed the Faubourgs of St. Denis and St. Martin, and found the people every where prepared to resist to the last; the inhabitants had armed themselves with paving stones and missiles of every description, with which they seriously annoyed the troops as they entered, particularly from the Port St. Denis, which was the scene of the most obstinate conflicts throughout the day. On approaching the place du Palais Royal, I found every thing nearly in the same situation as on the preceding night; the troops were more numerous, but their position was the same; one piece of ordnance commanded the Rue Richelieu, and others were stationed in the neighborhood so as to be brought into activity at a moment's notice. The lower part of the Rue St. Honore was entirely occupied by the people, and occasional shots only were interchanged. Finding every thing comparatively quiet in that quarter, I proceeded through the Rue Richelieu, and the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, towards the Place des Victoires, in which I found a numerous body of the people, headed by several of the National Guard in their full uniform—they formed on one side of the square, and in a few minutes I perceived a body of the mounted Gens-d'armes advancing down the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, supported by part of the 5th and 53d regiments of the line, and a small party of Chasseurs. The people waved their hands to them as they advanced, a salutation which the soldiers appeared to return, and on their arrival at the Place des Victoires, the Chasseurs took up a position as if to defend the bank, and the troops of the line fell in with the National Guard and the people. Supposing that the whole body had joined the popular cause, I was proceeding in another direction, when, after the lapse of some minutes, I heard a rapid firing in the quarter I had left. I returned towards the Place des Victoires, and found that the people were entirely dispersed, and the troops formed in line were firing down the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs upon every one that came in sight. This piece of treachery cost the people a number of lives, and was worthy of the General (Marnont) by whom it was directed. It appears that the royal troops then proceeded down the Rue Montmartre firing in the same manner, but much embarrassed by the missiles which were showered upon them from the houses, until they were stopped by the barricade opposite the Passage du Saumon, which was the first constructed in Paris. In the

mean time I proceeded towards the other quarter of the town, and advancing along the Quay of the Louvre, which was occupied by the royal troops, arrived at the Pont Neuf. In this neighborhood I perceived that the contest was raging with the greatest violence. I found that at a very early hour the people had gained possession of nearly all the detached Corps de Garde, by which means they were partially supplied with arms, and had hoisted the tri-color on the towers of Notre Dame; they had then marched upon the Hotel de Ville, which was garrisoned by a large body of Gens-d'armes, horse and foot: here the insurgents attempted a parley, but those who advanced for that purpose were fired on by the Gens-d'armes; goaded to fury by this wanton cruelty, the people, though more than half unarmed, rushed on the bayonets, and succeeded in putting the enemy to flight and hoisting the national colors on the Hotel de Ville. This triumph, however, was but of short continuance; in about half an hour, a detachment of the Garde Royal was seen marching towards the Place de Greve, and formed in front of the Hotel de Ville; a sharp fire was kept up on both sides, and another body of the people having advanced by the Pont Notre Dame and attacked the royal troops in flank, they were obliged to take flight after considerable loss; and the victory appeared secure, when nearly two thousand men, composed of the Gens-d'armes, the Garde Royal, the Swiss troops, and the troops of the line, supported by a squadron of Cuirassiers and four pieces of cannon, advanced to the attack, and after a murderous fusillade, succeeded in regaining possession of the Hotel de Ville; the people, however, were not discouraged, numerous bodies poured in from every quarter, and in the course of the day the contested post was thrice taken and retaken. At the time I passed the bridge, the royal troops were in possession of the Place de Greve, and of all the avenues leading to it in the direction of the river; the firing was incessant, and the carnage immense, the troops of the line however appeared to abstain as much as possible from taking any part in it, contenting themselves with forming a line across the bridge, so as to prevent access from that quarter, and leaving to the Garde Royal the office of butchering their fellow citizens, which they did without remorse.—Leaving the scene of this conflict, I proceeded along the quay until I reached the Morgue, which I entered, and beheld a spectacle of horror which I never shall forget. In the midst of battle men fall unregarded; amidst the universal excitement of conflict, hundreds may fall without exciting even a passing sigh from those by their side; but here it was widely different—all was tranquil and still; eleven bodies stripped, and laid out on boards, remained to await the recognition of their friends; they were citizens, they had perished in the conflict which I still heard roaring around me; their wounds were various; one was a woman, apparently in the seventh or eighth month of her pregnancy; a ball had entered her left eye and penetrated to the brain; another was a child, about ten years old, that had been transfixed with a lance. Among those whom curiosity had assembled around the ghastly group, I observed a young man about seventeen or eighteen, whom Salvator would have

chosen as a model for a young bandit. Never did I see a countenance in which beauty and ferocity were so singularly blended: he had round him a girdle, in which were two pistols and a large semicircular banger; in his hand he had a broad two-edged knife, the blade of which glittered in the sunbeams: he entered hastily, cast one look of unutterable expression on the corpses, as if to whet his fury, and rushed out with a yell of defiance in the direction of the Greve, where the fight was then raging the fiercest. Shortly after quitting the Morgue, I found my arm seized by a man in what appeared at first a hostile manner, but in looking at his face I perceived it was only the excitement of strong agitation; he asked me whether there was much fighting in the direction whence I was coming? I told him that all was quiet there, and he proceeded towards the Morgue. After advancing a few paces, curiosity induced me to retrace my steps and follow him; I had scarcely reached the door of the Morgue, when I saw him stagger out and fall senseless on the stone before the door; among the victims he had recognized his only brother! Crossing the river in the direction of the Rues St. Jacques and La Harpe, I found the people engaged in preparing barricades, &c. but perfectly tranquil. I then returned along the quays, and crossing the Point Neuf, arrived at the Place du Palais Royal about five o'clock. Here the face of affairs were materially altered: all the troops who in the morning occupied the square, had retired into the adjoining houses on the left side, while the people were still masters of those on the right, the centre of the square presented a scene of the most perfect tranquillity, while from the upper windows of the houses a constant fire was kept up between the two parties; every shot was fired with a deliberate aim at some exposed object, and the effect of this desultory, but murderous fire contrasted strangely with the unremitting volleys which I had just witnessed in the Place de Greve—the one had all the excitement and heart stirring effect of a struggle for life and liberty, the other appeared a mere species of human fowling, all the horrors of butchery, without a redeeming spark of enthusiasm to throw a lustre over the scene. This continued until dark. During the day contests had also been going on in various parts of Paris, in all of them the people had been victorious; the pupils of the Ecole Polytechnique distinguished themselves in every quarter by their cool and determined bravery. The warmest engagements, in addition to those which I have mentioned, were—1st. In the Rue St. Antoine, where 1000 of the Garde Royale kept up a murderous fire on the inhabitants, which was answered by missiles of every description, until the troops were called off to assist in the attack of the Place de Greve. 2d. On and near the Porte St. Denis, where the combat continued until eight o'clock at night. 3d. In the Rue St. Denis, where the officer commanding the Garde Royal was killed; and 4th, on the quays opposite the Louvre, whence the citizens, protected by the portico of the Institute, were enabled to gall the Swiss guards occupying the Louvre with a constant and harassing fire, notwithstanding the strong position of the royal troops, supported by a piece of artillery commanding the Pont des Arts and playing directly

on the people. The columns and walls of the Institute are completely pierced with balls. During Wednesday night the troops in the neighbourhood of the Hotel de Ville were called in, and the whole royal force was concentrated in the Louvre, the Place du Caroussel, and the Tuileries, with the exception of a small body of Swiss which occupied a house at the corner of the Rue Rohan in the Rue St. Honore, another party in the hotel, near the corner of the Place du Palais Royal, and those who were in the Swiss barracks in the Rue de Babylone. In the course of the night the people had so completely barricaded every street in Paris as to render them quite impassable, and able to sustain a siege if requisite: the fifth and fifty-third regiments of the line, that had from the first been unwilling to fight against their fellow-citizens, had openly joined the people; and on the morning of Thursday the 29th, the national colours floated upon every public edifice in Paris, except those which I have just mentioned: the word "royale" was effaced from the theatres, and every shop bearing the royal arms had carefully effaced the obnoxious emblem. Yet so blind were the Ministers to their real situation, that even on Wednesday afternoon, when Messieurs Lafitte, Gerard, and Casimir Perier, ventured through the fire to the Tuileries, in order to have an interview with the Duke of Ragusa, the commander-in-chief, and proposed to him to guarantee the immediate cessation of all tumult if the Ordonnances were revoked and the Chambers assembled as usual, Prince Polignac refused even to enter into negotiation with the Deputies on any terms but those of unconditional submission on the part of the rebels, as he was pleased to term the people. Up to this time there appears to have been no idea of a change of dynasty, a return to the charter was all that was asked; but on Thursday morning, when it was become evident that the King would continue blind to his own interests, it became necessary to take some decided step: the reorganization of the National Guard was the first object, and the venerable General Lafayette, ever foremost in the cause of rational liberty, immediately accepted the command, and establishing his head quarters at the Hotel de Ville, issued his first proclamation, while both the Louvre and the Tuileries were still in possession of the royal troops. On Thursday morning about thirty soldiers, who I have mentioned as being stationed in a hotel near the corner of the Place du Palais Royal, were besieged by a numerous body of the people; my window overlooked the balcony, or rather open platform, on which they were defending themselves, and their resistance was indeed a gallant one, and worthy of a better cause. For two hours they continued to keep up a cool and deliberate fire on their assailants, who were from their inferiority of situation, not able to return it with any thing like equal effect; but it seemed that every man among the people who fell was replaced by three, until, by dint of superior numbers, they succeeded in forcing the doors, and the soldiers were forced to surrender. I was delighted to hear that they were only disarmed and retained as prisoners. During the attack, one of the national party was brought into the house in which I was, with his leg shattered by a ball; the noble fellow ap-

peared wholly to disregard the wound, and though unable to stand, could hardly be prevailed on to desist from making the attempt to rejoin his comrades; his only anxiety seemed to be the fear that his mother should hear of his danger.—While we were attempting to bandage the wound until a surgeon could be found, another of the citizens came in also seeking a surgeon for some one else; he no sooner cast his eyes on the wounded man than exclaiming, "*mon frère*," he seized his hand and burst into tears; the other instantly snatched away his hand replying, "*les larmes sont indignes de notre cause, tu n'es pas blessé, retourne au combat et reviens me voir après la victoire.*" This true hero is, I am happy to say, doing well, and will not even lose his leg. About the same time the Duke of Ragusa had issued a manuscript proclamation offering a suspension of arms; a common mechanic, who had it in his hand, spat on the name of Marmont; an English gentleman by my side, wishing to possess the paper as a relic of the day, and seeing the man in the lowest state of poverty, offered to buy it of him; the man instantly gave it him, but refused the smallest compensation, saying, "*C'est à vous, Monsieur, mais nous ne combatons pas pour l'argent.*" Did my space permit, I could multiply instances of noble heroism, and almost romantic disinterestedness, which fell under my own observation, to an incredible extent. While these events were going on, the Louvre was invested by the people. Although not present at this assault, I am able to give a correct account of it from the relation of a gentleman whose window faced the principal point of attack. The Swiss guards were stationed on the upper story of the building, occupying the whole of its immense length and protected by the columns which are between the windows; there were about three soldiers at each window; from five in the morning they kept up a constant fire of musketry upon such of the people as came within reach, particularly those employed in constructing the barricades of the Rue des Poulets; on the other hand, the people returned the fire from the windows of the surrounding houses and from the portico of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerois, but without much effect; not many of the Swiss fell. One little fellow, apparently about fifteen, had ensconced himself behind a projecting angle of the church, where his comrades supplied him with guns ready loaded as fast as he discharged his piece, which he did as rapidly as possible, but taking a deliberate aim each time; whenever he saw that his shot had taken effect, he put down his gun and clapped his hands in exultation, then resumed his occupation. One of the National Guard who was near him, assured me that this boy had, in a very few hours, discharged upwards of three hundred cartridges. This species of firing continued until a quarter before eleven, when two men from the Rue des Poulets rushed through the fire and succeeded in obtaining the shelter of the dwarf wall which surrounds the enclosed court of the Louvre, without sustaining any injury except one slight wound in the thigh; four others rapidly followed, and one of them succeeded in planting a tri-coloured flag on the exterior railings. This was received with a shout of exultation from the people and a general volley of musketry from

the Swiss. In a few minutes some hundred people had made their way to the gate of the Louvre, where they stood the fire of the garrison until a quarter before twelve, when they forced an entrance, and after a short but decisive struggle, succeeded in repulsing the Swiss, the majority of whom escaped by the northern and western gates, to take refuge in the Tuileries. The boy, whom I have before mentioned, was the first who entered the gate, but was completely pierced through with balls; he was carried to the church of St. Germain, and thence to the Hotel Dieu, where I believe he still survives. On taking possession of the Museum, the greatest care was taken to preserve every thing from injury; the picture of the coronation of Charles X. was torn in fragments, but no other was touched.—From the Louvre the national army proceeded at once to the Tuileries, which being invested on every side made but a feeble resistance: a short but murderous conflict took place on the Pont Royale, in which the people completely routed the guards, and immediately forced the gates of the palace. A young pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, aged sixteen, who had distinguished himself at the attack of the Louvre, rushed into the Tuileries and ascended to the dome with a flag in his hand; he had hardly strength to plant the national colours in their proper position when, overcome with the loss of blood from his numerous wounds, he fell dead on the platform. His body was immediately placed on the royal couch, where it remained covered with crape until claimed by his family. Every picture and bust of Charles X. was instantly destroyed, but those of Louis XVIII. the author of the Charter, were respected; the people only covered his largest bust with a veil of black crape. Every one had unrestrained access to the Palace, and not a single article of value was purloined, the clothes and ornaments of the Duchess d'Angoulême were thrown contemptuously out of the window, and one of her white satin petticoats soon figured as a part of a tri-coloured flag on the garden gate. Every thing in the apartments of the Duchess de Berri was scrupulously respected; so minute were the shades of discretion which appeared to regulate the movements of this self-guided populace at the moment of their wildest enthusiasm!—The occupation of the Tuileries by the people was facilitated by a circumstance which does not appear to have been generally known. During the early part of the morning, the Tuileries gardens, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Place Vendôme were occupied by a very strong body of the Royal troops, supported by several pieces of ordnance. Between ten and eleven, the cannon were brought into the Rue de Rivoli in such a manner as to command all the approaches in the direction of the Place du Carrousal, and the soldiers were drawn up in the gardens and across the Rue de Rivoli in fighting order. A little after eleven, two Commissioners, in court dresses, arrived at the Place Vendôme, and informed the troops that a suspension of arms had been agreed to by the Duke of Ragusa; the intelligence was received with a universal shout of joy; all the knapsacks were instantly taken off, the arms piled in the garden, and preparations made for relieving themselves from the state of almost starvation in which they

had been for many hours. Numbers of the people approached the gardens, and shook hands with the soldiers through the railings; the latter seated themselves round huge cauldrons containing joints of meat and other provisions, and were thinking of nothing less than hostilities, when a terrific shout, or rather yell, was heard in the direction of the palace, and inspired a universal panic. The soldiers precipitately rose, left their scarcely-tasted victuals, and retreated, in many instances, without even stopping to take their arms and knapsacks. The noise which had thus alarmed them was the cry of the people, who, having gained the Louvre, were rushing on to the attack of the Tuileries by the Place du Carrousel. Had these troops not been thus thrown off their guard by the absurd conduct of the Duke of Ragusa in proclaiming a suspension of hostilities before he was aware whether it would be acceded to by the other party, a dreadful carnage must have taken place from the number of pieces of ordnance which were ready to be brought to bear on the advancing people. Indeed the Duke of Ragusa appears to have acted throughout in a manner displaying either the greatest want of generalship, or a most culpably blind security in the magic effects which the very sight of a royal army was to produce on an undisciplined mob; for he constantly marched his troops into the narrowest streets, where neither cavalry, artillery, or discipline, could be of any use to him, and where the people entrenched behind the impassable barricades, and on the tops of houses, could annihilate his men almost at pleasure. As soon as the Tuileries were taken, the Gardes-du-Corps, who were quartered at their hotel on the Quai d'Orsay, surrendered their arms, and, with the remains of the Garde-Royale, and the Lancers, retreated through the Champs Elysees, taking the road to St. Cloud, where the royal family still remained. In the mean time, the Swiss barracks in the Rue de Babylone were invested by a numerous body of the people, commanded by one of the Ecole Polytechnique. The National troops being well provided with arms from the various Corps-de-Garde, which they had taken, and with ammunition from the powder manufactory called Les Deux Moulins, were enabled to sustain an equal part in the tremendous fusillade which ensued; the number of people that fell was immense.—The Swiss, protected by large mattresses, suffered much less; and the success of the attack appeared for a moment doubtful, when it was proposed to fire the gate: this was instantly accomplished, and the garrison precipitately fled, pursued by the balls of the people. There was not a single enemy remaining within the barriers of Paris, except the handful of Swiss entrenched in the house at the corner of the Rue Rohan. These men continued to fire on the people, defending themselves with the united energy of hate and despair. About six o'clock, the people forced their entrance through the fire, and all who remained alive of the Swiss were sacrificed to a just revenge. Throughout the contest, the Swiss and Gens-d'armes, together with the third Regiment of the Garde-Royale, appear to have been alone willing to fire on the people; the troops of the line gladly seized the first opportunity of joining the national cause. I

may mention, that in passing a few days afterwards round the city, I observed that most of the stations of Gens-d'armes, at the external barriers, had been completely gutted with fire, particularly at the barriers of La Villette and Des Martyrs; but as I do not hear of any affairs of great importance having taken place there, I apprehend that the destruction of the stations was adopted merely as a matter of precaution to prevent their being re-occupied. The victory was now complete: three days had sufficed to render Paris free, and in the evening of the third day every thing was as tranquil as before the commencement of disturbances. The barricades were carefully guarded, and every facility afforded to passengers; lights were placed along the front of every house to supply the place of lamps; 70,000 men of the lowest class were in arms about the city: not a single outrage to person or property of any description has been heard of, except in the instance of one man, who being detected in secreting some valuable property, was instantly shot by his comrades in the Place de la Bourse; and the most timid female might have traversed Paris from one end to the other in the most perfect security. A young pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique was placed in the apartments of the Tuileries to guard the property during the night; his guard consisted of twelve men, all mechanics, who appeared in the greatest state of pecuniary distress; the articles of value, which lay scattered around them, were far more than sufficient to have made them rich for life; there was nothing to prevent their taking them, and detection was impossible. The young chief admitted to me, that he felt for a moment a little uneasy at his situation, but an idea of personal interest never seems to have crossed the minds of the brave fellows: they passed the night in talking of what had been done, and in the morning returned tranquilly each to his usual employment, as if nothing had happened. Here is the marked feature of the Revolution,—a populace, unaided, unguided, unofficered, by the mere force of moral and physical courage, in three days achieve for themselves the possession of absolute power; the first and only use they make of that power is to divest themselves of it, and place it in the hands most qualified to wield it for the true interests of their country. This circumstance it is which, as I have before observed, makes this Revolution stand alone in the annals of the world, and afford a lesson both to Kings and People which never can be mistaken or forgotten. On Friday the 30th of July, the Deputies having again assembled at the house of M. Lafitte, resolved to offer to the Duke of Orleans the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, a title which (as Francis II. told the Duke of Guise, when he pressed him to bestow it on him at Amboise,) conveys the real monarchy of France: a deputation was accordingly sent to the Duke at Neuilly, and in the evening he arrived in Paris, and accepted the office, on which Generals Lafayette and Gerard, the members of the Provisional Government, resigned the reigns of authority into his hands, the former only retaining the command of the National Guard. During the day, the King sent to General Lafayette, stating that he had revoked the Ordonnances, and discharged his Ministry; but

it was too late, and no notice was taken of the communication. On the same night, after an ineffectual attempt to induce his troops to march against Paris, the King retreated from St. Cloud to Trianon, and thence to Rambouillet. On Saturday the 31st, a small body of Parisians, headed by some of the Ecole Polytechnique, defeated the Lancers who were left at St. Cloud, and took possession of the Chateau. On Sunday I was there and found every thing quiet. In the mean time, all the neighbouring towns and villages hoisted the tri-coloured flag, and sent in their submission to the Lieutenant-General. On Monday, Paris exhibited no signs of what had passed; the shops were open, as usual; the barricades were destroyed, and the streets repaired; the carpenter had betaken himself to his chisel, the mason to his mallet, and the blacksmith to his forge; and but for the flags which waved around us, and the graves of the noble victims who had fallen for their country's liberty, the events of the preceding week might have passed for a dream. On Tuesday the 3d of August, the day originally appointed for the purpose, the Chambers met, and the Lieutenant-General communicated to them a letter from Charles X. in which both himself and the Dauphin renounced all claims to the throne in favor of the little Duke de Bordeaux; this letter was deposited in the archives of the House, and the Chambers proceeded to the deliberative business of the session. By another letter, the King nominated the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General, and demanded to be safely conducted to some port whence he might leave France, and applied for money for the purpose. Thus did this unhappy monarch, by the futile weakness of his concessions in adversity, forfeit even the slight tribute of respect which firmness and dignity might have extorted from those whom his former conduct had forbidden to esteem him. On the evening of the 3d, finding that a large body of Parisians were preparing to march upon Rambouillet, in consequence of the haughty, yet vacillating manner in which he had received the Commissioners appointed to attend him to the coast, the ex-King hastily surrendered the crown Jewels, which he had endeavoured to retain in his possession, and started with a guard of 1200 men, for Cherbourg, where he embarked. On Wednesday night the Opera re-opened, and a scene of more brilliant enthusiasm it never was my lot to witness; the opera performed was, "La Muetto di Portici," a piece abounding in allusions applicable to the recent events; each of these was eagerly seized; and in the scene in which the rebellion breaks out, the Marseilloise Hymn was loudly called for, and performed by the whole strength of the company. Many years had elapsed since those sounds had been heard in a French theatre, and no description can convey an idea of the enthusiasm with which they were received. At the conclusion of the piece (which very prudently was made to terminate at the end of the 4th act,) Nourrit, in the full uniform of the National Guard, sang Cassimir Delavigne's new song, called "La Marchie Parisienne." The effect of the admirable manner in which it was sung, was increased by the recollection that the singer had been foremost in the ranks of the patriots who had achieved the

victory he was celebrating, while the gracefully modest manner in which he refused a crown of laurel presented to him, placing it instead on the tri-coloured standard which he held in his hand, raised the enthusiasm of the audience to a height of which we phlegmatic English have no idea.—The remainder of the week was occupied by the Chambers in making some alterations and modifications of the Charter, which being completed, it was offered to the Duke of Orleans, with the title of "King of the French." On Monday the 10th of August, the new King swore to the re-modelled Charter, and ascended the throne amid the acclamations of the people, under the title of Louis Philip I. A ministry composed of the most talented among the Liberals was immediately appointed, and every post bringing the adhesion of the different towns of France to the new Sovereign, nothing but the acknowledgment of the Foreign powers (which will, of course, immediately take place) seems wanting to the firmness and integrity of the new dynasty. Amid all the results of the Revolution, there is but one on which I look with sorrow: it is the manner in which the legitimacy of the Duke of Bordeaux has been attacked in several of the papers;—thus to wound the feelings of a woman who, like the Duchess de Berri, possessed in prosperity the love of every one who knew her, and carries with her into adversity the sympathy and esteem of all classes, is as unmanly as it is useless: the story is not true, and if it were, it is of no consequence; the Duke of Orleans holds the throne with a better title than the illegitimacy of the Duke of Bordeaux. The late King staked his crown against the liberties of the people; he lost it fairly, and the nation having won it, not usurped it, have exercised their paramount right of bestowing it on whom they pleased. This the present King knows, and is proud to acknowledge that the "choice of the people," not "divine right," is the motto of his diadem.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE BEAU'S STRATAGEM.

What is beauty? what an eye
Of azure or of ebony dye;
What is a bosom, wild and warm,
A rosy lip, an angel form.
What is a soft and snowy skin
Without a generous soul within;
A disposition sweet—a mind
With soft humanity combined?

"By the ancient custom of the Muscovites," says Dr. Johnson, "the men and women never saw each other till they were joined beyond the power of parting. It may be suspected that by this custom many unsuitable matches were produced, and many tempers associated that were not qualified to give pleasure to each other."—The observation of this celebrated writer is just, but it may be questioned whether there are not evils as great, and consequences as lasting, resulting from the manner of marriage in our country. Perhaps those evils are more poignant in proportion to the refinement and delicacy of the mind in our own country, for the Muscovites were a rude and hardy race, whose fancy ranged but in one direct line, and whose laborious uniform life gave little stimulus to taste further

than the animal nature excited it. I have often thought that as marriage is the grand climacteric of man's existence, that he should pause before he rushes into the vortex, and weigh every circumstance with deliberate circumspection.—As these remarks may meet the eye of some one who stands thoughtlessly on the brink of matrimony, I shall be a little more minute. There are a thousand evils to be avoided, among which, perhaps, the worst is the union of tempers and dispositions which are discordant in their nature. Marriage is sought for a variety of reasons, and is more or less happy in proportion to the purity of the motive; for it is evident to all that there is but one thing which can make it completely happy, and that is the grand sweetener of life called *love*.

Of all who fly to matrimony there are none, perhaps, doomed to be so superlatively wretched as two classes of men which I shall mention. The first class includes the avaricious, who change matrimony into a matter of money, and, calculating only on lands and tenements, take their poor deluded wives to their bed and board, who dream of raptures they are never to know, and of happiness which can never be consummated. They who were little below angels before, and expected to be such after marriage, soon sink below wives, and life is spent in quarrels, complaints, and repining. The second class includes those who, having been disappointed in the one beloved, have married another through spite and vexation. Many have spent their lives in wretchedness from this cause, and are more to be pitied than those of the former class. Some marry for heirs to disappoint their relations; some marry to get rid of company; some marry to be like others; and some only because they are tired of life. All this is done without due deliberation, and without one thought of future happiness. Hence we hear the world filled with so many complaints of misery that we are ready to believe the Greek epigrammatist, when he declared that the married life had but two happy days, which were the first and the last. Marriage, however, like many other blessings, is susceptible of being the greatest happiness or the most enduring and acute agony. Speaking comparatively, it is either a heaven or hell, altogether owing to its constituent principles.

I have often thought it would be better if every man would study the taste, disposition, habits, inclinations, and, indeed, every thing pertaining to the female whom he has singled out to be the partner of his life. Nor should he be hasty in doing this, for I am aware that it is a very difficult matter to discover the disposition of the woman who loves and is studious to please the scrutinizer. She who frowns the whole day and frets the whole night, at home with her family, will look as smiling as sunny seas, and be as playful as the lamb in the presence of her lover. She who, in solitude, could squeeze the dog to death in shutting the door, merely for amusement, will melt into tears at the sight of a dying fly when the adored one is present.—

Such is the nature of woman when she is solicitous to please. Not more diversified is the cut and texture of her garments, and not more variable the colours of the same than the shades in her disposition and character. But there are many stratagems which, if ingeniously managed, (and they must be so or she will discover them) will expose her real character, or at least lay open her motives of action.

In looking over my note book, the other day, which I kept in Philadelphia, I noticed a little circumstance, which will illustrate what I have said, and which I put down at the time it was related to me by the hero of the action. I shall enlarge upon the few particulars noted down in my book, and give it to the reader as it was given to me. If there should be found any thing improbable in the story, he need not impute to me the sin of Hannibal, the Carthaginian general, as I give the story only to illustrate and corroborate the above, and as an example for others to work upon.

Dick Fothergill was a native of Philadelphia, and was, by the bye, a very clever fellow; but that is no compliment to Philadelphia, for she had many of the same kidney, and many pretty girls in the bargain. I knew Dick well, and therefore I am qualified to give his character to the life. He was a wild and reckless fellow, that acted on the impulse of the moment, but his errors were almost always those of love. A pretty woman could not look him in the face without melting his heart to tenderness. With all his faults, Dick never stooped to a base action; and hence, though wild and reckless, he was universally admired. Moreover, Dick was what might be called an universal genius, and genius always has been, and always will be admired and courted. He had received a liberal education, and was not only a scholar, but a poet, a painter, and a musician. He could turn his hand to the arts, and, in short, was not only calculated to shine in both science and art, but in any thing. Generous to a fault, he seldom lost a friend but made many. The pretty, affable, and polite girls of Philadelphia were absolutely enraptured with him; and indeed it is not strange, for be a lady ever so illiterate herself, she will always choose a man of talents in preference to one who has no other recommendation than a baby face. Dick used to say that women love talent in men and men love beauty in women; and, that to reach a man's vanity, you must flatter his talents; and, to touch the same in woman, flatter her beauty. Dick was half right, according to my own observation of human nature.

After a variety of interesting amours, among which was one in which Dick made love to a married lady in the theatre, went home with her, was introduced to her husband, and kicked out of the house; he began to think seriously of marriage, and settling himself for life. Dick always believed in the old adage, that a reformed rake made the best husband. Consequently, to make a doggerel rhyme, he saw Miss Louisa Lit-

leton at a ball, at the Washington Hall, and loved her at the first sight. They both seemed by nature formed to attract each other. Both were tall, elegant figures, and she was superlatively beautiful in the face, having that Grecian cast of features which is so universally admired, and having also those other admired requisites of an azure eye, a rosy cheek, and a delicious red lip. Dick loved her to distraction, and without stopping to think of consequences, or enquire who she was, intended to solicit her hand and plunge into matrimony the next week, head and heels, until a friend pulled him by the sleeve, and gave the word "halt." Dick had no notion of this; but did, however, halt for a season. He discovered that his fair dulcinea had a sister, and that they lived in or near the town of Reading. This was enough for Dick; it was so apropos for a gig and sleigh ride. Away he went, once or twice a week, to see her, and every time he loved her the more. She was so amiable, he said, so kind and conciliating, and withall so accomplished. She loved to talk of Alexander's conquests and Caesar's victories; of Anacreon's poetry, and Newton's philosophy of the heavens. In short, Dick was up to his neck in love, and nothing prevented him from popping the question but some unaccountable stories, which were afloat, concerning the charming Louisa.

It was whispered into Dick's ear that Miss Louisa possessed a most ungovernable temper, and that she had been known to throw a knife across the table at her sister's head. Another said she was a very Nero or Caligula in woman's clothes; that she was cruel and oppressive to the poor, that she was ever angry with her friends and domestics; and, finally, that she was scornful and proud. To all this Dick deliberately gave the lie, as he said he had seen her in every situation, and she was alike amiable and always smiling. Shakespeare says a man may smile, and smile, and be a villain, and I say a woman may do the same. Dick said he had never seen the fair Louisa angry but once, and then because her sister would not pick up her fan and bring it to her as she bade her. And, said Dick, I do not blame her; for the ugly sister is none too good to wait upon the pretty one. Her sister's name was Clara, who was considered amiable by all, though nature had not lavished so much beauty upon her as upon Louisa. She would have been considered handsome, though not a perfect beauty, had she not been continually contrasted with the all-charming and beautiful Louisa.—Louisa was a coquette, and a complete Proteus: she could change and be any thing for a time.—Clara, on the contrary, was always the same amiable and affectionate creature. Louisa had had many good offers and rejected them as beneath her. Clara had never had but one, which was broken off by the interference of her sister, because he was a tradesman. Louisa, however, loved Dick, (how could she do otherwise?) and wished to secure him. Clara was generous, and wished her to have him. There is but one more distinction I shall draw between the two

sisters. Louisa was lazy; Clara was industrious. Beauty is a dangerous possession, especially when the possessor knows she possesses it. It has made many a fool before Louisa. Yet, in other respects, it is the most to be desired, and is more charming than any thing in nature.

Well, to proceed. Dick heard so many corroborations of the above charges against the fair Louisa that he determined to postpone matrimony, and fall upon some stratagem by which he might discover if all those tales were true.—Being naturally of a good disposition, he desired, above all other considerations, to meet with a lady possessing the same good quality. The plan which he concerted was this: Having a parcel of old trinkets, which he bought at auction, and having it in his power to procure more, he determined to set out from Philadelphia, as a pedlar, with his pack on his back. But to disguise himself was the next question. He went into a cellar and bought some old clothes, which were a world too wide for him, but well adapted to the case. His hair, which was of a dark brown colour, was covered by a wig of the blackest dye, his eyebrows colored black, his face painted of a sallow hue, added to which, a huge pair of whiskers, completed the pedlar, and completely disguised the lover.

Thus accoutred he moved off, on a cold day in December, with the view of reaching his mistress, either on that day or the next, just at nightfall, that the deception might be the more favoured, and that he might find her in her real character. Within a mile of Reading a snow storm overtook him; and, putting up his horse and adjusting his pack to his back, he walked to the residence of his mistress. As he approached the mansion, in trembling expectation, the frantic tones of a female voice struck his ear, who was raving at a servant for not having brought home the dress which the mantua maker had promised should be finished the next day.—Through the window he beheld the once charming Louisa thrown into an attitude of rage, who at length seized a chair, threw it at the servant, and bade him never to come in her presence again. This was a severe damper, but Dick, nevertheless, determined to proceed.

Approaching the door, with a fluttering heart, he gave three loud knocks, and in a moment all was still. At length Clara, opening the door, asked, with a smile, his business, and invited him in. No sooner had the mock pedlar appeared in the sight of the fair Louisa than she screamed with pretended affright, and lavished the vilest invectives on her sister for letting in every vagabond that came by, declaring she wanted none of his baubles, and that he might decamp as soon as he pleased. The remonstrances of the gentle Clara only raised the storm still higher, while Dick sat watching that once lovely face deformed with anger. It was snowing very fast, and Dick made a move to stay all night, which Clara readily assented to, but which Louisa opposed with violence, and declared he should not eat, drink, or sleep in that house; she would have

no vagabonds about her. The wretchedness of Dick's appearance, and the cruelty of her sister, brought tears into the eyes of the tender hearted Clara. He gazed upon her in tears, and cast his eyes upon the once loved Louisa. He wondered what charm had wrought the change.— Clara now appeared the more beautiful girl: such is the winning influence of a kind and gentle disposition. Dick sat in his chair, silently observing, while Louisa fretted and railed, and Clara pitied the condition of the poor pedlar.

"You know, sister," said Clara, "that you, like many others, will melt into tears over a novel or at the theatre, and yet you will not pity and relieve the really distressed (for Dick had told a piteous tale) when you have it in your power."

This was enough for the peevish Louisa. She raised a tempest that threatened destruction to Dick's head; and in the midst he moved off, muttering as he went—"I have tried her and found report true; how different since I saw her at the Washington Hall."

These words went to the soul of Louisa. The conviction of the truth flashed upon her mind at once, and she fell silently in the arms of her sister.

Dick retired to muse and meditate on the amiable Clara, who appeared more beautiful than he had ever seen her. Though his affection for Louisa could not at once be obliterated, it gradually expired, and he married the gentle Clara, confident that if she would be kind to him as a poor pedlar, she would be more so as an affectionate husband. And the result proved true: for the last time I saw, and the last time I heard from Dick, he was still happy and prosperous.

The story of the proud, peevish, and cruel Louisa, may be soon told as well as anticipated. Though not naturally of a bad disposition, she had nurtured and cherished it; and supposing her beauty was the great desideratum and all sufficient, she had relinquished every other quality. A gentleman of a mild and pacific temper married her without studying her character, and constant bickering and misery was the consequence, though he strove by every means to avert it, and to conciliate her to gentleness.— But all was in vain, and he at last plunged into dissipation, neglected his business, and left her, with two children, to the care of her mother.— Dick has always rejoiced that he halted, and looked before he leaped into the Charybdis of matrimony.

And now I would say unto the girls, cultivate a good disposition, for the advantages are incalculably great. If you have a bad one, struggle against and conquer it, for it may be done. To the men I would say, plunge not hastily into matrimony, until you have deliberately considered the consequences, and studied the character, and particularly the disposition, of the woman of your choice. A woman of a bad disposition will render you miserable, while one of a contrary nature will make life glide along the stream

of years with calm felicity, and cast a sunshine over the declining evening of existence. I am perfectly convinced from nice observation, (for, gentle reader, I am a young bachelor,) that there is no quality in woman so necessary to a happy marriage and continued affection, as a good and sweet disposition. Therefore, gentlemen, remember to have in view the Beau's Stratagem.

MILFORD BARD.

FEMALE COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

At the time of the first emigration to this country, the females of England were well educated, and had a higher rank in the scale of mind, than at any previous age in British history. This had been effected, in no small degree, by the long and prosperous reign of Queen Elizabeth, and her high reputation for talents and learning.— Fashion has often the same control over the mind, as over the dress and equipage of a people. It was fashionable during the reign of this extraordinary Queen, to think women as capable of reasoning upon public affairs as men. Our mothers brought something of the spirit with them. They knew from history how much their sex had done in the advancement of civilization and Christianity; and here was the finest field to prove that they still had the power and inclination. Naturally generous and enthusiastic, women have in every age been attached to the hero and the saint; and have followed the former to the battle-field, to bind up his wounds, and to sing his praises after victory; and the latter to the cross and the tomb. The wives of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, discovered more than Spartan fortitude in braving dangers and in supporting calamities. They were well educated women.

Among those who came after the pilgrims to settle in the province of Massachusetts bay, were several women of high rank and superior refinement. Lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the Earl of Lincoln, and the wives of the gentlemen who formed the board of magistrates, were high-bred dames; as well as the wives of the clergy, and many of the wives of their associates. Some of their chirography has reached us. It resembles the easy, flowing, fashionable hand of the present day, while the writing of the men of that day is difficult to be read. We have all seen the needle work of that age in embroidered armorials, and genealogical trees; and these ancient records bear ample testimony to the industry, talent, and skill of the fair who wrought them. They shared the hardships of the times. Many a lovely daughter, in that day, who had been brought up in affluence, and with tenderness, on her marriage, moved from her home and parents to some new settlement, where her bridal serenade was the howling of the beasts of prey, as they nightly roamed the desert.

If our mothers had a share, and a great share they had, in the trials of those days, why should they not be remembered in the history of this new-born empire? I contend, and who will deny it, that it required more courage and fortitude to stay on the skirts of the forest, unprotected by moat, ditch, or stockade, in the half-built cabin, with decrepitude and infancy, and listening to every step, anxious for the coming in of those

who had gone forth in search of the foe, than it did to fight the foe when he was met. This was more than Spartan fortitude; for the enemy seldom saw the dwelling where the heroic mother of Sparta, waited to hear the fate of her husband or children; but ours were in constant danger of an attack from the savages.

Many instances of female heroism, which occurred during the early settlement of the country, are recorded, and should be carefully preserved. Among the most conspicuous was that of Mrs. Hannah Duston, of Haverhill, a pleasant village situated on the left bank of the Merrimack. On the 15th March, 1698, Mrs. Duston was made prisoner by a party of Indians. She was on this day confined to her bed by sickness, attended by her nurse, Mary Niff. Seven children, besides a female infant six days old, were with her. As soon as the alarm was given, her husband sent away the children towards the garrison house, by which time the Indians were so near, that despairing of saving the others of his family, he hastened after his children on horseback. This course was advised by his wife. She thought it was idle for her to attempt to escape. A party of Indians followed him, but the father kept in the rear of his children and often firing on his pursuers, he kept them back, and was enabled to reach the garrison with his children in safety. The Indians took Mrs. Duston from her bed and carried her off, with the nurse and infant; but finding the little one becoming troublesome, they took her from her mother's arms by force, and dashing her against the tree, ended her moans and life together. The mother had followed the Indians until this moment with faltering steps and bitter tears, thinking on the fate of herself, her babe, and her other children. After this horrid outrage, she wept no more; the agony of nature drank the tear-drop ere it fell. She looked to heaven with a silent prayer for succour, and followed the infernal group without a word of complaint. At this instant the high resolve was formed in her mind, and swelled every pulse of her heart. They travelled on some distance; as she thought, one hundred and fifty miles; but perhaps, from the course they took, about seventy-five. The river had probably been broken up but a short time, and the canoes of the Indians were above the upper falls, on the Merrimack, when they commenced their journey to attack Haverhill. Above these falls, on an island in the river, the Indians had a wigwag; and in getting their canoes in order, and by rowing ten miles up the stream, became much fatigued. When they reached the place of rest they slept soundly.—Mrs. Duston did not sleep. The nurse and an English boy, a prisoner, were apprized of her design, but were not of much use to her in the execution of it. In the stillness of the night she arose and went out of the wigwag to test the soundness and security of savage sleep. They did not move—they were to sleep until the last day. She returned, took one of their hatchets and despatched ten of them in a moment, each with a single blow. An Indian woman who was rising when she struck her, fled with her probable death wound; and an Indian boy was designedly spared, for the avenger of blood was a woman, and a mother, and could not deal a death blow upon a helpless child. She surveyed the carnage ground by the light of

the fire which she stirred up after the deed was done, and catching a few handfuls of roasted corn, she commenced her journey—but on reflecting a moment, she thought the people of Haverhill would consider her tale as the ravings of madness when she should get home, if ever that time might come; she therefore returned and scalped the slain; then put her nurse and English boy into the canoe, and with herself they floated down to the falls, when she landed and took to the woods, keeping the river in sight, which she knew must direct her on her way home. After suffering incredible hardships by hunger, cold, and fatigue, she reached home, to the surprise and joy of her husband, children and friends. The general court of Massachusetts examined her history and being satisfied of the truth of it, took her trophies, the scalps, and gave her fifty pounds. The people of Boston made her many presents. All classes were anxious to see the heroine; and as one of the writers of that day says, who saw her, "she was a right modest woman." Has Anacharsis or Mitford, in their histories of Greece, any thing to surpass this well authenticated story? Her descendants in a right line, and by the same name, are now living where she was captured.

THE WIFE.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF HUDSON, N. Y.

"She flung her white arms around him—thou art all that this poor heart can cling to."

I could have stemmed misfortune's tide,
And borne the rich one's sneer,
Have braved the haughty glance of pride,
Nor shed a single tear;

I could have smiled on every blow
From life's full quiver thrown.
While I might gaze on thee, and know
I should not be alone.

I could—I think, I could have brook'd
E'en for a time, that thou
Upon my fading face hadst looked
With less of love than now;

For then I should at least have felt
The sweet hope still my own
To win thee back—and whilst I dwell
On earth, not been alone.

But, thus to see, from day to day,
Thy bright'ning eye and cheek,
And watch thy life—and waste away
Unnumbered, slowly, meek:

To meet thy smile of tenderness,
And catch the feeble tone
Of kindness, ever bethought to bless,
And feel, I'll be alone—

To mark thy strength each hour decay,
And yet thy hopes grow stronger,
As, filled with heaven-ward trust, they say,
"Earth may not claim thee longer;"

Nay, dearest, 'tis too much—this heart
Must break, when thou art gone—
It must not be, we may not part,
I could not live alone.

A SCHOLAR'S DEATH-BED.

[The following short but melancholy narrative, will, it is hoped, be perused with additional interest, when the reader is assured that it is a FACT. Much more might have been committed to press, but as it would have related chiefly to a mad devotion to *alchemy*, which some of Mr. —'s few posthumous papers abundantly evidence, it is omitted, lest the reader should consider the details as romantic or improbable. All that is worth recording is told; and it is hoped, that some young men of powerful, undisciplined, and ambitious minds, will find their account in an attentive consideration of the fate of a kindred spirit. *Bene fuit, qui ex aliorum erroribus sibi exemplum sumit.*]

Thinking, one morning, that I had gone through the whole of my usual levee of home-patients, I was preparing to go out, when the servant informed me there was one yet to be spoken with, who, he thought, must have been asleep in a corner of the room, or he should not have failed to summon him in his turn. Directing him to be shown in immediately, I retook my place at my desk. The servant in a few moments ushered in a young man, who seemed to have scarce strength enough, even with the assistance of a walking stick, to totter to a chair opposite me. I was much struck with his appearance, which was that of one in reduced circumstances. His clothes, though perfectly clean and neat, were faded and threadbare; and his coat was buttoned up to his chin, where it was joined by a black silk neck-kerchief, in such a manner as to lead me to suspect the absence of a shirt. He was rather below than above the average height, and seemed wasted almost to a shadow. There was an air of superior ease and politeness in his demeanour, and an expression about his countenance, sickly and sallow though it was, so melancholy, mild, and intelligent, that I could not help viewing him with peculiar interest.

"I was afraid my friend, I should have missed you," said I in a kind tone, "as I was on the point of going out." "I heard your carriage drive up to the door, doctor, and shall not detain you more than a few moments; nay, I will call to-morrow, if that would be more convenient," he replied faintly, suddenly pressing his hand to his side, as though the effort of speaking occasioned him pain. I assured him that I had a quarter of an hour at his service, and begged he would proceed at once to state the nature of his complaint. He detailed, what I had anticipated from his appearance, all the symptoms of a very advanced stage of pulmonary consumption. He expressed himself in very select and forcible language; and once or twice, when at a loss for what he conceived an adequate expression in English, chose such an appropriate Latin phrase, that the thought perpetually suggested itself to me, while he was speaking—"a starved scholar!" He made not the least allusion to poverty, but confined himself to the leading symptoms of his indisposition. I determined, however, (*haud præteruoruu immemor!*) to ascertain his circumstances, with a view, if possible, of relieving them. I asked if he ate animal food with relish—enjoyed his dinner—whether his meals were regular. He colored and hesitated a little, for I

put the question searchingly; and replied, with some embarrassment, that he did not, certainly, *then* eat regularly, nor enjoy his food when he did. I soon found that he was in very straitened circumstances; that, in short, he was sinking rapidly under the pressure of want and harassing anxiety, which alone had accelerated, if not wholly induced, his present illness; and that all he had to expect from medical aid, was a little alleviation. I prescribed a few simple medicines, and then asked him in what part of the town he resided.

"I am afraid, doctor," said he, modestly, "I shall be unable to afford your visiting me at my own lodgings. I will occasionally call on you here, as a morning patient;" and he proffered me half a guinea. The conviction that it was probably the very last that he had in the world, and a keen recollection of similar scenes in my own history, almost brought the tears into my eyes. I refused the fee, of course; and prevailed on him to let me set him down, as I was driving close past his residence. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude; and with a blush, hinted, that he was "not quite in carriage costume." He lived in one of the small streets leading from May-fair; and after having made a note in my tablets, of his name and number, I set him down, promising him an early call.

The clammy pressure of his wasted fingers, as I shook his hand at parting remained with me all that day. I could not dismiss from my mind the wild and sorrowful countenance of this young man, go where I would, and I was on the point of mentioning the incident to a most excellent and generous nobleman whom I was then attending, and soliciting his assistance, but the thought that it was premature, checked me. There *might* be something unworthy in the young man; he might *possibly* be an impostor. These were hard thoughts—chilling and unworthy suspicions, but I could not resist them; alas! an eighteen years intercourse with a deceitful world has alone taught me how to entertain them!

As my wife dined a little out of town that evening, I hastily swallowed a solitary meal, and set out in quest of my morning patient. With some difficulty I found the house; it was the meanest, and in the meanest street, I had visited for months. I knocked at the door, which was open and surrounded by a babbling throng of dirty children. A slatternly woman, with a child in her arms, answered my summons. Mr. —, she said, lived there, in the top floor, but he was just gone out for a few moments, she supposed. "to get a mouthful of victuals, but I was welcome to go up and wait for him, since there was not much to make away with, howsoever," said the rude and vulgar creature. One of her children led me up the narrow, dirty staircase, and having ushered me into the room, left me to my meditations. A wretched hole it was in which I was sitting. The evening sun streamed in discoloured rays through the unwashed panes, here and there mended with brown paper, and sufficed to show me that the only furniture consisted of a miserable bed, (the disordered clothes shewing that the weary limbs of the wretched occupant had but recently left it); three old rush bottomed chairs, and a ricketty deal table on which were scattered several pages of manuscript, a letter or two,

pens, ink, and a few books. There was no chest of drawers, nor did I see any thing likely to serve as a substitute. Poor Mr. — probably carried about with him all he had in the world! There was a small sheet of writing paper pinned over the mantel-piece, (if such it deserved to be called,) which I gazed at with a sigh; it bore simply the outline of a coffin, with Mr. —'s initials, and "obit—18—," evidently in his own hand writing. Curious to see what kind of books he preferred, I took them up and examined them. They were, if I recollect right, a small Amsterdam edition of Plautus, a Horace, a much befingered copy of Aristophanes, a neat pocket edition of Æschylus, a small copy of the works of Lactantius, and two odd volumes of English books. I had no intention of being impertinently inquisitive; but my eye accidentally lit on the uppermost manuscript, and seeing it to be in the Greek character, I took it up, and found a few verses of Greek sapphics, entitled—"Εἰς τὴν ῥύττα τελευταία"—evidently the recent composition of Mr. —. He entered the room as I was laying down the paper, and started at seeing a stranger, for it seems that the people of the house had not taken the trouble to inform him I was waiting. On discovering who it was, he bowed politely, and gave me his hand; but the sudden agitation my presence had occasioned, deprived him of utterance. I thought I could almost hear the palpitation of his heart. I brought him to a chair, and begged him to be calm.

"You are not worse, Mr. —, I hope, since I saw you this morning?" I enquired. He whispered almost inarticulately, holding his hand to his left side, that he was always worse in the evenings. I felt his pulse; it beat 130! I discovered that he had gone out for the purpose of trying to get employment in a neighbouring printing office, but having failed, was returned in a state of deeper depression than usual. The perspiration rolled from his brow almost faster than he could wipe it away. I sat by him for nearly two minutes, holding his hand, without uttering a word, for I was deeply affected. At length I begged he would forgive my enquiring how it was that a young man of talent and education like himself, could be reduced to a state of such utter destitution? While I was waiting for an answer, he suddenly fell from his chair in a swoon. The exertion of walking, the pressure of disappointment, and, I fear, the almost unbroke fast of the day, had completely prostrated the small remains of his strength. When he had a little revived, I succeeded in laying him on the bed, and instantly summoned the woman of the house. After some time, she sauntered lazily to the door, and asked me what I wanted. "Are you the person that attends on this gentleman, my good woman?" I enquired.

"Marry come up, sir!" she replied, in a loud tone, "I've no manner of cause for attending on him, not I, he ought to attend on himself; and as for his being a *gentleman*," she continued with an insolent sneer, for which I felt inclined to throw her down stairs, "not a stiver of his money have I seen for this three weeks for his rent, and"—Seeing the fluent virago was warming, and approaching close to my unfortunate patient's bedside, I stopped her short by putting half a guinea into her hand, and directing her to

purchase a bottle of Port wine; at the same time hinting, that if she conducted herself properly, I would see her rent paid myself. I then shut the door, and resumed my seat by Mr. —, who was trembling violently all over with agitation, and endeavored to soothe him. The more I said, however, and the kinder were my tones, the more was he affected. At length he bursted into a flood of tears, and continued weeping for some time like a child. I saw it was hysterical, and that it was best to let his feelings have their full course. His nervous excitement at last gradually subsided, and he began to converse with tolerable coolness.

"Doctor," he faltered, "your conduct is very, very noble—it *must* be disinterested," pointing with a bitter air to the wretched room in which we were sitting.

"I feel sure, Mr. —, that you have done nothing to *merit* your present misfortunes," I replied, with a serious and inquiring air.

"Yes, yes, I have! I have indulged in wild ambitious hopes—lived in absurd dreams of future greatness—been educated beyond my fortunes—and formed tastes, and cherished feelings incompatible with the station it seems I was born to—beggary or daily labor!" was his answer, with as much vehemence as his weakness would allow.

"But, Mr. —, your friends—your relatives—they cannot be apprized of your situation."

"Alas! doctor, friends I have none, unless you will permit me to name the last and noblest, yourself; relatives, several."

"And they, of course, do not know of your illness and straitened circumstances?"

"They do, doctor, and kindly assure me I have brought it on myself. To do them justice, however, they could not, I believe, efficiently help me, if they would."

"Why, have you offended them, Mr. —? Have they cast you off?"

"Not avowedly, not in so many words. They have simply refused to see or answer any more of my letters. Possibly I may have offended them, but am content to meet them hereafter, and try the justness of the case—*there*," said Mr. —, solemnly pointing upwards—"Well I know, and so do you, doctor, that my days on earth are very few, and likely to be very bitter also." It was in vain I pressed him to tell me who his relatives were, and suffer me to solicit their personal attendance on his last moments. "It is altogether useless, doctor, to ask me further," said he, raising himself a little in bed. "my father and mother are both dead, and no power on earth shall extract from me a syllable further. It is hard," he continued, bursting again into tears, "if I must die amid their taunts and reproaches." I felt quite at a loss what to say to all this. There was something very singular if not reprehensible, in his manner of alluding to his relatives, which led me to fear that he was by no means free from blame. Had I not felt myself very delicately situated, and dreaded even the possibility of hurting his morbidly irritable feelings, I felt inclined to have asked him how he thought of existing without their aid, especially in his forlorn and hopeless state, having neither friends, nor the means of obtaining them. I thought, also, that short as had been my intima-

cy with him, I had discerned symptoms of a certain obstinacy, and haughty imperiousness of temper, which would sufficiently account, if not for occasioning, at least for widening, any unhappy breach which might have occurred in his family. But what was to be done? I could not let him starve; as I had voluntarily stepped in to his assistance, I determined to make his last moments easy—at least as far as lay in my power.

A little to anticipate the course of my narrative, I may here state what little information concerning him was elicited in the course of our various interviews. His father and mother had left Ireland, their native place, early, and gone to Jamaica, where they lived as slave superintendents. They left their only son to the care of the wife's brother-in-law, who put him to school, where he distinguished himself. On the faith of it, he contrived to get to the College in Dublin, where he stayed two years: and then, in a confident reliance on his own talents, and the sum of 50*l.* which was sent him from Jamaica, with the intelligence of the death of both his parents in impoverished circumstances, he had come up to London, it seems, with no very definite end in view. Here he had continued for about two years; but in addition to the failure of his health, all his efforts to establish himself proved abortive. He contrived to glean a scanty sum, God knows how, which was gradually lessening at a time when his impaired health rather required that his resources should be augmented. He had no friends in respectable life, whose influence or wealth might have been serviceable; and at the time he called on me, he had not more in the world than the solitary half-guinea he proffered to me as a fee. I never learnt the names of any of his relatives; but from several things occasionally dropped, in the heat of conversation, it was clear that there must have been unhappy differences.

To return, however. As the evening was far advancing, and as I had one or two patients yet to visit, I began to think of taking my departure; I enjoined him strictly to keep his bed till I saw him again, to preserve as calm and equable a frame of mind as possible, and to dismiss all his anxiety for the future, as I would gladly supply his present necessities, and send him a civil and attentive nurse. He tried to thank me, but his emotions choked his utterance. He grasped my hand with convulsive energy. His eyes spoke eloquently, but, alas! it shone with the fierce and unnatural lustre of consumption, as though, I have often thought in such cases, the conscious soul was glowing with the reflected light of its kindred element—eternity. I knew it was impossible for him to survive many days, from several unequivocal symptoms of what is called, in common language, a galloping consumption. I was as good as my word, and sent him a nurse, the mother of one of my servants, who was charged to pay him the utmost attention in her power. My wife also sent him a little bed furniture, linen, preserves, jellies, and other small matters of that sort. I visited him every evening, and found him on each occasion verifying my apprehensions, for he was sinking rapidly. His mental energies, however, seemed to increase in an inverse ratio with the decline of his physical powers. His conversation was animated, various,

and at times, enchantingly interesting. I have sometimes sat at his bedside for several hours together, wondering how one so young, (he was not more than two or three and twenty,) could have acquired so much information. He spoke with spirit and justness on the leading political topics of the day, and I particularly recollect his making some very noble reflections on the character and exploits of Bonaparte, who was then blazing in the zenith of his glory. Still, however, the current of his thoughts and language was frequently tinged with enthusiasm and extravagance of delirium. Of this he seemed himself conscious; for he would sometimes suddenly stop, and pressing his hand to his forehead, exclaim, "Doctor, doctor, I am failing here, here." He acknowledged that he had from his childhood given himself up to the dominion of ambition; and that his whole life had been spent in the most extravagant and visionary expectations. He would smile bitterly when he recounted some of what he justly stigmatized as his insane projects. "The objects of my ambition," he said, "have been vague and general: I never knew exactly where, or what, I would be. Had my powers, such as they are, been concentrated on one point—had I formed a more just and moderate estimate of my abilities, I might, possibly, have become something. * * * Besides, doctor, I had no money, no solid substratum to build upon; there was the rotten point! Oh, doctor," he continued, with a deep sigh, "if I could have but seen these things three years ago, as I see them now, I might at this moment have been a sober and respectable member of society; but now I am dying a hanger-on, a fool, a beggar!" and he burst into tears. "You, doctor," he presently continued, "are accustomed, I suppose, to listen to these death-bed repentings—these soul-scourgings—these wallings over a badly spent life! Oh, yes—as I am nearing eternity, I seem to look at things—at my own mind and heart, especially, through the medium of a strange, searching, unearthly light. Oh, how many, many things it makes distinct, which I would fain have forgotten for ever! Do you recollect the terrible language of Scripture, doctor, which compares the human breast to a *cage of unclean birds*?" I left him that evening deeply convinced of the compulsory truths he had uttered; I never thought so seriously before. It is some Scotch divine who has said, that one death-bed preaches a more startling sermon than a bench of bishops.

* * * * *

Mr. — was an excellent and thorough Greek scholar, perfectly well versed in the dramatists, and passionately fond, in particular, of Sophocles. I recollect his reciting, one evening, with great force and feeling the touching exclamation of *Œdipus Tyrannus*—

ὦ τί πει—ἀναρίθμητα γὰρ
φίλα πάματα,
νοσφί δέ μοι πρίπτα στόλος,
οὐδ' ἔτι φροντίδος ἔργος
ἢ τις ἀλεξέται,

&c. &c. 167-171.

—which, he said, was never absent from his mind, sleeping or waking. I once asked him, if he did not regret having devoted his life almost exclu-

sively to the study of the classics. He replied with enthusiasm, "No, doctor—no, no! I should be an ingrate if I did. How can I regret having lived in constant converse, through their works, with the greatest and noblest men that ever breathed! I have lived in Elysium—have breathed the celestial air of those hallowed plains, while engaged in the study of the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome. Yes, it is a consolation even for my bitter and premature death-bed, to think that my mind will quit this wretched, diseased, unworthy body, imbued with the refinement—redolent of the eternal freshness and beauty of the most exquisite poetry and philosophy the world ever saw! With my faculties quickened and strengthened, I shall go confidently, and claim kindred with the great ones of eternity. They know I love their works—have consumed all the oil of my life in their study, and they will welcome their son—their disciple!"—Ill as he was, Mr. — uttered these sentiments (as nearly as I can recollect, in the very words I have given) with an energy, an enthusiasm, and an eloquence, which I never saw surpassed. He faltered suddenly, however, from this lofty pitch of excitement, and complained bitterly that his devotion to ancient literature had engendered a morbid sensibility, which had rendered him totally unfit for the ordinary business of life, or intermixture with society.

Often I found him sitting up in bed, and reading his favorite play, the *Prometheus Vinculus* of Æschylus, while his pale and wasted features glowed with delighted enthusiasm. He told me, that, in his estimation, there was an air of grandeur and romance about that play, such as was not equalled by any of the productions of the other Greek dramatists; and that the opening dialogue was peculiarly impressive and affecting. He had committed to memory nearly three-fourths of the whole play! I on one occasion asked him, how it came to pass that a person of his superior classical attainments had not obtained some tolerably lucrative engagement as an usher or tutor? He answered, with rather an haughty air, that he would rather have broken stones on the highway.

"To hear," said he, "the magnificent language of Greece—the harmonious cadences of the Romans, mangled and disfigured by stupid lads and duller ushers—oh, it would have been such a profanation as the sacred groves of old suffered, when their solemn silence was disturbed by a rude unhallowed throng of Bacchanals.—I should have expired, doctor!" I told him, I could not help lamenting such an absurd and morbid sensitiveness—at which he seemed exceedingly piqued. He possibly thought I should rather have admired than reproached the lofty tone he assumed. I asked him if the stations, of which he spoke with such supercilious contempt, had not been joyfully occupied by some of the greatest scholars that had ever lived? He replied simply, with a cold air, that it was his misfortune—not his fault. He told me, however, that his classical acquirements had certainly been capable of something like a profitable employment, for that about two months before he had called on me, he had nearly come to terms with a bookseller, for publishing a poetical version of the comedies of Aristophanes; that he had

nearly completed one,—the *NEOPÆAT*, if I recollect right—when the great difficulty of the task, and the wretched remuneration offered, so dispirited him, that he threw it aside in disgust. His only means of subsistence had been the sorry pay of an occasional reader for the press, as well as a contributor to the columns of a daily paper. He had parted with almost the whole of his slender stock of books, his watch and all his clothes, except what he wore when he called on me. "And you never try any of the magazines!" I enquired; "for they afford to many young men of talent a fair livelihood." He said he had indeed struggled hard to gain a footing in one of the popular periodicals, but that his communications were invariably returned with "polite acknowledgments."—One of these notes I saw, and have now in my possession. It was thus:—

"Mr. M— begs leave to return the enclosed '*Remarks on English Versions of Euripides*,' with many thanks for the writer's polite offer of it to the E— M—; but fears that, though an able performance, it is not exactly suited for the readers of the E— M—."

To Δ. Δ.

A series of similar disappointments, and the consequent poverty and embarrassment into which he sunk, had gradually undermined a constitution naturally feeble; and he told me, with much agitation, that had it not been for the trifling, but timely assistance of myself and family, he saw no means of escaping literal starvation! Could I help sympathizing deeply with him! Alas! his misfortunes were very nearly paralleled by my own. While listening to his melancholy details, I seemed living over again the four first wretched years of my professional career.

* * * * *

I must hasten, however, to the closing scene. I had left word with the nurse, that when Mr. — appeared dying, I should be instantly summoned. About five o'clock, in the evening of the 6th July, 18—, I received a message from Mr. — himself, saying that he wished to breathe his last in my presence as the only friend he had on earth. Unavoidable and pressing professional engagements detained me until half past six; and it was seven o'clock before I reached his bedside.

"Lord, Lord, doctor, poor Mr. — is dying, sure!" exclaimed the woman of the house as she opened the door. "Mrs. Jones says he has been picking and clearing the bed clothes awfully, so he must be dying!" On entering the room, I found he had dropt asleep. The nurse told me he had been wandering a good deal in his mind. I asked what he had talked about? "*Jarning*, doctor," she replied, "and a proud young lady." I sat down by his bed side. I saw the dews of death were stealing rapidly over him. His eyes, which were naturally very dark and piercing, were now far sunk into their sockets; his cheeks were hollow, and his hair matted with perspiration over his damp and pallid forehead. While I was gazing silently on the melancholy spectacle, and reflecting what great but undisciplined powers of mind were about soon to be disunited from the body, Mr. — opened his eyes, and seeing me, said, in a low, but clear and steady tone of voice—"Doctor—the last act of the tragedy!" He gave me his hand. It was all he

could do to lift it into mine. I could not speak—the tears were nearly gushing forth. I felt as if I were gazing on my dying son.

"I have been dreaming, doctor, since you went," said he, "and what do you think about? I thought I had squared the circle, and was to perish for ever for my discovery."

"I hope, Mr. —," I replied, in a serious tone, and with something of displeasure in my manner—"I hope, that, at this awful moment, you have more suitable and consolatory thoughts to occupy your mind with than those?" He sighed. "The clergyman you were so good as to send me," he said, after a pause, "was here this afternoon. He is a good man, I dare say, but weak, and has his head stuffed with the quibbles of the schools." He wanted to discuss the question of free will with a dying man, doctor!"

"I hope he did not leave without administering the ordinances of religion?" I inquired.

"He read me some of the church prayers, which were exquisitely touching and beautiful, and the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, which is very sublime. He could not help giving me a rehearsal of what he was shortly to repeat over my grave!" exclaimed the dying man, with a melancholy smile. I felt some irritation at the light tone of his remarks, but concealed it.

"You received the sacrament I hope, Mr. —?" He paused a few moments, and his brow was clouded. "No, doctor, to tell the truth, I declined it."

"Declined the sacrament!" I exclaimed, with surprise.

"Yes—but, dear doctor, I beg—I entreat you not to ask me about it any further," replied Mr. —, gloomily, and lapsed into a fit of abstraction for some moments. Unnoticed by him, I dispatched the nurse for another clergyman, an excellent and learned man, who was my intimate friend. I was gazing earnestly on Mr. —, as he lay with closed eyes; and was surprised to see the tears trickling from them.

"Mr. — you have nothing, I hope, on your mind, to render your last moments unhappy?" I asked, in a gentle tone.

"No—nothing material," he replied, with a deep sigh, continuing with his eyes closed, "I was only thinking what a bitter thing it is to be struck down so soon from among the bright throng of the living—to leave this fair, this beautiful world, after so short and sorrowful a sojourn. Oh, it is hard!" He shortly opened his eyes. His agitation had apparently passed away, and delirium was hovering over and disarranging his thoughts.

"Doctor, doctor, what a strange passage that is," said he suddenly, startling me with his altered voice, and the dreamy, thoughtful expression of his eyes,—"in the chorus of the Medea—

Ἄνε πταμῶν ἱρᾶν χαροῦσι παῖδι.

Is there not something very mysterious and romantic about these lines? I could never exactly understand what was meant by them." Finding I continued silent, (for I did not wish to encourage his indulging in a train of thought so foreign to his situation,) he kept murmuring at intervals, metrically,

ἄνε πταμῶν ἱρᾶν,

in a most melancholy, monotonous tone. He

then wandered on from one topic of classical literature to another, till he suddenly stopped short, and, turning to me said, "I am raving very absurdly. I feel I am; but I cannot dismiss from my thoughts, even though I know I am dying, the subjects about which my mind has been occupied nearly all my life through.—Oh!" changing the subject abruptly, "tell me, doctor, do those who die of my disorder generally continue in the possession of their intellects to the last?" I told him I thought they generally did.

"Then I shall burn brightly to the last! Thank God!—And yet," with a shudder, "it is shocking too, to find oneself gradually ceasing to exist.—Doctor, I should recover, I am sure I should, if you were to bleed me," said he—his intellects were wandering.

The nurse now returned, and to my vexation unaccompanied by Dr. —, who had gone that morning into the country. I did not send for any one else. His frame of mind was peculiar, and very unsatisfactory; but I thought it, on the whole, better not to disturb or irritate him, by alluding to a subject he evidently disliked. I ordered candles to be brought, as it was now nearly nine o'clock. "Doctor," said the dying young man, in a feeble tone, "I think you will find a copy of Lactantius lying on my table. He has been a great favourite with me. May I trouble you to read me a passage—the eighth chapter of the seventh book—on the immortality of the soul? I should like to die thoroughly convinced of that noble truth—if truth it is—and I have often read that chapter with much satisfaction." I went to the table and found the book—a pocket copy—the leaves of which were turned down to the very page I wanted. I therefore read him, slowly and emphatically, the whole of the eighth and ninth chapters, beginning, "*Nunc est igitur summum bonum immortalitas, ad quam capiendam, et formata principio, et nati sumus.*" When I had got as far as the allusion to Cicero's vacillating views, Mr. — repeated with me, sighing, the words, "*harum inquit sententiarum, quæ vera sit, Deus aliquis viderit.*" As an instance of the

‘Ruling passion, strong in death,’

I mention, though somewhat to my own discredit, that he briskly corrected a false quantity which slipped from me. "Allow me, doctor—*expetit*, not *expetit*." He made no other observation, when I had concluded reading the chapters from Lactantius, than, "I certainly wish I had early formed fixed principles on religious subjects—but it is now too late." He then dropped asleep, but presently began murmuring very sorrowfully—"Emma, Emma!—haughty one! Not one look?—I am dying—and you don't know it—nor care for me! * * How beautiful she looked stepping from the carriage! How magnificently dressed! I think she saw—why can't she love me? She cannot love somebody else—No—madness—no!"—In this strain he continued soliloquizing for some minutes longer. It was the first time I had ever heard any thing of the kind fall from him. At length he asked, "I wonder if they ever came to her hands?" as if striving to recollect something. The nurse whispered that she had often heard him talk in the night time about this lady, and that he would

go on till he stopped in tears. I discovered, from a scrap or two found among his papers after his decease, that the person he addressed as Emma was a young lady in the higher circles of society, of considerable beauty, whom he saw by accident, and fancied she had a regard for him. He had, in turn, indulged in the most extravagant and hopeless passion for her. He suspected himself that she was wholly unconscious of being the object of his almost frenzied admiration. When he was asking "if something came to her hands," I have no doubt he alluded to some copy of verses he had sent to her—of which the following fragments, written in pencil, on a blank leaf of his Aristophanes, probably formed a part. There is some merit in them, but none extravagance:—

"I could go through the world with thee,
To spend with thee eternity!"

* * * * *
"To see thy blue and passionate eye,
Light on another scornfully,
But fix its melting glance on me,
And blend!"—

"Read the poor heart that throbs for thee,
Imprint all o'er with thy dear name—
Yet withering 'neath a lonely flame,
That warms thee not, yet me consumes!"

* * * * *
"Aye, I would have thee all my own,
Thy love, thy life, mine, mine alone;
See nothing in the world but me,
Since nought I know, or love, but thee!"

"The eyes that on a thousand fall,
I would collect their glances all,
And fling their lustre on my soul,
Till it imbibed, absorb'd the whole."

Those are followed by several more lines; but these will suffice. This insane attachment was exactly what I might have expected from one of his ardent and enthusiastic temperament. To return, however, once more. Towards eleven o'clock, he began to fail rapidly. I had my fingers on his pulse which beat very feebly, almost imperceptibly. He opened his eyes slowly, and gazed upwards with a vacant air.

"Why are you taking the candles away, nurse?" he enquired feebly. They had not been touched. His cold fingers gently compressed my hand—they were stiffening with death. "Don't, don't put the candles out, doctor," he commenced again, looking at me, with an eye on which the thick mists and shadows of the grave were settling fast—they were filmy and glazed.

"Don't blow them out—don't—don't!" he again exclaimed, almost inaudibly.

"No, we will not!—My dear Mr. —, both candles are burning brightly beside you on the table," I replied, tremulously;—for I saw the senses were forgetting their functions—that life and consciousness were fast retiring!

"Well," he murmured almost inarticulately, "I am now quite in darkness!—Oh, there is something at my heart—cold, cold!—*Doctor, keep them off!*—Why, oh, death!" He ceased. He had spoken his last on earth. The intervals of respiration became gradually longer and longer; and the precise moment when he ceased to breathe at all could not be ascertained. Yes; it was all over. Poor Mr. — was dead. I shall never forget him.

THE QUAKER WISHING HAT.

What do we rationally dread or desire?—JUVENAL.

There is nothing in which we more affect superiority over former times than in the matter of superstition. We laugh at our ancestors for believing in ghosts, witches, and magic, and fondly persuade ourselves that we are free from the same weakness. But our self complacency deceives us. A belief in supernatural agency still partially exists among us. Hundreds of our citizens yet believe that the laws of nature are occasionally suspended, or changed, to effect a particular object; and that providence kindly reveals its will to mortals by presentiments, forebodings, dreams, and other portentous signs:—Where is the individual indeed who does not put faith in some of these *indicia* of the future?—Who does not believe that there are lucky and unlucky seats at cards, lottery offices, and days for going to sea; or that the number *thirteen* at table will prove fatal to one of the company before the year is out?

The just inference that a rational and philosophical mind will deduce from these facts is, that an article of faith so universal must be well founded; and that incredulity on such points is to be set down rather to man's pride than his reason. It certainly seems something like presumption for ordinary minds to pronounce Dr. Johnson who admitted the probability of invisible agents, to be clearly wrong; and that he who exhibited so much vigour of intellect in other things should betray weakness only in this. The poet, too, who was most conscious of the power of the human mind has borne testimony to its weakness, by declaring that "There were more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

These sage and novel reflections were suggested by a whimsical scene, which I witnessed not long since in the sober and enlightened city of Philadelphia. But a short preliminary narrative is necessary to make my subsequent story intelligible.

There lately lived not a quarter of a mile from Market street, and not far from a spacious private mansion, more remarkable for its costliness than taste, an elderly member of the society of Friends, who had, by a long continued course of prudence and industry, amassed a considerable fortune, and whose brief history is thus narrated. He was born of obscure parents, in Lancaster county; left an orphan, when about thirteen; and was bound an apprentice to a surly fellow, who followed the business of a wagoner on the road to Philadelphia. Two or three years afterwards, to escape a severe whipping, he ran away from his tyrannical master, and sought refuge in the suburbs, with a respectable Quaker, who knowing the character of the wagoner, (having often noticed his severity,) humanely concealed the little truant, and took him under his protection. Finding him mild, docile, steady and obedient, he, after a while prevailed on the wagoner to relinquish his right to the boy, took him into his shop, and finally put him in a way

of doing business for himself. He quietly pursued the calling of a shopkeeper for twenty years; he had never in that time been out of Philadelphia, except to go to Lancaster; and such was his moderation, and so equable had been the tenor of his life, that it was commonly said by his neighbours, upon his own authority, that he had never seriously made but three wishes in his life, in all of which he had been successful. These were to marry Sarah Skinner, the rich tanner's daughter; to own Major O'Garish's meadows and mill near Lancaster, and to be a director of the bank of North America.

About fifteen years since, two young ladies, who attended a celebrated female school not far from this worthy citizen's residence, one Saturday afternoon stepped in to see his daughter, who was one of their school-mates. They had not been in the parlour many minutes before Eleanor McGlee, who was just then turned of sixteen, and was distinguished for her sprightly playful humour, seized friend Stilman's broad-brimmed hat then lying on a table, and put it on. After viewing herself in the mirror over the mantle-piece, and diverting her friends with her sallies of pleasantry, she threw herself into a large antiquated arm-chair, and putting aside the natural curls which concealed her beautiful forehead, and shaded her dark eyes, exclaimed,

"I am tired to death with getting so much dismal stuff by heart. I wish Mr. Fretting was at old Nick for giving me such an unconscionable task."

At this moment a handsome new barouch, and two showy, spirited, dapple greys, with a servant in livery behind, rattled along the pavement.

"Look! look! my dear girls," said the pretty romp, "how happy must they be, who have nothing to do but to ride about and enjoy these fine summer evenings. I wish I was fairly married, with such an equipage as that at my command. I would bid good bye to geography and history, and these tiresome nouns and verbs.—And now I think of it, Anne, I have heard that your father never made a wish in his life without getting it. Perhaps there is some virtue in his hat, and who knows but I may get my wish too. Bella, my dear, let me see how you look under this umbrella."

Then transferring the hat from her own head to her companion's, said, "Now, pray, what do you wish for?"

"I wish for nothing," said Miss Bland, "but that I may hear from home, and that mama may send for me before the examination."

"Come girls," said Miss Stilman, "you have made sport enough with my father's hat; (at the same time putting it on her own head.)—I wish, with all my heart, he could have heard you."

At that moment Mr. Stilman entered from an adjoining room, where he had been all the while reading and smoking. By the time they had primly seated themselves, he went up to Eleanor, and gently tapping her cheek, said:

"Indeed, Nell, thou art a wild girl. Thee must take care that thee does not come to wear the breeches, having begun with wearing the hat."

Having thus brought them nearer to that standard of order and propriety which he liked to see in every thing, he good naturedly left them to while away an hour in the innocent gaiety which belongs only to their sex and season of life.

But now mark the sequel. On returning to her lodgings, Isabella found a letter from her mother, summoning her to attend the nuptials of her eldest sister, a fortnight before the dreaded 'examination.' This concurrence with her previous wish made some impression on the minds of these young girls; but it was greatly increased when they learnt the following day, on going to school, that Mr. Fretting, their teacher, was dangerously ill of a bilious fever, and two days afterwards that he was dead. But stranger than all! in the course of another week, the same gay equipage which had attracted Miss McGlee's attention, was seen to drive up to her father's door in Chesnut street. It proved to belong to a rich South Carolinian, who was making a northern tour, who had letters to McGlee; and who, fascinated by the beauty and vivacity of Miss Eleanor, made a tender of his hand; and in a fortnight more, she became his bride. Whether she had previously told him the story of the Quaker's hat, is not known.

All the wishes of these young ladies having thus miraculously come to pass; (unless indeed it may be questioned whether a more than common share of peevishness and scolding, on the part of Mr. Fretting, had consigned him to old Nick,) the affair soon became the subject of conversation and wonder, not only with the young ladies themselves, but with their friends, and, finally, with all their neighbours and acquaintance. As is usual in such cases the cause of wonder was heightened by many additions and exaggerations until old Mr. Stilman and his hat became objects of curiosity with all the young, the idle, and the credulous portion of their quarter of the city; that is, with nineteen out of twenty. Numberless were the occasions on which experiments were made on the hat, in effectuating the wishes of its wearers; and if, in many of these, it failed, in many others, the event wished for most strangely came to pass; and one case of success outweighed a dozen of failures.

The public, finding the hat efficacious at one time, and not so at another, formed various theories for the purpose of explaining the seeming inconsistencies, until at length, it settled down upon these conditions, as indispensable to the success of the hat—that the wish must be such a one as was not deemed impossible by the person who made it, and that it must be unpremeditated. After this time, whenever a wish was not realized, the failure was attributed to the absence of one, or both of these essential pre-requisites. In due time the old gentleman,

died in consequence of a violent catarrh caught on his farm, and much stress was laid on the circumstance that he had not the wonderful hat with him; not a few believing that it would have shielded him from the arrow of death as effectually as it had ever protected him from the ray of the sun.

After his decease, a German doctor, who had in vain attempted to rival Mr. Swaim, purchased the far-famed hat of the widow, at a high price with a view of profiting by the popular credulity; and having opened a house in Southwark for the purpose of exhibiting the hat in public, and having industriously circulated certificates of its efficacy in hand-bills and advertisements, he bids fair to receive a remuneration, almost equal to that received by his former competitor, for his valuable, or more properly, invaluable *panacea*.

The preceding narrative I received from a friend who took me to the doctor's house some evenings since, for the purpose, as he said, of witnessing the widely extended influence of this superstition; but, as I strongly suspected, with half a mind to try its virtue himself; for being one of the *litterati* of Philadelphia, and having been employed to write eloquent puffs of the "Miraculous hat," he had in his efforts to persuade others of its efficacy almost persuaded himself. We were received by Dr. Hinterlist, who formed an exalted idea of my friend's talents, with a well meant, though somewhat awkward courtesy, in a neat little back parlour: and we were permitted to occupy a corner of it, from which we could see and hear, through a small casement, the several applicants as they came, singly or in groups, without being observed ourselves. The consultants of the oracle entered the small adjoining apartment in which the hat lay upon a table; and each one, sitting in a chair covered with scarlet velvet, and putting on the magical hat, uttered his or her wishes in an audible voice.

As soon as we were quietly seated, a party of four entered—two young ladies, attended each by a gallant. The first who approached the table was a little arch looking brunette, who, putting on the hat, after having divested herself of a leghorn, yet larger, said "I wish I may pass the next winter in Washington," and at the same time she cast a sly and inquisitive look towards the gentleman who had attended her, and who was evidently somewhat discomposed. The other young lady then succeeded, and wished that she might be the mistress of a house with three bow windows;" on hearing which, the lurking look of the same gentleman relaxed into a smile. His turn came next, and he wished for success in his next suit; but it did not appear whether he meant a suit in court or in courtship, as he seemed to be a lawyer, as well as a lover. His companion, a pale and delicate youth, of a melancholy aspect, wished that his sonnet should be inserted in the next Atlantic Souvenir. I now clearly saw signs of disappointment in the admirer of bow windows, and of derision in the other two.

This youthful party was succeeded by three men, of maturer age, and more anxious faces.—The first wished that his application at Washington should be successful; the next, that the New York horse should beat the Virginian, in the expected match race; and the third, that the democratic ticket should prevail at the ensuing election.

A promiscuous party of matrons and misses then entered the room; but their conversation was so various and intermingled, that I could no longer always hear the wishes of each applicant I perceived, however, that those of the married ladies generally related to their husbands; one praying that her spouse should be rich; another sober, and a third faithful. But I thought that the sound of "Ogle carriage, Brussels carpet, desert service," occasionally met my ear. The younger portion of the company modestly contented themselves with wishing for jewels, shawls and bonnets, but now and then the desires of their gentle bosoms were expressed in inaudible whispers, at which times I conjectured they solicited things of greater importance, as they seemed to blush at the extravagance of their own wishes.

Profiting by their sweet confusion of tongues, the "symphonia discors" of the next room, we now entered into conversation; and the doctor, who seemed to relish a joke, and not at all disposed to let it suffer by his squeamish mode of telling it, informed us that when he first exhibited "the mysterious hat," he kept a register of the several wishes of the applicants, and that he was surprised to find amidst all the seeming variety, so much resemblance, and even downright coincidence. He said that seven young ladies had wished for the same necklace and earrings at Thibault's, part of a fresh importation from Paris; that more than twice that number of married ladies had coveted the *plateau* of a foreign minister, about to return to Europe, and that, on one occasion, when the postmaster happened to be seized with an influenza, which confined him to his bed, there was as many as nine men who wished for his office for themselves, and no less than thirty three of the other sex, who wished for it for their husbands, fathers or brothers. He remarked that he always had a fine harvest on the eve of an election, particularly on that of president; and that he had found, on an average, there were about fifteen who wished the possessor of a lucrative office to lose it, for one who wished him to keep it; and he said that he supposed this had a great deal of influence in the elections; adding, however, "that he was no politician." He then gave us the result of one month's experience, from a written memorandum, which he alleged he had made out from his register. According to this paper, twenty gentlemen had wished for success in their intended proposals, eighty to draw the great prize in some lottery; thirty for public office; ten for health, and fifty for long life. Of the other sex, forty had wished for a return of affection; one hundred and fifty to be married; and ten to be

single. Eighty-five had wished for equipages, and splendid furniture; thirteen for children; five for the esteem of their acquaintance; and three very old ladies to go to heaven. He added, that although, now and then, some came out of idle curiosity, or for the purpose of quizzing him; nine tenths of his customers were either gamblers, speculators, trading politicians, or ladies between the age of fourteen and seventy, all of whom had, as they ought to have, great confidence in the virtues of his hat, as very few ever came to complain that it had disappointed them.

Whilst we were moralizing on the miserable condition of man, always wanting something for his happiness, and, very often, even for his comfort, the motley crowd retired, and were immediately succeeded by two ladies, of very different appearance. One of them in a Quaker attire, with bloom on her cheek and contentment on her brow, might have passed for thirty, or even less. The other wore that particular dress which seems to have an equal eye to the past and the future, and which, though termed *half mourning*, commonly tells the world that "Time the Comforter," has already done his part. In her pale and sickly countenance, it was easy to perceive that natural vivacity still struggled with anxiety and ill health, and if no allowance was made for the effect of these, her age might be put down at forty. Disengaging herself from the arm of her friend, she approached the table, and said,

"It is now, Anne, about ten or twelve years since I first proved the virtue of this hat."

"It is more than that, Eleanor."

"Well, well, fifteen then, you are always so exact. But, as I was going to say, since the hat proved true to me before, I will try it again. And I wish (at the same time putting the hat on her head,) I was again fairly settled in Philadelphia, for I shall never have my health at home."

"I wonder, Eleanor," said her companion, "that thee can still have faith in this childish superstition; but as thy purpose is answered, we will go;" and they forthwith left the room.

"This lady," said my friend, who is a great writer, and contributes to the reviews, "is but a type of the generality of mankind. We desire now what we disregarded last year, and may loathe the next; and often that which we have coveted with the most passionate ardour, and pursued with the most indefatigable industry, proves the chief source of our unhappiness. Evil is so connected with good, by that chain of causes which reaches from the throne of God to man's most trifling acts, that we know not what is best for us, what we ought to wish for. This poor lady, attaining her fondest wish, has exchanged health for disease, gaiety of heart for care, and finds too late that wealth has not brought her happiness. If she were now to obtain her second wish, I doubt whether she would long be satisfied with her condition; though (at the same time pulling up his collar and adjusting his cravat,) it is to be sure, a fine thing to live in Philadelphia."

"But," said I, "are not desires necessary, even to virtue itself? Without the love of fame, of power, of riches—the desire of happiness in short—what would stimulate man to action? There could be no excellence, individual or national. It is not then our desires, but the *abuse* of them that we ought to condemn. If they are directed to proper objects, to the attainment of virtue and truth—of truth in religion, truth in morals, truth in science—they cannot well be too strong."

TO MR. W——.

On Saturday it was my chance
To read the news to pa' at tea,
And accidentally to glance
Upon your lines addressed to me;
And having now an hour to spare,
I'll waste it on my Ballston beau,
And very faithfully declare
The reasons why I used him so.

And do you wish that speech were over—
And are those gentle hopes alive?
Upon my soul, my flouted lover,
I marvel greatly they survive.
But if you will you needs must go
Thro' with your speech, as you have plann'd it,
And I shall easy answer No—
But hardly make you understand it.

I saw you bowing in the crowd—
We won't dispute about the graces,—
But could you fancy, while you bow'd,
Your ne plus ultra common places,
Your variations always ready,
Oh 'how d'y do'—'I hope you're well'—
Were conversation for a lady,
Or homage for a reigning belle?

And when I dropt my 'kerchief too—
(*'Twas cambric, Mrs. Cannon made it*)—
And said, 'I will not trouble you'—
(Pray leave the accent where I laid it.)
Your stiff manœuvres all that day
Were theme of laughter for the girls, -
And furnished Flint a smart essay
On practising to dive for pearls.

And when we met upon the river,
You shewed a face of such despair,
A lady whispered that my diver
Seemed like to take to diving there,
And Flint declared that should you prove
Possess'd of nerve enough to try it,
And wet your starch, and cure your love,
You'd be a double gainer by it.

But art is long, and life is short—
And mine must not be spent in preaching;
And full grown dandies who resort
To Ballston, are beyond my teaching.
So put me down too sour or sweet—
Affect disgust, or plead satiety,
It is not likely we shall meet
This winter—I'm in good society.

MARY F——.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
THE CHARM.

BY MRS. H. M. DODGE.

Samantha Bingham was a beautiful, amiable, and gentle creature; and those who had once beheld her remembered her ever after, as they would a bright and fadeless vision. It was not the transparency of her skin, the soft, rosy flush of her cheek, nor the exquisite symmetry of her form and features, that attracted the attention of all: it was the tender tones that mingled with all her words, the meekness of her thoughtful, intelligent eye, and the unaffected purity and gentleness of her manners, brightened and made infinitely more lovely than language can express by a *charm*,—a deep, ineffable, and immortal charm.

Samantha was the eldest daughter of a country merchant, and consequently her advantages were considerably limited; yet so industriously did she improve these advantages, that she far exceeded in useful knowledge many females in the highest stations of life. The sweetness and evenness of her disposition made her always prepared to meet every event with firmness, and her natural good sense taught her how best to improve the different occurrences of life to her own good or to the good of others.

Oh! your heart would have overflowed with affection for the tender girl, could you have beheld her at the latest watch of the night bending over the lonely pillow of her aged grandmother, lifting the cordial to her lips, and soothing and strengthening her spirits with the consolations of her gentle voice. The charm before mentioned played over her countenance with unutterable brightness, and seemed to fling a new radiance around the head of the departing saint.

Time passed along, and Samantha was at length led to the sacred altar of marriage, by one who was, in attractive goodness and in the perfections of the mind, so much like herself, that all were delighted with the union, and all hearts were lifted up in prayer for their constant prosperity and happiness. Samantha's husband, however, possessed an immense fortune; and those who loved her most tenderly for her meek and lovely temper, feared that such a change in life might tend to puff up her heart, and give her a tone of pride and vanity; but these fears were, in the result, most happily disappointed. She bore her elevation to wealth and splendor with the same moderation and meekness of heart that she had borne her more humble fortune, and she viewed the golden treasures around her as utterly valueless, only as they were stepping stones to higher acts of benevolence, and to the promotion of greater happiness among her fellow creatures, than she could effect without them, and as such she employed them.

It was most delightful for the poor to behold her entering their humble dwellings, for she always relieved their wants, and soothed and made glad their hearts by the sound of her voice, and by the power of that *charm* which always hung like a bright reality around her. It seemed as

though wealth made her even more humble and lovely in her feelings, for she constantly watched herself, lest she should find pride springing up in her heart. At length she was called to pass through a series of heavy trials, the beginning of which was the death of her dear parents; but she bore this afflicting dispensation of Divine Providence with great fortitude, and in the midst of sorrow her countenance grew brighter with that *mystic charm*. Next her husband, by several losses, was suddenly reduced to poverty, and she was removed from her splendid residence to a lowly cottage; but this painful transition wrought no visible change in her feelings or deportment. She endured it with the same firm and unruffled spirit she had done every preceding event of her life; and never, *never* had that ineffable charm shone out upon her face as it now did, when she first sat down in that lowly cottage, and pressed her innocent babe to her bosom. Oh! what a delightful sight to the partner of her life, to behold her in the midst of sorrow thus glowing with the very impress of heaven itself. It soothed his troubled spirit and cheered and comforted him in his trial. He gazed awhile in silent rapture, and then lifted up his eyes in thankfulness for such a precious treasure. In this affliction she was calm and gentle, and never once murmured; but heavier trials still awaited her. In a few months she was called to follow the remains of her dear husband to their long and last rest in the silent grave. As usual on such occasions, her friends gathered around her to administer the balm of consolation; but that charm which had so often told the chastened and acquiescent spirit, *still shone* with increased lustre upon her countenance, and she sat in meek submission to the will of heaven. Her little babe now possessed all that remained of her earthly affections; yet she almost feared it was wrong to nurse feelings of warm tenderness towards it, for she felt that she had doated too fondly on the perishable things of time; but what mother shall speculatively, or even religiously, resist the soft persuasions of her heart, when she looks on the dependant, innocent infant in her arms? Samantha could not; yet she sought to love it in subserviency to a higher and more unfailling affection. It was a precious sight to behold her kneeling in her humble cottage beside her tender babe, and imploring the presence and protection of her Heavenly Father, and his benediction on her child. Then all the mother shone out in the meek expression of her earnest eye, and that charm—oh, who can tell its beauty!—seemed to brighten all the place, and call down angels to witness the scene. Thus she lived, and was happy—far happier than the votary of fashion, who passes his days in the thoughtless gaiety of the world, and feels not a touch of that holy influence which shed a lustre over the lonely cottage of the widow and the orphan.

Alas, poor Samantha! thy heart must bleed yet once more—the last tie that binds thee to earth must be broken!

She looked on the cold remains of her departed boy, and pressed her lips to his bloodless brow! Her agony was deep, but she was calm as the morning; she stood awfully solemn beside his open grave, and those who loved her, said "Surely now her last hope is gone, and she will need consolation;" but she lifted her eyes to heaven, a glow passed over her face, and that blessed charm shone out with such serenity, such holy submission to the will of God, that her friends felt rather to rejoice than to mourn.

A little while and she was called to stand on the very borders of the two worlds. Her illness was unusually distressing, yet no one ever heard her complain. Long and patiently did she wait the approach of death, and when she was told that he was indeed at hand, a new light beamed from her eyes, and a smile of inward peace and satisfaction sat upon her countenance. She gave to each of her friends the parting hand, and then commended her spirit to the protection of her God.

Oh, what a glorious moment is death to the believer! how full of the brightness of a dawning heaven—how hallowed with the presence of the blessed Redeemer!

Samantha's heart was full of joy. Angels seemed to descend from the glory of the third heavens, and hover over her pillow; an ineffable light seemed to shine all around her; and, oh! it was the light of that immortal charm which had attended her through every scene of prosperity and affliction, and filled her heart with calmness and resignation. Never had it shone as at this moment; so brilliant, and yet so chastened and so holy. She yielded up her spirit gradually, and as she passed away, this sacred charm wrote victory on her brow, and stamped on her countenance a glorious triumph over death and the grave. She departed like a sunbeam, more beautiful and unceasingly just before it passes from the gaze of mortals.

The *charm* so powerful in its influence, and so full of peace and glory in its result, was no other than the meek and lowly religion of the cross.

THE KING OF THE NETHERLANDS.

William Frederick, King of the Netherlands, is the eldest son of William the fifth Stadtholder, descended from John, the youngest brother of our William III. His present Majesty was born at the Hague on the 24th of August, 1772, and consequently was 58 years old the 24th of last month. His mother was a Princess of Prussia. From his early years he was distinguished by habits of study and industry, evincing little relish for the frivolities of a court; and since his accession to sovereign power he has been frequently pointed out as that Monarch of Continental Europe who profited most by the lessons of Providence during the awful vicissitudes that accompanied the French Revolution. In 1791, being then a Lieutenant-General in his father's army, he married his cousin, the sister of the reigning King of Prussia, who gave birth to the

present Prince of Orange in 1792. The National Convention of France having declared war against the Stadtholder in 1793, William Frederick was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch army, in which he displayed considerable talent, and, in 1794, captured the fortress of Landrecy with a garrison of 7,000 men, which had formerly held out against Charles V. and Prince Eugene. After this brilliant triumph, the Emperor placed the Austrian forces in the Netherlands under his command, which raised his army to 50,000 men, with which he raised the siege of Charleroi, compelling the French, after an obstinate contest of seventeen hours, to recross the Sambre. In 1795, however, the French army became so powerful, that all Holland was compelled to submission, and the Stadtholder with his family, including the present King, sought an asylum in England. By the treaty concluded at Paris between France and Prussia, in 1802, Fulda, Dortmund, and other petty towns in Germany, was assigned as an indemnity to the House of Orange, for the relinquishment of their claims on Holland, and almost immediately after the Stadtholder transferred the new acquisition to his eldest son. William Frederick immediately took up his residence at Fulda, in the midst of his new subjects, and devoted his whole attention to their happiness. On the breaking out of the war between Napoleon and the King of Prussia, which was decided by the single battle of Jena, William Frederick accepted a command in the Prussian service, and was, in consequence, at the termination of the war, deprived of his new sovereignty. He then lived with his family in privacy at Dantzic until the breaking out of fresh hostilities between France and Austria, when he accepted a command under the Archduke Charles, and was present at the battle of Wagram, in 1809. Some time after he again visited England; and when the Dutch, encouraged by the success of the Allies, resolved to separate themselves from France, they unanimously offered him the sovereignty of the United Provinces, and in March, 1814, a Charter of Liberty was solemnly sworn to by the Prince and Deputies of the Provinces. The Congress of Vienna having afterwards determined to incorporate Belgium with the United Provinces, in 1815, William Frederick was proclaimed King of the Netherlands, and made his public entry into Brussels in the month of April, 1815.

Since that period he has industriously administered the duties of government, it is believed, with impartiality. Still, from the long continued enmity of the Belgians and Dutch, arising partly from a difference of religion, the former have long enterthined jealousies against the latter as the favourites of government. The embers of discord, long smouldering in suppressed murmurs, broke out into a flame in August last, on witnessing the brilliant success of the patriots of France. Finding the animosity of the Belgians not to be allayed, William has wisely consented to the dismemberment of his kingdom, and



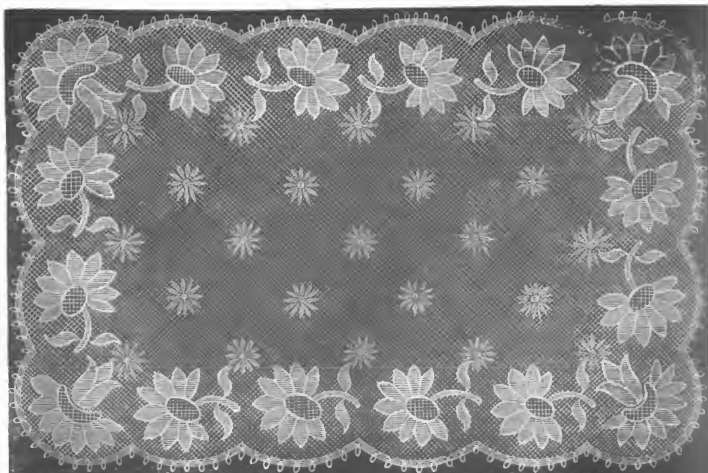
THE OLD MILL POND



THE OLD MILL POND



BRIDGE OVER THE PENNEPACK.



LACE-WORK.

the establishment of a separate government by his Belgian subjects, who, it is presumed, will adopt the republican form as their choice.

PENNEPACK BRIDGE.

This ancient structure was built in 1697-98. It is situated about ten miles north-east from Philadelphia, on the route of the eastern mail, and about one mile from the Delaware. The tide rises to this bridge, and the creek is navigable for sloops to Pennock's mill, a few rods below the bridge. This creek supplies with water a number of grist and saw mills, and cotton and other factories. Pennepack Bridge is one of the oldest in Pennsylvania, and its present state of preservation proves the attention which our forefathers bestowed on their architecture. Its solidity is calculated to endure for ages. The town of Holmesburgh is in the immediate vicinity of the bridge.

Recently on leaving the city for a time, the publisher left directions for engraving a cut representing *lace work*. The engraver, however, by mistake, made the print a representation of embroidery on muslin. To correspond with the print, therefore, and not with its caption, we furnish our readers with an article on

EMBROIDERY ON MUSLIN.

White Embroidery comprises the art of working flowers, and other ornamental designs, on muslin, for dresses, or their trimmings, capes, collars, handkerchiefs, &c.

There are two sorts of cotton proper for this work; that which is most generally used, because it washes the best, is the dull cotton, sometimes called *Trafalgar*, or *Indian*. The other sort is the glazed, or *English cotton*, and is only proper to be used on thin muslin; although it looks infinitely the more beautiful of the two previous to its being washed, yet that operation destroys its beauty and removes all its gloss; nor is it so smooth and pleasant to use as the other. Patterns for working may be purchased at most of the fancy shops; but ladies possessing a taste for drawing, may design their own subjects, by making sketches on paper, in pencil, and afterwards going over them again with ink. A pattern may be copied, by placing a thin piece of paper over the original, and tracing it through against a window. The outline of a subject already worked, if of a thick rich description, may be obtained by laying the muslin on a table, placing a piece of white paper over it, and rubbing the paper with a nutmeg partly grated: this outline may afterwards be perfected with a pen.

The paper pattern for a running design of flowers, foliage, &c. should be from twelve to eighteen inches long, in proportion to its breadth, and shifted along the muslin as the work proceeds. As this sort of pattern is liable to be soon damaged, it is advisable to strengthen it by a lining of cambric muslin. The muslin or cambric intended to be worked, must be smoothly and evenly tacked on the pattern, so

as to prevent its getting out of place; the stems, and external edges of leaves, flowers or ornaments, must then be traced by running them round with cotton: great care should be taken to preserve their shape and form accurately, as a fault in this stage of the work is not easily remedied afterwards. In working the bottom of a dress, flounce, cape, or collar, the edge of the pattern, which is usually a running scallop, or series of scallops, forming larger ones, a vandyke or a chain, should be done first. The best and strongest way of working this part, is in the stitch used for buttonhole work. The stalks leading to leaves or flowers, having been run round as directed, must next be sewn over tolerably thick. Where it appears desirable to thicken a stem, or any other part of the outline, a piece of the cotton should be lain along the running thread, and both be sewn over together. Leaves or flowers are worked in what is called *satin stitch*, (from the length of the stitches resembling the threads in satin;) but great care should be taken that the stitches do not lie over each other, but are evenly ranged side by side. Flowers, or stars, worked in fine *worsted*, or *crewl*, of various colours, may be used with very good effect in *satin stitch*. The work should be slightly pressed with the finger now and then, to assist in keeping it in shape.

The middle of a flower is sometimes ornamented by the introduction of very beautiful open work, in imitation of antique lace; but the various kinds of stitch requisite, and the mode of using them are so complex and intricate, that a practical description is scarcely possible; and nothing but personal instruction can probably convey a perfect knowledge of their application. We propose, however, hereafter to continue the subject, embracing various different kinds of embroidery on muslin, lace, &c. illustrated with cuts which will enable us to convey a general idea of some of the stitches used, better than can possibly be done without them.

THE PORTRAIT.

Al! let me look upon thy face,
Fling back thy clustering hair;
It is a happiness to gaze
On any thing so fair.

'Tis such spring-morning loveliness—
The blushing and the bright—
Beneath whose sway, unconsciously,
The heaviest heart grows light.

The crimson, flushing up the rose,
When some fresh wind has past,
Parting the boughs—just such a hue
Upon thy cheek is cast.

Thy golden curls, where sunshine dwells
As in a summer home;
The brow whose snow is pure and white
As that of ocean foam.

For grief has thrown no shadow there
And worldliness no stain;
It is as only flowers could grow
In such a charmed domain.

I would thy fate were in my hands:
I'd bid it but allow
Thy future to be like thy past,
And keep thee just as now.

L.

Written for the Casket.

THE INQUEST OF THE DEAD.

Pulvinara; or, Tales of the Pillow.

"Beneath these sate on many a saphire throne
The great who had departed from mankind;
A mighty senate."
SHELLEY.

A few evenings past I was relieving the weariness, and endeavoring to relax my poor faculties from the mental exertion occasioned by reading accounts of recent political events, by laughing at Mark Bancroft and his fairy tales. The tales operated as a most affectual soporific: I was in a few moments in profound slumber on the sofa. But the tales had left some impression, and I was soon myself in the empire of dreams. The scenes around me were not as those presented to Mira. The heavens lowered, the winds swept in hollow blasts through trees whose leafless branches lashed in wild moanings. Snow and rain descended on the hills and vales. Human habitations were seen, but far distant along the desolate waste. I seemed on an island of a river, whose cold and turbid waves dashed in foam over black and broken rocks, forbidding all escape from the unsheltered isle of sadness.

Shivering and despairing, my eye swept the hopeless landscape,—a being approached; his eye was sunken and deathlike; his form was that of a man, but in his pale face, the only marks of life were the motion of his lips and the sound of his voice when pronouncing the following dreadful words: 'Spirit, thou art now in the vale of death.' His lips closed, as he seized me in his ice-cold arms; wings of immense dimensions expanded, and with a swiftness beyond all human thought, I was borne far beyond the orbs which whirl round our sun. I was carried through regions of utter darkness, but light at length beamed stronger and stronger—I was approaching the star Sirius. It appeared a sun of immeasurable magnitude, but its light soft and thrilling. I was conveyed to its surface, and stood a wondering stranger amongst forms like my own.

My gloomy conductor was gone, but a sprite advanced. He was arch of eye and lip, and who—I soon found was the fairy Roget. 'Ah, my good friend,' said he, 'you have escaped from the world and your conscience at last; what think you of the world you have reached?'

'It is really a paradise,' I replied; and rather doubtfully demanded if I was for ever to enjoy what appeared around me.

Roget, with one of his most malicious grins, replied, 'that is doubtful; but every spirit on its first arrival has a respite before being brought to answer for his earthly acts—come with me.'

The scene now changed, and I was seated on an emerald chair between columns of richest jasper. The floor was inlaid with every dazzling gem, and the ceiling shone in burnished gold set off with spangles of adamant. My fancy was not, however, left to wander on the dead wonders of metals and stones; my attention was drawn to the living throng, who were seated like

myself, or wandering over the vast halls and saloons which seemed to open on all sides. My thoughts were raised to sublimity, and for a moment I forgot that my own fate was not yet sealed, when Roget touched my right arm with his wand, observing, 'Spirit, this is the palace of Memory, where the trifles of your own life will vanish before the recollections of time. Behold those two figures.'

At that moment my eye caught two shades approaching each other. One with form and head erect, his fine arched forehead rising above brows at once projecting and inviting; his lips eloquent in silence, seemed ready to pour forth the accents of benevolence and truth, which beamed from his eyes of light and heat. To the expression of face, was added a form rising in doric majesty. The countenance and figure of the other was still more striking, though less commanding in form. His keen but retiring eye seemed to lie in wait for examination; a cold indifference concealed a real disdain of others. His whole physiognomy bespoke talent of an exalted order; but from his pale and compressed mouth, no warm sentiment appeared ready to burst forth to greet his kind. In his every gesture, as his steady glance swept slowly over the vast and now silent assembly, there was that isolation of feeling which keeps the possessor alone amongst millions.

It was not necessary to say to a single spectator, 'that is what was Alexander of Russia, and he before him, the shade of his once mighty opponent Napoleon.' These names were ejaculated, and again a painful silence reigned through the labyrinthine palace.

—"Whose roof of moorstone carved, did keep
A glimmering o'er the forms on every side,"

—"Like life and thought; immovable, deep eyed."

It was now when their eyes caught that of each other, that attention became indeed profound. The once dictators to two hundred millions of their species, stood in the awful presence of each other, with the judgment of history and testimony of time sounding in their hearts. The events of half a century memory recalled. The fields of Austerlitz, Marengo, Pultusk, Golymin, Eylau, Friedland, the crowded banks of the Oka, the Niemen, the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Seine, the theatres of so many bitter recollections; Smolensko, Moscow, Leipsic, Paris, and Waterloo, passed in rapid retrospect. The obscure isle of the ocean, tempest beat, and the humble Taiganrog, wherefrom their once agitated spirits escaped from life and fortune, were painted to their mind's eye.

A scowl sat on each brow as their glances met; their earthly feelings once more revived; but the face of Alexander softened to a smile, as he observed, 'Napoleon, the clouds of life have passed away.'

The proud spirit of Napoleon rose at the voice, his bosom seemed to swell, but a moment and he was the same distant, sad, and self-preoccupied being, who erst strode through the sa-

loons of Paris, and Berlin, but after a pause, his searching eye fixing on Alexander, he replied,

“Alexander, the clouds of life are passed, but the records of time have not passed”—and after remaining again silent for some moments, in a most penetrating tone resumed,

“Fame hath brought to the palace of Memory the latest reports of perturbed Europe—” ‘and the ruin of our systems,’ interrupted Alexander.

“Systems?” bitterly retorted Napoleon; “Our want of system—our egotism. Smile not, Alexander, we are now in the palace of memory; we can now speak of ourselves, of our acts, as of the most distant history; and what is the voice of history in regard to us both? We have disturbed the earth, and behold the mede we have gained!”

Here Napoleon unfolded a scroll which before appeared a sceptre-staff, and read, casting in the pauses of the sentences severe glances on his awe-struck hearer:

“One-tenth part of a century is almost past since the death of Napoleon, and the elements are scarcely yet collected to form a solid and philosophical appreciation of his character; this prodigious man has given so many and opposite impulses to the affairs of his age, that as regards either the good or evil, we are yet unable to estimate the combinations. Alexander has passed to the regions of memory only half the time, and we may already boldly pronounce on the worth of his political system, which fell in ruins round his tomb. Napoleon was himself the cause of the immense motion he communicated to human action. Alexander’s political life was that of reaction. The one shook the world by the force of his will, and the other opposed that force by the advantages of his physical position. Napoleon for a long period subjugated fortune and commanded admiration; whilst his adversary following the reflux of fatality, and influenced by generous intentions, has obtained simply esteem. In fine, the soul of Napoleon was in all its energy, the image of an abyss, where the good and bad principle exercised in turns all their inspirations, under the constant predominance of a vast and exalted thought;—whilst the character of Alexander has only presented brilliant surfaces, of a soft light it is true, but where meekness shines more than strength, and over which, have successively glided, borrowed ideas, from systems without necessary connexion between themselves. The rivalry of two such potentates could not be that of intellect opposed to intellect; and with all that Alexander could personally introduce into the struggle, the contest was much more between the two empires and two people than between their masters.”

A triumphant frown now marked the brow of Napoleon; and the remains of human passions was answered by the features of Alexander, on which struggled the magnitude of his nature, with the false maxims of court education, which engendered the holy alliance. Napoleon, as he rolled back his scroll, reassumed that dark,

silent and sombre cast of countenance which in life was the prelude to ‘mighty designs,’ and Alexander was essaying to speak, when appeared between them, the athletic form of a wound-covered warrior, whose soft but severe scrutiny awed Alexander, and awakened from his reverie, the once terrible Napoleon. Both knew him and bowed their recognition, for it was Kosciusko; with a visage on which sat the calmness of recititude came these words:

“Reproach not each other, Alexander and Napoleon, of what either has done, and as I never bowed to, or served either of your fortunes on earth, I shall not now awaken the echoes of ‘selfish mockeries,’ in the halls of memory, but I cannot but reproach you for what you have not done.

Napoleon, thou wast the child of freedom, she bore and nurtered thee, she watched thy infancy and boyhood, and proudly her maternal eye followed thee when on the fields of Italy the eagles of slavery cowered beneath the feet of thy war horse. How did her bosom heave when she heard thee read on the field of victory the appeal of an expiring nation.

“Fifteen millions of Poles,” cried the genius of Poland in the person of Count Oginski, ‘formerly independent, now victims to the force of circumstances, have fixed their eyes upon thee. Willingly would they pierce the barrier between you and them, and partake your dangers; crown you with new laurels, and to add to all the other titles you have acquired, that of ‘The Father of the Oppressed.’”

How this appeal was answered the voice of memory will forever repeat. Your fostering parent was soon driven from your presence—your future earthly career was deceitful, brilliant, and empty of all the mighty purposes for which thou wert called from the bosom of a people whose cause thou betrayed.

Alexander, suffering millions called upon thee also, thou hadst it in thy power to seize the proudest title earth can give. Thou mightest have been truly ‘The Father of the Oppressed.’ But what was thy choice? thou becamest the head of the oppressors.’

Here Kosciusko pointing his finger, with an uplifted arm and an elevated voice, exclaimed, ‘There is the man!’ every eye was turned upon an aged and placid head which was leaning against a column. It was La Harpe, the preceptor of Alexander, ‘Yes exclaimed Kosciusko,’ there is the man who poured the lessons of true glory into the monarch’s cradle. There is the man who would have taught the kings of the earth, that the voice of reason is the voice of truth and safety; but the kings have left to other times and other hands to open the gates of freedom to mankind. Yes! Alexander and Napoleon, have chosen the plaudits of fame, and left her homage to exalt another name. He comes, he comes.’

At first a faint whispering sound was heard from far, the roof of the temple-palace of memory seemed to rise, expand and become a vault of

immeasurable vastness, and amid the illumined heavens appeared a winged spirit, holding in her left hand a silver trumpet, and in her right hand a parchment, on which was written in letters of gold, these words, which as she read her voice seemed to reach echo after echo to the ends of the universe.

'Welcome to the temple of fame, to thy seat in the palace of memory, thou upon whose soul no remorse has ever rested. Thou who hast wielded the sword of justice on two hemispheres. Thou whose name no nation can claim as her own. Thou warrior philosopher, before whose ardent gaze, crowns, sceptres, and mitres have melted and become dross. Thou, who whilst the world, that was honored by and will forever boast thy birth and life, revolved seventy times round the fountain of its light, and whilst the Alexanders and Napoleons were disputing for airy nothings, wert calmly teaching admiring nations, that virtue, patriotism, and humanity were realities;—were THINGS, above all price.

My eye now met an advancing face—but the acclaim which greeted his entrance, shook the mighty orb on which I seemed to stand; and I awoke, with the reverberations still repeating in my ear, the name of La Fayette.

It was a dream from which I was unwillingly awakened. The voice of history was silent, for she had fallen on the carpet in the form of Rabbe's Alexander, and had taken her turn to repose.

W. M. D.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

INCONSTANCY.

Man's characteristic founded on fact.

A woman's whole life is a history of the affections, her heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there avarice seeks for hidden treasure; she sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of love!"—WASHINGTON IRVING.

"But my dear mama," said a lovely young girl to an amiable looking woman—"But, my dear mama, what objection can there be to my union with Colonel Strathford? He is very handsome, very amiable, very sensible, very witty, and very ———"

"And very, what else, my dear Cecil?" said her mother, laughingly.

"And—and *seems* to love me very much," said Cecil, looking down.

"That certainly is a very cogent reason," said her mother, smiling; "I will allow, Cecil, that he is handsome, *very* handsome—and if wit, good nature, and playfulness are synonymous with sense, he certainly is very sensible—he sings a good song, talks very agreeably, dances and *flirts* very prettily, has bright eyes, and a very sweet smile. But ———"

"Now, dear, dear mama, pray don't give me any buts—you were going on very well until that odious *but* came," said Cecil, in a tone of disappointment, although smiling all the while.

But we must acquaint our readers who and what Mrs. Gracie and her daughter were. Mrs. G. was born and married in England; but Mr. G. and her fortunes united, not being sufficient for them to live on in England as they desired, they repaired to America, and took up their residence in New York, where Cecil was born:—After her birth they removed to a beautiful country seat, in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Delaware. Their house was something of the cottage style, encompassed by trees and flowers, and surrounded by the most beautiful walks, it seemed as if it were nature's baby house, where she had bestowed all her care and favour. To this enchanting scene did this happy pair retire, and here—brought up among flowers, did the playful and romantic fancy of Cecil have full scope. Here it was she skipped along the lawn with the fawns, bloomed with the flowers, and warbled with the birds. It appeared as though every bird knew her; for as she walked among her flowers, they hovered around her.—Not a gun was allowed to approach the place, and once, when a friend of Mr. Gracie came to spend a few days with him, and mentioned that he should like to go a hunting, Cecil screamed with horror at the idea of his frightening away her little feathered favorites, and gave him a long lecture on his cruelty, which he never forgave. From a child of eight years she had had innumerable pets; lap dogs, kittens, doves, and parrots. At one time she had a lame kite, bought from a cruel boy; at another, she had eight young partridges given her by a gentleman, which were so attached to their young mistress, that when she opened the door to give them their liberty, after flying a few moments through the air, they returned to their aviary and young mistress. But the happiness of the Gracie's was not to last forever.

Mr. Gracie had long been thought labouring under a decline, and one day being out on some water excursion, he got his feet wet, which brought on a violent cold, and in a few weeks terminated his short but happy life. He left his widow the house in which she resided, and sufficient income to live comfortably; but that was all. Cecil was at that time 14 years old, and for a time inconsolable at the loss of the best of fathers. However, time flew away with her grief, and, although whenever her father was mentioned, a tear would glisten in her beautiful blue eye—once again her voice would swell with the heavenly sounds of music, her eyes again lit up with expression, and her light form bounded across the garden walks pursued by her numerous pets. Oh, why were not such beings made to live forever—to gladden every heart with their gaiety? Why are they always the soonest blighted? It seems but too true, that "the fairest flower's the soonest nipt." It must be that they are sent down to show us what we *ought* to be, and then—judged too good for earth—recalled to heavenly realms.*****

One evening, while Cecil was walking at a

distance from home, surrounded by her favorites, her pet lamb came bleating and limping up to her. She took it in her arms and caressed it.—The poor animal was soothed for a few moments, but soon recommenced bleating in a most piteous manner. “My dear Mina, what is the matter with you?” said Cecil, kissing it. The lamb held up one of its feet from the ground, and seemed in acute pain. Cecil took hold of it and examined it, when, to her distress, she saw a needle sticking in it. She immediately attempted to extract it, but could not. “Oh! what shall I do?” said she, while the tears stood in her eyes; “poor, poor Mina; what shall I do for you?”

“Can I assist you in any way?” said a voice behind her. She started up, and beheld a handsome young man, standing close behind her, viewing with a smiling eye her tender solicitude for her pet. She did not hesitate an instant in telling him her grievance; and the gallant gentleman immediately took the lamb from her, and extracted the needle with great dexterity and neatness. Cecil thanked him a thousand times, and taking the lamb in her arms proceeded home, attended by the handsome stranger, whom she thought the most agreeable gentleman she had ever seen. Mrs. Gracie was a hospitable woman, and was delighted to welcome a stranger; particularly one so agreeable, and handsome as Colonel Strathford,—and he left the house late in the evening, with many invitations to renew his visit, which he did; and Mrs. Gracie, and her daughter were every time more delighted with him.

Colonel Strathford was the youngest son of an earl. Lord Strathford was a proud man, and consequently lavished all his care on the inheritor of his title and fortune. So his next son had little bestowed on him, but was left to his own resources. He was idle and inattentive to his studies, so that his masters despaired of ever making a good scholar of him, although he was a clever boy and quick of apprehension. His brother was completely his opposite. He possessed none of the lively wit of Colonel Strathford, but had the greatest application possible, which enabled him soon to become like his father, (which was Lord Strathford’s earnest wish) a dull, stupid, insensible, ostentatious personage; while Colonel S. was like his mother, (who had eloped four years after her marriage with a young Captain of Dragoons,) gay, agreeable, witty, and volatile; and consequently disliked by his father and despised by his brother. When he had arrived at the age of twenty, a friend of his father’s, who had great interest at Court, procured him a Colonel’s commission. He immediately left his father’s castle in the country and repaired to London, where he mixed in every kind of gayety, accumulated debts to a very large amount, flirted with every pretty girl, fought a duel with a nobleman, whom he killed, was obliged to fly from England, and finally settled in the romantic village of B— on the banks of the Delaware in Ame-

rica, (the refuge of all rogues,) where he beheld Cecil Gracie, and fell in love with her (as much as *he could* love.) “And,” you will ask, “did Cecil return his attachment?” She did—she gave him all her heart—a woman’s heart—composed of *confidence*, love, and tenderness. She loved him dearly—he was her first and only love. The very tone of his voice was music to her ear—and his smile enchantment to her. When his fine manly voice would sing some gay, lively note, her blue eyes would light up with animation, and as she threw back the ringlets that clustered round her brow, she would gaze at him with all the fond pride of affection. Then again, if his notes would soften into measures of love, inconstancy, and sorrow, they would melt according to the music; and though a tear would dim her eye at the unhappiness of others, yet she never dreamt of it for herself.

About this time Mrs. Gracie accepted an invitation from a friend of her’s in Philadelphia, thinking it a pity that the exquisite accomplishments and beauty of her daughter should be “born to blush unseen,” and thinking also that intercourse with other men as gifted as himself, would lessen Cecil’s growing attachment for Colonel Strathford; for although she was amused by the Colonel’s conversation, and pleased with his good nature and gallantry, yet she saw that he was not at all calculated to make her daughter happy in domestic life; and knowing that he was by no means rich, and that Cecil had very little property, she was determined if she were consulted to put her veto to their union. They went to Philadelphia, where the Colonel followed them; and although Cecil saw many men superior to him in every thing, who offered her their hands, still none were equal, in her estimation, to Colonel Strathford; she loved him with all the devotedness natural to her sex, and she could love no other.

She returned to the country again with renewed affection for it; every flower she beheld was more beautiful than when she left it, and the songs of her birds sounded twenty times more melodious to her ear.

It was on a beautiful evening in May, when every thing was fresh and lovely, when Colonel Strathford and Cecil were walking in the flower garden, that he declared to her his love. She went hesitatingly and blushing to her mother, and informed her of it; upon which ensued the conversation, part of which we related in the first part of this tale. Their conference ended by Cecil’s going to her apartment, imagining herself the most unhappy of human beings because her mother said that seventeen was too young to marry, she must wait two years; and if she did not alter her mind in that time, she might do as she pleased.

The next morning Colonel Strathford called upon Mrs. Gracie. She told him she considered her daughter much too young to marry, but that in the course of two years, if they still retained the same opinion, she had no objection to their union; and as their fortunes were very

small, she hoped that in that time the Colonel would amass property sufficient to enable her to consent more readily. She concluded by stating that she did not consider the engagement as at all binding, as they were both young and volatile, and might change their minds. As this appeared very reasonable, the Colonel went away seemingly satisfied. * * * *

Three weeks passed rapidly and happily. Cecil received the attentions of the Colonel less hesitatingly, though as joyfully as before. But her's was "short timed felicity." One day as she and her mother were sitting working in their airy, beautiful parlour, Colonel Strathford entered the room, looking more gravely than usual. He went up to Cecil, and taking both her hands within his, said :

"Dear Cecil, we must part."

Cecil looked up in the greatest alarm.

"Do not be frightened love, I hope but for a short time. I have heard from my father, who says my brother is ill, and requires my presence. In one year, my Cecil, I shall return to love and you. Do not droop your head ; wipe the tears from your eyes. Do not let the few short hours I may yet pass with you be dimmed with weeping."

Cecil looked up ; and attempting to smile through her tears, asked when he went.

"The day after to-morrow, my dear Cecil. To-morrow I go to Philadelphia, and sail from thence the next day."

Cecil said nothing, but rose hastily and left the room. In a few moment's she returned with a calm and melancholy countenance. The evening was spent in conversation. Their parting we shall not describe ; it was Cecil's first sorrow. Her anguish it is impossible to relate. But hope, and the buoyancy natural to youth, sustained her under her affliction, and in a short time she enjoyed at least content.

* * * *

A year after these occurrences Cecil Gracie was at the theatre with her mother, (who had taken her to Philadelphia for her amusement.) She looked more than usually lovely. Her light hair, which generally fell in uncontrolled ringlets over her shoulders, was now gathered together and confined in a Grecian knot, dressed with natural flowers. Her cheeks had a more than usually brilliant bloom, and her eyes looked "brightly beautiful."

Mrs. Gracie, (who had been listening to the music,) suddenly turned round and saw Cecil gazing with intense anxiety on the opposite box. She followed the direction of her eyes. A party was entering it, and she thought she could discover Colonel Strathford among the gay group. Cecil too had seen him—seen him hand into the box a beautiful woman. Oh ! how her heart palpitated. She did not know he had arrived. To be sure Mrs. Gracie did not allow them to correspond—"yet he might have sent word to her mother, or informed her of his arrival in some manner. He ought instantly to have come to the cottage—what could he mean?" And

the faithful heart of Cecil for a moment misgave her. But soon all her love came to her aid—he had but just arrived, she was sure, and was obliged to attend some gay party to the theatre. He would to-morrow—if he did not see them at the theatre—fly to the cottage. But why did he not see her? Why did he not come round and speak to her? He must be near sighted—she was sure she had heard him say so. Then a horrid doubt took possession of her. Could he have forgotten her!—Oh, no! She dismissed the thought as though unworthy of herself. She turned her eyes from him, and tried to attend to the performance, but she could not. Colonel Strathford was uppermost in her heart. Of him only could she think. Again she turned her eyes towards him—He was paying the most assiduous attention to the lady whom he had handed into the box. "It must be his sister," thought Cecil, "it could be nobody else." Mrs. Gracie, perceiving her daughter looked pale and agitated, immediately requested her to leave the box and retire into a saloon until their coach could be called. Cecil gladly complied ; and leaning upon her mother's arm left the box. They had not long been in the saloon when voices were heard without. The door opened, and Colonel Strathford and his party entered. As they came in, the lively, mirthful tones of Colonel Strathford's voice met Cecil's ear, and Mrs. Gracie, who held her daughter's hand in her's, felt the pressure so extreme that it pained her. But when Cecil saw the Colonel carelessly advance towards her, with the lady hanging on his arm, she feared she could not subdue her agitation. However she succeeded in looking calm, after one or two violent efforts. Colonel Strathford walked up to her, speaking in a lively tone—

"My dear Miss Gracie how are you? Laura," (addressing the lady,) "this is an old friend of mine, of whom you must have heard me speak—Cecil Gracie, that pretty, lively little girl, with whom I used to flirt so abominably. You must become acquainted. Miss Gracie allow me to introduce you to Lady Strathford—my wife."

Cecil had during Colonel (we should rather say *Lord*) Strathford's speech, stood with her cheeks as though bursting with excessive colour ; her eyes sparkling with ten thousand fires—her figure raised to its utmost height. But when the word "*wife*" came—when that word met her ear—the colour fled from her cheek—her eyes lost their lustre—a hollow, agonised, unearthly scream, which seemed torn from the bottom of Cecil's heart, rung through the theatre, and she sunk lifeless in her mother's arms.

* * * *

During three weeks Cecil Gracie was dangerously ill with a delirious fever—for three weeks did Mrs. Gracie hang over her daughter, expecting every moment to be her last. But no!—Cecil recovered from her illness. But oh, heavens ! how much worse was her condition than if she had died ! She was a *maniac*. Oh ! who can describe the feelings of her mother—

that mother who had nursed her in infancy—who had instilled into her young breast the seeds of religion and knowledge—had seen her grow up in all the beauty and virtue which the fondest parent could desire—what must be her feelings now to behold her, by the thoughtless act of a man, an outcast from society—a wretched maniac on the face of the earth. No one can imagine her feelings who has not felt them, and they who have felt them, know them but too well. * * * * *

Mrs. Gracie had not yet removed from the city, yet thinking that her flowers and favourites might have a salutary effect on her daughter, as soon as Cecil was well enough she determined to go. Cecil soon recovered from her fever, but instead of the country having a beneficial effect upon her it only deepened her melancholy. Her pets, her birds, her flowers—all were forgotten. But as she rambled along the paths where she used to walk with her lover, a heavy sigh would escape her; an unmeaning smile hover about her lips; and she would softly repeat over and over again the word "*wife*." Then she would laugh childishly—and after that sit down upon a turf, and weep so bitterly, you would think her heart was breaking—and it was breaking. Poor Cecil was dying—every thing was neglected. It seemed as if the fawns knew their young mistress was not as she used to be, for although they would yet follow her wasted form, they would not skip and play across the green as was their wont. Although her birds would yet hover round her, still no longer were their gay notes heard echoing through the valley—and her flowers, as though participating in her grief and requiring her care, drooped and withered!—Poor Cecil, for one year she lived a maniac—but at the expiration of that time Mrs. Gracie was left childless!

B. C.

DUELLING.

I had been invited by young Lord —, the nobleman mentioned in my former chapter, to spend the latter part of my last college-vacation with his lordship at his shooting-box in —shire. As his destined profession was the army, he had already a tolerably numerous retinue of military friends, several of whom were engaged to join us on our arrival at —, so that we anticipated a very gay and jovial season. Our expectations were not disappointed. What with shooting, fishing, and riding abroad—billiards, songs, and high feeding, at home, our days and nights glided as merily away as fun and frolic could make them. One of the many schemes of amusement devised by our party, was giving a sort of military subscription-ball at the small town of —, from which we were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord —'s party, of course, were to be there, as well as several others of his friends, scattered at a little distance from him in the country.

There was one girl there—the daughter of a reputable retired tradesman—of singular beauty,

and known in the neighborhood by the name of, "*The Blue Bell of —*." Of course, she was the object of universal admiration, and literally besieged the whole evening with applications for the "honor of her hand." I do not exaggerate when I say, that in my opinion, this young woman was perfectly beautiful. Her complexion was of dazzling purity and transparence—her symmetrical features of a placid bust-like character, which, however, would perhaps have been considered insipid, had it not been for a brilliant pair of large, languishing, soft blue eyes, resembling

— "blue water lillies, when the breeze
Maketh the crystal water round them tremble,"

which it was almost madness to look upon. And then her light auburn hair, which hung in loose and easy curls, and settled on each cheek like a soft golden cloud flitting past the moon!

I observed one of our party, a dashing young captain in the Guards, highly connected, and of handsome and prepossessing person and manners, and a gentleman, of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from — Hall, his father's seat, to exceed every one present in their attentions to sweet Mary —: and as she occasionally smiled on one or the other of the rivals, I saw the countenance of either alternately clouded with displeasure. Capt. — was soliciting her hand for the last set—a country dance—when his rival, (whom for distinction's sake, I shall call Trevor, though that, of course, is very far from his real name,) stepping up to her, seized her hand, and said, in a rather sharp and quick tone, "Captain —, she has promised me the last set, I beg, therefore, you will resign her—I am right, Miss —?" he inquired of the girl, who blushing replied, "I think I did promise Mr. Trevor—but I would dance with both if I could. Captain you are not angry with me, are you?" she smiled appealingly.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied, with a peculiar emphasis; and after directing an eye which kindled like a star to his more successful rival, retired haughtily a few paces, and soon afterwards left the room. A strong conviction seized me, that even this small and trifling incident would be attended with mischief between those two haughty and undisciplined spirits; for I occasionally saw Mr. Trevor turn a moment from his beautiful partner, and cast a stern enquiring glance round the room, as if in search of Captain —. I saw he had noticed the haughty frown with which the Captain had retired.

Most of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lord — to this ball were engaged to dine with him the next Sunday evening. Mr. Trevor and the Captain (who, I think I mentioned was staying a few days with his Lordship,) would meet at this party; and I determined to watch their demeanor. Captain — was at the window, when Mr. Trevor, on horseback, attended by his groom, alighted at the door, and on seeing who it was, walked away to another part of the room, with an air of assumed indifference; but I caught his quick and restless glance invariably

directed at the door through which Mr. Trevor would enter. They saluted each other with civility—rather coldly, I thought—but there was nothing particularly marked in the manner of either. About twenty sat down to dinner. All promised to go off well—for the cooking was admirable—the wines first rate, and the conversation brisk and various. Captain — and Mr. Trevor were seated some distance from each other—the former was my next neighbour. The cloth was not removed till a few minutes after eight—when a dessert and a fresh and large supply of wine were introduced.

The late ball, of course, was a prominent topic of conversation, and after a few of the usual bachelor toasts had been drunk with noisy enthusiasm, and we all felt the elevating influence of the wine we had been drinking, Lord — stood up, and said—"Now, my dear fellows—I have a toast in my eye that will delight you all: so bumpers, gentlemen—bumpers!—up to the very brim—so make sure your glasses are full—while I propose to you the health of a beautiful—nay, by —! the most beautiful girl we have any of us seen for this year—Ha! I see all anticipate me; so, to be short, here is the health of Mary —, the Blue Bell of —!" It was drunk with acclamation. I thought I perceived Capt. —'s hand, however, shake a little, as he lifted the glass to his mouth.

"Who is to return thanks for her?"—"Her favourite beau, to be sure." "Who is he?" "Legs—rise—legs—whoever he is!" was shouted, asked, and answered in a breath. "Oh—Trevor is the happy man, there's no doubt of that; he monopolized her all the evening—I could not get her hand once," exclaimed one near Mr. Trevor. "Nor I," "Nor I"—echoed several. Mr. Trevor looked with a delighted and triumphant air around the room, and seemed about to rise, but there was a cry—"No, Trevor is not the man—I say Captain — is the favorite!"—"Aye, ten to one on the Captain!" roared a young hero of Ascot. "Stuff, stuff," muttered the Captain, hurriedly cutting an apple to fritters, and now and then casting a fierce glance towards Mr. Trevor. There were many noisy maintainers of both Trevor and the Captain.

"Come—come, gentlemen," said a young Cornish baronet, good-humouredly, seeing the two young men appeared to view the affair very seriously—"The best way, since I dare be-sworn the girl herself does not know which she likes best, will be to toss up who shall be given the credit of her beau!" A loud laugh followed this dull proposal; in which all joined except Trevor and the Captain. The latter had poured out some claret wine, while Sir — was speaking, and sipped it with an air of assumed carelessness. I observed, however, that he never removed his eye from his glass—and that his face was pale—as if from some strong internal emotion. Mr. Trevor's demeanour however, also indicated considerable embarrassment; but he was older than the Captain, and had much more command of manner. I was amazed, for my own

part, to see them take up such an insignificant affair so seriously; but these things generally involve so much of the strong passions of our youthful nature—especially our vanity and jealousy, that, on second thoughts, my surprise abated.

"I certainly fancied you were the favourite, Captain; for I saw her blush with satisfaction when you squeezed her hand," I whispered—"You are right, —," he answered, with a forced smile. "I don't think Trevor can have any pretensions to her favor." The noisiness of the party was now subsiding—and nobody knew why an air of blank embarrassment seemed to pervade all present.

"Upon my honour, gentlemen, this is a vastly silly affair, altogether, and quite unworthy such a stir as it has excited," said Mr. Trevor: "but as so much notice has been taken of it, I cannot help saying, though it is monstrously absurd, perhaps, that I think the beautiful Blue Bell of —, is mine—mine alone! I believe I have good ground for saying I am the sole winner of the prize, and have distanced my military competitor," continued Mr. Trevor, turning to Captain —, with a grim air, which was very foreign to his real feelings, though his bright eyes—his debonaire demeanour—that fascinating *je ne sais quoi* of his.

"Trevor! Don't be insolent!" exclaimed the Captain, sternly, reddening with passion.

"Insolent! Captain? What the deuce do you mean? I'm sure you don't want to quarrel with me—oh, it's impossible! If I have said what was offensive, by —, I did not mean it—and, as we said at Rugby, *indicatum puta*,—and there's an end of it. But as for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—am perfectly certain—aye, spite of the Captain's dark looks—that I am the happy man. So, gentlemen, *de jure* and *de facto*—for her, I return you thanks." He sat down. There was so much kindness in his manner, and he had so handsomely disavowed any intentions of hurting Capt. —'s feelings, that I hoped the young Hotspur beside me was quieted. Not so, however.

"Trevor," said he, in a hurried tone, "you are mistaken, you are by —. You don't know what passed between Mary — and myself that evening. On my word and honour, she told me she wished she could be off her engagement with you."

"Nonsense! nonsense! She must have said it to amuse you, Captain; she *could* have had no other intention. The next morning she told me—"

"The very next morning!" shouted Captain —, "why what the — could you have wanted with Mary — the next morning?"

"That is my affair, Captain, not yours. And since you will have it out, I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since!" said Mr. Trevor loudly, even vehemently. He was getting a little *flushed*, as the phrase is, with wine, which he was pouring down glass after glass, or of course he could never have made such an absurd—such an unusual disclosure.

"Trevor, I must say you act very meanly in telling us, if it really is so," said the Captain, with an intensely chagrined and mortified air; "and, if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature—I shall take leave to say, that you are a—a—curse on it, it will out—a villain!" continued the Captain, slowly and deliberately. My heart flew up to my throat, where it fluttered as though it would have choked me. There was an instant and dead silence.

"A villain! did you say, Captain? and accuse me of meanness?" enquired Mr. Trevor, coolly, while the colour suddenly faded from his darkening features; and, rising from his chair, he stepped forward, and stood nearly opposite to the Captain, with his half emptied glass in his hand, which, however, was not observed by him he addressed. "Yes, sir, I *did* say so," replied the Captain firmly, "and what then?"

"Then, of course, you will see the necessity of apologizing for it instantly," rejoined Mr. Trevor.

"As I am not in the habit, Mr. Trevor, of saying what requires an apology, I have none to offer," said Captain —, drawing himself up in his chair, and eyeing Mr. Trevor with a steady look of composed intrepidity.

"Then, Captain, don't expect me to apologize for *this!*" thundered Mr. Trevor, and at the same time hurling his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me, but the glass glanced at the ear of Captain — and cut it slightly; for he had started aside on seeing Mr. Trevor's intention. A mist seemed to cover my eyes, as I saw every one present rising from his chair. The room was, of course, in an uproar. The two who had quarrelled were the only calm persons present. Mr. Trevor remained standing on the same spot with his arms folded on his breast; while Captain — calmly wiped off the stains of wine from his shirtuffles and white waistcoat, walked up to Lord — who was but a yard or two's distance, and enquired, in a low tone of voice, "Your Lordship has pistols here, of course? We had better settle this little matter now, and here. Capt. V— you will kindly do what is necessary for me?"

"My dear fellow, be calm! This is really a very absurd quarrel, likely to be a dreadful business, though!" replied his Lordship, with great agitation. "Come, shake hands, and be friends! Come, don't let a trumpety dinner brawl lead to bloodshed—and in my house, too? Make it up like men of sense—"

"That your lordship of course knows as well as I do, is impossible. Will you, Captain V— be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery—we had better adjourn there, by the way, eh?" enquired the Captain, coolly; he had seen many of these affairs!

"Then bring them, bring them, by all means. In God's name let this quarrel be settled on the spot!" exclaimed —, and —, and —.

"We all know they *must* fight, that's as clear as the sun, so the sooner the better!" exclaimed

the Hon. Mr. —, a hot headed cousin of Lord —'s.

"Eternal curses on the silly slut!" groaned his Lordship; "here will be bloodshed for her. My dear Trevor!" said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who with seven or eight people around him, was conversing on the affair, with perfect composure; "do, I implore, I beg, I supplicate, that you would leave my house. Oh, don't let it be said I ask people here to kill one another! Why may not this wretched business be made up? By —, it shall be," said he, vehemently; and putting his arm into that of Mr. Trevor, he endeavoured to draw him towards the spot where Captain — was standing.

"Your Lordship is very good, but it's useless," replied Mr. Trevor, struggling to disengage his arm from that of Lord —. "Your Lordship knows the business must be settled, and the sooner the better. My friend, Sir — has undertaken to do what is correct on this occasion. Come," addressing the young baronet, "away, and join Capt. V—." All this was uttered with *real* nonchalance. Somebody present told him that the Captain was one of the best shots in England, could hit a sixpence at ten yards' distance. "Can he, by —?" said he with a smile, without the slightest symptoms of trepidation. "Why, then I may as well make out my will, I'm as blind as a mole. Ha! I have it." He walked out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain —, who was conversing earnestly with one or two of his brother officers.

"Captain —," said Mr. Trevor, firmly extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly towards him with a furious scowl. "I am told you are a dead shot, eh?"

"Well, sir, and what of that?" enquired the Captain haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well used in shooting matters." Every one present started and looked with surprise and displeasure at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear—"Eh, d—! Trevor showing the white feather? I am astonished."

"Why, what do you mean by all this, sir?" enquired the Captain with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh, merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms. Do you think, my good sir, I stand to be shot at without having a chance of returning the favour? I have to say, therefore, merely, that since this quarrel is of your own seeking—and your own d—n folly only has brought it about—I shall insist on our fighting breast to breast, muzzle to muzzle, and across a table.—Yes," he continued, elevating his voice to nearly a shout; "we will go down to hell together—if we go at all—that is some consolation."

"Infamous!" "Monstrous!" was echoed from all present. They would not, they said, hear of such a thing, they would not stand to see such butchery! Eight or ten left the room abruptly and did not return. Captain — made no re-

ply to Trevor's proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

"Now, sir, who is the coward?" enquired Mr. Trevor, sarcastically.

"A few moments will show," replied the Captain, stepping forward with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; "for I accede to your terms—ruffianly—murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family forever!" faltered Captain —, who saw, of course, that certain death was before both. "Are the pistols preparing?" enquired Mr. Trevor, without regarding the exclamation of Captain —. He was answered in the affirmative, that Capt. V— and Sir — were both absent on that errand. It was agreed that the distressing affair should take place in the shooting gallery, where their noise would be less likely to alarm the servants. It is hardly necessary to repeat the exclamations of "Murder—downright, savage, deliberate murder!" which burst from all round. Two gentlemen left abruptly, and saddled their horses and galloped after peace officers; while Lord —, who was almost distracted, hurried, accompanied by several gentlemen, and myself, to the shooting gallery, leaving the Captain and a friend in the dining-room, while Mr. Trevor, with an other, betook themselves to the shrubbery walk.

His Lordship informed Captain V— and the baronet of the dreadful nature of the combat that had been determined on since they had left the room. They both threw down the pistols they were in the act of loading, and horror-struck swore they would have no concern whatever in such a barbarous and bloody transaction. A sudden suggestion of Lord —'s, however, was adopted. They agreed, after much hesitation, and doubt, as to the success of the project, to charge the pistols with powder only, and put them into the hands of the Captain and Mr. Trevor, as though they were loaded with ball. Lord — was sanguine enough to suppose that, when they had both stood fire, and indisputably proved their courage, the affair might be settled amicably. As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, and two dreary lights were placed in the shooting gallery, both the hostile parties were summoned. As it was well known that I was preparing for the medical profession, my services were put into requisition for both.

"But have you any instruments or bandages?" enquired some one.

"It is of little consequence;—we are not likely to want them, I think, if our pistols do their duty," said Mr. Trevor.

But a servant was mounted on the fleetest horse in Lord —'s stable, and dispatched for the surgeon, who resided at not more than half a mile's distance, with a note requesting him to come furnished with the necessary instruments for a gunshot wound. As the principals were impatient, and the second, as well as the others present, were in the secret of the blank charge of the pistols, and anticipated nothing like bloodshed, the pistols were placed in the hands

of each, in dead silence and the two parties, with their respective friends, retired to a little distance from each other.

"Are you prepared, Mr. Trevor?" enquired one of Captain —'s party; and, being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached one another. Though I was almost blind with agitation, and was, in common with those around, quaking for the success of our scheme, my eyes were riveted on their every movement; there was something solemn and impressive in their demeanor. Though stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible—no swagging—no affectation of a calmness they did not feel. The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp, but not a muscle trembled.

"Who is to give us the word?" asked the Captain, in a whisper, which though low was heard all over the room; "for, in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer." At that moment there was a noise heard;—it was a surgeon who had arrived and now entered breathless. "Step out, and give the word at once," said Mr. Trevor, impatiently. Both the Captain and Mr. Trevor returned and shook hands with a melancholy smile with their friends, and then re-took their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped towards them, and closing his eyes with his hands said, in a tremulous tone, "Raise your pistols!"—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breasts—"and, when I have counted three, fire. One—two—three!"—They fired—both recoiled with the shock several paces, and their friends rushed forward.

"Why what is the meaning of this!" exclaimed both in a breath. "Who has dared to mock us in this way? There was no balls in the pistols!" exclaimed Trevor, fiercely. Lord — and the seconds explained the well-meant artifice and received an indignant curse for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate their honour. Trevor almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish I thought, in the expression of his countenance. "It is easily remedied," said Captain —, as his eye caught several small swords hanging up.—He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly. "There can be no deception here, however," said he: "and now"—each put himself into posture—"stand off there!"

We fell back, horror-struck at the relentless and revengeful spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman; I recollect only seeing a rapid glancing of their weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments, when one of them fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of Mr. Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven! The un-

fortunate young man fell without uttering a groan; his sword dropped from his grasp, he pressed his hand to his heart, and with a quivering motion of the lips, as though struggling to speak, expired! "Oh, my great God!" exclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon, "what have I done? *Can all this be REAL!*" He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hand clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upwards for several moments.

A haze of horror is spread over that black transaction; and if it is dissipated for an instant when my mind's eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—or picture—of some occurrence, which I cannot persuade myself that I *actually witnessed*. To this hour, when I advert to it, I am not free from fits of incredulosity. The affair created a great ferment at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has passed under the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and died in the south of France, about five years afterwards, in truth, broken-hearted. In a word since that day I have never seen men entering into discussion when warming with wine and approaching ever so slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the trifling, the utterly insignificant circumstances, which wine and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain — his life, and drove Mr. — abroad, to die a broken hearted exile!

THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

BY MRS. JEMANS.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannas in boundless magnificence spread;
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fern-tree waves o'er me, the fire-fly's red light
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth
But to thee, as thy lade-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its nuperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.
How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the lord of the world
When first his bright banner of faith was unfur'd;
Ev'n such to the heroes of Spain, when their power
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou!
And to me as I traversed the world of the west,
Thro' deserts of beauty in stillness that rest;
By forests and rivers untam'd in their pride,
Thy beams have a language, thy course is a guide.
Shine on!—my own land is a far distant spot,
And the stars of thy sphere can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, tho' 'tween now they may be
O'er the firmament wand'ring, can gaze not on thee!
But thou to my thoughts art a pure-blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee!

CONSUMPTION.

We extract the following interesting passage from a critique in the August number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, on a work entitled "The influence of Climate," &c.—By James Clark, M. D.

Let us in the first place, endeavour to state the sum and substance of Dr. Clark's enquiries into the nature of consumption, and in the second, to abridge some of the information he has given us respecting the adaptation of certain climates to certain diseases.

It is now clearly ascertained by pathologists, that the immediate cause of pulmonary consumption, or that which constitutes its essential character, is the existence in the lungs of certain substances called tubercles. Therefore, till we arrive at a knowledge of the state of the system which leads to the formation of these bodies, and of the circumstances which induce that state, we cannot hope to establish rules for the prevention of consumption, upon any sound principles. Now, tubercles, when not very numerous, may exist in the lungs, without producing much inconvenience, for many years; and if the general health is improved, and those causes which are known to excite irritation or inflammation in the respiratory organs, are avoided, they may not, for aught we know, shorten materially the life of the individual. But this is the most favorable, and by much the rarer result of the case. Tubercles, in the vast majority of instances, advance rapidly, destroy that portion of the lungs in which they are embedded, and cause death. Expectoration sometimes leads to a cure of the disease, and, indeed, it is the opinion of some of the best pathologists of the day, that this is the only way in which a cure of tuberculous consumption is effected. That tubercles are ever absorbed, we have no proof. The next step in the research, therefore, leads to enquire into the proximate cause of tubercles. Morbid anatomy has discovered that they may be formed without even the slightest symptoms of inflammation; while, on the other hand, inflammation, in all its degrees, is of frequent occurrence, without giving rise to tubercles. Nothing is more common than to find them in numerous organs of the body at the same time; and it is often in that organ only in which they had longest existed, commonly the lungs, that traces of inflammation are to be found—the tubercles being frequently deposited in the unchanged, healthy chambers of the parts. They are often most insidious in their formation and increase: and it is easy to be conceived that they should render any organ more prone to inflammation; and that inflammation should accelerate the progress of the tubercles through their different stages. But Dr. Clark cannot admit that simple inflammation should be capable of producing such extensive alterations, without its existence being discovered during life by any of the usual signs, or any traces of its being detected after death, as some pathologists believe. He is of opinion, then, that tubercles are not generally the result of inflammation, though sometimes they are, and the question arises, Whence is it that the same morbid action gives origin to tubercles in one instance, and not in the other? In a healthy subject, he believes they are never the result of in-

inflammation and that when they appear to be so, it will be found to be inflammation occurring in, and modified by, a disordered state of system, of a peculiar kind. To that disordered state of the system, it behoves the physician to direct his chief attention,—for by correcting it, he may prevent the formation of tubercles, or, in other words, of consumption.

The immediate process by which tubercles are produced, is involved in much obscurity. It may be the peculiar action of the extreme vessels totally unconnected with inflammation, or even with increased action; nay, it is just as likely that they may be the result of a morbid diminution of action. In persons, however, strongly predisposed to tubercular disease, the frequent occurrence of catarrh, or pulmonary inflammation, may, by keeping up a degree of congestion and irritation of the lungs, give rise to the formation of tubercles at an earlier period than would otherwise have happened, or even, in nicely balanced cases, determine their occurrence. Dr. Clark thinks with Dr. Todd, and some other pathologists, that the real cause of tubercles is a morbid condition of the general system, hereditary in some, and in others, induced by a series of functional derangements, ultimately affecting the whole animal economy.

Having advanced thus far, Dr. Clark proceeds to point out some of the leading symptoms by which this state is characterized, premising that it is more easily recognized than described; for the affection being a progressive one, its signs are more or less manifest, according to the degree in which it exists.

First, the countenance is generally paler than natural; though at different times, and without any apparent reason, it is in this respect, subject to striking changes. These are very remarkable where there is much color. Now, there is a general paleness, with a sunk, faded appearance of the countenance; now, an irregular mixture of white and red. In place of the natural gradations in which these colors pass into each other in health, they terminate by distinct and abrupt lines, giving the face a blotched and spotted appearance. Sallow complexions assume a peculiarly unhealthy aspect, exhibiting a dull, leaden hue, diffused over a general pallid ground, and there is paleness on the lips. The eyes have generally a pearly, glassy appearance, and the whole countenance has commonly a sunk and languid aspect. At first they are transitory, but though, during the progress of the disease, and on to its close, variable, yet evident to the most cursory observer. The skin of the patient is either harsh and dry, or that state will be found to alternate with a moist, clammy, and relaxed one. The color, too, is often changed to a sallow, and, in some cases, to a dirty, yellowish hue, and except on the cheeks, there is always a deficiency of red vessels. In some hereditary cases, particularly in females of a fair and delicate complexion, the skin assumes a semi-transparent appearance, resembling wax-work, and the veins may be seen distinctly through it. Poets ought not to describe the hands of their imaginary mistresses as transparent, except when they are conducting them, not to their bridal beds, but to their graves. 'Tis a bad sign of a young lady's health, when you can see through

her hands as easily as her heart, and, instead of a parson, you should call in a physician.

Secondly, the digestive organs are very generally more or less deranged. Look at the tongue and it is furred towards the base, the extremity and the edges being pale and flabby. Or, with the base furred, the point and margin are redder than natural, and often studded with a palisade of a still brighter hue. The former state of the tongue is a more frequent accompaniment of that form of disease which originates chiefly in hereditary predisposition; the latter, of that which is principally, or entirely acquired, and in which an irritated state of the stomach attends the disorder from the beginning, and often precedes it. In a third class of cases, of much rarer occurrence, the tongue is clean and natural in its appearance; and the digestive organs pretty regularly perform their functions. This happens chiefly, Dr. Clark thinks, in females in whom the disease has been mainly owing to hereditary predisposition. Such patients bear, and even require, a fuller and stronger diet; with the others it is the reverse.

Thirdly, In consumptions the circulation is subject to great variety; in hereditary cases, the powers of the heart, Dr. Clark thinks, are commonly under the ordinary standard, while the frequency of the pulse is generally above it, and palpitation is not an unfrequent symptom. Indeed, he thinks that a small feeble heart is a strong and predisposing cause of consumption.

Fourthly, The nervous system partakes of the general derangement. Sleep is unsound, being either disturbed or unnaturally heavy and unrefreshing. The mind, sympathizing with the body loses its energy; and the temper is often remarkably changed. In the purer and less complicated cases of hereditary consumption, there is generally great serenity of mind; the spirits are often of surprising buoyancy, and hope brings its cheering influence with the last sufferings of the patient. That beauty is the worst of all to be borne by the loving spectator of the dying one. But such a state of mind is far seldomer an attendant on consumption than is generally believed, especially in those cases in which disorder of the digestive organs leads to the morbid condition of the system. Then the poor patient is seen dying day by day, in despondency, and in despair; nor can there be a more trying death to the most religious of God's creatures.

Under the general term, consumption, then, are comprehended three different forms or stages of disease—First, General disorder of health—Second, Tubercular cachexy—Third, Consumption, properly so called. These different stages may, in general, be distinctly recognized; but it is only in proportion to the physician's powers and habits of minute and careful observation that the symptoms of the first stage will be remarked, or in other words that he will be able to detect the approach of the first tubercular disease. But this is the time, by proper application, to prevent consumption. If it be allowed to pass by, as it is in many million cases, then

*'The trot becomes a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein.'*

Having thus spoken of the symptoms, let us

now speak of the causes, of consumption—and, first, let us attend, with Dr. Clarke, to the hereditary nature of the disease.

By hereditary predisposition, a term in the application of which there has been some confusion, Dr. Clark understands a peculiar condition of the system depending upon its original conformation and organization, and derived from the parents, which renders the individual more susceptible, or liable to lapse into certain diseases, than other persons endowed originally with a more healthy organization. Now, it does not follow, as a necessary consequence, that a child born with a predisposition to a disease, must be attacked by that disease: but it will be more easily induced, unless the condition of the system which constitutes the hereditary predisposition be corrected by proper management in early life. In some families, the hereditary predisposition seems so strong, that, without any cognizable cause, the regular actions of the economy become deranged, and the system lapses, which terminates eventually in consumption. Indeed, in some rare instances, the infant at birth has been found to be laboring under tubercular disease. On the other hand, so weak is the hereditary predisposition in many individuals, that a complication of powerful causes long applied is necessary to induce the disease. Between these two extremes there exists every variety of shade in the disposition to consumption. A disposition to consumption and scrofula is sometimes often transmitted from parents to children, by the deteriorating influence of other diseases in the parents on the physical condition of their offspring. Thus, the children of dyspeptic, of gouty, and of cachectic parents, are very liable to scrofula and consumption; and this, though a more remote, Dr. Clark thinks is probably the original source of scrofulous and tuberculous diseases.

But the predisposition to consumption is very often acquired without any hereditary taint; no person, however healthful, may have been his original organization, can be considered totally exempt from the liability to consumption. It is met with in early infancy, and occasionally proves fatal to the octogenarian. All causes predispose to it which lower the tone of the bodily health—sedentary occupations—abuse of strong spirituous or fermented liquors; unwholesome diet. In humid and cold situations, all diseases which induce what is called “a bad habit of body.” Mental depression accelerates the evil, and in constitutions laboring under tubercular disease, its destructive influence is most conspicuous.

But the origin of the constitutional disorder which Dr. Clark describes as tending ultimately to consumption, is very often to be traced, he says, to the mismanagement of children. The seeds of disease, which are to ripen at a later period of life, are frequently sown during infancy and childhood—in the first case by imperfect suckling, or the entire substitution of artificial food for the natural and only proper nourishment of infants; and in the second, by improper, and often over-stimulating food; and a hundred other causes, connected with early education. The education of girls is too often such—especially in boarding schools—it is needless to describe it here—as to comprehend all the causes of consump-

tion; or, if any be wanting, they are soon supplied by a fashionable life. On this part of the subject, Dr. Clark dwells with much feeling; but we have not room to follow him, and must now go on to consider a change to a milder climate as a remedy for that deranged state of the health from which consumption springs.

Before such a change is resorted to, the disordered functions of the body—particularly the digestive organs—must be corrected; and that must be done not by any violent means, but by slow and gradual, and cautious treatment of local congestion and irritation, often combined with general debility, a pathological state which it requires great judgment and sagacity to manage. This being done, then the sooner the patient removes to a milder climate the better; for the great utility of such a climate consists in no “hidden magic,” but in enabling the patient to pursue the restorative system through the whole year.

The misfortune is, that the period of the functional disease is too often permitted to pass, before any danger is feared; and that relations are not alarmed till symptoms of irritation, or impeded functions in lungs, appear, of tubercular disease established there, and fast leading to the third and last stage of consumption. Even then, removal to a mild climate, especially if affected by means of a sea voyage, under very favorable circumstances, may still be useful—but merely as a means of improving the general health, and of preventing inflammatory affections of the lungs and broachia. But when consumption is fully established—that is, when the character of the cough, and expectoration, the hectic fever and emaciation, give every reason to believe the existence of tuberculous cavities in the lungs, and still more, when the presence of these is ascertained by auscultation—he thinks that no benefit is to be expected from change of climate.—Under such circumstances, the patient should try the most favorable residences of his own country, or even wait the result—it is needless to say what it will be, amid the comforts of home and watchful care of friends. It is indeed natural for the relations of such a patient to cling to that which seems to afford even a ray of hope.—But did they but know, says Dr. Clark, the discomfort, the fatigue, the exposure, and the irritation, necessarily attendant on a long journey in the advanced period of consumption, they would shrink from such a measure. Nor will the experienced medical adviser, when he reflects upon all the accidents to which the poor patient must be liable, condemn him to the additional evil of expatriation. Alas! such unfortunate patients often sink a prey to their disease long before they reach the place of destination. Almost all—nay, all the rest—through pain and suffering, find, in a distant country an untimely grave.

But there are chronic cases of consumption, in which the disease of the lungs, even though arrived at its last stage, may derive benefit by a removal to a mild climate—those in which the disease has been induced in persons little disposed to it constitutionally, and in whom it usually occurs later in life than when hereditary. The tuberculous affection in such persons is occasionally confined to a small portion of the lungs,

and the system sympathises with the local disease. Residence in a mild climate, by strengthening the system, may save the patient. In those fortunate, but more rare cases, too, where the progress of disease in the lungs has been arrested by nature, but in which a long period must elapse before the work of reparation is completed, a mild climate has often been of great avail. In nicely balanced cases, life may be preserved for many years by constant residence in a warm climate—nor would there probably be any consumption at all, if with the cuckoo, we could make

“Our annual voyage round the globe,
Companion of the Spring.”

PUNISHMENT OF THE KNOT.—On Thursday morning a crowd collected in the market-place [of Symferapol.] Observing a black flag, and concluding that something unusual was about to take place, we walked towards the assembled multitude, and found them witnessing the infliction of the punishment of the knout on ten or twelve prisoners, who, in endeavouring to escape from prison, had murdered the priest, and killed several of the guard who had opposed them. Three of them had already suffered the punishment when we arrived, and the fourth was undergoing it. A large circle had been formed by the military, who, with bayonets fixed, and presented towards the centre, formed a guard upon the prisoners and kept the crowd at a distance. The criminal was fixed on a sloping plank, on one side of which were two large rings, to which his arms were fastened, the top having a large notch to admit of his neck, which was strapped down. His legs were also fastened at the ankles, and his shirt stripped off, leaving his back bared down to the waist. In this condition he received the infliction of forty stripes by the knout, a sort of scourge, which is about two feet and a half long in the handle, and having a heavy lash about the same length as the handle, at the end of which, again, is fixed a thong of white leather. The executioner, taking his whip in his hand, and measuring his distance, walked away about eight or ten paces, and returned and struck the blow. Thus a space of about twenty seconds elapsed between each blow. So severe was the punishment, that, ere the forty stripes had been inflicted, the head of the criminal fell on his shoulder, and he was removed from the post in a senseless state. During the infliction of his sentence, curiosity induced us to approach that part of the circle where those who still waited a similar infliction were standing. The horror depicted in their countenances, by the anticipation of impending torture, was a manifest aggravation of their punishment, if possible, even worse than the actual suffering. By the wild and despairing exclamations which, from time to time, escaped them we were fully able to judge of the dreadful mental torture to which they were reduced. One of them wished for a knife, that he might put a period to his agony. As soon as the man was removed

who had received the allotted number of stripes, another was brought forward, who very reluctantly prepared, in which he was assisted, with much more effect, by the executioner, who tore off his shirt, forced him on the plank, thrust him down, and, having bound him, proceeded to execute the sentence. Nothing can be conceived more barbarous and inhuman than the appearance of the executioner. His bald head, and long matted locks falling on his shoulders, his large black mustachios, his glaring eyes, and ghastly visage, added, if possible, to the horror and disgust with which the scene inspired us. The screams of the sufferer, at the repetition of each blow, his agonized writhing, the sweat streaming down his forehead, and the blood gushing from his back, rendered the scene too repulsive to be any longer witnessed, and we quitted the spot. Although this punishment may be deemed barbarous, yet, upon reflection, it may be thought more adapted than that of hanging to the accomplishment of the object proposed by both. As regards the suffering of the criminal, the former is certainly the severer punishment; and, on his recovery, which takes place in a few days, he has a chance of reforming his life, of which he is the more likely to take advantage, from the recollection of his past suffering. Its effect upon criminals before they undergo it is, as we have stated, still greater, if possible, than the actual infliction; and the warning which it gives to the spectators seemed to make an impression which, as is well known, is rarely produced by an Old Bailey execution. We were told that, as soon as these criminals should recover from the effects of their punishment, they would be sent to work, for the remainder of their lives, in the mines of Siberia.—*Webster's Travels through the Crimea, &c.*

ROYAL COURTSHIP.

Lord Bacon, in his History of Henry VII., says that “that Monarch in the year 1505, had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent the Ambassadors, with instructions for taking a survey of her person.” These instructions and the answers to them, are still extant, among the Harleian Manuscripts in the British museum (No. 6220.) They are as follow:—

Instructions given by the King's Highness to his trusty and well-beloved servants, showing how they shall order themselves to the old Queen of Naples and the young Queen her daughter.

1. After presentation, they shall well note and mark the estate that they keep, and how they be accompanied by Lords or Ladies.

2. Item—Whether they keep their household apart or together.

3. Item—To mark her (the young Queen's) answer to the communication, and to note her discretion, wisdom and gravity.

4. Item—They shall endeavour them likewise to understand whether the young Queen speak

any other language than Spanish and Italian, or whether she can speak French or Latin.

6. Item—Especially to mark the favour of her visage, whether she be painted or no—whether she be fat or lean—sharp or round; and whether her countenance cheerful and amiable, frowning or melancholy.

Answer—As far as we can perceive or know she is not painted, and the favour of her visage is after her stature, of very good compass, and amiable, and somewhat round and fat, and the countenance cheerful and not frowning—tardy in speech, but with a demure, womanly, shamefaced countenance, and of few words.

7. Item—To note the clearness of her skin.

Answer—She is, for aught we could perceive, very fair and clear of skin, by her visage, neck, and hands.

8. Item—To note the colour of her hair.

[The questions from 9 to 14 respect the young Queen's eye-brows, nose, lips, arms, hands, and fingers, which the Ambassadors state to be "right fair and comely."]

15. Item—To mark whether her neck be long or short.

Answer—Her neck is comely, not misshapen, nor very short nor very long; but her neck seemeth to be shorter because her breasts be full and somewhat big.

16.—To mark her breasts, whether they be big or small.

Answer—They be somewhat great and full, and inasmuch as they were trussed somewhat high, after the manner of the country, it caused them to seem much fuller, and her neck shorter.

17. Item—To mark whether any hair appear upon her lip.

Answer—She hath none.

18. Item—That they endeavour to speak with the young Queen, that she may tell unto them some matter of length, and approach as near to her as they honestly may, to the intent that they may find if she have spices, rose water, or musk.

Answer—We have found no evil savour of spices or waters.

19.—To note the height of her stature, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent that they may not be deceived in the very height and stature of her.

Answer—Her slippers be of six fingers height—she is of a convenient stature, somewhat round and well-liking, which causeth her Grace to seem less in height.

20. Item—To inquire whether she hath any sickness of nativity, or deformity or blemish.

Answer—We have inquired of her physicians and otherwise in talk, but find in her person no disproportion nor cause of sickness.

21. Whether she be in any singular favour with the King of S. her uncle.

Answer—He much esteemeth her.

22. Item—To inquire of the manner of her diet, and whether she be a great feeder or drinker, and whether she uses often to eat and drink, whether she drinketh wine or water, or both.

Answer—She is a good feeder, and eats meat well twice a day, and that her Grace drinketh not often, and that she drinketh most commonly water and sometimes the water is boiled with cinnamon, and sometimes she drinketh ypcocras, but not often.

23.—This article directs the Ambassadors to procure a portrait of the young Queen, "So that it agree in similitude and likeness as near as may be possible to the very visage, countenance and semblance, of the said Queen;" and if it be not so, the painter is to be ordered to reform it till it is.

By article 24, the Ambassadors are required to ascertain the amount of the dowry, and the title and value thereof in every behalf.

THE FIRST AND LAST BORN.

BY M. A. BROWNE.

My first-born, my first-born! shall I e'er forget the charm
That filled with happiness my heart, when on my clasping arm

Thy little head was pillowed, when I laid thee on my breast,
And wept for very joy as I watched thy tranquil rest?

Shall I e'er forget thy father's smile, and the beaming eye,
That still

A glittering tear of joy and pride as he looked on thee would fill?

The ecstasy of those dear hours can my spirit e'er forget?

O no! they haunt my memory, like stars that cannot set!

My gentle, helpless last-born! how differently I hailed
Thy coming 'midst the clouds of care that my life's full summer veiled!

My stars of hope and love were gone—my mind was full of fears;

And the tears I shed on thy quiet face, O they were bitter tears!

Hushed was his voice that blessed my first—his lip no longer smiled,

There was no father's eye to gaze with rapture on my child
And O! how different from that first sweet sunny ecstasy,
Was the serious, deep, and chastened bliss, my babe, I had
in thee!

My first-born, my first-born! how open was his brow!

How like his father's was his eye, alas! 'tis like it now!

How sweetly did the chestnut curls upon his forehead wave!

And now they lie, unstirred, within the dark and voiceless grave:

Like some full-leaved yet fallen tree, with its young and tender shoot—

The sire and son together rest, all motionless and mute:

The first two treasures that I called mine own, of all earth's store,

Sleep with death's curtains drawn around, to greet these eyes no more.

My last-born, my sweetest babe! it cheers me still to trace

Thy father's lip, thy brother's eye, upon thy lovely face;

Even now thy dear, unconscious hand twines sportive in my hair—

Thy lip hath just as bright a smile as my lost love used to wear:

I clasp thee to my bosom, and I find a gentle bliss—

A comfort to my wounded heart, that nought can give but this:

O my first babe! thou wast a flower to wreath the brows of love;

But when love's light failed, this last was sent a sweet star from above.

SCHOOL OF FLORA.

From the Medical Flora of the United States

BY C. S. RAFINESQUE.

ARISTOLOCHIA SERPENTARIA.

ENGLISH NAME—SNAKEROOT BIRTHWORT.



Genus *Aristolochia*.—Peregrine tubular colored, base swelling, tube toruose, limb bilabiate, often ligular. No corolla. Germ inferior: stigma sessile lobed, surrounded by six stamina epigynous sessile. Capsul six celled, many seeded.

Species *A. Serpentaria*.—Stem simple flexuose, leaves lanceolate, cordate, entire, and acuminate: flowers bilabiate subradical, peduncles curved, uniflora, scaly and jointed.

DESCRIPTION.—Root perennial, knotty and gibbose, brown and very fibrous, fibres long, small, yellow when fresh.—Stems round, slender, weak, flexuose, jointed, less than a foot high, bearing from three to seven leaves, and from one to three flowers.—Leaves alternate and petiolate, oblong or lanceolate, base cordate, end acuminate, margin entire, sometimes undulate, surface smooth or pubescent, of a pale green.

Flowers nearly radical and solitary, on peduncles curved, jointed, coloured, with some small scales. Germ inferior, perigone reddish or purplish, tube crooked, limb bilabiate, upper lip notched, lower entire, both short and lobular. Six sessile anthers oblong, obtuse, attached to the sides of a large round sessile stigma. Capsul oboval, with six angles, six cells, and many minute seeds.

The Virginia Snakeroot of Commerce is collected from half a dozen species or varieties. *A. hastata*, *A. tomentosa*, and many called *A. serpentaria*, because they

have consimilar leaves and roots, while the flowers are different. The *A. serpentaria* of W. Barton appears to be a peculiar variety, with long slender peduncles, having few scales and not colored, while the flowers are small, purple, and hardly bilabiate.

Higelow's plant, which is from the Southern States, has the leaves trinervate, less acuminate, and more undulate; while the flowers are large, bilabiate and red, scales many and broad, stamina twelve and stigma lobed convolute. This may be a distinct species belonging perhaps to *Endoloea*.

Our figure is from a large flowered variety of the western glades; but many other varieties exist there, one has broad leaves.

All these plants blossom but seldom or once in their lives, in May or June; being very similar to each other, (except *A. tomentosa*,) they are collected indiscriminately. The roots alone enter into Commerce, and sell for more than the Seneca Snakeroot. They are an article of exportation to Europe.

LOCALITY.—In shady woods from New England to Florida and Missouri, most abundant in the Alleghany and Cumberland mountains, scarce in the alluvial and limestone regions.

QUALITIES.—The root has an agreeable, penetrating, aromatic smell, somewhat similar to Valerian and Spruce: a warm bitterish pungent taste. It contains pure camphor, a resin, a bitterish extractive, and a strong essential oil. By distillation a pearly fluid is produced. By infusion in alcohol, it gives a yellow or green tincture; and in water a brown liquor: the tincture is most powerful. By decoction or distillation much of its active principles evaporate.

PROPERTIES.—Diaphoretic, tonic, anodyne, antispasmodic, cordial, antiseptic, vermifuge, exanthematic, alexitere, and a powerful stimulant of the whole system. It was first introduced into *Materia Medica* as a remedy against snake bites, whence its name, and was used as such by the Indians, with many other plants: it acts then as a sudorific and antiseptic. It is useful in the low stage of fevers to support strength and allay irregular actions: too stimulant in inflammatory fevers and disorders; but an excellent auxiliary to Peruvian bark and other tonics in intermittents, enabling the stomach to bear them, and increasing their effects. In remittent fevers it is preferable to bark. It is deservedly a popular country remedy in infusion, for pleurisy, exanthems, cachexia; catarrh, rheumatism, &c. acting as a sudorific. In bilious pleurisy it has been found highly serviceable: in bilious complaint it checks vomiting and tranquillizes the stomach. In typhus and typhoid pneumonia it has beneficial effects, promoting perspiration, checking mortification, and abating the symptoms.

Thus the Snakeroot may be deemed an active and valuable medicine, it is often associated with other tonics, and camphor, opium, valerian, &c. to increase their action. It is probably a good substitute for camphor and valerian in many cases. The doses of the powder are from ten to thirty grains, often repeated, or an ounce of the warm infusion every three hours.—Wine is an excellent vehicle for it in fevers. Many compound tinctures contain it. When too stimulant Spikenard (*Aralia*) and Elder (*Sambucus*) may be substituted to advantage.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor, may hold his head in sun beams and his foot on storms.—[*Lavater*.]

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff, so does affliction purify virtue.—[*Burton*.]

Liberty, like Love, is as hard to keep as to win, and the exertions by which it was originally gained will be worse than fruitless, if they be not followed up by the assiduities by which alone it can be preserved.

WIT AND SENTIMENT.

TEA PARTY.—At a tea party, where some Cantabs happened to be present, after the dish had been handed round, the lady who presided over the tea equipage, 'hoped the tea was good.' 'Very good, indeed, madam,' was the general reply, till it came to the turn of one of the Cantabs to speak, who, between truth and politeness, shrewdly observed—'That the tea was excellent, but the water was smokey.'

MISTAKES OF THE PRESS.—It sometimes happens that an error marked in a proof sheet is made a worse error by the corrector; of this we have recently had an example which is worth noticing: Reading the proof of the interesting anecdotes of the late occurrences in Paris, by a correspondent of the London Herald, we came to this passage (in the humorous account of the cabriolet driver)—'He lost his head and charged the *gend'armes en barriere* with his miserable old horse.' 'Lost his head!' we exclaimed, 'how could he charge the *gen d'arms* then?' Boy.—'It's so in the copy, sir.' 'No matter, it is certainly wrong.' And we dashed out the word *head* and wrote *mind*, very legibly in the margin, thinking it rather more reasonable at least; but we were not a little vexed next day to find, instead of our correction, that the old soldier had lost neither his head nor his mind, but only his *wind*—the blundering devil having mistaken an *m* for a *w*.

PROPHECY OF NAPOLEON.

Dr. O'Meara, in his "Voice from St. Helena," page 160, says:—

"He (Napoleon) conversed upon the probability of a revolution in France. 'Ere twenty years have elapsed, when I am dead and buried,' said he, 'you will witness another Revolution in France. It is impossible that twenty-nine millions of Frenchmen can live contented under the yoke of sovereigns imposed upon them by foreigners, and against whom they have fought and bled for nearly thirty years. Can you blame the French for not being willing to submit to the yoke of such animals as Monchenu?'"

Monchenu was the Bourbon Commissioner at St. Helena, for the safe custody of Napoleon. What has become of Sir Hudson Lowe, the cold-blooded oppressor of the great Napoleon?—*Balt. Patriot*.

QUICK REPLIES.

Napoleon was fond of quick replies: he could bear contradiction, but invariably turned away from those who addressed him with hesitation or embarrassment. The following anecdote will sufficiently prove that a ready and well-timed answer was an infallible passport to his favor:—"At a grand review which, on a particular occasion, took place on the square of the Carreusel, the Emperor's horse suddenly reared, and during his exertions to keep the animal stea-

dy, the rider parted company with his hat. A lieutenant having picked it up, advanced in front of the line, and presented it to Napoleon! 'Thank you, captain,' said the Emperor, still occupied in patting the neck of his steed. 'In what regiment, Sir?' immediately demanded the officer. The Emperor, considering his features attentively, and perceiving his own mistake, replied with a smile, 'The question is apropos:—in the guards.' In a few days the newly appointed captain received an official notification of the promotion, for which he was indebted solely to his presence of mind, but which his bravery and long services had merited."—*Constant's Memoirs of Buonaparte*.

A schoolmaster said of himself, 'I am like a hone, I sharpen a number of blades, but I wear myself out in doing it.'

Dr. Madden, in his travels in Egypt says:—"The Bedouin Arabs gave me a counsel, which I found a wise one; the more a traveller drinks during the day, when exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, the more thirsty he gets; and, finally, these copious draughts have a prejudicial effect on health; at night, it is no matter how much one drinks—indeed, the more he takes, the less thirsty he is likely to be the next day; for this reason, the Bedouins, following the example of their camels, lay in a stock of water for the next day."

WEEVILS.—Soak cloths, made of flax, in water, wring them, and cover your heaps of grain with them; in two hours time you will find all the weevils upon the cloth, which must be carefully gathered up, that none of the insects may escape, and then immersed in water to destroy them.

CURE FOR THE TOOTH ACHE.—At a recent meeting of the London Medical Society, Dr. Blake stated that the extraction or excision of teeth was unnecessary. He was enabled, he said, to cure the most desperate cases of tooth-ache, unless the disease was connected with rheumatism, by the application of the following remedy to the diseased tooth: "Alum, reduced to an impalpable powder, two drachms; nitrous spirit of æther, seven drachms; mix, and apply them to the tooth."

RESIGNATION.—"Ned has run away with your wife," said one friend to another. "Poor fellow!" replied the forlorn husband.

PRONUNCIATION.

The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough*, is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz: as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*—

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

AWAY: MY GALLANT PAGE, AWAY:

WRITTEN TO THE CELEBRATED GALLOPADE;

AND SUNG BY MISS FOOTE,

AT ALL THE PRINCIPAL THEATRES.

THE WORDS ADAPTED BY W. BALL.

Allegro.

A - - way! my gal - lant Page, a - way! The cla - rion sounds a - far;
I see the victor's proud ar - ray, Re - turn - ing from the war!
The heroes throng the shining strand, Thy valiant lord is
there; And thou shalt from his la - dy's hand, The promis'd greet -
ing bear. Then gal - lop a - way, my young and brave! The
welcome call o - bey, And me - ri - ly speed thy eager steed,
My gallant boy, a - way!

2.

Away! and meet thy warrior love!
The joyous shout is high;
O'er vale and mountain, dale and grove,
And echo joins the cry:
Oh! say that from his native tow'r
I watch, o'er hill and plain,
The triumphs of the happy hour
That brings him home again.
Then gallop away, &c. &c.

"A poem's life or death dependeth still,
Not on the poet's wit, but reader's will."

THE PLEDGE.

ADDRESSED TO M. R.

O thou the angel of my heart, on whom my soul hath dwelt,
And at whose feet with fervor'd zeal my faithful knee bath knelt;
And O, thou beauteous one, the charm of my existence long,
Deign, deign to list a poet's praise in soft, tho' saddest song.

Could I but gaze but once again, upon thy lovely face,
And every lineament of love upon thy red lip trace;
Could I but once again upon thy Heavenly form,
On thy fair cheek and lip of love and gentle bosom warm—

O could I madly gaze again, upon thy melting eye,
And hear again those silver tones of softest melody,
I should not be what I have been, a wretched wreck of sin,
For thou could'st make me what thou art, all pure and blest within.

O yes! thou hast the magic charm to succour and to save;
Thy silken chain is round my heart, and I, O yes, thy slave;
And be it so—I'd rather be a slave at beauty's feet,
Than be array'd in royal robes upon a Sultan's seat.

Each fault, each error Heav'n hath mark'd upon the eternal scroll,
Hath sprung from love, which is in me the master of the soul;
Few sins have fallen to my lot, that did not spring from love;
And O, will not some angel's hand blot out those sins above?

If thou wert up in Heaven I know they would not long remain,
For thou can'st keep me here from sin with thy mysterious chain;
Yes! thou can'st make me what thou wilt—for thee I would be all
That man may be, that man hath been, or was before his fall.

But thou art gone to other lands, and gone alas to be beloved by others, and I fear, some better lov'd to see;
But never can'st thou meet with one who will so madly love,

Or one whose soul like mine thro' time its constancy will prove.

The tear that glittered in thine eye, when we were doom'd to part,
United with my own hath been embalm'd within my heart,
And on the page of memory thy name love shall engrave,
To last till o'er my breast shall pass time's last returning wave.

Fond memory oft with sad delight her anxious eye shall cast,

Upon the pleasures we have known, now numbered with the past;

And retrospection oft shall turn with tearful eye to thee,
Thou loveliest of womankind—thou angel in degree.

Years may roll on—the snows of age may whiten o'er my head,

But not till I shall rest within the city of the dead,

Shall I forget the lovely one I saw in passing by,
And loved at one delicious glance of her delightful eye.

Adieu! thou charming, changeless one, the memory of that hour
We parted! and the tears we shed beneath its magic power,
If to each other on this earth our weary wandering feet,
Should bear us once again, 'twill make our meeting far more sweet.

MILFORD BARD.

THE STORM.

Tremendous was the thunder's crash,
And awful darkness fill'd the sky.
Save when the vivid lightning's flash
Would light the waves and realms on high.

'Twas then there did appear a speck
Upon the ocean's foamy wave;
At length, behold an awful wreck,
On which the mighty whirlwinds rave.

The mother on her children calls,
And all appears like madness there;
The wife upon her husband falls,
And seems her threat'ning death to dare.

There's nought but a tumultuous roar,
While round each other now they cling,
A friend is now a friend no more,
There's none, there's none relief can bring.

Behold an aged father there,
In supplicating grief he cries;
And on his knees in humble prayer—
That prayer, perhaps, has reach'd the skies.

A light now in the east appears,
And once again each port is filled,
And every breast divest of fear,
And every heart with joy is thrill'd.

SIGMA.

TO ELLEN.

Ellen, on thy red lip lingers
Silver tones that touch'd my heart,
When thy soft and snowy fingers
Woke the harp with angel art;
Still I hear that Heavenly lay,
As it softly floats away.

O, there is no music stealing
On the soul by sorrow wrung,
Like those lays of love and feeling,
Woman's music-melting tongue,
Warbles when her heart in glee,
Tastes of love, the luxury.

Ellen, in thy bright eye's beaming
Light that shone upon my heart,
When of love my soul was dreaming,
And the joys it did impart;
Still I see that glance of gladness,
Still it drives me on to madness.

O, there is no light that streameth
From yon glorious globes on high,
Like the blessed ray that beameth
In the angel azure eye,
Of fond woman when she's feeling,
Love within her bosom stealing.

Ellen, on thy cheek so charming,
Dwells a blush that won my soul,
When love all my bosom warming,
Bow'd me to thy blest control;
Still I see that blush of beauty,
Tell-tale both of love and duty.

O, there is no hue that gushes,
Or from Nature or from art,
Like the rich and rosy blushes,
Springing up from woman's heart,
When she feels with ecstasy,
Love's delicious luxury. MILFORD BARD.

STANZAS.

You do not love me, yes, 'tis true,
Yet never will my heart forget
The passion it has felt for you,
The love it ever must regret.
I've lov'd thee and in secret sigh'd
That I did love thee; for I felt
My hopes of thee would be denied,
Thy icy mould would never melt.

Yet little needs it now to say
What I have felt, what I have known;
It will not chase one grief away,
Or call back joys forever flown.

Oh! fare thee well, but let no tear
Bedew mine eye while now I speak—
Let no unbidden pang be near,
No flush of anger stain my cheek.

Oh! fare-thee well—it is the last,
Fond, broken hearted, sad adieu,
From her from whom all joy is past,
Whose hopes are centred all in you.

FLORABELLA.

V.

THE PARTING INTERVIEW.

ADDRESSED TO M. R.

'Twas at the hour of love we met,
The golden sun in glory set,
Had usher'd in the even;
The conscious stars, to watch our love,
Look'd down from their abodes above,
Like angel eyes in heaven;
And as if she were conscious of the morrow,
The moon seem'd shedding silver tears of sorrow.

O, that eternal hour to me
Brought more of soul-felt misery
Than ever to me fell,
It brought a dagger to my soul,
And bade the tear of anguish roll;
It was the silent knell
Of hours gone by—of hope and heaven,
And O of future raptures riven.

Who hath not felt love's luxuries sweet,
Who hath not bow'd at beauty's feet,
And own'd her blest controul;
Lives there a wretch who scorns to sigh
For beauty's charms? Go bid him die,
He hath no poet's soul,
Or, in some solitary cell,
Bid him despised with demons dwell.

O that sad silent hour we met,
That hour I never can forget,
Had its full cup for me;
I know not why there was a smile
That play'd upon my cheek the while;
Yet keenest agony
Did my whole soul in gloom enshroud,
'Twas like the sunlight o'er the cloud.

We sat in silence sad. That one
I gazed with such delight upon,
So powerful was the spell
That I forgot that we must part,
Forgot the dagger in my heart,
Forgot the word Farewell!
O that keen word that's rent in twain
Hearts that have never met again.

And there she sat in beauty dress'd,
So plain, so neat, like beings bless'd
In heaven's high hall above;
A simple kerchief hid from view
Her gentle bosom, warm and true,
To see her was to love;
Ev'n now that graceful form I see
In all its sweet simplicity.

Few words the beautiful girl could ask,
Her trembling tongue refused the task;
I watch'd the glittering tear,
As down her rosy cheek it roll'd,
And of the heart's deep anguish told
Of agony sincere;
That bright tear on her eyelids hung
Like dew drop on the rose leaf young.

O that one tear could more reveal
Of what her gentle soul might feel
Than language can impart;
It was the messenger the soul
Had sent to tell of love's controul
Within the generous heart;
It was the talisman of feeling,
Its might and majesty revealing.

One sigh broke from my bursting breast
That all revealed a heart unblest'd,
A soul with sorrow cloy'd,
That told of pleasures gone forever,
Of many more that never, never,
Perhaps, can be enjoyed;
It told that we might meet no more,
Alas, on life's uncertain shore.

Perhaps my feet afar may roam,
From country, kindred, and from home;
Perhaps the hungry grave
May close upon her heavenly form;
Or I, amid the sterner storm,
Sink lifeless in the wave,
And I, in this world see her never,
Parted, and Oh! to last forever.

I am the child of wayward fate,
I never lov'd a thing of late
But disappointment brought
A cruel blight—my bosom wrung
With loss of that same thing I hung
Upon with pleasing thought;
I never knelt to beauty bless'd
But it left anguish in my breast.

I grasped her timid hand, and o'er
My soul a sickness came, before
I never, never felt;
Though oft at beauty's blessed shrine,
To worship woman's charms divine,
My stubborn knee hath knelt;
One lingering grasp I gave in dread,
Breath'd the sad word *farewell*—and fled.

We parted, and I know not when
Mine eyes may meet that one again
Whom my whole soul hath loved:
She hath departed—I am left,
Of all that made life sweet bereft,
To muse on what hath proved
That I am still in grief or glee,
The constant mark of misery.

Years may roll on, but never, never
Can I forget that one—forever
On memory's page her name shall be
Graved with love's own eternity;
Each thought of her shall ever meet
The welcome of a transport sweet!
Farewell, blest one—enough—we parted,
And I am left the broken hearted.

MILFORD BARD.

GENERAL INDEX

OF

THE CASKET FOR 1830.

EMBELLISMENTS.

A BEAUTIFUL VIGNETTE TITLE PAGE.

- January.*—Portrait of Bolivar, Boston State House, Friends' Meeting, and Music.
February.—Death of the Fox, Upper Ferry Bridge, Washington, Flower and Music.
March.—Dr. James, Indian Lodge, &c., Insane Hospital, Flower and Music.
April.—Clermont Academy, Haddon Mill, Columbia College, Flower and Music.
May.—Lion and Horse, Beaver Dam, Zion Church, Coins, Flower and Music.
June.—The Tribute Money, Flat Rock Bridge, George IV., Rhinoceros, Flower and Music.
July.—Peyton Randolph, Hopkins' Mill, St. John's Chapel, N. Y., Flower and Music.
August.—Christ Healing the Sick, Caldwell's Inn, Royal Exchange, Radcliffe Church, Flower and Music.
September.—Dr. N. Chapman, Troy, Loxley House, Flower and Music.
October.—The Woodlands, Notch of the White Mountains, Gothic Mansion, Flower and Music.
November.—Martin Van Buren, Mouth of Wissahiccon Creek, Hamilton College, N. Y., Flower and Music.
December.—Louis Philip I. King of the French, Pennepack Bridge, Embroidery on Muslin, Flower and Music.

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